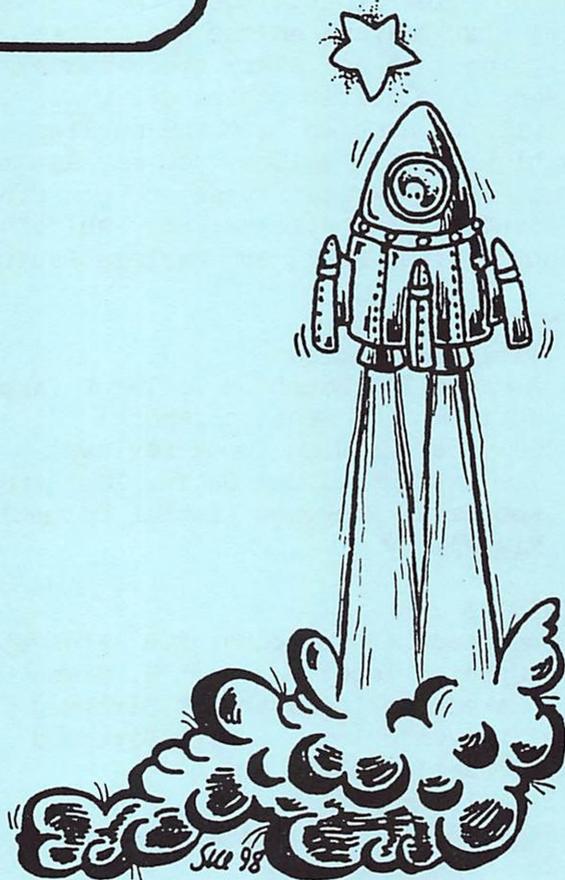
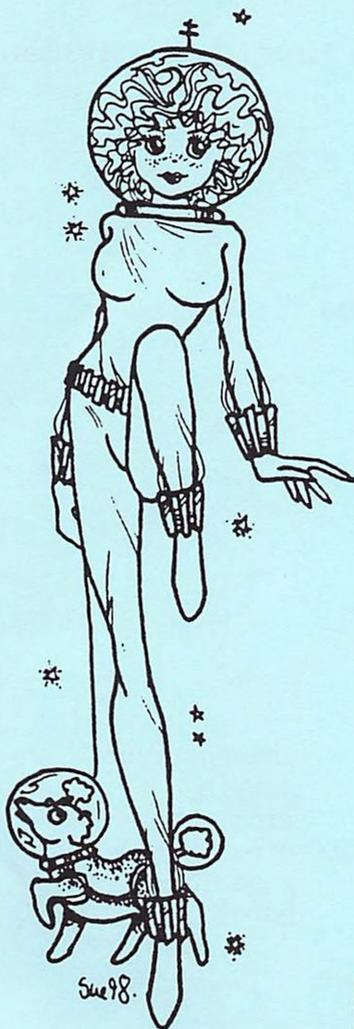


TWINK



- * Strange Gathering In Baltimore *
- * Veneration Of Phallic Icons *
- * The Truth Revealed About "Frohvet" *
- * And Other Arcane Knowledge! *

This is Twink #11, a quarterly fanzine from Chaffinch Publications. Next issue: January 1999. Deadline for next issue: November 30, 1998. Our main focus is on SF/fantasy/fandom. Twink is available for contributions, LOC's, in trade for your fanzine, or by editorial whim. Articles, reviews, con reports, etc., clearly related to SF or fandom, are welcome. No mundane politics, travelogues, fiction, or poetry, please. All contributions are greatly appreciated, and we're always glad to hear from you; however the Editor reserves the right to modify/edit all material including letters. Contributions represent the opinions of individuals and should not necessarily be construed as the editorial policy of Twink. All material not clearly attributed, may be assumed to be by the Editor.

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This issue is dedicated to: St. Paul of Tarsus, Paul Simon, Paul Atreides, Paul Schuyler, Les Paul, and Barbara Paulus.

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(imagine your drawing of finch, or other title page logo, here)

Twink

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HOME IS THE HUNTER

It's been a busy time since last issue. There was the Columbia Festival of the Arts, on which we worked. "Christmas in July", which turned out to be a mostly-vegetarian picnic with friends. Our cousin and her two teen-age daughters came up from Virginia for a couple of days. Next up: Columbia Classic Grand Prix show-jumping.

In fannish terms, of course, there was Worldcon. The highlight for us was actually getting to meet some of you. To those (we assume there were some) disappointed by the "real" Frohvet, well, we did warn you. We're the sort of nondescript person that, if you passed us on the street, you would, so to speak, pass us on the street.

This brings us to a related subject. Since some of you have now met us, no purpose is served by continuing to conceal the gender of "Frohvet". Although we agree with Trini Khadro's description of the fact as "inconsequential", we are all those dull and politically incorrect things: white, male, and straight. To those who guessed us to be female (the guesses were almost exactly evenly divided), we'll take that as a compliment; and our masculinity is not threatened by admitting that being the gender-ambiguous "Frohvet" for this time has been, well, educational.

...And yet, in a sense, we're glad to be free of it. The pretense, however informative, was artificial. From this point "Frohvet" can reflect a little more nearly our true self. (But we're still not a BNF, never have been, don't expect to be; and if you heard our "real" name, odds are you still wouldn't recognize it.)

So, to borrow the words of Christine Lahti's character from Leaving Normal : "Yeah, this is who you're travelling with." Stick around, the journey is not over.

LET'S DO THE TIME WARP AGAIN

The Nova-Award-winning British fan artist Sue Mason kindly sent us some drawings a while back: you've seen some as interior illos in #9 and #10. We converted a couple to this cover, suitable to the occasion,

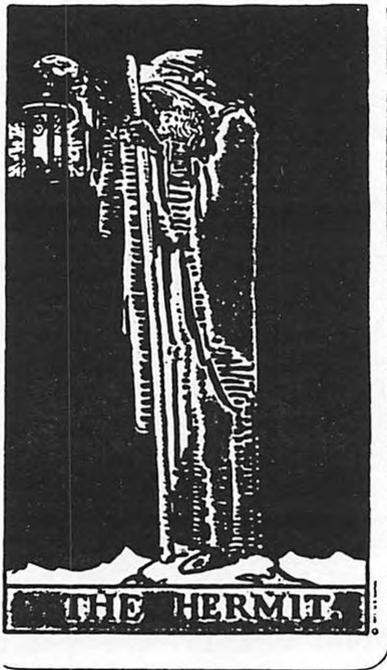
we hope. Sue now becomes our sixth different cover artist! This issue has our promised Worldcon report, an article on Tarot, the customary features, and the usually lively letter column, with some new and some familiar names. Coming up for next issue, another fine cover from Sheryl Birkhead! At this time we're leaning to the next installment of "We're All African" as lead article: black characters in Heinlein. Plus, well, whatever else turns up from you readers.

"...AND THE OTHER HALF IS NUMBERS..."

Okay, we promised, from now on we'll put our Hugo nominations out there, and not criticize others' nominations. But nothing was said about not setting forth for your consideration some numbers. For ensample: The "Fanzine" Hugo has existed with minor variations in nomenclature, since 1955 (there was no such category in 1958). In the first 14 years the award was given, there were 12 different winners. In the entire period from 1970 - 1983, there were a total of 5 different winners; and in the entire period from 1984 - 1998, 6 different winners. The "Fan Writer" category was introduced in 1967. In the first eight years this award was given to 7 different people. In the entire period from 1974 to date, it has been given to a total of 5 different people. Don't take our word for it, look up the numbers for yourself. The "Fan Artist" award has also been awarded since 1967; it has been given to 16 persons, with no one receiving more than five awards, and four first-time winners in the 1990's.

On a related subject, Sheryl advises that Twink received seven nominations! Gack! (As we French say.) At least three more than we expected -- and, no, we did not nominate ourself. Putting the best light on it, Sheryl says we "tied... for 14th place" on the list of nominations. We applaud the loyalty, if not necessarily the judgement, of the Mystery Seven. Next year, maybe we can all get together and get Sheryl Birkhead nominated!

((The Hermit is the guardian of time; he stands on the path of esoteric wisdom, holding the light of knowledge. The Hermit will teach you; but he is passive: you must seek him out, he will not come to you.))



