



# PIXEL THREE

July 2006

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pix·el (pĭk'səl, -səl') n.

The basic unit of the composition of an image on a television screen, computer monitor, or similar display. Short for *Picture Element*.

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To receive an e-mail notification when a new issue of *Pixel* is published, send a message to [catchpenny@mw.net](mailto:catchpenny@mw.net). This is a notification list only; I don't send the zine as an attachment.

Catchpenny Gazette, the previous incarnation of *Pixel*, placed third behind *Chunga* and *Banana Wings* as Best Fanzine of 2005 in the recent FAAn Awards, given out in May at Corflu 23 in Toronto. *CPG* finished highest among all-digital zines, and all of the regular contributors also finished well in the Best New Fan, Best Fanwriter, Best Fan Artist, and Best Fan Correspondent categories. And of course it's the regular contributors (Dave Locke, Eric Mayer, Chris Garcia, Brad Foster, and Peter Sullivan, plus our regular lettercolumn contributors) who made *CPG* what it was, and *Pixel* (with the addition of Lee Lavell and Ted White) what it will be. Thanks to them all!

— David

“Fanzines today are a good springboard to talk about Whithering Fandom.”

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# Notes From Byzantium

## Eric Mayer

### Flesh and Ink

There aren't very many of that tribe sometimes known as fanzine fandom. Hardly any of the billions of human beings on planet Earth realize we exist. Yet it often seems that this vanishingly small infusion of cosmic consciousness has a homeopathic potency. Fans are everywhere. Touch fandom once and it's harder to shake loose than Uncle Remus' Tar-Baby.

Impossible, it's often said, and I believe it. Twenty years ago, I had a near death-will-not-release-you experience in the back room of a comic book shop in Rochester, New York.

Small press comics was what I got involved with, on the rebound, after I left fandom in the mid-eighties. Mostly they were mini-comics. Your basic mini-comic, in case you've never heard of them (and to most people they might as well be Courtney's boat) consists of a single sheet, cunningly arranged so that when photocopied on both sides, cut in half, folded and stapled, it forms a tiny 8 page magazine. The number of pages can vary but not their size. If they were larger they wouldn't be minis.

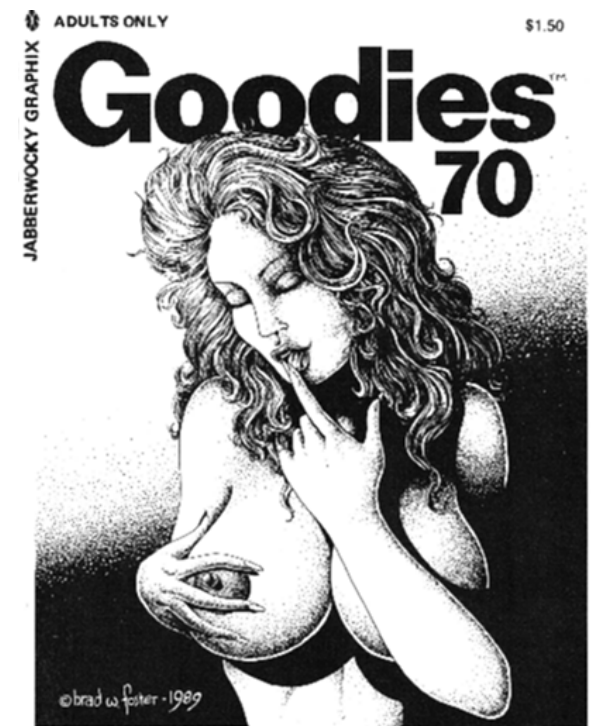
I had driven over to the shop with my friend Tim to see if it had stocked the comics his indie publishing company was cranking out. Some

titles were minis, others regular sized black & whites with two color covers, the format that launched the Teenaged Mutant Ninja Turtles. This was in the days before the great distributor die-off, when small publishers could get their efforts into thousands of specialty shops. A world distant from Fandom, I thought.

The shop was toward the far end of one of the main drags, where the city petered out into two and three story brick storefronts, half of them with plywood in the windows.

It was a hot day. Inside, a floor fan barely stirred the heavily burdened flypaper dangling from the ceiling. The fan could've used Superman's superbreath.

The proprietor looked like he'd stepped out of one of the R. Crumb comics which, I soon learned, were kept in the back. He sounded more like an accountant than a pothead, though. Or maybe a pothead who was an accountant. He mumbled continuously about ruinous overhead, and the annoyance of sales taxes, and predatory distributors, and how he had a business to run, but on the front counter amateur superheros with massive, but only vaguely human musculature, sat biceps to biceps with the Hulk and Batman.



*Illustrated by*  
**Brad Foster**

ADULTS ONLY

\$1.50



The proprietor had ordered all Tim's titles. He allowed us to sign a copy of *Kiwanni*, *Daughter of the Dawn*, which I had scripted, and slipped it into a protective baggie. We went into the back room so he could file the signed book with the other wannabe collectibles. I wonder if it's still lying in a carton, sealed in plastic, appreciating as it waits for a Prince Charming? Or the end of the world? Probably. In the unlikely event the store's survived.

The room was hot as an attic. It smelled of dust and desiccated paper.

"I put the adult stuff back here, so the kids can't get into it. Gotta keep up with the ordinances. Be outta business pretty fast if I didn't." The proprietor bent down over a carton of comics on the floor and slid the bagged *Kiwanni* into her final resting place.

Issues of *Weirdo*, *Vampirella* and *Yummy Fur* lay scattered over tables. What caught my eye were several boxes filled with mini-comics, some of them thick mini-tomes. I picked one up. *Goodies*. By Brad Foster.

The proprietor must have noticed my astonishment. "You know his work?"

"Not this work..."

I recognized Brad's style from fanzines. I recalled him slipping a few nudes into the twilltone but this little issue of *Goodies* was pretty much just a palmfull of gloriously nekkid babes. Pen and ink pin-ups. Voluptuous beyond the bounds of reality, the women – rather like Modigliani's – managed to look cartoonish while still exuding sex.

There was something Dadaistic, however, or maybe sadistic, about imprisoning these fabulously endowed creatures, who could hardly be contained by their own skins, within the constraints of 4¼ x 5½ inch sheets.

The proprietor grinned. "These are the only mini-comics that sell enough to cover my costs."

"Everybody knows Brad Foster," remarked Tim, meaning everybody in small press comics fandom.

"Yeah, everybody does," I agreed, meaning everybody in fanzine fandom.

What strange little worlds we choose to inhabit. Stranger still when they meet in unexpected places, like the back rooms of comics shops.

## Ink and Imaginings

Almost thirty years ago, while I was living in New York City, I made a weekly pilgrimage to Bleeker Bob's record store in the Village. It was the punk era, although, oddly, punk wouldn't catch on widely for another generation. At the time I was deep into fanzine fandom and I admired punk rock's similar do-it-yourself attitude.

The idea that everyone could, and should, put out their own record, regardless of their skills, reminded me of fanzine publishing. Like fanzines, punk records often made up for technical crudity with energy and idiosyncrasy rarely matched by commercial products.

