

Royal Swiss Navy Gazette

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Masthead

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The Region of Thud

This is the issue I intended to produce about June, or September, 2005. Although I have dated it December 2005, it is being produced in February 2006. Is there a word for this?

It's probably just as well, I needed to get over the kind of whingeing I would have written. Clerical work has been, um, discontinuous since February 2005. I'm beginning to learn that I should have gained more skills and made myself more employable, while I was steadily employed. Outside of work, my activities dwindled to local fanac, and not much of that.

Maybe I should try working in another town. Maybe office clerical work wasn't such a good idea anyway. In any case it's past time to extend my skills. I sort of wish I had prospered better, or had been better prepared.

Perhaps it isn't surprising if I kept coming up with imaginary friends: the Royal Swiss Navy, proposals for a do-it-yourself ethnic group, the Liberal Secular Humanist Cult, and most recently, the Self-Appointed Fannish Elite. All of these are jokes about being a loner.

As you can tell from the contents of this issue, a lot of my fannish activity has been absorbed by *BCSFAzine*, the monthly clubzine of the B.C. Science Fiction Association. I discover that when you try to make a frequent genzine out of a monthly newsletter, just a few people get the idea that it's participatory. In fact, I got very little response when I tried to find out where the club's interests now lie. So I started getting an unfortunate attitude about the kind of fandom I can find in Vancouver; with the exception of a very few friends, they don't know what "fannish" means.

Several times it dawned upon me that my life is missing a lot of pieces – I don't practice a sport, or an art, or go dancing or see live theatre; I don't attend a church, or political party meetings; at any time I could have attended night school, or exercised at the community centre. Not a lot of satisfaction here, and I'm smart enough to know why; so why don't I do life better?

Maybe there's something in the air at home that saps my energy?



Why This Is Fandom, Nor Am I Out Of It

*More drivel from the subconscious of Garth Spencer
(this is a pseudo-editorial from the April 2005 BCSFAzine)*

The Fandom that can be located is not Trufandom;
The fanzine that can be published is not the True Fanzine.

The Way of the Trufan is not easy.

“There’s no sense in going further; it’s the end of publication.”
So they said, and I believed it – broke my mimeo, sold my stock ...

Conloqui et conridere

Neo said, “Teach me the way to fanac.”
Jophan said, “What’s holding you back?”
Neo said, “Nothing’s holding me back.”
Jophan said, “There’s no ‘way to’, just fanac!”

On the Trufan’s path, only three things are considered essential:
Sensawonda, Goodwill, and Fanac.
We speak of fans who read with sense of wonder,
Who congo or run cons with goodwill,
and who persist in fanac.
Fans who combine these three virtues are considered Trufans.

Non in commotione Deus

When you have entered the fandom that Roscoe is giving you and take possession of it and settle in it, take some of the first editions you produce and go to the place that Roscoe will choose, where two or three trufans will gather together, and then declare: “My father was a wandering typesetter, and he went down into Mundania with a few people, and lived there and became a great Imagi-Nation. But the Mundanes mistreated us and made us suffer; then we cried out to Roscoe, and he heard our voice and saw our misery, so he brought us to a True Con with a mighty band and with miraculous signs and wonders; and now I bring the first editions that you, Roscoe, have granted me.”

There are some who declare, “We believe in Roscoe and the Last Frontier”, yet they are no true believers. They seek to deceive Roscoe and those who believe and follow him; but they deceive none save themselves, though they may not perceive it.

Jophan said, “When you enter any fan community and walk through its gatherings, if they receive you, go along with whatever show they put on for you. Hear out the verbose among them. For that which enters your mind will not defile you, but that which comes out of your mind may defile you.”

Silentium post clamores



You know you're from Vancouver when.....

(more predictable Internet humour)

1. Your co-worker has 8 body piercings and none are visible.
2. You make over \$250,000 and still can't afford a house.
3. You take a bus and are shocked at 2 people carrying on a conversation in English.
4. You know what these acronyms mean: PNE, VPL, GVRD, YVR.
5. You're shocked when it snows in the winter.
6. You've had California roll for lunch.
7. You know more than 10 ways to order coffee.
8. You know how to pronounce Coquihalla.
9. A really great parking space can move you to tears.
10. Your hairdresser is straight, your plumber is gay, and your next-door neighbour grows weed.
11. The guy at 8:30 am at Starbucks wearing the baseball cap and sunglasses who looks like George Clooney, really IS George Clooney.
12. Your car insurance costs as much as your house payment.
13. The gym is packed at 3 PM..... on a work day.
14. Can tell the difference between Japanese, Chinese and Thai food.
15. You watch the weather from a Seattle TV station because it's more accurate.
16. You pass an elementary school and the children are all busy with their cell phones or pagers while waiting for their personal rides home.
17. You're sure you're the only one on the road with a REAL driver's license.
18. You don't even listen when the forecast announces "chance of showers."
19. If there's a day of snowfall, however, you consider not going to school or work.
20. You can taste the difference between Starbucks, Second Cup, and Tim Horton's coffees.
21. You feel guilty throwing aluminium cans or paper in the trash.
22. You're not surprised to see geese throughout the whole year.
23. You can't remember... is pot still illegal?
24. The more expensive the car, the worse the driver.
25. You realize there are far more Rainbow flags in the city than Canadian flags.
26. You can name 10 Starbucks locations in less than a minute.



The Theory of WAP

by Willy Devine & Meaty Fontana

(conveyed to us by Greg Cairns)

Previously published in *BCSFAzine* #338, July 2001

“Wap” is dependent upon the number and consistency of neuro-sensory connections. Neuro-sensory connections consist of the generalizing effect of receptors, being attached to neurons. These neurons cascade down to every cell in every tissue of the body, in the order of brain and body complexity, and form a communications web called consciousness. Each pigeonhole is a finite combination of site-specific data, interpreted using an ancient conscious communications network (brain and body), and shaped by the effect of previous experience (time). Previous experiences are site-specific, and their resolution is dependent upon the speed of communication amongst the tissues of the body. This speed of communication is a readily measurable variable, and seems to be highly correlated with the many physical and physiological variables present at the site of experience. There is a period of time between when something happens and when the brain and body interprets it – we call this time variable *Wap*.

$$\text{Wap} = \text{time}_{(\text{of realization})} - \text{time}_{(\text{of the event})}$$

$$\text{Wap} = t_r - t_e$$

$$z = t_r - t_e$$

Examples of WAP:

Fast Wap: Punch to the head (you know pretty darn fast after it happens, unless it knocked you out, then it could be a while before you know)

Average Wap: The time it takes the average person to get a joke.

Slow Wap: The time it takes the average person to understand quantum theory.

Infinitely Slow Wap: The time it takes the average person to understand the universe.