Tarot is one of the several mystical or vaticinatory systems which have co-existed with the Judeo-Christian tradition, for the most part peacefully, for centuries. The oldest of these would probably be Kaballah (modern occultists prefer the spelling "Qabala"), the Jewish system of numerology, and astrology. In this context it is worth pointing out that the three who came to worship and bring gifts to the infant Jesus were not figures of temporal authority -- "we three kings of orient" as one old song erroneously puts it; nor even "wise men" as most Christians prefer to euphemize. They were, to use the exact Latin word, magi: Chaldean astrologers, scholars in an occult tradition.

Conventional religion and mysticism have lived side by side since the ancient world. Some more modern examples would be Freemasonry and Rosicrucianism. Indeed, Antoine Court de Gebelin, the 18th Century French Tarot scholar, was both a Protestant clergyman and a Freemason. Elephas

Levi, an expert of the early 19th Century, studied for the Catholic priesthood in his youth before adopting a Hebrew name and devoting himself to the study of Kaballah and Tarot. And A.F. Woodward, one of the founders of the influential early 20th Century occultist group "Golden Dawn", was a minister of the Church of England, and a Rosicrucian.

Kathleen Kurtz correctly points out in her novel Lammas Night that while there has been no direct involvement of the British Royal Family in occult practices -- at least in recent centuries -- many of the men of the Royal Family have been Freemasons. King George VI reportedly was fond of telling the anecdote that even though he was the King, the man who inducted him into his Masonic Lodge was a village postmaster. (Kurtz's admittedly hypothetical digression on the Order of

A FAN'S INTRODUCTION TO

Tarot

by E.B. Frohvet

the Garter is, at least, suggestive.)

The origin of the Tarot remains obscure. The earliest recorded references date from the 14th Century, but the cards may well pre-date that. Our modern word "Tarot" is from the Italian "tarocchi". Any actual connection with ancient Egypt, as propounded by Gebelin, is now generally discounted; though some cards in modern decks borrow Egyptian symbols, as The Chariot. (Some modern occultists -- notably Crowley and his successors -- have continued to promulgate the "Egypt" theory even though knowing it to be untrue.)

The traditional association of the Tarot with the Romany people, or "Gypsies" in the incorrect vernacular, is harder to disprove. Cynthia Giles rejects the theory outright; yet it seems an odd coincidence, if coincidence it was, that the Romany,

the cards, and the very word all appeared in Italy at nearly the same time, i.e., the latter half of the 14th Century. The fact that the word "tarocchi" apparently did not exist in the Italian language prior to this time might suggest that it was a loan word, adopted bodily from some other tongue.

Certainly it is clear the cards were in common use among the nobility and clergy of Italy by the 15th Century, and spread from there across Europe. Surviving cards from decks of that period were of course hand drawn; many are fine works of art and are preserved in museums. The commercial printing of Tarot began in France at the beginning of the 16th Century, at which time the decks were more or less standardized. Reproductions of the early Marseilles decks of this period are still printed.

When we say the deck was "standardized" at that time, this refers of course to the format rather than the specific drawings. In the hand drawn era, the names of the Major Arcana varied somewhat, though there were usually 22. The order has stayed about the same since that time.

The cards of the Major Arcana represent what Carl Jung specifically called "the archetypes of transformation". Actually, that's a very apt description. There are virtue cards, as Justice and Temperance. Some represent worldly affairs: The Empress and The Emperor. There are openly occult cards, as The Magician and The Hanged Man.

The Major Arcana also represent conventional religious themes. "The Hierophant", as modern occultists prefer to call it, bears a name co-opted (probably by Rosicrucians) from the high priest of the ancient Greek rites at Eleusis. Yet in medieval decks this figure was "Il Papa", the Pope; and is still generally represented in modern decks bearing a three-tiered papal cross and the keys of Saint Peter.

In places, as is common in modern occultism where symbols are recycled freely, the borders between religion and mysticism get blurred. For example, The High Priestess is a powerful occult symbol of women's magic; yet she is often pictured wearing an equal-armed or Greek cross on her bosom, holding a scroll or book labelled "Torah", and standing or seated between the pillars of Kaballah's "Tree of Life".

The cards of the Major Arcana, then, represent archetypes or principles rather than mundane matters. To paraphrase George Orwell, all are ambiguous, but some are more ambiguous than others. The card of Justice, for example, is not confined to the formal legal system, but refers to the more general concepts of balance and equity. In the Rider-Waite and derived versions, Judgement is aligned with the Christian tradition of "the last judgement": a card of transformation, with the angel Gabriel sounding his trumpet and the dead rising up. The more mundane concerns of merely human jurisprudence would be more likely represented by, for example, the King of Swords.

Below the Major Arcana are the 56 cards of the Lesser, or Minor Arcana, divided into four suits. There are 56 rather than the 52 of the bridge deck because the ancient ranks of Knight and Page, shoe-horned together into "Jack" ("Knave" in some old versions) are preserved separately in the Tarot. Giles asserts that Pages can be either gender -- in the Hanson-Roberts deck the Page of Pentacles is specifically female. We suspect this is a distortion artificially imposed on the Tarot by modern feminists. (One book insists on referring to this rank as "Princess", even though using as illustration the Rider-Waite deck in which the rank is clearly called Page and all are clearly represented as male! Go figure...) Indeed we have heard of, though not seen, feminist Tarots in which most or all of the images are female. Most serious occultists, even women, consider this a distortion.

(The Connolly Tarot -- see Eileen Connolly's Tarot: A New Handbook For The Apprentice -- replaces Death with "Transition" and The Devil with "Materialism", apparently in an effort to avoid intimidating people. "Death" does not, always, mean physical death, but that's one of the things it means. There is an increasing tendency to gut the Tarot of its dark side, to make everything bright and affirmative.)

The suits of the Lesser Arcana correspond to those of the bridge deck, but also to the ancient Four Elements of Alchemy. Thus Swords (spades, from Italian "spade"

or Spanish "espada", sword) are an air sign and cover matters of courage, authority, ambition, and achievement; but also and inevitably, conflict. Wands (clubs), called "Rods" in some versions, are a fire sign and signify matters of enterprise, progress, growth, and life. Pentacles -- Gareth Knight insists on "Coins" -- are affiliated with earth, and therefore represent material matters, business, work and finance. Cups (hearts) of course fall under the sign of water and indicate matters of emotion.

The use of Tarot requires study and meditation, but not necessarily any claim to personal powers of "magic". Each of the 78 cards has a meaning, or more accurately, any of several possible meanings depending on its place in the reading, whether it appears upright or reversed, etc. Most experts believe an actual reading is preferable to attempting to gain insight from single cards. (In this context we refer of course to divination rather than meditation.) The cards are shuffled and cut, and laid out in any of several patterns. The most common is the 10-card spread described by Waite as the "Celtic cross" method. One of many alternatives is the 13-card, circular or "astrological" format. Andæ Norton had a professional psychic do a reading of this sort for her character in the Witch World novel The Jargoan Pard. Knight proposes his own idiosyncratic 21-card "spiral" reading, but this appears both redundant, and too cumbersome for the average user. In any of these methods, which are explained in most books on the subject, the position of each card signifies a particular aspect of the question presented; thus the interpretation of each card, as well as the overall outcome of the reading, depends on the total pattern.

One exercise the novice may find helpful for purposes of learning and meditation is simply dealing out the cards one at a time, pausing to reflect on the meaning of each. Though attempting divination with only the Major Arcana is generally discouraged, for reflection, it may be helpful to lay out the Major Arcana separately. This may permit relationships to be seen which may not be apparent if studying only one card at a time: the

((The Eight of Swords shows a woman bound and blindfolded -- "hoodwinked" in the old sense. She signifies crisis, conflict, domination, imprisonment, sickness: bad news of some sort, depending on the context and the question.))



almost circular symmetry of The High Priestess, The Empress, and The Moon; or the less obvious linkage between, for example, The Lovers and The Devil.