Bleeker Bob's featured behind the front counter a wall of records which was exactly what it sounds like. Right up to the ceiling, the wall was solidly papered with dust jackets from newly released singles. Some of the bands were familiar, or came to be, like the Damned, the Adverts, Radiators From Space. Others remained mostly obscure. For instance Stumblebunny or the Twinkeyz.

I bought the Twinkeyz solely because of the song title - *Aliens in Our Midst*. It turned out to be a favorite of mine. More new wave than punk. Psychedelic garage music. A weirdly infectious mixture of electronic noise and semi-recited science fictional lyrics. The lead singer and songwriter was appropriately named Donnie Jupiter.

There was nothing else I could learn about Donnie Jupiter or the Twinkeyz. The Internet, answerer of our every question, wasn't around and none of the magazines, *Rolling Stone* or *Creem* or *Punk* or *N.M.E.* or any of the others, mentioned them. As the years went on, I figured they were a local group that like so many others

at the time, had briefly done their thing and vanished forever.

During the next ten years I continued to play *Aliens in Our Midst*, particularly when I'd had a few beers. However, I'd abandoned fanzine fandom (which I felt had accumulated too many critics for its creative health) for yet another do-it-yourself hobby, small press comics.

My friend Tim asked me if I'd script a comic he wanted to publish. All he knew was that it was called *Kiwanni, Daughter of the Dawn* and would feature a cave girl, saber-toothed tigers, mastodons and dinosaurs. That was because he admired the intended artist's skill at rendering scantily clad women and animals. (Not scantily clad animals, I hasten to add. It wasn't a furry comic.)

He knew very well that humans and dinosaurs had not co-existed, my own favorite comic strip, *Alley Oop*, notwithstanding. But with an artist who was so good at animals, it seemed a waste not to let him draw some dinosaurs. My solution was to have aliens invade from another dimension, opening up rifts in space time through which could wander whatever creatures the artist felt like turning his pens to.

Tim was pleased with my script for the first issue. *Kiwanni* fought T-Rex on a glacier and then the aliens appeared – monstrous air-borne sacs covered with tentacles. Cthullu's dirigibles. He reckoned it would really give the artist something to get his teeth into.

"Who's the artist, anyway?" I asked.

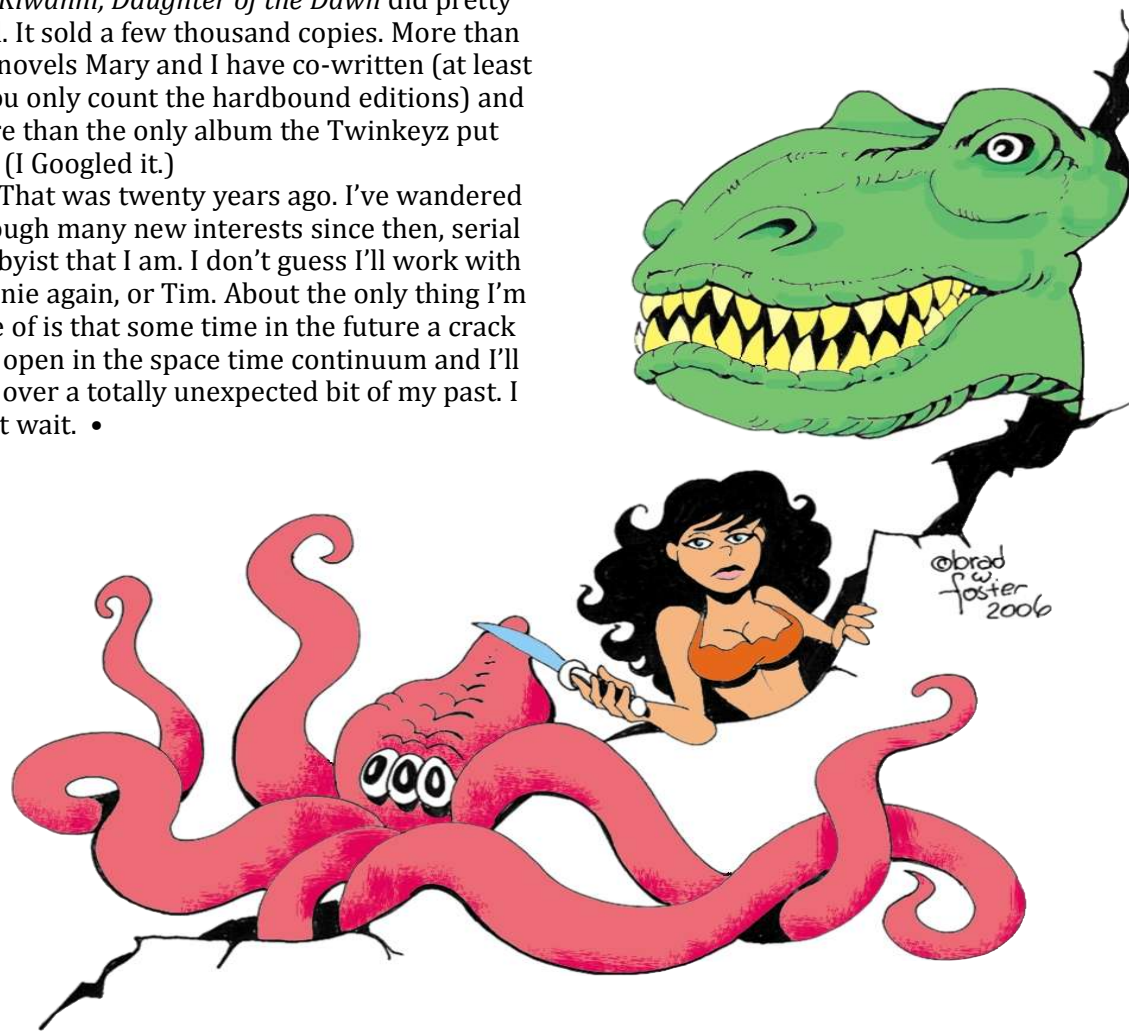
"Donnie Jupiter."

A bit of questioning quickly revealed that it was the same Donnie Jupiter who fronted the *Twinkeyz*. I'd never have imagined I'd meet him someday, in a manner of speaking, let alone in a comic book.

In his artist's guise, Donnie was not only terrific at drawing nubile females and lively animals, but seemed to possess a weird knack of being able to see and transfer to paper exactly what I'd been seeing in my mind when I wrote the story.

*Kiwanni, Daughter of the Dawn* did pretty well. It sold a few thousand copies. More than the novels *Mary* and *I* have co-written (at least if you only count the hardbound editions) and more than the only album the *Twinkeyz* put out. (I Googled it.)

That was twenty years ago. I've wandered through many new interests since then, serial hobbyist that I am. I don't guess I'll work with Donnie again, or Tim. About the only thing I'm sure of is that some time in the future a crack will open in the space time continuum and I'll trip over a totally unexpected bit of my past. I can't wait. •



# Whither Fandom?

## Ted White

I've always wanted to write a column with a title like that. "Whither fandom?" indeed. When do you suppose was the first time this question was asked?

I put it in 1933.

Julius Schwartz turns to Morty Weisinger, his fellow fan.