Negative Wap: Knowing what is going to happen before it happens (theoretically possible)



Graeme Cameron (L), Garth Spencer (R) on a VCon panel
(Felicity Walker photo)

What I Learned from Canadian fanhistory

Garth Spencer

(reprinted from *I Never Got the Hang of Thursdays* #14, e-APA, June 2005)

Reading Anna Davour's descriptions of Scandinavian fanhistory reminded me that I have unfinished articles on Canadian fanhistory. Such as they are.

FANAC.ORG has the chapters I've written on the 1930s through the 70s. As I said before, I've been struggling with the chapter on the 80s, which is the period when I entered and got heavily involved.

Much of what I wrote is an attempt to find out how clubs and fanzines and conventions work, or how well they work. It began to look as though they work very erratically, as if people are not always rational or effective or not even paying full attention, when they get off work and go do their fan things.

My first impressions were formed by a club fanzine library, mostly formed from 1970s and early 1980s club- and genzines, so my model of fandom was disproportionately formed by locs and fanwriting and personal journalism. I got a picture of active minds, a community of friends, people who played with ideas rather the way I played with construction toys as a child. I didn't realize what a concentrated, unrepresentative sample this was, of fannish participation and original thought.

But out of a total of fifty-odd fans in Victoria, only five or so even comprehended "fannish", let alone showed an interest in fanzines at all. I never quite accepted the low response rate as a fact of life.

There were other lessons I drew, when I gathered enough stories about fan communities across Canada to form a rough chronology. Most of the lessons were demographic or economic, as you might guess: the way the vast influx of *Star Trek* fans in the 1970s reflected the Baby Boomers generation imprinting on the TV series, just about the age they were ripe for something to strike their imaginations; the way the vast spaces between Canada's major population centres tended to isolate fan communities from each other, but not from nearer American centres; the way conventions came to the fore, and fanzines receded, as major fannish activities, partly because most fans could scrounge the money for conventions ... at least for a while ... and fanzines became more expensive to produce, when postal costs kept rising and mimeography became less available than photocopy centres.

I am still making up my mind what lessons to draw about the few Canadian science fiction and fantasy institutions that have arisen: the Merrill Collection, a specialized collection of the Toronto public library; the Aurora Awards and the Starburst Awards, for Canadian science fiction and fantasy; the Convention, the rotating title for the convention hosting the Auroras, and the

Canadian Unity Fan Fund. It is possible that these Canadian-identity institutions were set up to meet a need that was not really felt, by fans or writers.



The Fanzine Tool Kit

(Taral Wayne – 28 Nov 02)

Tom Turritin – Here's a question, maybe you or your Ditto crowd might be able to help me. I'm wondering what some of the "benchmark" events in zines have been, from 1980 to today. Like... did photocopying suddenly become cheaper and easier to do at some point? What was the impact of computers, home printers and word processing? Postal rates? Social trends? I'm looking for this kind of info to help with my timeline project.

It might be well to start by saying that the word *fanzine* itself is an invention of SF fandom. Before Russ Chauvenet coined it in 1946, the word was *fanmag*, hinting at the original nature of the beast. Russ, by the way, is still very much among the living.

The first zines were attempts to publish a professional magazine in all but name. Hence, it was the preserve of hobbyists with the income to pursue an expensive pastime: or printers with their own press in the basement, or could use the boss's shop in his spare time. In those days the publisher/editor would pay as much as he could for articles by "name" writers, and even commission artwork. Sometimes they paid as well as the actual prozines. More usually the payment was nominal, or just in copies. In a real way, this was the proto-zine era.

By the mid or late 30's, a lot of younger pulp magazine readers who also, perhaps, knew of the amateur zines (generally published by older men), and wanted to do it too. Of course, they didn't have the money for letterpress. My guess is they turned to a technology they learned at school. No less than Harry Warner Jr. disagreed with me on this point, but I've seen, I *have* examples of high school magazines published by students. Clearly they used the school mimeograph to do it, and some of them must have borrowed the technology to publish SF zines too. A few turned to ditto if nothing else was available from school. Fewer still had to settle for hectography, but it was never at any time a common means of pubbing your ish.

Mimeo zines, of course, have many limitations. No attractive bookfaces – only whatever a typewriter gave you. This was almost always 12 point **courier**. I've seen some interesting variations, but they were exceptions to the rule. Forry Ackerman was known for his individualistic typewriter font. Another limitation was illustration. Some faneditors got around it by pasting in photos, or by having no illos. But most traced art onto the wax mimeo stencil using a battery of special implements.

There were simple styluses for free-hand drawing, other loop-shaped ones for ruling straight lines, and some with spoked wheels for ruling dotted lines. (I have a nice collection of them.) Another graphic aid was the shading plate. Using a stippled plastic sheet under the stencil, a spoon shaped stylus rubbed the pattern into the wax. Most important was the lettering guide.

Using a tiny pointed stylus head, you could scratch a large variety of different typefaces onto the stencil for article headers, or put a title on the cover art.

The natural effect of this technology was to favour simple, outline art. Large black areas could only be done by substituting grey dotted areas with a shading plate. Not everyone had such an array of mimeo stencil tools, though, or frankly lacked the talent to use them, so simple outline art was far more common.

The first real fanzines, in my opinion, are creatures of the 30's. Their prototypes existed a decade earlier, but as I said, they were really attempts at making imitation promags. Almost parallel with the movement of fan pubbing to a younger body of less reverent fans, came a shift from leaned articles and professional fiction to more informal material. The editors had no real hope of selling their zine to enough subscribers to make money, so there was no real need to publish saleable material. The real fanzine was self-indulgent from the get-go. Of course, no one really thought this out – book reviews, articles on the genre, and bad fiction by the editors and their friends continued to be published along with the new "fannish" stuff. The war pretty much brought the old sercon fandom to an end, and older fans returning from the war generally had better things to do than pub their ish. Younger fans mostly opted for the fannish school, being more savvy from the start, and knowing fun when they saw it. The fannish model of the zine was a mature art form by the late 40's.

No coincidence that most of the BNF's and legendary zines valued by fannish collectors date from that time or later.

Things didn't change much over the next two decades. Occasionally someone had money and offset his zine, and there were still zines that some middle-age man typeset in his basement, and every other possibility. But the vast majority of zines were mimeographed – less often dittoed, although apazines perhaps more often.

The first real change came in the 60's. An expensive and limited form of electrostenciling existed as far back as the 30's, I believe. Easily available, good quality electrostenciling seemed to have arrived much later though. I can't be sure when, but if fanzines are a reflection of the technology, than I'd have to say the transition was in the mid or late 60's, when more zines had more complex art. Lines were no longer spidery tracings, but could indulge in brush-like swoops and variations of thickness. Solid areas were suddenly possible. While there were notable titles through most of the 50's that boasted thoughtful layout and attractive illustration, they were still limited to the possibilities of stylus, shading plate, and lettering guide. With the electrostencil, simple outline work by Bjo Trimble and Bill Rotsler were joined by more visually enriched art by Tim Kirk, Alicia Austin, Derek Carter, Joe Pearson, Randy Bathurst, James Schull and many others. More faneds than ever before began to experiment with layout and graphics.