The old saying goes that "The cards do not compel, they reveal." Waite wrote, "The true Tarot is symbolism, it speaks no other language." Another scholar describes the cards as existing in a "non-spatial, non-temporal relationship". Fantasy readers may be reminded of Marion Zimmer Bradley, who once called the psychic function of laran, in the Darkover books, a "non-causal science". One should not expect a simple or absolute answer. Surely no sensible person should base a major decision solely on the advice of a Tarot reading (or an astrological chart or any other arcane method). Still, just as a trained psychiatrist can usually tell something from the Rorschach cards, a trained reader can usually tell something from a Tarot reading.

As we commented previously, while the

overall format of Tarot is defined, the actual pictures vary. There are dozens of Tarot decks. Probably the most accessible is the deck designed by Arthur Edward Waite and drawn by Pamela Colman Smith in the early 20th Century. Waite and Smith were members of the occultist group "Golden Dawn", which also included the famous Irish poet William Butler Yeats. The Rider-Waite Tarot (originally printed by Rider & Co. in England), with its simple pictures and cheery bright primary colors, may be called the most user-friendly of common Tarots. It is easily available and recommended by many books, especially for beginners.

In contrast, the "Thoth" deck prepared by Aleister Crowley, an outcast of Golden Dawn (literally: Yeats and other members bodily threw Crowley out of the society's London rooms) is full of dark colors and repressed sexual imagery. Fans familiar with Florida-based fantasy artist Mary Hanson-Roberts may be interested in the Tarot she drew. Clearly in the Rider-Waite-Smith tradition, the Hanson-Roberts Tarot has more contemporary images and attractive pastel colors. There is also a Tarot by Robin Woods, another popular SF artist.

There are many books on the subject. Eden Gray's The Complete Guide To Tarot covers the basics well and is a good first book for beginners. On the other hand, we can't honestly recommend R.A. Kaser's Tarot In Ten Minutes; no matter what Kaser says, you can't learn anything meaningful on the subject in 10 minutes.

Stuart Kaplan's The Encyclopedia Of Tarot is as definitive as any, but the author's dedication to completeness may make the ratio of useful information to obscure trivia rather intimidating for a beginner. Cynthia Giles' The Tarot: History, Mystery And Lore is largely an historical study, written in a detached style: good for background but not much practical help. Conversely, as the title suggests, Gareth Knight's The Magical World Of Tarot leaps wholeheartedly into the topic as a profound mystical system which has a reality and even a conscious identity of its own, independent of the operator. Knight also starts from the assumption that The Fool is the "master card" of Tarot. We for some reason feel more drawn to The Hermit as our guide; some women might feel more comfortable

with The High Priestess. Knight's "true faith" intensity may be a little wearing for the casual student but there's no denying there are insights to be found in his book.

A fact, not a plug: a catalog of many Tarots is available for \$2 from U.S. Games Systems, 179 Ludlow St, Stamford CT 06902. If you want our advice, you could do worse than to start with the Rider-Waite deck.

References in SF/fantasy: Tarot, Kaballah, Freemasonry, ceremonial magic all appear in Kurtz's Lammas Night, also in Kurtz & Harris's Adept series. Tarot is also mentioned in Samuel R. Delany's Nova (one of the rare uses in an SF rather than a fantasy format). A cartomancy system of sorts is referred to in Nancy Springer's The Hex Witch Of Seldom, but not a traditional Tarot: possibly a debased folk form. The "Trumps" in Roger Zelazny's "Amber" stories were clearly suggested by Tarot, and in fact are used by Corwin for meditation and cartomancy, though those are not the most obvious functions of the "Trumps". Probably there are many other references to Tarot in the SF, and especially fantasy literature.

((The High Priestess is the archetype of women's magic, the representative of the eternal Goddess. She stands for wisdom, serenity, insight; she is largely beyond the concerns and emotions of the mundane world.))



Worldcon

a
convention
report
by
E.B.
Frohvet

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5

"Bonjour," we said to the people at the Registration desk. "Je m'appelle Frohvet." So began our first Worldcon in six years, and our first convention of any sort since we moved to Columbia. We were prepared for an argument, since the pre-con material had said photo ID would be requested (and of course we don't have a driver's license under "Frohvet"). But we had the receipt, and after only token hesitation they handed over our badge.

In fact, literally walking in the door we had nearly tripped over Elaine & Steve Stiles, though we never did quite figure out where the "fan lounge" was supposed to be. While they were getting organized we talked to a friend of theirs, Cathy Doyle, and gave her a copy of Twink #10. As it happened, that was the only copy we gave away on Wednesday.

For the next hour or so we "hung around" and ran into quite a few people who knew us from before, when we were big into con-running; Nancy Springer was one. The number of familiar faces was really quite amazing considering the time lapse since we had seen most of them.

At 12:00 noon we went to the "Welcome To The SF Community" panel; although the subject was of interest we went hoping mainly to see Steve Miller & Sharon Lee, who have been in Maine for a long time. Remember when we asked in a previous issue if their series was going to be continued? Apparently the series was axed by DelRey partway through; but the next book will be printed by a small-press in February '99. The title is Plan B, and they gave us a button reading "Plan B Is Now In Effect". On the way out that day, a mundane looked at the badge and asked, "What's Plan A?"

We replied, "There is no Plan A," leaving the fellow confused. While Steve served on the panel, we and a mutual friend sat with Sharon and caught up.

At 1:00, there being no panel we particularly wanted to see, we cruised the dealers' room and bought some books. We also left the obligatory "check" by our name on the message board, but received no messages that day.

At 2:00 we went to the "Forgotten SF Writers" panel with Ben Yalow and Moshe Feder; George R.R. Martin got the best laugh, introducing himself as "Someday, I'm going to be a forgotten SF writer." There was a lively discussion with much audience input; the subject could easily have gone on for longer than the allotted hour.

3:00 produced the Opening Ceremonies, which ran on far longer than the content thereof dictated. Hello, introduce the GOH's, hand over the gavel, zip: the whole thing could have been done in five minutes. The (unnecessary) filksingers were not bad, though someone should teach the tall girl on the left how to use a mike.

Again there being nothing much going on, we wandered some more; saw one acquaintance of long standing, thought seriously about speaking to her, thought better of it, and kept walking. At some point in the art show we encountered the first Twink reader who knows us only as "Frohvet", Ned Brooks, and had a pleasant chat with him. Hal Clement passed by as we were talking with Ned, and we said hello to him also.

We stopped briefly at the 5:00 "Fanzine" panel; it didn't seem to have much focus, and what focus it did have was mainly about how fanzines were copied in the 1950's, so we moved on. A little later,

back in the dealers' room, we ran into Vicki Rosenzweig. Actually we both sort of half-glimpsed each other's badges as we passed, did a double take, and then got talking. We also got to see her tattoos, the ornithologically-correct one (left arm) and the new abstract one (right arm). We mentioned that our gender, at least, is officially "going public" after the Worldcon, and Vicki said she had already guessed us to be male. There wasn't one decisive moment, she said, at some point she just started referring to "Frohvet" with male pronouns.

Since none of the evening's activities appeared of interest to us, we went home at that point, threw together sandwiches, and caught a quick shower. And started typing up this report.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6

To say that this was an uneventful day at the Worldcon would be putting the matter in the most charitable light. To say that we were bored to distraction would be a more honest if less polite formulation.

We had gotten an early start, wanting to catch the 10:00 panel on "First Fantasy: Greek and Roman Roots". There was a good discussion, mainly by GOH C.J. Cherryh and Robert Silverberg. The general consensus was that the Greco-Roman mythos has been central to European education for so long that it underlies everything done in later literature. The panelists said they have generally avoided directly re-hashing the mythos, while borrowing freely from its archetypes. Mr. Silverberg said that other mythos were being "plundered", especially, he noted, "all that Celtic swill".

Our ulterior motive had been to catch a word with Carolyn Cherryh, but after the panel she was surrounded by autograph seekers. As it happened, we caught up with her later in the day for a moment and gave her a copy of Twink #10. (Which was the only copy we gave away that day.)

We had left some single-page fliers advertising Twink on the freebie racks; checked in on them later and they were mostly gone, though we assume by people taking one of everything on the off chance

it might be of interest to them later.

