



THE ZINE DUMP #36

A fanzine about fanzines by

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Nov., 2015

The Zine Dump wants to see every science fiction or fandom-oriented zine published in English. This issue makes up for the last, chopped off like Australian eggs, a.k.a. a *Sydney Carton*, hahaha, Sidney Carton, *Tale of Two Cities*, guillotine, “chopped off,” get it get it get it? *giggle*

Alexiad Vol. 14 No. 4-5 / Joe & Lisa Major, 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville KY 40204-2040 / jtmajor@iglou.com / efanzines.com / Joe announced recently that he’s going almost entirely on-line with *Alexiad*, his long-running, ever-excellent zine of thoughtful reviews, great lettercols, and choice whimsy. The content is consistent issue to issue: reliably, Arctic exploration will be touched upon (this time, there’s contemporary news about the American icebreaker that cut its way to the North Pole), a bit of monarchist news (the Romanian crown is doomed), and many great and varied reviews. Herein Joe alerts us to *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, by some French kid, and delights with mention of a rich Poul Anderson collection. There’s more: a lot of alternate history (ranging from a Robert Conroy WWII novel to Eric Cline on “the year civilization collapsed” – 1177 A.D. – and a Civil War piece which has the happy nerve to call itself *The Grasshopper Lies Heavy*), horse natter by Lisa (appaloosas – a beautiful word), a con report (didn’t see Robert Kennedy at Sasquan: phooey!), and the aforementioned lettercol, which is lively and fun. A clever bit of fan fiction, again as usual, caps the zine. #5 of this volume opens

with Joe's news that he is seeking disability – as he should – and a lovely paragraph by Lisa on a chance meeting. News that some boob is planning a remake of the classic *Sink the Bismarck!* Leads Joe into a long review and reminiscence of the film. Memorable forever for the explosion of the *Hood* and for how wonderful Dana Wynter looked in her uniform. I see no reason to re-do perfection; Joe, OTOH, looks forward to the remake. His thoughts on Algis Budrys' magnificent *Rogue Moon* are insightful, pegging the classic of fifties SF as just that, a classic of its time. I still re-read the climactic chapter, when they explore the lunar artifact, with excitement. Leigh Kimmel contributes con reports, including one on Sasquan (the magnificent program book is not mentioned), and the lettercol is, as always, vigorous. One only wishes for a bit of editorial bloviation on the issues of the day, both fannish and worldly; they could use some Major opinionating. One also hopes that going digital won't spoil the interplay for *Alexiad*, as it has for so many publications – at DeepSouthCon, Rick Norwood compared publishing an e-zine with dropping a pebble into a pond, so much less is the response when compared to print. Joe – a fine guy working through some tough times – deserves better, and so does *Alexiad*.

The Art of Garthness #5-6 / Garth Spencer, 4240 Perry Street, Vancouver, BC Canada V5N 3X5 / garth.van.spencer@gmail.com / A model perzine, rich in personality and humor. Steve Stiles' cover sets his theme – Democratic mules and Republican heffalumps chained together as galley slaves. It's a brilliant illo, but on a *Canadian* fanzine? Garth justifies it by nattering passionately about the forthcoming elections in both countries – he calls for Common Sense and rejection of “Cranio-Rectal Inversions.” Let's hope our election ends as satisfactorily as did Canada's! He calls for suggestions for an Asperger's' Guide to Normal Living (citing such contrary examples as *The Big Bang Theory*), publishes the results of a survey of various correspondents – including our great buddy George Wells – on issues of the day, laments the rise of proto-fascism, defends his unique press style, publishes ripe LOCs, mostly responses to his listing of necessary lifeskills (I have none), and closes with some good fanzine reviews – mostly other Canadian zines, which seem to my ignorant south-of-the-border eyes to be enjoying a renaissance, eh? The follow-up issue, arriving as I prepared this *TZD*, opens with a nice Taral cover and an announcement that Garth is publishing his magnum opus, “a first-draft handbook on how to live here and now.” I desperately need a copy. The alphabetical list of topics covered fills pages. His “Paranoid Thoughts at 3AM” are much more political than my panic attacks. His long lettercol is stimulating to read, and obviously stimulating to do: his responses to the Chorus are involved and passionate.

Askew #13 / John Purcell, 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station TX 77845 / j_purcell54@yahoo.com / trade or whim / An “all-LOC” issue of John's “paper-only” perzine, with contributions from a who's who among the Chorus: Jerry Kaufman, Brad Foster, Lloyd Penney of course, Mark Plummer, many other worthies. John's friendly responses touch on the Hugos (of course), obscene postage rates (which, I predict, will someday doom *Askew's* paper-only status), Rich Dengrove's witticisms, and much more. John *enjoys* this fanzine nonsense.