About the same time this was happening, the old manual typewriter finally evolved into higher life forms. At first it was just the electric. Dating as far back as to the 50's, this cut a stencil that looked no different from the manual. It was so much easier than the old spring-loaded rat-trap, that the job of pubbing one's ish was greatly simplified. It would be interesting to speculate that the average length of fanzines increased at this time, but it would be no more than a guess. IBM Selectrics made the first *visible* difference in the 70's. With interchangeable "golf balls" you could use numerous typefaces and fonts on the same page, without removing it from the machine, the inevitability of registration errors, or risk of damaging the stencil. Zines like *Energumen*, *Simulacrum*, and *Outworlds* typify the Selectric's use.

About the same time, cheap paper plates and subsidized university print shops brought the price of off-set down to where more people could afford it. In the late 60's, entirely offset zines were appearing, and offset covers were a commonplace. By the early 70's, there were many offset zines – *Trumpet*, *Outworlds*, *Wild Fennel*, *Prehensile*, *Riverside Review*, and many more. Most re-entered the realm of subscription sales, professional or semi-pro content, and academic purposes, but not all. Offset covers on even fannish zines were standard, offset folios common. But still, most zines continued to mimeo the inside pages.

Although photocopiers weren't hard to find, up to the middle 70's the technology was still rather crude. Many copiers used rolls of one-sided paper that was coated and oddly pinkish or grey. It wasn't cheap either. Ten cents in those days bought an 8-ounce bottle of Coke, or a regular bag of chips. I didn't really see large numbers of Xeroxed zines until the late 70's. By that time, the cost was relative to the index of inflation more reasonable, and the need for special stocks of paper had vanished. Even so, finding a Xerox machine that could copy any area of black larger than the end of a pencil was still hard. Anything larger faded in the middle. Early Xeroxes almost always picked up paste-up lines, however carefully columns or illos were stuck to the page. Because of this, most early Xeroxed zines looked like hell. Fans who cared how their products looked didn't tend to use this technology for several more years. The ones who did, generally demonstrated no scruples about the blotches and errant lines accompanying columns of type. And since no self-respecting artist wanted their work ruined, Xerox zines actually reverted to simple outline fillos again. Or used clip-art, dingbats, and other devices acceptable only to a deranged mind. Never mind what it looked like, you could shoot Xeroxed print down to a two column layout, and that saved the editor money.

It was most likely in the mid 80's that copiers had improved to the point that there was no reason not to use them. Many offices and workplaces had one that could be used after-hours, free if you were lucky. If not so lucky, you could find a copy shop that did good work at an affordable price. and some quite attractive zines were appearing that were entirely photocopied.

The golf-ball reigned supreme for just a few years, and in the late 80's began to be challenged by the electronic typewriter. This was an interim technology – an otherwise ordinary electric typewriter with a small memory. It enabled the user to type a line, or several lines, then correct them for typos before the machine committed them to paper (or stencil). Before these really caught on, though, the inevitable logic of the digital revolution made them obsolete. A few people began experimenting with word processors.

Most were using computers like Commodore 64's, Co-Cos, Ataris and XTs to create a print out that was Xeroxed to actually publish the zine. One variation that I experimented with myself was to use my 128's printer to cut a wax stencil. As the 90's dawned, more and more people acquired more and more computing power and could edit entire zines in virtual reality before printing out a word.

Logically, this should have resulted in very elaborately designed zines. But oddly, it didn't. The necessary interest in and skills at graphic design weren't there. Not that there weren't and aren't some very attractive looking word-processed/Xerox or electrostenciled zines. But they tend not to exploit the full possibilities of the technology, and frankly the art of the fanzine has never again reached the levels it enjoyed in past peaks. (One from the late 50's to early 60's, another from maybe 1970 to 1980.) At least not in terms of being all that they could be.

Perhaps one reason for this was a philosophical one, rather than technological. Through the late 70's, British zines enjoyed a particular vogue. All the best fanwriters seemed to be British, and many of the best zines from the U.K. Many of those most highly regarded looked like crumpled newspapers folded over twice and stapled badly. It became a sort of maxim that spending time and effort on appearance was counter-productive, and that the written content was all that mattered.

The Britzines probably fueled a counter-movement in early 80's zines, spearheaded by Ted White and his friends. Although Ted had been one of the most able graphic artists of the late 50's, in the 80's he introduced the "snappy little fan mag". It was neat and attractive, but the written content clearly dominated Ted's thoughts. Lavish graphics and an emphasis on art cost more to Xerox, and the more pages the more it cost to mail. The prestige that large elaborate zines of the past still enjoyed at that time was actually counter-productive in the new view, because it slowed down communication and interaction. Likely as not, the trend was reinforced by postal rates that had been escalating almost exponentially for several years.

When I was doing my first zines, I could mail a ten or fifteen page zine for just six cents. By

end of that decade it took maybe half a buck. In the early 80's, when I was coming to the end of my career as a faned, it cost a buck, and a full size genzine cost up to \$2. I'm pretty sure postal costs rose well above the rate of general inflation. When Ted White started doing his snappy little fanmags it was probably the most sensible adaptive response to expenses that were getting higher and higher, and increasingly beyond the means of more and more fans.

Short, frequent zines were not entirely an innovation, of course. They had existed in several guises since nearly the beginning. And they exist still. That particular manifestation was a fad that didn't outlive the decade though. Small zines today aren't necessarily frequent, not do they exhort feedback or interaction to the same degree. They're apt to be up-dates of the editor's life, or his reading list, rather than topic humour and gossip. Longer genzines are still the mainstay of fanzine fandom. However, in the last 20 years they really haven't changed much in appearance, style, or content. If the possibilities of the computer revolution are nigh endless, I'd have to say that fanzine fandom has used it mainly as a convenience, and let possibilities go largely unrealized.

Tomorrow promises to bring us the on-line fanzine. What I think of this, I'm not sure. Those e-zines I've seen are appealing enough to look at, but I don't like scrolling around and clicking on a series of windows to get to what I want to read. As well, not everyone has the latest hi-rez technology to read them, something not enough web-site creators seem to be aware of when picking ten point fonts for their text.

But more than that, there seems a philosophical sea change I'm slow to accept. A fanzine is a set piece. Once it's stapled together, that's what it is, for all time. Further issues may continue this or that graphic device, but nevertheless it's entirely different from every issue before, and all issues after. E-zines don't seem like unique *objet d'art*. The frames and windows stay the same from "issue" to "issue" and the content flows through it like a tap. It can be argued that there are no issues, only a continually changing stream of content. Marshall McLuhan would be proud, no doubt. I can't help feeling, though, that it's just not "publishing" – it's media, like TV.