We cruised the dealers' room some more, managing to miss the "Defining SF" panel (probably just as well) and picked up a few more books. We did manage to find the "Regular Folks as SF&F Characters" panel with Connie Willis, Nancy Springer, and Ashley McConnell, who by vote of the panelists was deemed first to deal with any question. Everyone seemed to feel there was a fine line between dealing with the characters who actually accomplish things (tending by definition to be competent leader types) without falling into superhero cliché. It may have been Nancy who said she wasn't much impressed with Superman saving the world -- "That's his job!" We were a little surprised at how long the discussion continued before someone (from the audience) mentioned Frodo.

After that we went to get some coffee, and an old friend came along and we bought her coffee, and then a friend of hers stopped by... Well, you get the picture.

Oh yeah: The person we mentioned on the preceding page, whom we hadn't made an effort to speak to? Passed in the hall; she greeted us by name, "Hi, -----", and kept walking, oblivious (or ignorant) of not having seen us in about seven years. We replied politely, "Hi, -----", and that was that.

The day went downhill after that. There were no other panels we found of sufficient interest to attend; did spend some time at the art show (the net effect of that many Whelan originals in one place is rather like being clubbed over the head). No one identified "Frohvet", no one left us any messages, and we ran out of casual conversations with strangers. So we went home, stopping for a pizza on the way.

Whether this was a function of an especially dull program at this Worldcon, or whether we have simply outgrown convention fandom, is still to be decided.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 7

Arriving a little later today, we did get our day off to a good start, buying a bumper sticker as a gift for Lyn McConchie: "There are many intelligent lifeforms in the galaxy. They are all owned by cats."

We did wear the white jeans and pink shirt, as advertised, and someone did identify us from our clothing. In the morning, we again ran into Cathy Doyle, who told us where the fan lounge was in the Hilton. After telling her we didn't plan to walk over there, we changed our mind and went. Sat around, chatted with fans, handed out a few Twink's (but we still went home with 9 of the 15 copies we had alloted to take to Worldcon). We met the Deans, from Statesboro GA (sorry, failed to note their first names); Victor Gonzalez and his charming consort, whose name appears in our notes as Sheila -- not sure she had her badge on at the time.

Back to the convention center, hit a couple of panels. "Legal Systems Of The Future" had a decidedly libertarian slant, though S.M. Stirling defended the concept of a legal system in which people obeyed the rules because the rules could be seen to be just, and C.J. Cherryh said "a lot of wisdom is bound up in" our 4000-year-old legal tradition, though some of the rules have now become "baroque" to the point of being incomprehensible. If lawyer Guy Lillian III was at the panel, we failed to identify him.

During the afternoon we wandered into the bid table area and managed to talk with Twink readers Teddy Harvia at the Cancun table, and Lloyd Penney (yes, very bright shirt) at the Toronto table. Not to anticipate, and we'll look foolish if this is misinformation, but the unofficial word we heard at the Hugo Awards was that Philadelphia had won the 2001 Worldcon. On the information available, we're more impressed with the Cancun bid than before, though still leaning to Toronto.

Tim Lane had left us a message, but by unfortunate timing, the FOSFAX dinner excursion was scheduled at a time we had committed to being elsewhere. Hanging out in the Convention Center lobby, we did at least manage to say hello to Tom Feller, Tim Lane, Elizabeth Garrott, and Joseph T. Major. If anyone else we know was in that group and we missed you, sorry, hope to meet you another time.

Ned Brooks went with us to Edgar's, as promised in the #10 editorial, and in fact Rachel Russell & family showed up and picked us out by the pink shirt. You may

recall that Rachel, in the #9 lettercol, discussed the curious side effect of pregnancy. We're pleased to report that Rachel, husband Eric, and son Teddy are all just fine, and we had a nice talk, and things to eat and drink. (Ned had Coke, Teddy had milk, the rest of us had beer.)

After that we went to the Hugo Awards, which were admirable for their brevity, at least. Since we have promised henceforth to state our own nominations and not criticize the choices of others, well, we can honestly say the presenters did a fine job. And in fact there were a couple of pleasant surprises among the Usual dully predictable Suspects.

We had from the outset blown off any idea of attending Saturday, due to the insane traffic situation resulting from the Grand Opening of the new 60,000-seat football stadium two blocks away. That left Sunday. The last day of a con is usually the least interesting, so we stayed away. If this cost us the chance to meet or have more extensive talks with some of you, well, we regret that.

On the plus side, the weather was excellent throughout: August in Maryland can be much worse.

We accomplished about half of what we had hoped for from this Worldcon -- about average for expectations. Thus, so long, thanks for the fish, and see you in Chicago? Or, who knows, maybe at points south and west before then.

Fittingly, we leave the last word to the immortal Rotsler:





only our opinion....

Special Andre Norton/Lyn McConchie Reviews

Derelict For Trade Andre Norton &
Sherwood Smith 1997 Tor \$5.99

Jumping light into a distant system, the Solar Queen hit a gravitational anomaly -- and the crew found they didn't have enough fuel to match orbits with the huge multi-species space habitat. Odd that the "anomaly" proved to be an abandoned but functional ship; odder still that the Queen and her crew could claim title to it with minimal bureaucratic fuss. If it sounds too good to be true, it usually is. (...And yes, we guessed instantly and correctly what device Dane Thorson used in the "duel".)

Smith does a vastly better job with this series than did P.M. Griffin (Redline The Stars, 1993). Smith wisely turns to her advantage the one right thing that Griffin contributed to the series, introducing a female character into the crew; but has a better feel for the Norton style, and makes an effort to get all the characters involved. We wanted to know what happens next, which is always a good sign. And in fact the next book, also co-written by Smith (female despite the name) is out, we just haven't gotten around to it yet.

The Key Of The Keplian Andre Norton &
Lyn McConchie Warner/Aspect 1995 \$5.99

Eleeri was of mixed blood, but she had the horse-gift since childhood, and was trained in the old ways by her Comanche great-grandfather. Honoring the old man's dying wish, she fled to the forgotten Gate high in the desert hills; and it brought her to a new world, in Karsten. There she learned the languages and ways of Witch World, but her destiny lay ahead in ancient Escore. It was Eleeri who was fated to learn the black, horse-like Keplians were not always servants of the Dark -- but proving it, to those who had hated and feared the Keplians for generations, was another problem.

Of the many who have written in the Witch World, we'd have to say McConchie comes as close to capturing the spirit of it as anyone this side of A.C. Crispin (Gryphon's Eyrie). The author is content to let the story unfold at its own pace, taking three years and 130 pages to introduce some characters. This is not quite simon-pure Andre Norton, but it's as close as you're likely to find.

Farming Daze Lyn McConchie 1993
GP Publications

This non-fiction book was a gift from the author. Readers of this fanzine will be familiar with references to Lyn's farm life from her LOC's. This collection of short and mostly (not entirely) humorous essays describes how she decided on a rustic life, and many of the problems she encountered settling into it. You could flip a coin to decide which are stupider, chickens or sheep -- the lack of wit of both is a recurring theme. For our part, we'd probably last about two days on a working farm before running screaming back to our condo and market. We admire farmers, and not just because we'd starve without them; but it's not a life for everyone, even if they can write whimsically about it. We especially liked the watch-geese driving off burglars.

Ciara's Song Andre Norton & Lyn
McConchie 1998 Warner/Aspect \$6.50

Ciara was nine when the Duke Of Karsten declared outlawry on all of the Old Race living in that country. The guard murdered her family, but Lord Tarnoor, an old family friend and father of her playmate Trovagh, took her in. The people of well-run Aiskeep offered affront to no one; but as succeeding waves of violence ran through badly governed Karsten, trouble would arrive at their front door -- more than once and more than twice.

Not quite a traditional Witch World book, this is really two novellas, linked in theme but separated in time by 40 or 50 years. The author uses the familiar technique of following one family, using the well-known history of Witch World as backdrop, seen from a slightly different angle. In contrast to the usual plot of having characters out to change the world, the first part in particular is about people who are content in their own place and their own life. Personally we feel that's admirable, but it does cut down the dramatic possibilities. Not wrong, just different.

Other reviews

Fugue For A Darkening Island
Christopher Priest 1972 Pan Books

After a brief nuclear war devastates Africa, millions of black refugees flee to England, reducing it to a Bosnia-like state of ethnic violence, hostile enclaves, and U.N. refugee camps. The story is told in the disjointed, chronologically jumbled journal of a white academic.