"Whither fandom, Morty?" he asks in a quivering tone. Julie always looked up to Morty. Morty was a fan first.

"Geeze, Julie!" Morty exclaims. "Whaddya talking about?"

"I got a bad feeling about the Science Fiction League," Julie says. "Gernsback's not paying his writers. There's this Great Depression going on. I got a feeling the SFL is gonna fall through the cracks."

Weisinger punches Schwartz playfully in the shoulder. Julie winces and starts massaging his arm as Morty says, "Best thing we can do? Start up a scientifiction agency – start representing these naïve writers. Think of it this way," he tells Julie who is still massaging his arm and looks rebellious, "Every tenth word they write is *ours!*"

These words burrowed deeply into Julius Schwartz's brain, from which they would

emerge as if they were his own thoughts many times in the years which would follow.

But I digress...

And anyway, Dave asked me, "As I thought about it, it occurred to me that it might be interesting to hear *your* thoughts on the 'state of fanzines' today, both print and digital. Sort of a 'Whither fanzines' overview." I misread him, I guess. But fanzines are part of fandom, and anyway I want this column to be wider-ranging than just a look at fanzines.

Nonetheless, fanzines today are a good springboard to talk about Whithering Fandom. I don't know why, but I rarely look at fanzines on eFanzines.com when I'm at home and at my computer. That's probably because I have too many other things to do on the thing. Why, just this evening my friend JD came over to install SureThing CD Labeler on my computer, so I can do A Little More. Maybe it's because if I'm at home my temptation is to print out the fanzine and read it later... and of course I end up doing neither.

But when I'm at work, it's another sto-

ry. "Work" these days takes place in the shiny new offices (we moved in last October) of Beta Court Reporting, where I am a senior editor/proofer and work four-hour days, as befits one of my advanced age. My job is to take a transcriber's work, put it into a legal word-processing system called Total Eclipse, format it correctly, and then proofread it while listening to the same recording of the proceedings used by the transcriber. My secondary job is to make the attorneys sound more intelligent, both by turning every attorney's "yeah" into a "yes," and by cleaning up their syntax and grammar. (The testimony of sworn witnesses is rendered as faithfully as possible, including every stutter and self-interruption.)

Sometimes – not often and not lately – there's nothing for me to do. All the transcribers are busy, but there's nothing for me yet. Once, early in the year, this lack of work lasted for a full week. For a full week I showed up for work, found there was none,

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*Illustration by*

**William Rotsler**



and spent my four hours each day surfing the Internet. I spent a lot of time on eFanzines.

I don't have email on my work computer, so whenever I want to respond to a fanzine I've just read on eFanzines, I fire up Word, save the LoC to a disk, and bring it home to paste into an email to the appropriate fanned.

Although I haven't had no work for a full week again, I have had days with no work for an hour or two. So I've tried to make up for the past few years in which I responded to few fanzines by responding to many. With mixed results.

It quickly became apparent to me when I started browsing eFanzines that there are (at least) two kinds of fanzines represented there. One kind is the PDF of a fanzine, like *Chunga*, which I receive on paper. The other kind is like this one here: purely an elec-

tronic presence with no paper edition unless we individually print copies out.

And the purely-electronic fanzine, by virtue of the ease of its "publication," seems to be more frequent. Some, like Arnie Katz's *Vegas Fandom Weekly* and Chris Garcia's *The Drink Tank*, come out with breathtaking frequency – literally weekly for those two.

They're too fast for me. I don't get no-work breaks at work that often.

But then again, I wrote Chris a LoC on *TDT* #69 which he has yet to publish, making me think he's decided *not* to use it. And that bothers me. On one level it bothers me the way it would bother any fan: so what's wrong with it, huh? And on another level, well, it's something I'm not really used to. I don't think I'm being unreasonably egotistical when I assert that my LoCs are gener-

ally publishable, and I *worked* on that one. I made a *sexual revelation* about myself. It wasn't the sort I've seen from anyone else, either. But maybe it was too Old Hat for Chris and his merry gang. I don't know.

And talk about too fast, I was working on this column for *Pixel 2*. I had a deadline of April 27 ahead of me. On Sunday the 23rd I started writing this. But then I dropped it for a bit, intending to finish it in a day or two. And then, suddenly, it was the 27th and there was *Pixel 2* up on eFanzines. I was gob-smacked. "Geeze!" I exclaimed as I smote my forehead. "Missed my deadline!"

And I hadn't even gotten to a punchline, either. •

# The Silly Season Blues

## Dave Locke

When I was a teenager, in the strange little town of Indian Lake, New York, my favorite hobby was tourist-watching. People from far, exotic places such as New York City would travel to the Adirondack Mountains or upstate New York just to drop a dollar or two at my parents' tourist business.

Locke Harbor was, and still is for that matter, located on the shoreline of Lake Abanakee – which is one of the many lakes squeezed into the immediate vicinity of the village Indian Lake. I've lost count of the exact number, because the people of Indian Lake keep building new lakes for the purpose of meeting the tourist demand. It's relatively easy to build a lake. You take a stretch of river, put a dam at either end, and let a heap of water flow in without letting it flow out again. Then you stock the lake with fish, stock the shoreline with boats, cottages, and campsites. Presto: instant tourist attraction.

And the tourists were fascinating to watch because, like most anyone on a vacation, they tended to work so hard at having a good time. They rarely did, of course, because the least little thing that went wrong seemed, to them, a harbinger of doom. All

flaws in the Master Plan were treated as major crises, and they would curse that fate was against them.

And things always went wrong. People would drive two or three hundred miles and forget to bring their money with them, or their tent, or leave their boat sitting on a trailer in their driveway. These *were* major crises, towards which we could rally and cope. We would extend them credit, or scrounge up a tent, or rent them a boat. But it was the minor crises which were always the most interesting, and these occurred as frequently as statistics.

At least three times a month someone would fall in the lake while trying to get their outboard motor into the boat. Their usual procedure was to put the boat parallel to the dock and, while holding the motor, try to get into the boat. With one foot on the dock, and one foot on the back of the boat, the boat always had a tendency to begin moving away from the dock. There's probably even a scientific principal involved here. While the boat moved away from them they would clutch the motor tightly and look slightly panicked over the

fact that they were doing the "split." Sooner or later they would tumble face-forward into the water (probably because they were holding the motor in front, instead of in back of them). What was interesting is the fact that they would always hold the motor all the way to the bottom of the lake before they let go of it. I never knew whether this was attributable to possessiveness, or simply because they wanted something to hang onto.

I'll always recall the fisherman who lost his motor in just such a manner, and who gave me \$5.00 for fetching it back to him. After getting the water out of all the undesirable places, the motor seemed none the worse for wear and, after a change of clothing, neither did he. He zoomed away to the middle of the lake, set anchor, and proceeded to demonstrate that his luck at fishing wasn't very good that day, either. As a few of you may know, sound travels extremely well across water. We could hear him cursing and

*Illustrated by*

**Kyle Hinton**



moaning for hours. The volume of his pettishness increased rather dramatically, upon his decision to return to shore, when he discovered that his motor wouldn't start. I don't know whether the cursing or the pulling on the starter rope wore him out first, but eventually he gave up and began rowing at a rather discouraged, or discouraging, pace.