BCSFAzine #508 / Felicity Walker, Apt. 601 Manhattan Tower, 6601 Cooney Road, Richmond, BC, Canada V6Y 4C5 / felicity4711@gmail.com / trade or eFanzines / Congratulations are in order for *BCSFAzine*, which won the Faned Award for best Canadian fanzine recently. As the initials indicate, this is the monthly newszine for the British Columbia group. This issue features a cheery lettercol and coming attractions around the club for the fall. I am injured to the point of self-despair at the news that a club member, Kathleen Moore, distributed copies of a zine yclept *Why You Got this Zine* at worldcon and did not gift me with one. Perhaps she could prep a pub called *Why You Did Not Get Why You Got this Zine* and send it here, along with a zine called *Why You Got Why You Did Not Get Why You Got this Zine* or, if she denies me that ...

Brooklyn! 90 / Fred Argoff, Penthouse L. 1170 Ocean Pkwy., Brooklyn NY 11250-4060 / trade or \$10 for four issues / quarterly / “Streets that used to be” is the theme for this issue of Fred's remarkable zine

about ... Brooklyn. Examining lost avenues incorporated into larger thoroughfares or otherwise abandoned to history, Fred takes us back to the founding of the borough and invites us to imagine the feet tromping hither and thither thereabouts – as usual, both charming us with the attractions of his town – in good photos and great descriptions – and wowing us with the sadness of time. Also here, as usual, another chapter of the Brooklyn lexicon.

Broken Toys #43 / Taral Wayne, 245 Dunn Ave. #2111, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5K 1S6 / E-mail Taral@bell.net / e-mail and eFanzines.com / Taral is the enormously talented crown prince of Canadian fan artists, and a superb fan writer as well. My Hugo ballot will shortlist him in both categories. It's too bad that the dominant emotion one carries away from his perzine is gloom. He says that issue #50 will be the last of *Broken Toys*, which is too bad; though he, like many, senses the death of the classic fanzine, the antidote to our ailing hobby is not acquiescence to fate but defiance. *Pub thy ish!* Taral certainly shows his defiance in his opening tale of his brief (to date) career as a professional writer of fiction – or at least as a *published* writer of fiction, since he didn't see a twoney in payment for his initial "sale." "Futile endeavors ... seem to be my especial genius." He returns to his comic book roots with an appreciation of Russ Manning's *Magnus: Robot Fighter*, memorable for its sharp, clean art. Proving my contention that *Broken Toys* is an appreciated product is the lettercol, filled with names not oft-appearing elsewhere. Eric Mayer's anguished comments on the death of Ned Brooks is powerful, and reminiscent of my own feelings. I'm shocked, though, that Mayer doesn't care about his own zines; I need to write a response – in LOC or article form – about my efforts to keep the GHLIII Press secure. (By the way, Ned's fanzine collection is bound for the University of Georgia library; we of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance have vowed to keep his perfect run of the apa – the only one in existence – complete by sending the library a copy of each new mailing.) This zine ends with a reprinted parody of Disney's Epcot Center as "Democracyland" – I'm close enough to visit the place someday, if I ever want to.

Chunga / Randy Byers, Andy Hooper, carl juarez, 1013 N. 34th St., Seattle WA 98103 / fringefaan@yahoo.com, fanmailaph@aol.com, heurihermilab@gmail.com, respectively / I hear rumors of a 24th issue, but editor Byers tells me it's a month or two away. Next time, I trust.

Clockwise 2015 – The Chronicles / Wolf von Witting, Via Dei Banduzzi 6/4 33050 BAGNARA ARSA (Ud) – ITALIA / eFanzines / My wife's stepmother, Patty Green, is deeply involved with genealogy, as is our great friend, Southern trufan Larry Montgomery. Both would love this marvelous tour through the history of von Witting's family. Bedecked with coats of arms and portraits of kings and Wittings, dating back well into the middle of the last millennium, this is a unique and remarkable publication. If occasionally lamentably bitter, families being what they are.

Counterclock #22 / Wolf von Witting (see *Clockwise*) / eFanzines / Wolf was a close runner-up in the 2015 east-to-west TAFF race; one hears rumors that he may be planning to compete for 2016. Considering this compelling, disturbing, powerful perzine, one can only hope so, because he'd obviously bring strong personal experience and a strong perspective about fandom to the task. Here is a journey through Wolf's past, pain included (he writes well about depression) and European fandom, attractively illustrated with photos of the places and people involved. There's delightful whimsy evident in his portraits of a lady framed in a hollow tree trunk. Wolf is a perfect Philip K. Dick fan, as shown by all that has preceded and cemented by his review of the film version of *Radio Free Albemuth*; I'd love to hear what he thought of *Ex Machina*. And what should show up on eFanzines after I composed the above but **Counterclock #23** / The excellent cover by Dutch artist "Tais Teng" clues us into the theme of this issue, fandom in the Netherlands. Fan and professional Jaap Boekestein provides a long and very readable article on the subject, illustrated by able Dutch artists like Nicolas Krizan. (Rembrandt came from there, after all, although his SFnal roots were iffy.) Roelof Goudriaan describes the creation of his pan-European newszine, *Shards of Babel*, which ran from 1982 to 1995 and is described by others as the most important European fanzine of its kind. After a piece on Eloy, a "space-rock" band of significant success,

beautiful photographs depict Wetzlar, in Germany, site of the once and present convention Wetzcon; its hearty attendees seem happy to have the convention back. TAFF should be happy with the announcement that follows: Wolf is indeed standing again for the fan fund.