This gift was from Bridget Hardcastle, in view of our interest in black characters in SF. We're familiar with the dangers of dentally examining free equines; but we had all sorts of problems with this, over and above the bleak morbidity of the author's world-view (which seems to be pretty typical based on the little of his work we've read). This is marginally, if at all, SF, and oddly, there are almost no meaningful black characters. The constant leaping back and forth in time is inconsistent with the supposed "journal"

format. And it doesn't really come to any conclusion; it just reaches the narrator's worst-case scenario, and stops. Just another end of the (comfortable as we know it) world story. We've read a bunch: this one is nothing special.

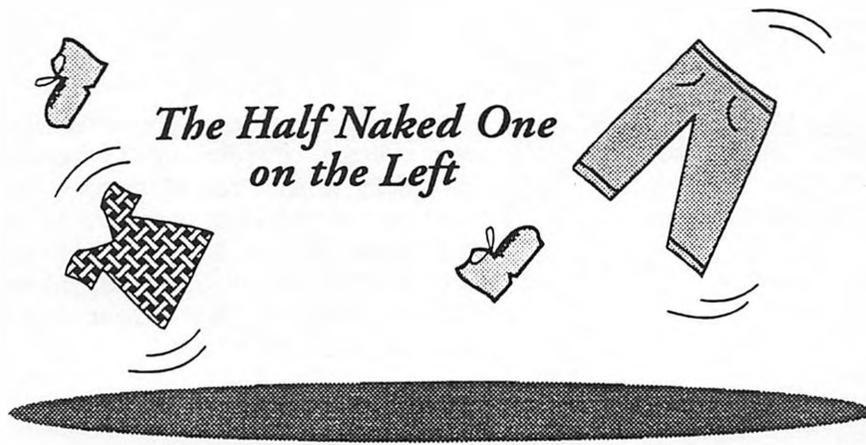
Dragonseye Anne McCaffrey DelRey
1997 \$6.99

It's been 257 years since the founding of the Pern colony. The Second Pass of the Red Star is about to begin: Threadfall is due in less than a year. The Weyrs and Holds are gearing up; the College (later to be known as Harper Hall) is discarding the now mostly useless technology of Landing, and revising the curriculum to concentrate on what's important and sustainable now for Pern. But one mad Lord Holder refuses to believe Thread will return, provoking a crisis under the Charter: one Hold unprepared could endanger all of Pern!

Any trip to Pern, like any trip to Europe, is worth taking; but this is the Portugal of Pern novels -- an attractive backwater in which nothing much of importance is going to happen. McCaffrey recycles plot lines and motifs we've all seen before: skillfully to be sure, but to no great dramatic effect. Pern novels are always good entertainment value for your money. Unlike, e.g., The White Dragon, this goes no further.

A Thousand Words For Stranger Julie E.
Czerneda 1997 DAW \$5.99

A subversive telepathic underground. (Hello, can you say "slan"?) A heroine with amnesia. A hissing reptilian villain. Contant jumping from third person to first person for no apparent reason. ...And those are just the ghodawful cliches in the first two chapters; by which point we had lost interest. A textbook example of a book which should not have been published. Alas, poor Yorick, uh, poor DAW: still publishing far more than their fair share of crap.



Mimosa #22
Nicki & Richard Lynch
P.O. Box 3120
Gaithersburg MD 20885

A double-cover by Peggy Ranson and Teddy Harvia is extraordinary even by the high standard of Mimosa covers. The usual fan history articles (we especially enjoyed Richard Brandt's account of how he got to be the Voice of God in San Antonio); Nicki L.'s editorial bemoans that SF and fandom have been usurped by media sci-fi.

Squiggledy Hoy #3
Bridget (nee Hardcastle) Bradshaw
19 Wedgewood Road, Hitchin,
Hertfordshire, SG40EX, U.K.

An irregular but engaging digest-format personalzine. The editor discusses her life; what went wrong with the "Getting Laid" panel at Corflu; TAFF results, how she got started in fanzines, and toffee. Small, but pleasantly assorted art, and some short letters. Definitely worth receiving.

Atlanta SFS Future Times Vol. 1 #'s 2,3,4
Ian Letendre
P.O. Box 98308
Atlanta GA 30359

Monthly (but mailed in batches) little club newsletter. Group news, movie reviews, convention listings. Seems like primarily a social group, with a media slant, and perhaps not a lot of ambition to do BNF type fanac. Which is perfectly fine with us...

MSFire vol 4 #3
Lloyd G. Daub
P.O. Box 1637
Milwaukee WI 53201

A handsome, bimonthly, digest genzine with multi-color printing. Joseph T. Major turns his analytical skills on "Fu Manchu"; regular columns on exploring websites (Lucinda Borkenhagen), space and science news (Oino Sakai); fanzine reviews and an enthusiastic lettercol. Consistently one of our favorite fanzines.

Thyme #121 bound with Australian SF News #81
Alan Stewart
P.O. Box 222, World Trade Center
Melbourne, Victoria, 3005, Australia

Unsolicited; a pleasant surprise from an aspect of fandom little known to us. Thyme has lots of news about awards, fan funds; an interview with Raymond E. Feist; short articles (Sue Bursztynski on writing groups, etc.), club listings, all sorts of stuff about Aussie fandom. ASFN seems to be mainly book reviews, some U.S./British reprints but mainly Australian SF. Clean and competent, and they stick to mainly one type face. Are we the only one who's noticed that if you run the name together (thymethymethyme) you get "meth"?

Vanamonde #'s 258-262
John Hertz
236 S. Coronado Street, #409
Los Angeles CA 90057

The editor's APA-L thing, which does sometimes cover SF (remarks on Starship

Troopers and Bring The Jubilee) and often wanders into whatever Hertz wants to talk about. It intersects with our areas of interest often enough that we have no problem trading for it.

Gecenschein #'s 79,80,81

Eric Lindsay
P.O. Box 640, Airlie Beach,
Queensland, 4802, Australia
[Note change of address.]

Actually a humongous stack of back issues, surface mail. (Really want to know? Okay, postmarked April 26, received July 9.) #79 is mostly a report on the editor's early '97 U.S. trip, and short book reviews. #80, book reviews and LOC's. #81, another trip-to-U.S. report (he sure gets around), followed by comments on his subsequent heart attack. And more book reviews. Slow down, man! There's time for everything. This, in contrast to Thyme, tells us more about Lindsay and not so much about Australian fandom.

Conferring With Earthquakes #2

Brin-Marie McLaughlin
247 19th Avenue, Apt. 6
San Francisco CA 94121

A small but attractive personalzine. The editor discourses on computer problems, Rotsler's legacy, a teacher she once knew. Also some letters. Very simple and clean in format. We just wonder if she plans to expand this in future.

scopus:3007 #8

Alexander Bouchard
P.O. Box 573
Hazel Park MI 48030

At 16 pages (yellow paper), somewhere in the gap between personalzine and genzine. Stuff about costuming, reports on San Antonio, short fanzine reviews and letters. Typical nice fillos by Birkhead, Foster, and Mayhew. An okay little zine with definite potential for improvement.

South Florida SFS Shuttle #134

Peter Barker & Shirlene Rawlik
P.O. Box 70143
Fort Lauderdale FL 33307

A steadily improving clubzine. Club news; some reviews of TV/books; articles (notably Adam Troy-Castro's combined New Mexico travelogue and Nebula Awards report) and some LOC's. A couple of white spaces where apparently art was intended that didn't show up? But generally getting better each time out.

The Mentor #93

Ron Clarke
P.O. Box K940, Haymarket, NSW,
1240, Australia

Amateur fiction; reports from far-flung corners of fandom (Pavel Viaznikov in Russia, Mae Strelkov in Argentina); a detailed analysis of the 1950's British TV show The Quatermass Experiment; four pages of computer-mumble. Frankly, we did not find much of interest here: maybe it will grow on us.

The Knarley Knaws #70

Henry L. Welch
1525 16th Avenue
Grafton WI 53024

A mid-sized, bimonthly genzine, with column by Alexander Bouchard; Ian Gunn's guide to customs Australian for con-going Americans; ongoing trip report by Don Pattenden, and lettercolumn with LOC's from the usual L-hacks. A solid little genzine, very neat in appearance.