And one wonders what the future of the written word will be when it's television.



Dear Diary

(from the last several editions of *I Never Got the Hang of Thursdays*)

May 2005 was a month of personal poverty and general elections.

The Republic of Talossa started sending me reminders of an upcoming election by May 12th, and belatedly sent me party platforms and lists of representatives, to tell me what it was about. I sent in my vote electronically. (Talossa, as I may have said before, is a sort of make-believe micronation which exists virtually; you can find their various websites online.) Towards the end of the month they held another election, for their President.

The Province of British Columbia (not make-believe, mostly existing in hardcopy) already had an election coming up on May 17. While I couldn't vote electronically, I did notice broad similarities to the Talossan election ... namely, my ignorance of the parties and positions.

Now Canada, and more particularly British Columbia, practices in effect a *three*-party representational system. (There are a lot more fringe parties, but generally three actually count.) Right now the provincial players are the "Liberals", the "New Democratic Party", and coming up on the outside, the "Green Party". I put them in quotes, because God only knows what vested interests and agendas the candidates *actually* represent. I think, but am not sure, that the Liberals are the same coprocephalic Business party who used to be called Social Credit; the New Democratic Party is a formerly leftist coalition, that seems to have moved to the political centre; and the Greens have never elected any representatives to date. The Greens have never destroyed their credibility with involvement in shady deals, either, which I guess comes to the same thing.

And now, after the federal Liberals had their credibility destroyed with yet another shady deal – it started out as a funding program which sponsored pro-federalist advertising, but it became a festival of pork-barrel corruption – the Conservatives and Bloc Quebecois have tried to force a no-confidence vote. We very nearly had a federal election to go through.

What interests me mildly about all this is not only my persistent ignorance; most voters are vague about the issues, or about how to evaluate conflicting claims. It is also interesting how little the issues impinge on me, except maybe on my chances of finding work again.

(from *I Never Got the Hang of Thursdays* 14, e-APA June 2005)

So I was just hanging around unemployed, sleeping late, feeling generally useless and redundant, until nearly Canada Day (July 1). Finally it occurred to me I should get a grip on myself, and started cleaning up the squalor I call my life. Some of my friends saw my room and thought they were in a bomb shelter.

I look around this place and see piles of papers and zines and books, the detritus of a score of half-completed projects, and I realize how much time and effort I spent avoiding my real issues. Or trying not to face my depression and low self-esteem and chronic underachievement, which is the same thing.

I must be a fan; these are some of the usual qualifications, aren't they? ☺

Actually the latest notion that appeals to me has to do with Adult Underachiever Syndrome, or something like that. If I don't follow it through, or my life doesn't change, I'll probably light on another Explanation for Everything in a month or two. So it goes.

Broadcast news often makes the U.S. look insane, to Canadians; but nowadays, there is generally enough domestic news to make other *Canadians* look loopy. Example: Several years ago there was a movement, starting in Ontario, demanding that women have as much right as men to take their tops off, on intolerably hot summer days. Public topless demonstrations followed, in Vancouver and elsewhere. Example: On June 11th there was a Nude Bicycle Ride involving several hundreds of riders, running from Stanley Park through the downtown business district.

Now granted, the fact that some provinces have authorized marriage services for same-sex couples, and Vancouver's mayor has openly endorsed marijuana legalization, can look sort of ... beyond the fringe. But I live in the town where some jokers conceived the Dance Party Party and the Work Less Party. (One of the jokers, Conrad Schmidt, also led the Nude Bicycle Ride.)

My theory, and you are free to dispute this, is that *everybody is on drugs*. The authorities covertly put Things in our water supplies. Personally I think that someone puts a stimulant, like speed, into American water supplies, and someone else puts Prozac (or something like it) into Canadian water supplies. What do you think?

(from *I Never Got the Hang of Thursdays* 15, e-APA July 2005)

I don't know what I might have done without an outlet like the local SF club, or specifically, like editing the monthly newsletter. But I have been depending rather a lot on the club vice-president paying for the zine, no matter how much content I put into it; and I have not been getting the level of response from readers I would like, no matter what games I play with surreal titles, and special features. I'll probably have to expand my social contacts and range of activities.

Hell, I should probably do some freelance writing, as well as expanding my range of employable skills. But I've said this before.

Other article and project ideas I come up with include language learning, or even language *creation* (e.g. for SF stories), which is one of the feature articles I put into *BCSFAzine*; trying to track down street-surrealist groups, like the local Work Less Party; reviewing my books, e.g. on runes and urban magic and public-interest research; trying to brush up on basic physics and classical machines, for a novel-length story idea; and revising my websites, eventually.

As I indicated, over the past few weeks I have tackled a largish job that I put off for ***years***: not just holding yard sales, but basically getting the literal *crap* out of my life. To some extent this meant opening and combing through the storage boxes I have accumulated, sorting out the useful stuff from the useless or baffling papers, selling the books I could sell and holding yard sales for everything else. I just had a yard sale yesterday; it was not a very rewarding experience until nearly evening, when I was about to pack it in, and then some friends showed up for a little while. (I had a gathering last night anyway, and some of my friends returned for that. I call these events Kaffeeklatsches, and intend them for deliberate mind-stretching exercises, but I'm not above offering some books and zines for sale to friends.)

I may have indicated that the past several weeks were "interesting" in the allegedly Chinese sense, so this clearance project not only opened up space, and incidentally made my living space feel better; it also helped me pay for groceries and some overdue bills. I hope I can continue to do this: although I am working now, temping part-time at a hospital corporation, this has so far only just covered my rent.

And I've been leaning into my computer work at home, and I do mean "work". I still have one freelance client, and beyond preparing her late husband's articles and stories and memoirs for submission to publishers, I've been doing some market research on her behalf.

The educational part of all this effort has been to reinforce how much I need to distinguish the different things I'm doing - for one person as opposed to another; for an immediate deadline as opposed to no fixed deadline at all; or things I do for my own interest, as opposed to obligations and paid work.

All of this has led me, slowly, to work out a design for living, and a belated, nebulous life plan. In some ways this enterprise reminds me of self-help books I have tried, and failed, to read through.

In other ways it makes me wonder whether I have missed all my best chances in life, already. I have to remind myself that this is not my parents' time, it has really gotten a bit unlikely for anyone below a certain income-tax level to have an established career by my age, and financial security, and a home and family; and there never was just one received standard life plan, and anyway my folks really were very uncommunicative about the standard plan or the obligations I was expected to meet. It wasn't just me being obtuse. Besides, life has changed so much, small blame to me if I've just been improvising.