As he was rowing in, I walked down to the dock to meet him. As the bow touched the edge of the dock I tied the boat and then pulled it alongside the dock so that he could get out. He greeted me with a friendly "There aren't any goddam fish in this goddam lake."

"I guess this isn't your lucky day," I stated, unnecessarily. "What happened to the motor?"

"Ah, there's probably water in the gas. It wouldn't start worth a goddam."



"That's too bad. I know someone who's pretty good with outboards. Let me give him a call and see if he can take a look at this today."

"Ah, to hell with it," he said. "And to hell with your goddam boat. Goddam hardest rowing boat I've ever been in. What's it made of, lead?"

That was a new complaint. I didn't know how to answer that one, so I held the boat while he got his gear out and huffed away. When he left I sponged the boat clean and then looked for the anchor for the purpose of putting it away (we had different kinds, with different lengths of rope, for people who were fussy about such things). I found the anchor. He hadn't pulled it back into the boat when he was through fishing.

Then there were the two couples who wanted two canoes, so they could paddle romantically around the lake. I was always a bit leery about renting canoes; they're rather dangerous if you aren't aware of how to handle them (personally, although I don't fish out of a canoe I'd rather use it for pleasure riding than any other kind of water craft). Anyway, I warned them about being careful with the use of their canoes, and then pulled two canoes over to the dock. I left the canoes sitting partly on the dock and sitting mostly in the water at right-angles to the dock, and then I walked away to get the paddles. That was a mistake.

Getting into, and out of, a canoe isn't an exercise that should be taken too lightly. My customary practice was to assist the tourist in this particular activity, by placing

the canoe alongside the dock and then holding it steady while all passengers boarded. At this particular moment in time, however, the tourists decided to board while my back was turned. As I grabbed the paddles and started walking back towards them, my eyes spotted the seeds of destruction as they were thrown to the wind. One couple was just standing there, doing nothing but talking. The other couple should have been doing the same. Instead, the fellow had placed the canoe fully in the water, still at a right-angle to the dock, and the girl was getting into it. The image fused into my mind. She was tall, blonde, and made to look even taller by a mammoth beehive hairdo. She had a cigarette in her lips, and she walked out into the canoe and over the center bar. How she got that far I don't know. I shouted "stop!" but it was much too late for that; she was no sooner over the center bar than the canoe started rocking back and forth and turned over faster than I could blink.

When she surfaced, the beehive hairdo didn't exist any longer. The cigarette, however, was still between her lips.

While the other couple paddled romantically about the lake, they returned to their motel for a change of clothing and then came back and rented a rowboat. Not as romantic, maybe, but safer.

Northern Pike was the Fish To Catch in the Adirondack Lakes. It gave a hell of a nice fight when you tried to bring it in, but it went down rather peacefully when cooked in butter. To be a legal catch, the pike must measure 18 inches in length (the ones that got away, however, had to measure at least 18 inches between the eyes or you were con-

sidered a very unimaginative liar). I recall one fellow who spent the better part of two hours in landing what he had imagine was the largest Northern ever to inhabit the lake. He was quite used to bringing in one Northern per day of fishing, and judged by the size of the battle he was prepared to bring in enough fillet to last everyone in the Vatican for at least eight Fridays. When he finally netted it into the boat, it was rather disillusioning to find that the fish was one inch under the legal size. The reason it had put up such a vigorous and sustained fight, he discovered, was due to the fact that it had never tried to eat his lure in the first place. It had, though, the misfortune of swimming in the vicinity of the lure and one of the hooks snagged it in the bunghole. Consequently, instead of being reeled in head-first it had the power advantage of being able to swim away from its attacker. If I had been in the same sore predicament as the fish, frankly I don't think I would have put up any fight at all. The whole business sounds rather painful.

Then there were the people who would tip their tackle boxes into the lake, or fall into the lake when they were trying to net captured fish (and lose the net, their rod and reel, and even the fish), or fail to dig a trench around their tent before a rain and consequently get floated out of the tent while still in their sleeping bags, or get thrown off the beach when I saw that they were trying to soap themselves up while others were trying to enjoy the clean water.

And the tourists always seemed to have a lot of problems with bears. Of course, we did too. One of our neighbors took a pick-up load of garbage cans to the town dump, and a

bear crawled in the back of his truck while he was starting the truck for the return trip. So he wound up taking it home with him, although he didn't know that until he went to remove the garbage cans.

Some of the tourists were just plain ignorant (that's the worst kind of ignorant), and didn't realize that the bears at the dump were not cut from the same mold as Gentle Ben. They would do incredibly dumb things, like trying to pet the bears or get close-up photographs. One couple smeared strawberry jam on their little boy's hand and sent him over the bank so they could get a photograph of the bear licking the jam off. Luckily some people yanked the kid back before the bear had an opportunity to chew his head off. One fellow, totally smashed, broke a beer bottle over a cub's head. He was also lucky. The mother took off after the cub instead of after him.

It was a standard problem trying to get rid of your garbage during tourist season. There were so many tourists around, you couldn't get in to dump your garbage. When politely asked to move aside for a moment, the tourists would get rather indignant that you were trying to infringe upon their rights to enjoy their vacation.

The tourists would line up around the bank of the dump, and there would be a constant dazzle of flashbulbs popping as bears would come out of the woods and start climbing the banks to sort through the garbage. One fellow from Indian Lake (one of the may strange people who lived there) took a camera and circled through the woods until he came to the edge of the

woods near the dump. This was rather foolhardy, due to the close proximity of the bears, but it resulted in a rather mind-boggling experience for the tourists. There they were, facing the woods and taking pictures of the bears, when of a sudden, something in the woods began taking flash-pictures of *them*.

One day at the dump there occurred an incident which caused the tourists to lose much of their enthusiasm for bear-watching. There was a rather scraggly-looking cat which had joined the bears in scrounging through the garbage for food. The cat didn't pay too much attention as to where its foraging took it, and wound up poking through the garbage right next to one of the bears. The bear was on its hind legs at the time, looking around for tidbits, and then it looked down and saw the cat. Promptly, the bear swept up the cat in one paw and began chewing. I never saw a place evacuate so fast in my life.

Most of the tourists came from the cities, to revel in the natural beauty of the country. At that time, living in the country, when we took vacations we always went to the cities. Makes sense, doesn't it? It's all a matter of what you're not used to. Now that we live in the city (I guess Duarte, California, is a city; it sure as hell isn't "country") we take our vacations in such places as Yellowstone, Kings Canyon, or even Indian Lake.

There's only one problem with taking your vacations in the country; the place is full of tourists. •

Originally published in *Yandro*, April 1974

# Much Nothings About Ado

## Lee Lavell

### How *Not* to Get to Cincinnati

Recently Our Editor inquired as to whether I would like to accompany him on an annual trip to the Midwestcon in Cincinnati. I thought about this with some trepidation. First, I had not attended a con in, well, too many years to count. But more importantly, I felt I must give him some warning about going with me to Cincinnati. That is, if we go together be prepared to either start early or arrive late, or even more ominously, not get there at all. Let me explain.