CyberCozen Vol. XXVII, No. 11 / Leybl Botwinik, leybl_botwinik@yahoo.com / The latest monthly issue of Israel's preeminent fanzine presents photos from ICON, the national SF con; a nifty piece on SFnal A.I.s trying to usurp our lives, from Microsoft's blinking paper clip to *HAL* to *Her*; the mystery of KIC8462852 – is our telescopic view of it blocked by a Dyson swarm or a flaw in the lens?; Israel's SpaceIL mission to land an unmanned spacecraft on the Moon, an event so joyful that it inspired a sing-along.

Dagon #669 / John Boardman, 12716 Ginger Wood Lane, Clarksburg MD 20871 / trade / A “monthly fanzine of commentary on science, science fiction, fantasy, mystery novels, comic art, role-playing games (RPGs) and anything else that seems like a good idea at the moment,” delightfully left of center, in fact left of me, which is saying something, and particularly lively this month. John opines on the Doctors without Borders disaster, the debates (I can see O'Malley in Hillary's cabinet, but Bernie Sanders would never take an administrator's job), *NYTimes* crossword puzzles (is “saaofelia” even a word?), the difference between rabbits and hares, colder than colder than cold temperatures, Pope Francis, the SuperMoon eclipse, dwarf planets, football and war, and as a last gesture to anti-war sentiment, a parody of George M. Cohan's “Over There”. Wow. *Spartacus* has a role model!

DASFax October 2015 / TayVon Hageman, 4080 S. Grant St. Englewood, CO 80113 / DASFAEditor@HotMail.com / Thanks to the resignation of their director, DASFAans are faced this autumn with finding a successor, but in the meantime they can scan Sourdough Jackson's well-turned article on the works of Arthur C. Clarke (who has partied with Heinlein in this very house) – at least prior to 2001. Some very nice art here.

The Ditto Master (?) #1 / R. Graeme Cameron, 13315 104th Ave, Apt 72-G, Surrey, B.C. Canada V3T 1V5 / eFanzines / Herein Graeme announces the return of Ditto, the smaller fanzine fans' convention, which has been defunct for twenty years. He provides a long report on that 1995 event to explain why he now vows to revive it by 2017. Of course, he has no details such as venue or exact date to divulge at this early date, but loads of enthusiasm. Neat Taral Wayne cover.

Enter at Your Own Risk (also known by *EAYOR*) #4 / Chuck Connor, 85 The Paddocks, Stevenage, SG2 9UF, UK/GB / chuck.connor@gmx.co.uk / Really striking color cover to this issue of Chuck's perzine. Immediately thereafter, a raunchy *faux* car ad leads to natter about recent automotive troubles – and a sad, thoughtful account of witnessing a coworker's fatal heart attack. The man was just 48. The terrible incident segues into a reminiscence on Chuck's earlier encounters with the Eternal Footman – I was on hand immediately after a New York suicide (from 14 floors up) and this year actually saw the moment of death, so I know something of how he feels. On to happier material – a great lettercol festooned with spiffy Alexis Gilliland art and including some apt discussion on the response desired and earned by faneds. Noted with sadness are words and a 'toon from D. West, lost very recently. Finally, there's an account of a severe illness on the part of Chuck's partner – followed by appreciative relief that recovery seems on the way. *whew* After such an unpurposefully glum issue this zine and this editor deserve some good news.

For the Clerisy #85 / Brant Kresovich, P.O. Box 404, Getzville NY 14068-0404 / kungbairn@yahoo.com / trade / “Reviews of old or neglected books for people who read for pleasure (i.e., the clerisy).” / This issue dates ‘way back to July. Opening with a page of RIPs for a diverse group of talents, from Paul Revere (of the Raiders) and B.B. King to Patrick Macnee, Brant obviously wanders from his emphasis on books. The movies he touches on range from classic forties *noir* to Harold

Lloyd and Hitchcock. Kresovich still reads: murder mysteries from Georges Simenon and Erle Stanley Gardner (who wrote an obscene book about People's Park), an obscure Wilkie Collins, and travelogues through Japan and Dickensian England.