Does that sound like I have some implicit idea of social obligations, of required behaviour? For years I've been trying to ***discover*** what the required social behaviours are. I think I told you about this before. Now, I'm on the point of questioning how much I have to bow to conventions anyway. (Apart from wearing clothes and earning a living, and not shooting people or throwing things.)

I know, I really need to thrash this subject out with people who can actually answer all the questions I'm raising - and instead of a squad of economists and statistical demographers and sociologists, I have family and friends, most of them fans.

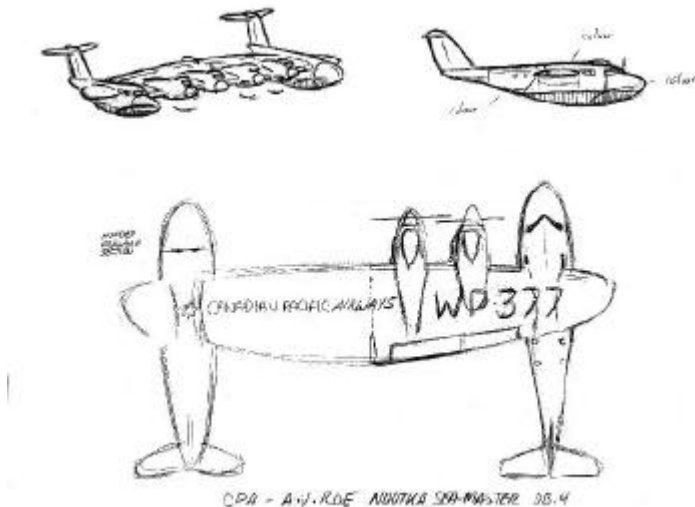
My brother Syd and I have been in better contact since he got married again, so over the past year or two we've been helping each other out. I think I told you about that. I'm still working out what my obligations to family are ... although I explicitly refuse to deal with one member whom I categorize as a mindfucker. Once again, though I have to define my responsibility by my own judgment, not by conventions: for one thing, because I just can't get a complete and coherent ***statement*** of the conventions, no matter how I have tried.

(from *I Never Got the Hang of Thursdays* 16, e-APA August 2005)

I decided to volunteer for the upcoming Vcon. However, I kept running out of the means to copy up flyers, or even get around town, at the worst times. I also volunteered to help work on the program book; quickly it dawned upon me that I was doing this much too late in the timeline up to the convention. It was at this point that my brother offered me a new computer, and I have had nothing but trouble getting it running adequately. In the last week of September I was raging at the machine, and crying, and nearly having a nervous breakdown, while running into financial difficulties.

This must be a learning experience of some sort. Or a practical joke by God, which is how I keep evaluating my life. I think the lesson is that I back myself into impossible corners, due to lack of planning.

(from *I Never Got the Hang of Thursdays* 18, e-APA October 2005)



LoCs

Jacqueline Mackie Paisley Passey <mail@jacquelinepassey.com>, 14 Feb 2005
<http://www.JacquelinePassey.com/>

Online notice is fine for me.

I still think you should take up blogging instead. If you're going to online only for distribution, you've basically lost any advantage a fanzine has over a blog anyway. I think you would enjoy blogging and get read by a lot more people, linking to and being linked to by other blogs creates a fanzine-like community but much quicker and more effectively (no sending away

for that other fanzine you read about, just click the link and be delivered to the referenced blog or article).

You could start your blog off by posting backdated online copies of all the fanzine pieces you've written over the years. So more people can read your stuff.

((I'm actually recovering and reformatting the feature articles I've written, particularly from BCSFAzine, for my own websites; but I'm persuaded that the blog format may be most apt for the kind of Menckenesque-editorial, or Carlinesque -monologue material I will generate, if I write what I think.))

Joseph T. Major, 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville, KY 40204-2040 USA, jtmajor@iglou.com,
February 14, 2005

(Re) The Work Less Party street theater — And here in America we have “Dilbert”. But some people are saying that “Dilbert” is unrealistic, since the company hasn't been reorganized and all the work outsourced to India. Usually while complaining that the latest consumer toys they buy cost too much already.

((I had this horrible thought last winter, that maybe all these dollar-plus store I see, filled with cheap foreign-made conveniences – five-and-dimes, for those of us who remember the phrase – were really the first sign of Chinese economic hegemony.))

(Re absurd balloon vehicles and bathtub-race entries) - Years and years ago, while I was still in college and it was still worth reading, *Scientific American* ran an article on very large parasails, ones so large they didn't need to be towed, but could keep aloft and steer on their own. I had this idea to build one to the standards of the 12-meter yacht (which are surprisingly minimal) and enter it in the America's Cup. Imagine, here are the other yachts with their great blossoming spinnakers with the sponsors' logos on it, and here is the Royal Swiss Navy entry with its crew hanging beneath the giant sail array . . .

((Only two words stand between contemporary fans and these high-spirited exercises: Opportunity Cost .))

(Re running cons, and Worldcons) - I can see Lloyd Penney's point. Torcon 2, for example, was held in the one hotel, while Torcon 3, half again as large, required three hotels and the Convention Centre. And what needs to be offered is becoming more expensive. Sam Moskowitz only had to deal with the Futurians, he didn't need to arrange (and pay for!) handicap access, babysitting, an Animé video lounge, a computer gaming facility, a 3000-seat auditorium for the J. Michael Strazynski speech . . .

All these things were started by someone in "Fandom" who participated and liked it, and anything that a Fan likes is Fannish. So these attracted other people who liked the other but weren't necessarily Fannish. As the number of other interests grew, the convention became all the more flooded with those who liked the other (whatever other) but weren't necessarily Fannish. It became harder and harder to find Fans. And the costs correspondingly went up. The result is that Fandom seems to be getting crowded out and priced out of its own cons.

((That deserves to be cried out from the rooftops.))

(Re proposed bid for) Calgary in 2009. Wo! That's an 1800 mile drive. Not only would we have to go through Chicago, we would have to go through Moose Jaw. Have to think about that.

((Leaving entirely aside whether a Calgary bid surfaces, whether an experienced, capable, savvy local fan group can host such an event, and everything else: is Calgary any more distant – from everywhere – than any comparable venue in the American Northwest, or Southwest?))

I was under the impression that the "Permanent Floating Worldcon Committee", the group of people who tended to fill the same staff slots from year to year, provided the continuity of wisdom that such a variable event needed. For example, when NoLaCon II began having problems . . . but then, that seems to be fading, just as the old tradition of prospective Worldcon bidders going to Midwestcon to present the idea to the Wise Old Fen seems to be one with the past.