First of all, I must state that usually I have no trouble reaching my destinations. I can only think of two instances where I really came a-cropper and neither was my fault. Once I ended up in the middle of Milwaukee because the friend I was traveling with insisted this was the exit I needed despite my protestations to the contrary. The other occurred when I was attempting to attend an SCA event in Columbus Ohio. They had thoughtfully provided a map to the site which omitted the middle leg. If drawing and quartering were allowed in SCA I would

cheerfully recommend the cartographer for that penalty. Cincinnati, however, is a whole other kettle of fish.

I don't think I have ever gone to Cincinnati without some problem occurring somewhere along the route. This goes far back to the times when the Midwestcon was being held at the North Plaza Motel in the fifties. At that time the Interstate had not yet been constructed between Indianapolis and Cincinnati so I had to take US 52 and various side routes to my destination. There was one turnoff that I always missed. I was aware of where it was but still missed it. When I was driving with other people I would warn them about this and tell them to look for it (and it was a fairly obvious turnoff) but they would miss it also. I got to know the wrong route almost as well as the correct one.

But that wasn't the only problem I had. One Halloween Jim, Jerry Hunter and I decided we would attend a party given by the Cincinnati club. We got to the outskirts and then couldn't find the next way to go. So we called from a phone booth and followed those directions until we couldn't figure

out where to go from there so we asked a driver and followed those directions and ended up where we started. This happened several times before we just gave up and came back home.

Or there was the time Les Gerber wanted to go to a Cincinnati club meeting. I picked him up in Bloomington where he attended Indiana University and we went straight south from there and then across the lower part of the state toward Cincy. Half way there my fan belt broke so it was call AAA and wait in the middle of the boondocks to get it fixed. We finally got there but as we left we were told that part of the Interstate was now open and given directions that way. Thus we headed for the Interstate. Hah! There was a fog that night. A fog that only existed on my side of the road and it was nice and dense so one could not see road signs so I kept missing the correct turns. About the third time I found myself going in the wrong direction I just pulled over to the side of the road and began to laugh hysterically, scaring Les half to death. I finally found my old route back to Indianapolis and went there, letting

Les stay overnight and taking him back to Bloomington the next day.

Another time, coming back from Cincy, Jim, and I think Joe Lee Sanders and maybe Les and myself were headed toward Bloomington along highway 46. The road was under construction but cars were coming through going the other direction so we figured it would be okay, until we went up a hill and at the crest discovered there was no other side to the hill. Apparently we hadn't noticed those other drivers going "blurble-blurble-blurble" as they passed us.

Those are just a few of the incidents. There are many many others. The Interstate didn't help. Other people driving didn't help. Other people giving directions didn't help. So you can see why I have warned David. If I go to the Midwestcon with him we may fall into the Black Hole of Cincinnati and never be heard from again. Been nice knowin' you, folks.

## Down Memory Lane

I got my first car back in the early Fifties. My father picked it out for me. He had been a personalized mechanic for Stutz Bearcat, traveling around the country to train other mechanics in that car's workings until the company went belly-up during the Great Depression. So he knew a great deal about cars.

The one he picked for me (and since he was paying for it I couldn't quibble) was an elephantine gray Buick and it was trouble from the very start. It would die and not start again until someone got under the hood and flipped the starter and shoved a rod in, while another person put their foot on the

accelerator to feed it gas. "Automatic choke trouble," said my father. "Get it fixed." So I took it in to be worked on. "All fixed," they said. Hah! Dead car again. Off to the shop again and again. "What is that rod that has to be pushed in?" I asked and was told it was the starter rod. I suggested that the problem might lie there. Oh no, don't be silly. (What did a mere female know about how cars worked in those days.) They worked on the choke. The next time it happened I just told them to fix the starter. Didn't help. They worked on the choke anyway.

When I could finally afford it I bought another car (a little Nash Rambler – beep beep) but my father, who still thought the Buick was wonderful, bought it from me, letting me trade in his old car in its place. A few weeks later I got a phone call from my father. He had stopped at a filling station on the way home from work and now the car wouldn't start up again. He was going to have to leave it there. Could I bring him home? I told him I'd come and get it started for him. Not possible, I was told. He and the filling station mechanic had been working on it for an hour to no avail.

So I drove down there, told my father what to do while I put my foot on the gas. They were snickering until the car started up, at which point I looked up to open mouths and dropped jaws. Shortly thereafter my father took the car in to have the whole motor overhauled. Guess what they found...a defective starter. But I shall never forget the looks on their faces when that car started up. •



# Found In Collection

## Christopher Garcia

There's a long tradition of opening boxes and finding things in a state of utter decay. I can remember hearing a story from the curator at the London Science Museum's Computation collection, where they found the first set of blueprints for the Jacquard Loom, the machine that started punch card memory. After spending nearly forty-five minutes looking into ways to safely remove them from the box, they ended up getting a spatula-type thing and lifting it at the rate of about an inch a second. Only to have the air conditioning come on and the thing just disintegrated. The more satisfying thing is when you open up a box and there, in the bottom, is a perfectly preserved something that hasn't seen the light of day in twenty, thirty years.

But sadly, this story isn't about one of those happy times.

While going through and looking for various things (this time it was a search for the CRN Award given to computer pioneer Gene Amdahl) I came upon a box marked ALGOL. Now, ALGOL is a computer language most popular in the 1960s and 70s in Europe (though it had a following in the US as well). It's one of the three early languages, along

with FORTRAN and COBOL, that really took the programming world by storm. I'm used to finding boxes marked with the names of old computer languages, but I figured I'd open it and it turns out that I was wrong.

In the 1960s, a fellow name of Andrew Porter started a zine called *Algol*. It started out as any other fanzine would in 1963, but it kept on going and going through the 60s into the 70s. It eventually became *Algol: The Magazine About Science Fiction*, a more or less pro-zine that featured works by folks like Fred Pohl and Sam Delaney. I'd seen various issues of *Algol* in the later years, but staring at me from the box were issues from 1964 and 1965.

Or at least I think they were.

You see, the top one was heavily faded, as if it had been on top for a long time when the box had been open. There was also water damage around the edges, and the deeper into the box I got, the worse the damage showed. The pages were flaking away, and only a couple were readable and none easily. There was one issue, which I believe was issue 10, that was in OK shape as I picked it up, but once I

turned the page, you could tell that mold had infiltrated the entire thing. I've seen this happen with many things that were dittoed.

It's sad that of the six issues, none survived. I put a couple in a page press (standard operating procedure when dealing with stuff in that condition) but it was too far gone. A lot of people hold on to things in boxes and put them in basements that leak or attics that have mice or worse. These were certainly in a basement that got a lot of water. There's no telling when it came in, though the donor seemed to have been a guy from Watertown, Massachusetts. I used to hang out in Belmont and Watertown when I lived out that way. Maybe I knew the guy who handed it over. Too bad the part of that shipping label where the name should have been was ripped off.