The Freethinker #7

Tom Feller
P.O. Box 68203
Nashville TN 37206

An irregular personalzine with letter column. Feller compares movies to books (Contact, The Postman, Starship Troopers); other reviews and short articles. We had some difficulty getting into this because it had been so long -- over a year -- since the last, and at least one piece seems to be by someone way overdue to get his Prozac prescription renewed. Feller does a lot of other fanac (SFCB, con-running), and has a life besides: this appears not to be his highest priority.

FOSFAX #192
Timothy Lane & Elizabeth Garrott
P.O. Box 37281
Louisville KY 40233

The standard book, movie, etc reviews and con reports; Rodford Edmiston explains rocket fuels; the customary 35 pages of letters mostly about sociopolitics. The most regular large fanzine.

Opuntia #37.1
Dale Speirs
Box 6830
Calgary, Alberta T2P 2E7, Canada

Strange format: typed in two columns, then rotated 90° into digest form. This issue consists mainly of fanzine reviews: we get the sense that Speirs is interested more in fanzines as a generic form, than in SF/fandom.

Squib #4
Victor Gonzalez
905 NE 45th Street #106
Seattle WA 98105

Given to us by the editor at Worldcon. Gonzalez (who went anyway despite not winning TAFF), Jae Leslie Adams, and Eugene Doherty report on aspects of Corflu-U.K.; Julian Headlong proposes that "TAFF's time has passed" and it should be discontinued. The letter column is dense with fannish politics. Very clean format, with photographs; though perhaps a slightly lighter shade of paper would improve readability.

The Devniad, Book 40
Robert E. Devney
25 Johnson Street
North Attleboro MA 02760

An APA-zine: 12 pages of short quotes of things people said at Readercon. Some remarks were clever, a few interesting; but there's no context or continuity, just a jumble of quotes. (The effect was, apparently, deliberate.)

Visions Of Paradise #77
Robert Sabella
24 Cedar Manor Court
Budd Lake NJ 07828

A quarterly zine, mainly Sabella's personal journal and his views on literature (including but not confined to SF); his fanzine review this time focuses on Challenger. Also two pages of jokes, of which the one about the Pope and golf is actually pretty funny!

PhiloSFy #10
Alexander R. Slate
8603 Shallow Ridge Drive
San Antonio TX 78239

Reading them in quick succession, we noted for the first time how similar this is to Sabella's VOP: personal journal and reflections, short reviews, etc. Most readers seem to agree the decision to go to a full-page size has improved this already good fanzine.

Ansible #133
Dave Langford
94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire,
RG1 5AU, United Kingdom

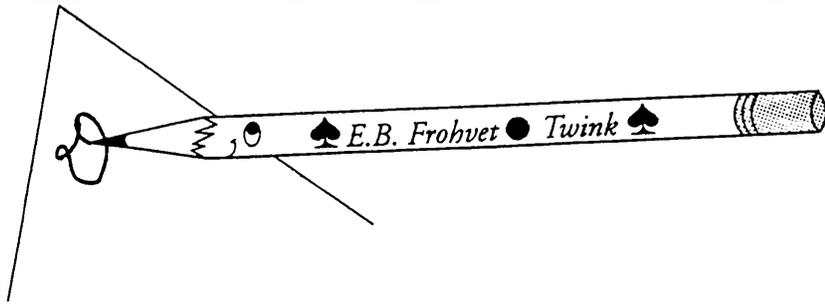
The famous monthly newszine, useful to fans in U.K., somewhat less so in the U.S. One double-sided sheet of tight prose. Its best moment is "Thog's Masterclass", excerpts from truly awful prose.

Outworlds #70
Bill Bowers
4651 Glenway Avenue
Cincinnati OH 45238

This huge (136 pp.) fanzine continues to amaze us. A horde of personal articles, including tributes to late fan Jackie Causgrove, are interspersed with photos, art, lists, poetry, name it. We'll be browsing in this for a week. If we still feel the format tends to overpower the material, chalk that up to a taste for simplicity. Or technological inadequacy on our part.

The Leighton Look # "I don't care" (sic)
Rodney Leighton
RR #3, Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia
BOK 1V0, Canada

An occasional 6-page personalzine, this one consisting of fanzine reviews (mainly but not all SF zines). Interesting views.



Rheaders Rhevenge

[[Editorial comments appear in the customary double brackets.]]

PATRICIA RUSSO
341 73rd Street
North Bergen NJ 07047

Twink has been and continues to be enjoyable to read. I do like the reviews, both yours and other people's (pace Alex Slate). I am very print-oriented, and will always read book reviews ahead of anything else in a publication -- so I hope you continue with the review sections, even expand the buggers.

[[The book review section is a permanent fixture (we say in defiantly sercon mode) even though, from reader response, it appears to be the section of least interest to many readers.]]

The Miscellany note about Trek-addiction was interesting -- but I think more study is needed. Trek-addiction and related syndromes (Blake's-7 addiction, Beauty & The Beast addiction, etc.) are the only "addictions" that people get over -- or some people get over -- because they have got enough of something. Nobody ever gets enough cocaine, or tobacco, or heroin. But there are many, many cases of people obsessed/addicted by a particular show... who burn with passion over it, and do Pitch Wild Fits if ever they are forced to miss said show, who must buy everything connected with said show, etc... Who one day, have Had Enough. Their obsession dies, because the hunger has been satisfied. -- Then, naturally, they go on to be obsessed/addicted by something else, but that's a whole 'nother research project.

[[Probably you're right, "obsessed" is

a better term than "addicted". As we recall, "addiction" was the word used in Psychology Today.]]

Ummm... They'd better have good quarantine facilities built before they bring anything back from Mars. Given the now-established probability of Mars once having been warmer and wetter, with lots of free water -- there's no certainty there aren't bacteria, spores, or other things lurking in the soil. And humans would have no immune defenses against such things, either.

[[What are we paying for this Space Station for (assuming it ever gets built, which looks increasingly iffy), if not to deal with exactly this sort of problem?]]

JOSEPH T. MAJOR
1409 Christy Avenue
Louisville KY 40204

The Mrid Audran stories had the problem that they really were not all that Islamic -- Marid lived in a thinly painted-over New Orleans. Though it is interesting to learn that in his recent bankruptcy, Effinger managed to keep control of his series characters, mostly because no one bothered to show up for the creditors. Now if you want to see a non-Western society, dig up The Man Of Gold and Flamesong by M.A.R. Barker, which present a society based on Central American, Amerind bases with Tamil and Islamic admixtures.

When Count Aral set up a "mandatory course at the Academy on legal and illegal orders", did he hire a one-armed vet named Dubois to teach the course? (I have so far about 7,000 words on Starship Troopers and may go up to 20,000 -- about a 60,000-word

book!)

[[Actually, it says Vorkosigan taught part of that class himself. // Long way to go. Look at the reams churned out about Moby Dick, and yet the author summed it up (in a letter to Hawthorne): "I have written an evil book."]]

I wonder if Marty Cantor is indicating what might make a good fanzine review for No Award #5 -- "The Fanzine You've Been Voting For For Years!"

Considering that there are people in the U.S. who are unaware that New Mexico is in the U.S., Lyn McConchie should not be surprised by the lack of knowledge about New Zealand. In Battle Cry, Leon Uris had a Marine demoted from corporal because he had written a letter home which said he now had a lot of "new zeal and" something, probably enthusiasm, and they found he had violated the censorship regulations about revealing where you were stationed.

As I recall they released minimum needed to get on the ballot when the nominations are announced, and numbers of nominators when the final results are announced. At least I have fifteen friends...

[[We'd hope more than that.]]

I have been known to put bacon in bagels. Canadian bacon does nicely, at 30 seconds per sandwich in the microwave.

Since Tom Sadler copies The Reluctant Famulus at home, you can understand that he is reluctant to increase his circulation too greatly. Perhaps he could be persuaded to do an e-zine.

My sister-in-law got married last weekend. The preacher was the same one who presided over Lisa's and my marriage. He did not call Esther "Lee". (You do recall the confusion and concern, when the Reverend Nash kept on addressing Lisa by her middle name...)