((The problem seems to be multifactorial: a) the number of things somebody just assumes the next committee already knows, b) the number of things the next committee just don't think to ask, c) the chance unawareness of things to ask about, like going somewhere to present a bid, d) the random unawareness that critical information is not being passed on, such as the existence of the Permanent Floating Worldcon Committee, e) the relative unwillingness of experienced fans to set things down on paper, f) the pronounced unwillingness of neofans to learn that there are things you have to do, like capitalizing, budgeting, contracting with a hotel, meeting the minimum courtesies due a Guest of Honour, and meeting some minimum expectations of congoers.))

"Westchester Weekend": Paul Johnson describes how Bertrand Russell's mother Katherine Stanley, Lady Amberley, took it upon herself to satisfy the sexual needs of the boys' tutor, since for some reason he couldn't get a date. And you thought Bertie was whacko. Sorry, the Right Honourable Bertrand Arthur William "Nuke 'em till they glow, then shoot 'em in the dark" Russell, Earl Russell of Kingston Russell, O.M.

((What? What??))

The local Barnes and Noble bookstore has an SF discussion group. I brought copies of *Alexiad*. Nobody was interested.

((This surprises you? Look: SF doesn't take too much explaining, book discussions don't take too much explaining, but ... fanzines? Relatively few people are aware even of the recent growth of special-interest zines, let alone SF zines. Even at SF conventions, when we try to expose people to fanzines, they're coming to it cold, it's their first exposure, they need too much explained to them.))

Job troubles seem to be the norm. I have health troubles. We can stand fandom getting old, it's when fandom gets broke and sick that gets us down . . .

((At least I've still got my health.))

Helen Spiral < spiralsheep@yahoo.co.uk >, 15 Feb 2005

It might amuse you to know that in England we have several traditions of community sports matches where entire communities take each other on, in a mass sporting event called Shrovetide camping or Shrovetide football. One of the most famous games takes place at Shawcross near Ashbourne in Derbyshire, between two self-defined teams called the Up'ards and the Down'ards. The game is played on a pitch which is three miles long and has the river Henmore running through it. The ball is cork-filled and may be kicked, carried, thrown, or floated. The match formally begins at 2pm on Shrove Tuesday, but if there's no obvious winner on the first day then the game continues on the following day, Ash Wednesday, too.

I believe that in current English law these old folk customs fall under the legal definition of a riot, and technically constitute grounds for the local law enforcement authorities to impose temporary martial law, and call in the assistance of the armed forces.

I bet you thought that *Mad* article you reprinted in RSNG 13 was surreal...

((My dear. Life is surreal.))

(If you print my email address anywhere PLEASE use my disposable yahoo address which is spiralsheep@yahoo.co.uk and I'll reply to anyone ... I've noticed that the Googlemonster is digesting the efanazines PDFs and converting them to web-cached HTML which is, I assume, vulnerable to the evil spambots. Ta.)

((Oh. This is Not Good.))

Christopher J. Garcia, Assistant Curator The Computer History Museum, 1401 N. Shoreline Blvd, Mountain View, CA 94043, <garcia@computerhistory.org>, 16 Feb 2005

Good issue, I must say.

((Thank you!!))

I love the PowerPoint quote, though there is an actual banner hanging over a desk at Xerox PARC that says "Power Corrupts those who hold it, PowerPoint corrupts systems that load it."

I love "Mythbusters", and it wasn't until I started going through my old emails that I realized that I had indeed done a panel (on The Future of Food) with Adam Savage, of the "Mythbusters" team. I thought he looked familiar when I first saw the show. There are lots of fun little science challenge events, most of which popped up in the late 90s following "Junkyard Wars" and the like. My favourite is Sellam Ismael's yet-to-be-begun-or-officially-named Challenge. Sellam, who also runs the Vintage Computer Faire, will take huge amounts of electronic "stuff" and let teams work 24-hours a day for a week to make various TechnoArtisticFuturistic Gadgets. I've a few friends in Australia who are constantly working on strange experiments, my fave being their own version of the Stanley Steamer. They've got a car that runs off of a boiler they built over a weekend. M, the only one small enough to drive the thing in the tiny steering cage, managed to get it up to 89 mph across the desert.

Mad's description of 43-Man Squamish still sounds more plausible than the rules to Quidditch.

Ed Meskys (note recent COA), Mar. 3, 2005

First, my wife Sandy said if you have [been] sending me an attachment you can send it to her ... and she will save it to a floppy for me. I do not know whether I have problems with spam blocking my email and she doesn't because I am using W98SE and she is using XP, or my screen reader, JFW, causes the problem. Today I am sending this to my "annual letter" list, and will send it to other lists one a day. Yesterday I sent it to all listservs I am on. Here is the original message:

Today I had my ISP turn my spam filter back on. I had turned it off because it was blocking attached fanzines like Fred Lerner's *Lofgeornost*. I was able to live with the 2 or 3 spams a day, but it has crept up to 20. I could even live with that, but so many have corrupted or bloated files and cause a "pop-3" error. I cannot access later email until I phone my ISP and have them delete the offending message. (I cannot go on the Localnet website and do it myself because the website is incompatible with my screen reading software, JFW, and everything freezes up when I go there.) Again, when this was happening once or twice a month I could handle it. Last week it jumped to every 2 or 3 days, and I had to do it three times today. This was the last straw and I had the ISP turn on the filter.

If you do not hear from me in response to something I should have replied to, please send a simple message asking whether I got it. Some, but not all, attachments get thru. It might be necessary to put the contents of the attachment in the body of the message. [or to Sandy]

To catch friends not on any of my listservs, I will later send this message to my larger "groups" in my address book. Unfortunately several people are in two or three of these, so you will see this message multiple times.

"Henry L. Welch" <welch@msoe.edu>, 02 Mar 2005

Thanks for RSNG #13.

I should caution you (as if you don't already know) that web site maintenance is a never-ending chore.

I thought Milwaukee was a city in Wisconsin. At least I think that is what they call the metropolis I commute to every week.

I like "Myth Busters". I find it to be more creative and better focused than "Junkyard Wars". The latter did fine for a season or two and then they tried to refresh it by using the "pick a team" approach. Since I didn't like any of the available team members I turned it off. It was also all about welding and mechanical things, which is one of my least interesting forms of engineering.

Lloyd & Yvonne Penney penneys@allstream.net, 1706-24 Eva Rd., Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B2, April 22, 2005

I've got *Royal Swiss Navy Gazette* 13, I've got a day off, and I've got to get moving on a potential avalanche of e-zines that are now filling their very own folder on my desktop.

Why now? I've spent the past three weeks working on a trade show (for \$\$, for once), and the computer suffered a minor crash, so I'm way behind. The trade show was this year's Ontario Transportation Expo, mostly for bus line operators and owners, and I was amused to see the parallels between this kind of show and the conventions we all enjoy. These guys at the OTE were truly alcohol-powered, and probably consumed more fuel than their buses did gasoline and diesel. The best thing about working this show was that most of it was spent at the offices of the Ontario School Bus Association at the small office building at 1 Eva Rd., right across the street from where I live. Very sweet to walk to work in about two minutes. I promised myself I wouldn't get used to it.