Back in 2003, before I was nearly as heavy into fanzines as I am now, I was far more interested in the item at the very bottom of the box: a photo, water-logged but still very visible of Commander Gander: the mascot of Gander Airport in St. John. What a fool I was. •

# World Cup Wallchart

## Peter Sullivan

Well, the rest of the known world will be suffering from World Cup overload for the next few weeks. So since there's no way of escaping it (short of moving to the United States), I might as well join in:

**Ansible** 227 (Dave Langford)  
paper, monthly, A4, 2 pages, SSAE.  
Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU, England.  
Also on the web at <http://news.ansible.co.uk/>

As David reported on his website "Sometimes a news story touches the hearts of so many *Ansible* readers that I'm inundated with reports." Yes, it's the "Darlingtonians of Gor" story, as covered in just about every national newspaper in Britain, plus the BBC. The most worrying aspect for me is that the house pictured in the story on the BBC web site looks exactly – and I mean exactly – like the one I lived in whilst living in Darlington from 1992-1996. It would be too much of a coincidence for it to actually be the same house, but it does narrow it down to about a dozen streets' worth of identikit railwaymen's terraced houses near the station.

*Ansible* is to fanzines what Italy is to the World Cup. Always there, and you know exactly

what you are going to get – typically just a single sheet/goal.

**Banana Wings** 26 (Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer)  
paper, quarterly, A4 booklet, 36 pages, "the usual."  
Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer, 59 Shirley Road, CROYDEN, Surrey, CR0 7ES.

Another superb set of articles in this issue, all of which are full of comment hooks. Perhaps the most interesting is Tony Keen's piece, suggesting doing an adaptation of an Aristophanes play at a future Eastercon. He points out that a key element of Aristophanes' humour was sly (or not so sly) references to public figures, most of which would have been in the audience. Replace references to long-dead Athenian politicians with references to British fans, and you have a modern day equivalent. In effect, the adapted play is specific to the audience, in the same way that the original was specific to its audience. This was certainly how we did Aristophanes' *The Birds* when I was at school – the classics master did a freely-adapted translation, with lots of school in-jokes liberally scattered through the text.

*Banana Wings* is really the Brazil of fanzines – it's been producing quality output for as long as anyone can remember, and is everyone's (at least) second-favourite team. It's also the benchmark used in hopelessly over-optimistic comparisons – although, if I'm honest, "*Neo's Incredible Crudzine*, it's just like reading *Banana Wings*" is even less believable than "Barnsley, it's just like watching Brazil."

**Borealis** 63 (Ian Harris)  
paper, 6-weekly, A5 booklet, 12 pages, 54p within UK.  
Ian Harris, 36 Brecon Place, Chester-le-Street, County Durham, England, DH2 1HY.  
Also on the web at <http://www.boriszine.pw-p.blueyonder.co.uk/>

Ian reports that he has finally swapped thirty years of shift work for a normal desk job, with the inevitable result that "I'm dog tired all the time." Ian's interest (dare one call it an obsession?) with collecting old games is a common theme in this zine, and this time we get a report of his latest e-Bay acquisition – Sumo, a card-based game from Hasbro. This inspires Ian to suggest several additional cards of his own for the game, although the names are rather more

Tyneside than Tokyo.

In World Cup terms, *Borealis* is like Australia – it comes from a long way away from anybody else, may not ever set the world on fire, but is happy to do what it does, and to do it well.

**The Drink Tank 83** (Chris Garcia)

PDF, approx weekly, 11x8.5", 18 pages.  
<http://www.efanzines.com/DrinkTank/>

This fanzine has featured a lot more personal writing by Chris over the past few weeks, mainly around the death of his father John Garcia, and this is all brought together this issue with a number of pieces about family. A piece by regular contributors SaBean and Judith Morel about the death of their father in 1990 kicks off, and there's also a couple of articles on family themes by Robert Hole. But the centrepiece of this issue is Chris's own article about his father's recent death (illustrated with some Bill Rotsler artwork, on the grounds that it was John's favourite) and dealing with his father's large Mexican family in the process. It's an excellent article, well-edited by Judith Morel, and manages to be appropriately emotional without being mawkish.

*The Drink Tank* is like Trinidad and Tobago. Dismissed by some as just light and fluffy, there is steely determination and raw talent behind that happy-go-lucky exterior, capable of upsetting some of the more established names along the way.

**The Tangerine Terror 34** (Howard Bishop)

paper, 6-weekly, A5 booklet, 44 pages, 75p in UK & Europe, £1.50 rest of the world.  
Howard Bishop, 43 Guinions Road, High Wycombe, SP13 7NT, England.

An extra-large World Cup Edition, including rules, game-board and parts for "2006 and all

that," a game of Howard's own invention that simulates being England manager during a World Cup campaign. It's a solo game, where your final score determines whether you have "beaten the game" or not. This is mainly based on your progress in the competition, although I notice that there are bonus points if you manage to beat Scotland or Germany on the way! Mike Dommert contributes a long travelogue, whilst several readers contribute to a round-robin piece on their perspectives of the domestic football season, usually from the point of view of their favourite teams (Howard cheats and does his son's Under 12 team.)

*The Tangerine Terror* is to fanzines what Holland is to the World Cup. Not necessarily a glamour team, but with a level of talent that often goes under-appreciated. Plus, no matter what else you remember, you'll remember those bright orange covers.

**Vegas Fandom Weekly 76** (Arnie Katz).

PDF, weekly, 11x8.5", 22 pages.  
<http://www.efanzines.com/VFW/>

This issue finally includes the results of the Las Vegas Fan Awards, for activity in 2005. I note that I managed a completely undeserved 8<sup>th</sup> place in the "Outstanding Non-Vegas Fan" category, although this is somewhat put into perspective by the fact that the late Bill Rotsler (d. 1997) beat me into 7<sup>th</sup> place. (The well-deserved winner in this category, by a country mile, was Chris Garcia.) As usual, there are several general articles and event reports, as well as a long letter column. Including much discussion this issue of the fanzine fandom convention Corflu 23, held in Toronto this year. The general conclusion seems to be that yes, the number of attendees was small, but everyone who went seems to have enjoyed it, and there's no need to go all doom and gloom

and try to fix something that ain't broken.

*Vegas Fandom Weekly* is the Argentina of fanzines – everybody has an opinion about them, whether positive or negative. But there's a core level of underlying talent that cannot be denied. Even if all everyone seems to talk about are things that happened twenty years ago.

**Science Fiction/San Francisco 23** (Jean Martin & Chris Garcia)

PDF, fortnightly, 11"x8.5", 39 pages  
<http://www.efanzines.com/SFSF/>

Started by Jack Avery, but now expanded to a team headed by Jean and Chris, this started out as a weekly listings zine of SF-related events around the San Francisco Bay Area. But really from the start, this fanzine was as much about reviews and previews of events as much as straight listings. The letter column, which has previously been a bit rocky (at one point it must have looked to the casual observer as if Lloyd Penney and myself had a formal rota to provide the Harry Warner Jr.-esque solitary letter each issue) is now sparkling into life. But the main focus of the fanzine continues to be the event reports. This fanzine probably makes better use of the PDF medium than any other, with lots of full-colour photographs to illustrate the stories – impracticable (or at any rate too expensive) in a paper fanzine.