[[As we commented at the time, as long as Lisa's middle name was on the license, it should not be a legal problem. You could always ask a lawyer.]]

MARTY CANTOR
11825 Gilmore Street #105
North Hollywood CA 91606

Thank you for Twink Ten (or should that be I Twink you for thankten?). It really makes no nevermind as everybody knows that

I am terminally silly. I do have a few things to say about the issue and nothing you can do will stop me from saying it.

One of the things we old-timers know is that one should not distribute fanzines at cons, and most especially at Worldcons. Unless, of course, you do not want much in the way of response. Granted, distributing zines at cons does save on postage, however it seems to be some sort of fannish law of nature that zines distributed at cons... drop into some sort of black hole as far as getting LOC's in response. I thank you for sending me your zine via the mail... No Award #4 will be out some time in late August or September or whenever. (My favourite month seems to be the month of Whenever.)

[[Sorry if we didn't express that point clearly. Of course we mailed Twink to our regular mailing list. We're taking some extra copies to Worldcon: any response we get from them will be gravy.]]

Lyn McConchie writes about "The Cat As Art". Sorry, but it is to barf. I seem to be one of those rare fans who find the ecological niche occupied by cats would be better filled by small dogs... I am definitely an anti-cat fan.

[[Dogs adapt to their humans. Humans adapt to their cats. A matter of taste.]]

Sometimes I am very perceptive, sometimes I am not. I must say that I do not remember Andre Norton being in advance of the curve in race relations, and this may be because I have always been in advance of that curve myself and always tended not to notice that characters of colour were in works of fiction (and I started reading SF in the mid-40's) as my teenage and later years always included people of colour as equals... I was going to school with people of colour and always treated them as individuals...

You write, "No one does alien cultures better than Cherryh." I am not going to say that she does not do "good" alien cultures, but I maintain that Larry Niven, Hal Clement, and Poul Anderson are at least as good as Cherryh... and possibly, even better. In fact, I maintain that Niven & Pournelle writing of the Moties is perhaps the most fully realized and best-written ever depiction of an alien society.

[[Niven does alien worlds just fine. But he doesn't do people at all well: human or otherwise.]]

In your review of No Award #3 you write that it is a smallish genzine with larger ambitions. Actually, my ambition is to have enough money to produce the zine without every issue being a financial semi-disaster... If I could get more contributors I would not mind the issue being a bit larger. But I do draw the line at size. It is entirely possible that, currently, there are not enough fan writers to go around (as you write); more likely it is possible that No Award just does not appeal to some of the fanwriters who are getting it...

Vicki Rosenzweig writes some thought-provoking commentary about the role of women in fanzines. I can only write of my experience as a faned... I never considered the gender of contributors as of any importance whatsoever... I do remember that the only issue I ever did where I had an art editor (who produced all the artwork and all the headers) was when I "commissioned" Joan Hanke-Woods for the job. This was Holier Than Thou #4. At the time Joan was living in Chicago and all of this was done long distance. At the time, Joan had done little in fanzines and was known mostly as an artist whose work was to be seen in con art shows. I felt that Joan needed her work to be better known in fanzine fandom as I was greatly impressed by her stippling technique...

In your comment to my LOC you write, vis-a-vis the Best Fanzine Hugo: "...we have concluded the actual prospect of amending the eligibility requirements is too small to justify the effort involved."

It really all depends upon your ultimate goal. I was part of the effort to rewrite the Best Fanzine eligibility requirements (with one of the results being the creation of the Best Semi-prozine category) and I feel that the result was well worth the effort...

[[The WSFS Business Meeting is an authoritarian enclave, operated by BNF's for their own benefit, hiding behind a -- shaky superficial facade of democracy.]]

TRINLAY KHADRO
P.O. Box 24708
Brown Deer WI 53224

In regards to cat as art; is it just me but fans and zine material providers disproportionately owned by cats? Every ish of MSFire I've had winged-cat art or a cat poem. Last ish though it was a "pole cat". (I did cartoons of my ferret.)

[[Apparently not: see the previous letter. Someone will have to scrape Mr. Cantor off the ceiling when he sees our #12 cover...]]

I enjoyed the Andre Norton article, I read TONS of her work as a kid, and one of the things that's kept me an active SF reader over

the years has been the "integrated casts", not just peopled by strange ET's but by "regular" folks of various Terran extractions. Quite often we see "foreign" cultures lifted to provide cultures and nations in fantasy/SF. When it's done poorly it's painful to read; when it's done well it's fantastic.

[[The point of the articles: Up to, say, the mid-1960's, it was hardly done at all.]]

If you need further proof of the decline of literacy: for years in Milwaukee there was a seafood shipper with a truck that declared, "SHIRMP!"



Now, Buck! In regards to comments in the LOC about names: a couple years ago I did a "small press" book of a friend's poetry. In real life he's an accountant so he insisted on a pseudonym; so in the Colophon I said something to the effect of: "Poems by Ned Ludd (not his real name). A name isn't who he is, and any way, his friends all know it's him anyway." A pseudonym is a nym that is not your real nym. Though it might be suggested that on some level the names we give to ourselves are more "real" than the names on driver's licenses.

I'd also like to say that E.B.'s gender is no one's business unless he/she/it feels a need to disclose this really inconsequential piece of information.

I've noticed in my *ahem* years on-line that when people have presumed I'm a man they respond differently than when they've presumed I'm a woman. Even when I was very carefully self-referring in gender neutral terms people still presumed I was a man. In other forums when I posted about "home-ly" things, people presumed I was a woman... My opinions and articles weren't different, my use of language didn't change, only the posted "identity".

[[Although we're not on-line, one of the things we admire about "the net" is its racial and gender ambiguity. You can be whoever you want to be.]]

GUY LILLIAN III
P.O. Box 53092
New Orleans LA 70153

Right on regarding the Hugo nominations! It shows a repellent lack of imagination on the part of fandom and a lamentable lack of generosity on the part of multi-time winners for them to keep appearing, and often winning. Gunn or Mayhew for sure this year!

Thanks for the nice review.

[[It's very possible we'll nominate Challenger next year. Of course, with the system being the way it is...]]

SHERYL BIRKHEAD
23629 Woodfield Road
Gaithersburg MD 20882

Ooh... stark cover... mournful.

I really like Lyn McConchie's writing and, in the past, have asked her if any of her writing will be appearing here in U.S. publications (not Twink specifically) -- still haven't read any -- and the awards I believe mentioned cat poems, etc.

[[Lyn writes for a cat-fancier's zine in N.Z., and once copied a page for us to prove -- not that we doubted her -- the lady who runs it is "Twink McCabe"!]]

I've always enjoyed the Norton books -- never noticed the differences other than when they were critical to (therefore explicit in) the plot. One of these days RSN I need to re-read some of her books.

I've lost track of the Darkover books -- was interested because both my brother and sister are redheads.

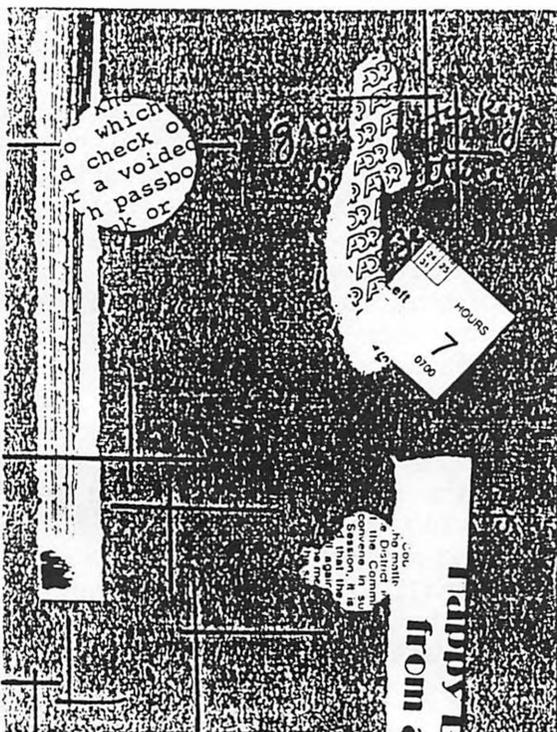
Okay -- now you've seen Ansible. Have you seen copies of Marty Cantor's previous zine? (Holier Than Thou.)