The computer, according to the fannish tech who looked at it and fixed it, suffered a failure and corruption of its memory drivers, and any attempt to do anything with the 'puter only spread the corruption. I'd say it's about 98% fixed, with only a bug or two yet to catch and put away.

Good to see you found some work. That proofreading job I saw on Workopolis for a proofreader at the Future Shop offices in Burnaby is still listed, although I imagine they've filled it.

Interlinos in a loc! A first!

I have the body of a god! (Unfortunately, it's Buddha's.)

I've thought of getting my own domain name, but if I had my own website, I'm not sure what I'd put on it, other than use it for containing my online resume. I've seen so many people start a new website, or these days, a blog or bulletin board, and have the novelty of the new project quickly die, and be replaced with the drudgery of maintaining it, and finding some new content to put on it. More and more, I'm happy to be just a correspondent. Set in my ways, oldphart that I am.

Ad Astra 2005 was, as I write, two weeks ago, and we've yet to have our post-convention meeting and unwind party. Looks like we had our best convention in many years, about 750 in attendance, I'd say, and people were pleased, mostly by the addition of a space and science-programming track that Yvonne produced.

I would like to go to a Gwynne Dyer lecture, or even talk to him, about the current madness that seems to stem from the American government. Just saw on CNN that the US Congress voted

unanimously to spend another US\$81 billion on the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, which brings the total spent to over US\$300 billion. A couple of days ago, that same Congress passed laws that will make it much more difficult to declare personal bankruptcy, and if you are able to declare it, will greatly reduce the protection you can get from your creditors. So, get into debt, and death may be your only refuge. Madness.

Vanspeak...just when I was learning more about BCspeak. The few years I actually lived there taught me about Ickybicky, and Brick shares. (A few British Columbians who now live here looked at me as if I had horns when I asked them about Ickybicky...doesn't anyone use those great BCisms any more?)

Asperger's Syndrome is a medical fact, and with no disrespect intended, seems to explain a lot of fannish behaviour. A good number of fans here seem insulting, strange, arrogant, irritating and generally anti-social, and while it seemed convenient to describe such behaviour as typically fannish, the details behind Asperger's seems to describe it and account for it much more accurately. Any suggestions? Become as familiar with the details of Asperger's as much as you can, and try to observe your own behaviour. I think you're doing that now. Recognizing you may have Asperger's is half the battle, and you've got friends who will cut you some slack because of it. You might want to communicate more in person than through fanzines, but any communication is good.

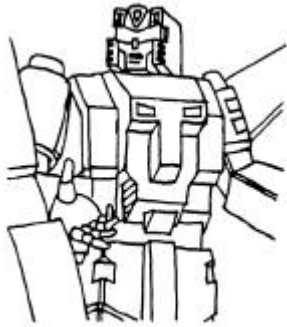
((I know Asperger's syndrome is a fact, I just don't know that it's important, or relevant. What seems to be relevant is that I just get extremely frustrated and humiliated, very easily, by simple misunderstandings. I blew up at people online in mid-October after VCon, just because I saw people failing to read, or just understand, what I said quite clearly in plain English... well. When I talked to someone about "ramming an simple idea through his thick skull into his tiny little mind", I knew I had lost it, I was acting like my parents.))

Accomplishing the impossible only means the boss will add it to your regular duties.

Boy, was my loc in this issue ever a stream-of-consciousness, or semi-consciousness, letter. It's also about 9 months old. Current employment includes an evening job, as few as 8 hours a week, data entry job on the *Globe and Mail* website. Go to globeandmail.ca, look for a link to Appointments, and you'll see what I do for a living.

Hugs to KRin...there's the possibility that she may be coming to Toronto this year for a visit, so I hope we can get together. Looking forward to it, hoping it happens.

Sue Thomason's letter reminds me of an observation Yvonne and I made a short time ago. Where she works, and with some of our non-fannish friends, she's told that because she has interests that absorb her and keep her thinking and intrigued, she's weird/abnormal/stupid. Somehow, watching the tube, or going to bingo, or hitting the bars each night has become the norm, and what she does, what we all do, is weird. Do aliens think they're the aliens? No, others are aliens. I suggest that we're the normal ones, and those couch potatoes around us are the true aliens. And, these are aliens I have absolutely no interest in encountering.



Fanzines Received

Alexiad #20, April 2005, Lisa & Joseph Major, 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville, KY 40204-2040 USA, jtmajor@jglou.com. Joseph Major reports on the severe “wolf winter” he anticipated from August 2005 (and now I know a term I hadn’t heard before); there is an involved send-up of Shakespeare, or *Gulliver’s Travels*, or Caesar’s biography, or all at once; and other delights.

Ansible #220, Nov. 05 (online): David Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berks. RG1 5AU, UK. Email ansible@cix.co.uk

Banana Wings #21 / Feb 05, #22 (May 05), Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES, U.K.

For the May 2005 edition of this award-winning genzine, Claire Brialey editorializes on the impact conventions have on fannish energy; for her, they are one more motivation for fanwriting, beyond her wish to “sort out British fandom once and for all.” Mark Plummer does a pastiche on the Monty Python “Two Yorkshiremen” sketch, in which two senior fans are bragging how hard they had it, and how soft neofans have it now. Other entertaining fanarticles, reviews, and letters conclude with Claire pulling together descriptions of fanwriting and of conventions, illustrating how the issues facing fan institutions – including fan funds – tend to be eternal issues; and how neofans keep discovering belatedly the personalities and the arguments and the whole context of previous fandom.

A Bear Went Over the Mountain #2, Feb/Mar 2005, Chaz Baden, P.O. Box 17522, Anaheim, CA 92817-7522, U.S.A.

Chaz Boston Baden writes at length about the Boston Badens’ wide-ranging congoing (with pictures); Lynn Boston Baden supplies numerous short book reviews (with covers). What makes this fanzine different is apparently a cooking column, contributed this time by Mark Poliner, and “the weird dream channel”, contributed by Allison Lonsdale. (This sounded at first like one of my worst workdays.) Also, the back cover is basically an anime-style cartoon page.

Burnaby Writers’ Society newsletter, Nov/Dec. 05, 6584 Deer Lake Ave., Burnaby, B.C. V5G 3T7; also visit the BWS website at www.bws.bc.ca.

Chunga #9 & 10, February & June 2005, 1013 North 36th St., Seattle, WA 98103, U.S.A. Trade to: fanmailaph@aol.com; rbyers@u.washington.edu; cjuarez@myrealbox.com.

Editorial teams produce a number of the best-known genzines, as witness *Banana Wings*, *Chunga* and *Steam Engine Time*. Come to think of it, these are the kind of fanzines that get nominated for Hugo Awards in recent years.