*Science Fiction/San Francisco* is the Germany of fanzines – it may have a reputation of being clinically efficient and hence a bit sterile. But if you really dig into it, there's just as much style and panache as the more glamorous teams. •

# Epistles

## Lettercolumn

### **Chris Garcia**

Another wonderful issue from Dave Burton of the Frequent eFanzines Crew. Strange thing is that I've discovered that you, John Purcell, me, Arnie and Earl Kemp are responsible for 90% of the content that's on eFanzines. Actually, by page count, Earl is probably responsible for 75 percent of the stuff on eFanzines!

*I pointed this out in a LoC to VFW some months back, although at the time I listed Dick Geis instead of John Purcell.*

I need to get Brad Foster to do some art for me. That Cave Painting piece was just fantastic.

I know that Eric says that fanzines are dead (and he has to be talking about me when he mentions young folks who dig Opera, Silent Movies and Infocom games) but I really think that fanzines are more vibrant now than they were in the late 1990s. I really do think that PDF is as vibrant as paper, but here's the thing: we're about to see an explosion. Trust me, by the time the Japanese WorldCon hits in August 2007, we'll see a much higher number of fanzines out there, and a lot of them will be eZines.

iBooks is gone? I'll never get published now! Buck Coulson. Wow. I knew *Yandro* from my

Dad's collection. He might have had ten issues from the years when *Yandro* was best known. Buck makes the point that there are fans who are interesting on paper but in person are hard to get. I've not had that issue too much, but I think I certainly come off better in person and not on paper, which is one of the reasons I write so much, because I lack written personality and have to make up for it with a mass of material! Great photos with that article too.

Lee Lavell brings up Tuckerizations and I've done that so many times over the years. In one of the movies I made I had to name a character. I named her SaBean M.J. Judith, after four of my close friends of the time. We used to sell the naming rights to characters as a way to fund the film. For five hundred dollars, we sold the name to the main character in *The Last Woman on Earth*...but they didn't want the name to appear! My family has appeared in various books. My Pops claims that there's a character in one of Marion Bradley's books. I'm a character in a couple of indie films. My Uncle is a character in a John Lithgow movie.

You know, I've tried to review *Ansible* over the years and have never managed. Peter Sullivan has again proven that he's more of a man than I.

Another gag about *Holier Than Thou*! I love Marty's zines, but *Holier Than Thou* was what the *Drink Tank* would have been if it was mimeoed and then I gave M the editorial reins for every issue. To Lloyd Penney: what should we call our little movement? I'll think about it, but it'll have to contain a lower-case e at the beginning. I also concur: you are Harry Warner III and I'm HW IV! •

### **Eric Mayer**

Color by Brad Foster! Cool. But I've probably said enough about Brad already.

Reading Dave Locke's interview with Buck Coulson, I found myself forgetting that Buck's gone. He was there in *Pixel* the same as I always knew him, which is to say, in print. It was nice seeing *Groggy* mentioned and kind of startling getting a compliment delayed a couple decades. When Dave and Carolyn Rowe drove me to Chambanacon to meet Mary I walked into the dealer's room to say hello to Buck. That's the extent of my convention experience.

I enjoyed Lee Lavell's article about the peculiar things writers will stick in books. Mary and I always give our cats (one now deceased) a cameo in the Byzantine mysteries. Lots of feral cats



in the streets of Constantinople.

*Omni* was impressive in its time, although its time arrived after my interest in SF waned. I already described how they bought a science article from me and never ran it, which is the closest I ever got to being published in an SF mag. I'm sure Chris would've loved the article!

In reference to Ted's LoC, I probably should explain that when I said I had a hard time writing a book a year I meant I had a hard time finding enough time during a year to write a book. How long it actually takes I'm not sure. From what he says, I gather Ted does write a lot faster than me though, plus I am a co-author. Sometimes I talk about "my" writing, or writing this or that, without mentioning Mary. I don't mean to mislead people but it gets tiresome to write (and probably to read) when I'm constantly qualifying my statements.

Speaking of your editorial and how fanzines preserve our pasts, I'm glad all my fanac isn't online. The problem I'd have with that isn't so much I'd be embarrassed as it is that we all change, we all learn and grow (we hope) and I'm not sure people reading old stuff take enough account of the time frame. I'm not the exactly same person I was 20 or 30 years ago and I might not hold the same opinions I expressed then. I might react differently to similar situations. To an extent we all carry the burdens of our pasts, but at least, normally, they don't stand there and argue with us. •

## **Lee Lavell**

"Notes from Byzantium": Fanzines are not dead, as exemplified by the fact that you write for one. They are no more dead than all those magazines on the rack or books on the shelves. Fanzines

are an "art form" created by the editor and reflects that editor's personality through his selections and his artistic layout (or lack thereof). Fanzines are like a sculpture molded by the editor. Fanzines may be more limited now but they are not obsolete. The fact that they may have moved online simply gives the editor more options in his creativity.

"Dialogue with Two Fans": Interesting and pretty well reflects Buck. (As a brief side note, I first met Buck when he came to an ISFA meeting at Jerry Hunter's house – well, at Jerry's parents' house to be specific. And I think that's where Buck first met Juanita.)

*Jerry had parents? It boggles my mind to think of Jerry as a child...*

"Found in Collection": I had pretty well stopped reading most of SF when *Omni* was being published so I can't say much about it. I didn't read much of *MAD Magazine* either although I was an avid follower of *Mad Comics* ("humor in a jugular vein"), and its companion *Panic* ("humor in a varicose vein") before EC Comics was slain by Wertham. I wish I still had my copies but they disappeared somewhere in my moves.

"Under the Influence": Or is it "Being Frank?" Let's make up our mind! Or is this column going change titles with each issue with the previous title being on the contents page. That would be a bit innovative. •

## **Joseph T. Major**

"Notes from Byzantium": "[M]ost of the books in my life have been cheap little mass market types." Oh my. That means we'll have to rush to get out a mmpb of *Heinlein's Children*, or you

won't be able to afford to read my words of wisdom (or perhaps un-) about Heinlein's juvenile novels.

"Much Nothings about Ado": Well, there's William Ashbless, who turns up in several novels by different people (I just got *The Anubis Gates*, which has him, for example). On the other end, it seems that a lot of the spear-carriers in Heinlein's novels got the names of his Naval Academy classmates or instructors.

"Found In Collection": What I liked about *Omni* was that they had a section on "fringe science" – flying saucers and the like – which tickled my fancy, and they printed it on red nonslick paper, to set it apart from the rest of the magazine. I thought that was about right.

"Epistles": Eric Mayer: You see hints of shows that can't possibly be true. Unfortunately, they are. It is impossible to satirize contemporary TV because no matter how absurd, humiliating, embarrassing, degrading, disgusting, or outre your idea is, somebody has already done it and worse. Quality, now, that's a different matter...

Female writers dominating the mystery field: almost everything is lapsing towards the romance market. The number of "time-travel, fantastic, and alien" romance novels is reaching if not exceeding the number of sf novels coming out. Harlequin has come back into the sf market, fortunately for them without Roger Elwood.