Fornax #6(66) / Charles Rector, crector@myway.com / eFanzines / An informative essay on Halloween and its Zoroastrian origins dominates this issue, along with a piece on *Forever Knight* fan fiction – I'm familiar with neither the show nor the fandom. Charles notes that my review of *Fornax* #5 in the last *TZD* is the first his zine has received, and asks his readership for responses.

The Insider #310 / Michelle Zellich, 1738 San Martin Dr., Fenton MO 63026 / mzellich@csc.com / \$10/year / Comics, reviews, eulogies for passed notables from Ned Brooks to Yogi Berra, forthcoming club events, science pieces, mostly on space travel ("Warp speed possible!"), *The Insider* carries it all. Bob Jennings' insightful and challenging zine reviews include a couple of publications I don't see, an obviously intolerable situation, and some worthy exchanges with John Boardman, Fred Lerner and others on subjects ranging from the rebel flag to the proper construction of a lettercol. Only complaint: I wish we heard more from Michelle in her own fanzine (which she edits for the St. Louis club).

Instant Message #922 / NESFA, P.O. Box 809, Framingham MA 01701-0809 / info@nesfa.org / I can't find the editor credited anywhere in *IM*'s colophon – whoever it is deserves a bow, for *IM* is like NESFA itself, quite a production. There's a nice flippant tone to this issue, risible visible here and there among the extensive minutes, which include Boskone discussion, Skylark nomination opening, library acquisitions, games news (unnerving somehow to think of NESFA hosting games!) and the announcement of a horror film marathon over the late Halloween celebration.

Journey Planet no. 25 / James Bacon, Christopher J Garcia, journeyplanet@gmail.com / The theme of the reigning Hugo winner's 25th issue is the National Novel Writing Month, and the lessons contained within its 76 pages are almost as valuable as my MFA – well, consider that an exaggeration for effect, but the many quotations elicited from various writers on the perfection of their craft, and the insights given by articles on novel writing provided by Garcia, Michael Carroll and others are an inspiration. As one whose Master of Fine Arts in Writing and whose memories of writing seminars with Fred Chappell, Jackson Burgess, Bob Silloni (high school) and *ahem major name drop* Lillian Hellman (see *Challenger* no. 38) weigh upon him like a yoke of guilt, it's good to see art treated as a joyous avocation. Okay: back to the local library with my book on Quantrill and my dreams of Andromeda I go ...

The Ken Chronicles 37 / Ken Bausert, 2140 Erma Drive, East Meadow NY 11554 / PassScribe@aol.com / <http://thekenbausertchronicles.blogspot.com> / This well-produced perzine has little science fictional content, but is compellingly well-written – and those are beautiful photos of antique cars. But the main thrust of the matter is sadness, as Ken mulls the eternal question following the passing of an old and close friend. Of course it will do no good to say how enviable one finds their friendship, and admirable the arm memories his pal Tony inspired, but these are things that need to be said, and Ken's words for and about the fella are a fine memorial. Ken lifts the mood when he goes on to talk old cars, by which he means the beautiful road monsters of his youth. He works with autos, so he knows whereof he speaks, and like Fred Argoff with *Brooklyn!*, deftly conveys his affection for his subject. After reviews of arcane books and zines, none SFnal, he tosses off amusing notes on this'n'that to complete matters.

Lake Geneva #5 / Pablo Vazquez, chepablo@gmail.com / eFanzines / A "commune" of fan buddies in Austin, Texas, one of America's coolest venues (Nanci Griffith and John Henry Faulk came from there, right?), starts a fanzine; how cool is that? Pablo – neat to meet him at the Metairie LA DeepSouthCon, by the way – leads a krew of able contributors. Each of the five issues to date has been fronted by beautiful art (by Alaza "Dok" Smothers, among others), informed with good articles and

interviews on gaming (James Griffin's turf), music, steampunk, and even a little science fiction (Warren Buff's excellent piece on "The Dead Lady of Clown Town", e.g.). Alas, the fifth issue seems to be the final one, a massed screed against the Rabid Puppies, beginning with a Vazquez editorial disgusted with the divisiveness they've exemplified, continuing with Christopher Hensley's defense to an essay by John C. Wright, "Gutter Punk John's" backhanded "recommendations" to Vox Day, and Alissa McKenzie's lament that the controversy has ruined her joy at being a Hugo-nominated fanzine editor ... But hey, commune-ists, Alissa won her Hugo, it all worked out, and *Lake Geneva* should keep on truckin'. The commune has a winner going here and it'd be a shame to let it go.

MarkTime #111 / Mark Strickert, busnrail@yahoo.cpm / Begun more than a year ago and re-upped several times since, Mark finally brings to fruition the 111th issue of his zine of natter and transit obsession. He describes the busy-ness which has gotten in the way of his unique fanac – family stuff, school, etc. – but frankly seems to be suffering from a bit of burnout. To revive his own interest and interaction with readers, he vows to bring back theme or "special topic" issues – for instance, he asks contributors to name Top Tens of whatever and write about them. He lists his family members' favorite 2014 event, read, pastime, phrase, challenge, accomplishment, TV show and most-wanted Christmas gift. He pulls the stopper loose and chatters about the Cubs, McDonald's food ratings, hockey, and at last reaches his zine's reason for existence, public transit. He lovingly describes long excursions through San Diego, the San Bernadino area, and up towards San Francisco – I've never seen anyone get so much mileage haha out of a bus ride. And he hasn't even *touched* 2015!