Chunga does interesting things with layout; the outside margins are wide enough for marginal notes, and there are amusing footer comments on every page. We could all emulate Rich Coad's witty pastiche on fanzine reviews, Corflu and Homeland Security ("Let's Hear It for the Vague Blur"), or Andy Hooper's critique of *Enterprise* in terms of resolving Star Trek discontinuities ("The Journal of Federation Studies: The Titanium Incident"), with a picture of Andy pointing at T'Pol and saying "J'accuse!"

But we won't.

Perfect quotation from Andy Hooper:

"I thought that was how fans ought to be, really: educated about science fiction, even unfashionable bits like Tanith Lee and *Battlestar Galactica* (version 1.0), but sufficiently jaundiced on the subject to tell me to shut up when I've talked about it for more than five minutes."

Chunga #11 features a lot of Worldcon-report information, and Andy Hooper's report on the Science Fiction Museum in Seattle, and continues Ulrika O'Brien's fan news column, "Rain City Tangler".

Conferring with Earthquakes #14 (Mar 05), Brin-Marie McLaughlin, 247 19th Ave. Apt. 6 San Francisco, CA 94121-2353, USA, brininsf@aol.com. Brin-Marie reports some very varied interests, as witness the conventions she attended by March 2005: Wondercon (comics), Corflu (fanzines), and Potlatch (literary, as fans use the word). This suggests the value of expanding one's horizons.

Emerald City #121 (Sept 05), Cheryl Morgan, available from her at cheryl@emcit.com or online at <http://www.emcit.com>.

File 770 #145, Oct. 05, from Mike Glycer, 705 Valley View Ave., Monrovia, CA 91016. Now an annual digest of the previous year's fan news.

FOSFAX #211 (Apr 05), c/o FOSFA, P.O. Box 37281, Louisville, KY 40233-7281, U.S.A. I finally asked Timothy Lane to take me off the FOSFAX list.

Halcyon Days #102 (Feb 05) & 103 (Aug 05), R.M. Sabella, 24 Cedar Manor Court, Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023, U.S.A. All Bob Sabella's correspondents seem to appear in this letterzine.

In a Prior Lifetime #5 (Fall 05), John Purcell, 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station, TX 77845, jpurcell54@earthlink.net. Why College Station is crazy; some Minneapolis fanhistory; existential comedy routines; and, of course, letters.

It Goes on the Shelf #27 (Dec 05), Ned Brooks, 4817 Dean Lane, Lilburn, GA 30047-4720, U.S.A., nedbrooks@sprynet.com. Ned Brook reviews the latest truckload he added to his library. His reading is as eclectic as mine is. Was.

The Knarley Knaws 110 (Feb 05), 111 (Apr 05), #112 (June 05), #113 (Nov 05), #114 (Dec 05), Henry Welch, 1525 16th Ave., Grafton WI 53024-2017 / welch@msoe.edu or LethaWelch@aol.com. Henry Welch goes on teaching, studying law, and pubbing this zine. Of interest are Terry Jeeves' wartime memoirs. (Henry asked me to submit some writing, so I sent some faanfiction previously published in *BCSFazine*. Readers were mystified.)

Lemon Meringue Pie, winter 2005, Kathleen Moore-Freeman

Almost sort of slightly without doubt presumably perhaps under certain circumstances but not otherwise blues.

Best of MOZ #1-6, Feb 04 – Aug 05, for ANZAPA; by Murray Moore, 1065 Henley Road, Mississauga, ON L4Y 1C8, mmoore@pathcom.com.

BCSFA member and CUFF delegate Murray Moore has a very dry humour, as witness his account his wife driving while he reads Hugo-nominated short stories; or his review of Stephen King's *On Writing*, or the article "Grokking Charlie Chaplin". Murray also supplies news – it was from this collection that I learned Bakka-Phoenix Science Fiction Books had reopened in Toronto.

Nice Distinctions #10 & #11, Arthur D. Hlavaty, 206 Valentine Street, Yonkers, NY 10704-1814, hlavaty@panix.com. What can you say about Arthur Hlavaty?

Opuntia #56.1 (Feb 05), #56.3 (Apr 05) to #58.5 (Oct 05), Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, T2P 2E7 Canada / \$3 @ or the usual.

Quote from 56.3 (an apazine contribution): "I wonder what electronic fandom will produce that would be equivalent to *The Enchanted Duplicator*."

In 58.5 (a perzine issue): meditations on how disconnected city people are from most animal life; outrageous long waits in emergency wards (four hours, in his case); other things you find out while doing civic parks & grounds work, like the extraordinary effect of green ash logs on neutered tomcats.

Steam Engine Time #4 (Jan 05), Bruce Gillespie, 5 Howard St., Greensborough, Vic, 3088, Australia, gandc@mira.net, with Janine Stinson. Editorials on SF writing; Darrell Schweitzer on The Book Tribe; and other think stufh. Lots and lots.

Under the Ozone Hole #16 (July 05) & #17 (Oct 05), John Herbert, 2859 Gorge View Dr., Victoria, BC V9A 2H8, email spuzzum42@hotmail.com.

UTOH reappeared last yaer, in time for Convention 2005 I think, under John Herbert's editorship. Basically a gonzo humour fanzine, you could say.

#16 carries a bunch of decent fanwriting, including Herbert's "World Peace in Four Easy Steps: An Immodest Proposal," plus a lot of *old* letters.

#17 carries such delights as Herbert's take on redundancy in government building doorknobs, Paula Johanson's rules for winter life in the farmhouse, a hoax writing contest, Monica Spencer's report on a Valentine's Day icewater entrapment rescue, and a whole whack of reviews.

Vanamonde #(many issues) John Hertz, 236 S. Coronado St., No. 409, Los Angeles, CA 90057, U.S.A. Also: "It Seemed Like the Fannish Thing to Do" and "The Worldcon I Saw", John Hertz' respective Lunacon and Noreascon reports from the October and December 2004 *Chronicles*.

Vegas Science Fiction Association 3:1, no. 6, November 2005, Ruth Davidson, ruthiechan@xarph.net. Club business, game nights, an article on "Thanksgiving 2030", and letters.

Visions of Paradise #103, Robert Sabella, 24 Cedar Manor Court, Budd Lake NJ 07828-1023 / bobsabella@nac.net / per/genzine. Sabella's genzine cover this issue is devoted to Robert Silverberg. I was most interested in E.B. Frohvet's take on anthropomorphic fandom ("Yeah, She's Hot ... But Is She Human?").

Zine Dump #8i, 9a, A publication by Guy H. Lillian III for the readership of *Challenger*. **8700 Millicent Way #1501, Shreveport, LA 71115, U.S.A.** GHLIII@yahoo.com, GHLIII Press Publication #970; May through August, 2004. Zine reviews! Zine reviews! Zine reviews!