Chris Garcia: But there was a French Inquisition! In fact, the Inquisition got started in France. If you want to see a movie about the French Inquisition, see Paul Naschy's *Inquisition*.

*My understanding is that the French Inquisition was essentially part of the larger entire*

*Church Inquisition instituted by Pope Gregory IX that dealt largely with heresy and heretics (and which, I believe, still technically exists). The Spanish Inquisition (which is what most people think of when you say “the Inquisition”) was a somewhat different kettle of fish, having originated some 200 years later by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain. It devolved almost immediately into a political rather than ecclesiastic court complete with all the abuses associated with the term “Inquisition.”*

Floyd Collins and the belly of the beast er computer. Don't panic. Just be careful about where you put your foot, be ready to lose a leg if it comes to that, acknowledge that Lindbergh isn't around any longer to fly the pictures out, and you'll be all right.

Ted White: The Naval Institute Press (it would be them) has brought out a more correct translation of *Vingt Mille Lieues sous les mers* [*Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*] (1869) and the Wesleyan Press has done as much for its sequel, *L'Île Mystérieuse* [*The Mysterious Island*] (1874). The textual problems of Verne translations have vexed people. Also wrecked them, given that (for example) Philip Jose Farmer based some of his views of Nemo on the errors in the translated version. They haven't done Verne's sequel to *The Swiss Family Robinson*; *L'École des Robinsons* (1882).

John Purcell: I wish someone would come out with the passage from the child care book that says, “When your child moves out, you can destroy or trash his/her collectible things.” Comic books and baseball cards seem to be the primary ones, though surely there are rare Barbies that have been consigned to the landfill.

Rocket Surgery: The thing about the digital fanzine is that it's possible to keep back issues on a CD. The problem with it is that it's possible to lose back issues on a CD when it gets broken, fades, becomes unreadable, etc. •

*I think it's possible that digital zines may “survive” longer than their paper counterparts. You can keep multiple copies in different places and in different formats (local hard disk, offline storage, thumbdrive and so on, and in PDF, original word-processor format, and even as paper copies).*

## **John Purcell**

I disagree with Eric Mayer a bit about fanzines being dead. He's right that they are a work of art, that a faned imbues is creation with personality; the best zines have this, be they from the past or present. What usually happens when you get a zine in the physical mailbox, as an e-mail attachment, or on a website, if it's been around for a few issues, it has developed a certain personality, and the anticipation of reading that zine colors your reading pleasure. I think that's what made zines like *Outworlds*, *Mota*, *Energumen*, *Yandro*, *Hyphen*, *Warhoon*, et al so much fun; they all had energy and personality. The electronic age has certainly removed some of these elements, but I still get a sense of “energy and personality” when I see that there's a new issue of *Drink Tank*, *Vegas Fandom Weekly*, *Peregrine Nations*, or *Pixel* posted on efanazines.com. It still works for me.

Another thing Eric brings up is using ourselves as inspiration for our creative muse.

Speaking for myself, I can't help but finding the humor in daily living. Sure, I could write about the downside of life – and have done so in the past, and will do so again in the future – but the silliness of day-to-day living provides a wealth of material for either fanzine or fiction writing.

I well remember Buck Coulson. He and Juanita were such a cool couple, and so much fun to talk with at various conventions. Thanks again for reprinting the Dave Locke conversation piece.

Thank you, Lee Lavell, for reminding us that our lives can be self-referential with our entertainments. Some times I do that with my locs and zines, or my teaching; I will intersperse real-life experiences into my lessons, and vice versa. It can make things more interesting.

I always did like *Omni* magazine when it first came out; the fiction I remember as being of top quality, and the remaining content was likewise interesting. It was fun reading for the few couple years, but I never really got back into it as the 80's and 90's wore on. Just kind of stopped reading it as I Drifted Out Of Fandom, Unnecessarily So (DOOFUS). That's how it goes sometimes.

In the loccol, Ted White describes exactly what I meant by BS&T not being commercially viable since I was referring to the band after Al Kooper left; the formulaic writing left a lot to be desired, and I felt the same way about Chicago. Both bands were great early on, but slipped into commercialism to stay on too long. But that's the nature of the music business, I guess. Maybe it's a good thing that I never became successful at it when I was younger. Hate the thought of being a “sell out” just to stay on top of the biz, kind of like what Rod Stewart did when he slipped into disco and tawdry pop ballads. *Yech!* His best



stuff, in my humble opinion, was *Gasoline Alley* and *Every Picture Tells A Story*. Those were good albums.

By the way, I'm going to have to get down to the Half Price Bookstore and see if they have a copy of Al Kooper's book. It certainly sounds interesting, despite his lack of writing skills. The information would make it worth reading. •

## **Lloyd Penney**

Many thanks for *Pixel 2*, the fanzine with a title that doesn't take as long to type as *Catchpenny Gazette* did.

Being halfway between being the oldphart and the strange young person, fanzines do have their appeal, but as an art form, they might as well be living fossils. (I could say that about some fans I know, but I'd like to continue receiving their fanzines.) Perhaps fanzines are old, but they are still the most convenient, IMHO, way to make multiple copies of a publication for general consumption, just like books. Humans tend to read in a linear fashion, from beginning to end, and a fanzine lets you do just that. I suppose I

could publish a website and not have to worry about copies, and I could create the publication electronically and PDF it...well, in my short time here, I have seen the gift economy of fanzine fandom work very well, and I wish it could continue.

I only met Buck once, and it had nothing to do with fanzines, or not much anyway. Yvonne used to run the con suite for the local filkers' convention, FilKONtario, and while wandering away from a largely empty room (the filkers don't hang about in the con suite, they go filk), I went to the dealers' room, and found Buck. I introduced myself, he looked singularly unimpressed, and he might have given me a copy of the final issue of Yandro he had with him, don't quite remember. Maybe I chased away some business.

Ah, Chris Garcia, winner of the FAAn Award for Best New Fan, awarded at Corflu 23 in Toronto. I bought *MAD* for a little while... otherwise, I wouldn't have the foggiest idea what a veeblefetzter is. I also used to buy *Omni*, but so did lots of other people. At one point, most used book stores were literally infested

by back issues of *Omni*, and one store took to selling them for \$5 a box. Stuff a box with as many *Omnis* as you can jam into it, and take it away, five bucks, no questions asked. And usually, there were no takers. I think several landfills filled a little prematurely.

Do these faneds have lives? Sure they do. They devote a good portion of that life to publishing, and we all enjoy the results. I am a little afraid that while Chris is fanning at warp speed, he might burn out in spectacular and pyrotechnical fashion.

Met Ian Sorensen at Corflu 23 in Toronto, and as are many in fandom, he is a teacher. However, he was quite clear that he'd enjoy teaching if there weren't so many kids around. He might have had a chat with Mike Glicksohn, who is set to retire from teaching at the end of this school year, which is mere weeks away.

I've been in the letter column for fanzines for about 23 years now, and I have said to some who have wondered at my lack of blog or LJ that if you want to find out what's happening with me, read my locs. Who needs a blog when I've got everyone else's lettercol? •