MT Void Vol. 34, No. 20, Whole Number 1884 / Evelyn C. Leeper, eleeper@optonline.net / <http://www.geocities.com/evelynleeper> / free subs through mtvoid-subscribe@yahoo.groups / Weekly zine of reviews and commentary distributed via e-mail. There will be another by the time you read this notice, but don't worry, it'll be worth your time. Mark Leeper is an excellent reviewer – he covers *Spectre* and the non-SFnal *Woman in Gold* in #1884 – and Evelyn's piece on *When Worlds Collide* and her passionate article involving Cordwainer Smith – among my top three SF writers – show that he isn't the only insightful writer in the family. Previous issues have touched on obscurities like *Bone Tomahawk* and *Rotor DRI* and other mid-century classics like *War of the Worlds*. *MT Void* is clearly anything but empty. (But Mark: the best James Bond is so obviously *Goldfinger* that all discussion is meaningless.)

My Back Pages #14 / Rich Lynch, P.O. Box 3120, Gaithersburg, Maryland 20885 / rw_lynch@yahoo.com / trade, whim / The best issue to date of Lynch's journal of essays, reminiscences and trip reports, fannish and professional. Rich's journey to Norway not only provides him with a righteous excuse to enthuse about the food and the scenery and the history and the culture, but to write an informative essay about Norwegian composer Edvard Grieg, "the Chopin of the North." I know nothing of Grieg except that his life inspired the insipid *Sound of Music* ripoff *The Song of Norway*, and except for a few notes out of *Peer Gynt*, can recall none of his music. A report on the 2014 Natcon in Detroit concentrates on local art museums, their quality belying Detroit's reputation as America's most poverty-torn metropolis – and baseball, a Lynch obsession. Rich movingly eulogizes his friend Art Widner – I didn't know Art attended the first Worldcon – and recalls the delightful Southern newszine *Chat*, which won Nicki and him a Rebel Award. Reprinted from *Chat*'s pages are an interview with Bobs Tucker and Bloch, plus art by Charlie Williams and Teddy Harvia – who were never better – and many others. It all makes for a most entertaining zine. If I can find a criticism of *My Back Pages*, it'd be the lack of an evident unifying theme in its issues, but perhaps I'm missing it.

The NASFA Shuttle October 2015 / Mike Kennedy, P.O. Box 4857, Huntsville AL 35815-4857 / nasfa-shuttle@con-stellation.org / Huntsville's dandy clubzine, 35 years and going strong, with fandom's most comprehensive awards news (from the Coyotls to the National Book Awards), club stuff, convention business (NASFA hosts Con*stellation, an excellent gathering), a chapter in a PieEyedDragon

serial, letters from the omnipresent Lloyd Penney, Sheryl Birkhead and others – reliable in both frequency and quality. Wish we could see some more Birkhead art, hint hint hint.

November, 2015, newsletter of the Middle Tennessee Science Fiction Society (aka the Nashville sf club) Issue #158 / Reece Morehead skywise@bellsouth.net / Once again, I protest: this link-rich and eclectic clubpub – available on e-mail – deserves and needs a *title*! Among the many bits o’info contained herein is notice of *The Red Rum Getaway*, a cool pastiche I also spotted on Facebook: Jimmy Stewart (from *Vertigo* and other movies) transformed into a Stanley Kubrick hero. One cannot imagine an odder fit between star and director. Lots of forthcoming books touted.

OASFiS Event Horizon Volume 27 No. 11 Issue 329 / Juan Sanmiguel, P.O. Box 323, Goldenrod FL 32733-0323 / sanmiguel@earthlink.net / \$12/year, includes club membership

The Occasional Biased & Ignorant Review Magazine of Canadian Speculative Fiction Dedicated to Promoting the Absurd Personal Literary Taste of R. Graeme Cameron a.k.a. Obir Magazine #3 / R. Graeme Cameron, 13315 104th Ave, Apt 72-G, Surrey, B.C. Canada V3T 1V5 / eFanzines / <http://www.obirmagazine.ca/wp-content/uploads/2015/06/Obir-Magazine-3-July-2015.pdf> / Graeme’s entertaining perzine is heavy on reviews, as befits its name, but thanks to his sprightly writing those reviews are entertaining and of obscure SF and fantasy tomes I haven’t encountered. Must give him credit; Cameron doesn’t favor books gifted him by the authors.

Opuntia 320-25 / Dale Speirs, opuntia57@hotmail.com / eFanzines / I won’t say that Dale is prolific, but the six issues covered here are his *Opuntia* production since *Labor Day*. Many are the subjects tackled: a photographic tour of Dinosaur Provincial Park, accompanied by a survey of pre-Crichton “dinosaur revival” fiction. (And a eulogy for Ned Brooks; the coincidence would crack Ned up.) “Life on the Papernet”, a history of postcards (!), follows photos of a local festival and Calgary, reminiscent of Fred Argoff’s *Brooklyn!* A survey of Mars-themed SF. Beakerhead, another festival, apparently themed on bunny rabbits. “Self-replicating” von Neumann machines *a la* Saberhagen berserkers. Only one berserker story ever received a Hugo nomination, a pity. A continuing study of botanical fiction, triffids and the like. Some truly stunning pictures of the Rocky Mountains, followed by yet more surveys, of Venusian SF and fiction about gold. An appreciation of Edgar Allan Poe and stories derived from his – a nice tribute of a quintessentially American writer from a neighbor, and suitable for a Halloween issue. Throughout, reviews of esoteric books of interest – and if I haven’t gotten my admiration of Speirs’ illustrations across, really superb photography. Named for a prickly pear cactus, *Opuntia* obviously grows unimpeded in Canada.

Planetary Stories no 34 / Shelby Vick, planetarystories.com / eFanzines / The great and venerable ShelVy announces in an e-mail that both he and this, flagship of his amateur magazine line, are still alive – a jolly thing indeed. With the able assistance of his great partners in crime, Jerry Page (as Gerald W. Page, editor of DAW’s annual horror anthology) and Robert Kennedy, he keeps the pulp spirit alive – in fact, *Pulp Spirit* is another of his zines. The quality of the fiction is pretty high: as a friend and fan of Jerry’s for many decades, I know he would brook no less. By the way, Shelby co-authored a story with my father-in-law, Joe Green, which will be published by Joe’s new online company, Greenhouse Scribes. At age 80, he’s finally broken through!

Ray X X-Rayer #111 / Ray Palm. a/k/a Boxholder, PO Box 2 Plattsburgh, NY 12901-0002 (postal correspondence: Only use Boxholder as addressee) / www.x-rayer.com raypalmx@gmail.com / eFanzines / “A blogzine: a collection of recent posts.” Herein the editor objects to the FX applied to an interview with UFOlogist Nick Pope, apparently designed to make Pope look weird, and notes that, despite predictions, the world did not end on October 7. He says he’s forgotten how many doomsdays he’s lived through. That said, I wonder why Palm declines to receive mail as anyone but “Boxholder”.

Revenge of Hump Day / Tim Bolgeo, tbolgeo@comcast.net / Mid-November issue of Tim's Hugo-nominated weekly fusillade of horrendous jokes, easy patter, unspeakable politics. His intro this time suggests an award for a year's best-selling SF novel, which strikes me as very worthwhile – not a Hugo, perhaps (no one could possibly imagine *The Three-Body Problem* as being 2014's top seller, although it should have been), but whatever tome did achieve that mark is certainly deserving of recognition.

Rodney's Fanac #6 / Rodney Leighton, #11 Branch Road, R.R. #3, Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia, B0K 1V0, Canada / rodney.leighton@gmx.co.uk / E-mailed. Also received from Rodney, *The Rape Problem*, an extremely angry screed against abusive cops by Kjartan Arnorsson of Tucson, a booklet of poetry by Dory Williams and others, and LOCs on *Spartacus* no 8 and a previous *TZD*. After an opening paragraph mentioning a very personal operation – thanks for the update – Rodney reviews fanzines, books, the FAAn Awards, whatever have you in an engaging stream-of-consciousness that is actually quite entertaining. Assembled and put forth by Chuck Connor on Rodney's behalf.

SF Commentary 90 / Bruce Gillespie, 5 Howard St., Greensborough VIC 3088 Australia / gandc@pacific.net.au / Huge, impeccable, now almost entirely on-line, the most professional fannish publication I review – and it has a Steve Stiles cover! (He's everywhere but where he most belongs: receiving a Hugo.) Bruce usually achieves the balance between fannish and “sercon” content that many genzines aspire to but never manage; this issue, however, is heavily slanted towards fandom, with incisive reports on several conventions and lots of color photos of various SFnal people. (Real delight to see Robin Johnson, whom we much missed at Sasquan.) There's a report on the Australian SF Association, a shot of the magnificent Red Centre train, the *Ghan*, and the memorials for Ned Brooks and Graeme Flanagan, good to see. Good people are appreciated and missed in *SF Commentary*. The major content of this awesome pub is in the lettercol, however, rich commentary and even richer exchanges: Bruce well knows that the central quality of fandom is the people inhabiting and enlivening it. Get this: Brian Aldiss, recently turned 90, is in the middle of writing a new novel. SFers aren't invincible – *damn* it, Ned! – but indefatigable, yes.

The Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol. 10, issue 3 / Jennifer Liang, jenniferliang@gmail.com / <http://www.sfconfederation.org> / Official journal of the decades-old unifying body of Southern fandom. Jennifer was re-elected SFC President (and therefore, editor of the *Bulletin*) at the recent DeepSouthCon in Metairie LA. This issue is bedecked with UFOish alien art by Jose Sanchez, and is the first in a year; Jennifer vows to publish three/year in the future. Much of the content consists of reports on 2014 conventions and other fannish doings by Rebel Award winner (and former SFC President) (and SFPA brother) Tom Feller, but there's also a charming piece by Jennifer on “teaching the future” (she's that noblest of creatures, a high school teacher), an upsetting article by Gary Robe on his expensive and ill-attended 2014 DeepSouthCon, competing announcements concerning the 2015 DSC (canceled in Atlanta, then revived, piggybacking on Jennifer's JordanCon), and a sad but touching eulogy for Ned Brooks by his and my SFPA brother mike weber. Feller appends some print and electronic zine notes – including one or two pubs we don't see here, an atrocity – and the lettercol includes some intelligent discussion of the SFC's purpose in this anti-Confederate era. Much better than my *Bulletins* from my terms as SFC President in the early '80s.

TAFFworld no. 4 / Jim Mowatt, jim@umor.co.uk (also absarka_prime@comcast.net and nina@ninahorvath.at) / Monumental developments in the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, as the administrators (Jim, Curt Phillips, Nina Horvath) announce a decision to switch directions for 2016 and send a European to MidAmeriCon II. Their rationale – that the change will bring a North American delegate to Helsinki in 2017 (and probably another to Dublin in 2019) – is unarguable; we'd run for one of those years had we not already won DUFF. Also in this issue, photos of Nina at the Golden Gate Bridge and elsewhere on her TAFF trip. Jim avers that Ms. Horvath was a hit at the Spokane Worldcon, and so say we all.

Vibrator Nos. 2.0.21 / Graham Charnock, 45 Kimberley Gardens, London, N4 1LD / graham@cartiledgeworld.co.uk / eFanzines / Halloween is past now, but it will remain forever enshrined by Steve Stiles on the wild cover to this *Vibrator*. Steve's *good*. Charnock is too, opening his natter-filled, award-winning perzine with a piece on gun control in the US vs. thought policing in the UK that's stunning in its sarcasm. (If it *isn't* sarcastic, I'm not half as savvy as I should be.) The tone continues with a report on Barcon and a critique of Steve King's grim *Revival* (the best and least chummy of his three [!] novels of 2015 – I haven't read his new collection), although his natterings, following hard upon D. West's funeral and wake, are less sarcastic than understandably bitter. But after a typically entertaining Nic Farey column (on Uber drivers: threat or menace?), Graham reprints Graham West's eulogy for his father, which reminds him and us of what good stuff a well-spent fannish life can bring, to the critter living in and his/her people. November 18 is Graham's b'day: happy such to him!

Warp 93 / Cathy Palmer-Lister, via MonSFFA, c/o Sylvain St-Pierre, 4456 Boul. Ste-Rose, Laval, Quebec, Canada H7R 1Y6 / cathyp1@sympatico.ca / So hot off the presses it hasn't even seen the presses yet, this is the link to the low res pdf to the Montreal club's genzine: <http://www.monsffa.ca/wp-content/uploads/2015/11/WARP-93-LR.pdf> and Cathy asks, "Have you been to our website? www.monsffa.ca". Though the wonderful editor describes the zine as "skimpy," a *Warp* journey is always worthwhile. Take, for instance, the cover to this issue, described on the website as follows: ***The Doctor and his Companion***, by Claude Monet (oil on canvas, 1875), a painting dating from a most fertile phase of the renowned French Impressionist's career, was recently discovered in the attic of a house in Argenteuil in which Monet lived in the 1870s. Little is known of the subjects depicted as the artist left no notes as to their identity or relationship to him. No particulars on the gentleman or lady are to be found, either, in the local historical records of the time and the odd structure beside which the gentleman is standing remains a puzzle. Civic records offer no indication that such a structure ever existed, as if this curious blue box simply appeared out of thin air, and then disappeared just as mysteriously. The title of the work gives us our only clue as to the two subjects, suggesting that the gentleman was, perhaps, a medical doctor travelling with a female relative, Fiancée, or mistress. MonSFFA's own Keith Braithwaite worked on the restoration of the painting. Such exquisite bullshit should not go unhailed – nor such a pretty cover, which *does* show more than a touch of Monet. Inside, a chapter from a MonSFFAn's *Star Trek* novel, a note on a weird world-building game, reviews of movies and conventions and a long section on club activities, including a cool visit by the Royal Canadian Astronomical Society which I wish I'd attended. Cathy seeks early issues of *Warp* to scan for the club archives; if you have some, contact her please.

Hey, not as much in this issue's crop o'zines about the Sad/Rabid Pups as I expected. Maybe we'll enjoy a few months' silence on the subject until they lift their collective leg upon fandom anew – let's hope so.



Last month Rick Norwood brought a boxful of old fanzines he'd worked on to ContraFlow, the 2015 DeepSouthCon held in Metairie, Louisiana. Among them were several issues of his zine for the earliest mailings of the mighty Southern Fandom Press Alliance and several copies of a six-page, three-sheet zine mimeographed, quite crookedly, on green bond. Its title and its date of creation are given in its first paragraph: *Alack* #1, August 7, 1969.

This masterpiece was a *oneshot*, a relic of the club/mimeo/apa era you hardly ever see in this digital era. Someone would wind stencils – or "staincils," as I allegedly pronounce it – through the platen of a typewriter – you've heard of those – and various members of the club would take turns. Although some oneshots were well thought out and have stood the test of time – Lon Atkins' *Lenity* is still famous in Southern fandom – the result was usually crap. Like *Alack*.

The zine, which I believe ran in bimonthly SFPA's 32nd mailing (we're now on our 308th), is remarkable for ... well, it's not. But two thirds of its tertiary page is consumed by blather about the forthcoming St. Louis Worldcon, "Papa" Harlan Ellison, and comic editor Julius Schwartz by a recent enlistee into New Orleans SF fandom ... me. What I'm trying to say is that *Alack* #1 (there was no #2) was my first fanzine, and God help us, here's what I wrote:

GUY LILLIAN III is the name; Markstein is showing mastodonical confidence by allowing me to mess with this stencil . . . that here my hands are free to write what I please. Well the hell enough; this is a time when science fiction, its activities and latent glories, weighs heavily upon my consciousness. Primarily I wonder just how one gets along during the Con, which approaches quickly, frighteningly, like a wedding or an invasion by the Blue Meanies; questions scar my mind: Should I take some of my collection to St. Louis (I have a stack of some forty books ready to go at home)? How should I approach "Papa" Harlan? Will Isaac Asimov listen while I explain the metaphysics behind Frank Borman's biblicalisms from Luna? How will I get laid? Vital questions to a rather new fan going to his first Worldcon. Complexities far more terrible than those I associated with Con action long, long ago when I spent my time writing earnest praise to Julius Schwartz, who has lately gone off the deep end in the treatment of some of our people – but that's another fanzine. Only since my climactic encounter with such glories as Poul Anderson (who introduced me to fandom) and my sprit papa (don't tell him I said that) Harlan Schwartzkopfsen have I truly come unto the realization that this part of my cluttered and brilliantly complex existence could only achieve its full bloom of life and blossoms of perfect essence of wonder if I assume the duties of action. In other words, go to Cons, especially that preceded by the "World" nomenclature, start chasing the ladies (prevalent where I live, Berkeley, and apparently in fandom everywhere except New Orleans, so beautiful yet so cold), write stupid stream-of-consciousness articles for crudzines (witness hereupon). So I go to St. Louis, looking for the Greasydick ad on the old building there, mount the arch, sleep on a floor, dream of two feet above me, stay up all night (I'm in training now), indeed pursue every pro I know for autographs, advice, sage wisdom (Spinrad?) – and wonder if the weird Adam's-apple-less creatures are as strangely affirmative as I've been told . . .

Markstein, watching me type, says I should write fanzines, since I seem to enjoy it. Har-de-har, not that kind of fan, I fear. Fandom is a part of my present life; I can guarantee nothing about its permanence relative to the rest of me. Nonetheworse here I sit. And I've found the formula for writing this type of thing. You'll have to discover for yourself . . . but this hint: take plenty of milk. Magnesia variety.

And relax.

Jee-zus! I grovel in remorse. All I can say in my pathetic defense is that I had just turned twenty, looked like something that fell out of a cat, and had next to zero experience with real live women. Nevertheless, before Worldcon came about, matters Changed, or at least began to change. And as I thoughtfully excised the most offensive stuff, that's all I should say on that subject.

I did attend St. Louiscon, and you can find my account in *Challenger*'s first issue. Harlan was there – you may have heard of his wonderful experience at the Hugo banquet – and there's a silly story about why I called him "Papa." Another time. Asimov was *not* at the 1969 Worldcon. I asked him a question from the audience at a *Star Trek* convention in 1974 or so, but never met him.



"Markstein" was Don Markstein, and he would regret encouraging me to join fanzine fandom. He was absolutely right, though: I *did* enjoy fanzining. I *was* that kind of fan. And since fandom and fanzines did turn out to be a permanent part of my life, nonetheworse here I sit, 46 years on: I still am.

GHLIII

11-15-15