[[No. Trying to go back and stockpile notable fanzines from the past seems like too large a project. Our time in fanzine fandom is now.]]

Your comment about the raunchy anime' is about right -- I maintain the right to print it, but I choose not to be exposed to it if possible.

Thanks to Ed Meskys for Elliott Shorter's address. I must send a card.

In one Sabrina episode the principal kept saying the name; but in one bit the name seemed to be spelled on the chalk-board behind him as "Birckhead" -- but I'm



© Trinlay Khadro
trln@dias.net

not positive on that -- regardless, it sounds the same!

[[You could just show up on the set and claim "Val" as a long-lost cousin. (Of course the actress who plays the role might find that a little odd...)]]

I started my fannish dabbling with the N3F: nice to see Tightbeam mentioned (by Janine Stinson).

You could be on a Worldcon panel THIS year -- just volunteer -- I'm SURE you'd be welcomed!

STEVE SNEYD

4 Novell Place, Almondbury, Huddersfield
West Yorkshire HD5 8PB, United Kingdom

Thanks for (new) Twink -- mostly RAEBNC but a few reactions.

I've walked two of the ancient labyrinth/mazes surviving here: Hilton near Huntingdon, and Saffron Walden. I suspect how they "work" is a combination of disorientating factors: walking a very narrow spiralling track, forcing concentration, control dizzying effect of said spiral, and unconscious urge to speed up towards centre -- to produce a kind of drug like trance if done repetetively... ceremonies would no doubt have involved chants, mind-changing herbal drinks or whatever. Intriguing they've started creating new ones in U.S.

Re: misspellings (subset of Murphy's Law) -- one shop locally had a misspelled notice for years, owner said half his passing trade came from folk coming in to tell him his mistake, and ending up buying something!

[[First rule of advertising is to hook the customer's attention. We suspect Trinlay's seafood truck labelled SHIRMP! was equally a case of intended "error".]]

WM. BREIDING

P.O. Box 2322
Tucson AZ 85702

One of the interesting aspects of Twink is that you are doing a sort of open analysis of your fanzine ten issues into the project. That seems highly unusual. I would go Ted White and Robert Lichtman one step further and say that Twink reminds me of the "common" fanzine of the

1970's, as well... Therefore, Twink must be an archetypal middle-brow workhorse fanzine.

It's true that I found very little that deeply interested me in this 10th issue of Twink. The reviews were too minimal to be of either interest or use. Lyn McConchie's piece, while being a mood piece and love poem to felines, failed to move me; I kept wishing for research and deeper implication. Your own, apparently on-going piece about blacks in SF was probably the most successful of the issue -- I would be interested in seeing it in its entirety when you've decided that the series is concluded. The fanzine listings were of strong value for addresses. I have to get off my duff and start requesting fanzines instead of relying on editorial whim, as I have, since degafiating. The LOC's were, by and large, interesting.

...Like Ed Meskys, I too find it rather hard to understand why Ansible has accrued so many kudos and rockets. While Ansible is an admirably fannish newszine, which I very much enjoy going through, it displays none of the writing or content I would associate with a Hugo-winning zine. (I still agree with the essay my brother Sutton wrote in the 1970's, "No More Hugos"; I think fan awards of any sort are useless.)

I think the "editorial personality" that's being missed in Twink is inherent to what you are doing. You are vague on gender, race, and apparently... it's not your given birth name... These things, combined with the royal (or editorial) "we", make you seem pretentious, and that in turn causes distance... Dispense with trying to please others with an editorial persona that would satisfy them -- you've already chosen, created, and imbued your fanzine with an editorial persona. The problem lies in that you've chosen to allow the reader to know it's a persona... I find it odd, because you apparently do attend conventions and meet with fans locally. To what purpose does this serve you?

...I disagree, wholeheartedly, with the contention that your life would be uninteresting to the readership. No life is boring no matter how run of the mill... I, personally, would find it fascinating to know the genesis of your pen name and why you were compelled to do something

with it so public and personal as publishing an SF fanzine. There's a story there, for sure, and therein lies your real "editorial personality."

[[Charm, defined herein as the ability to make people like you and seek out your company, is in our view a natural talent: you got it or you don't. Years of experience have taught us that we don't.]]

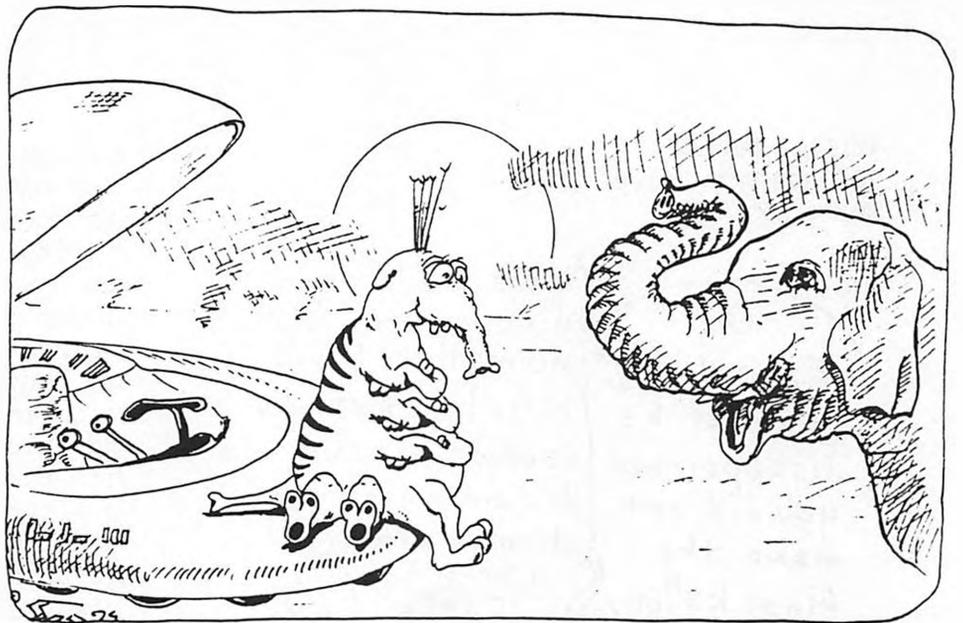
PATRICK MCGUIRE
7541-D Weather Worn Way
Columbia MD 21046

I thought I'd better put something into the mail right away to make sure I stay on your mailing list... You'll note I haven't managed to LOC FOSFAX in a while either: partly I've been put behind by further attacks of flu-like illness (I'm wondering about sick building syndrome now), and partly it's been work pressures similar to what Alex Slate describes...

I was fascinated by the current installment of "We're All African Anyway". Daybreak 2250 was one of the first SF books I read, and I re-read it many times, though not recently. But I remember nothing about Arskane's race. The all-black aviators do represent a problem, unless Norton wrote the book long before she got it published. I'm pretty sure that segregated black Air Force units would have been long gone before 1952. I had been wondering if maybe it had been mostly white aviators flying to a place where there were black women. I can't think of any such place coming equipped with "narrow desert valleys", however. Maybe the aviators did belong to integrated units, perhaps based in the U.S. south, and decided to head out for friendlier parts while their white colleagues mostly took their chances with the population near the ruined bases.

[[The U.S. military was gradually integrated, by order of President Truman, beginning after World War II. There were probably still segregated units in 1952, or at least, the concept would still have seemed familiar to white readers.]]

Somewhere (in Locus?) it was said that



David Brin's attitude toward The Postman movie was basically take the money and run, but that he thought it had turned out better than some of the intermediate screenplay versions had threatened. Myself, I thought the thing was over-long, but pretty much faithful to the spirit of the original. I don't think it was anything near the worst film of 1997. If Sphere came out before the new year... there was one worse film.

[[Since Roger Ebert is known to be an SF fan, we wonder if Gene Siskel doesn't sometimes go out of his way to trash SF films just to tweak his long-time friend and partner.]]

BOBBI SINHA-MOREY
30 Canyon View Drive
Orinda CA 94563

I'm glad to see that someone brought up the subject of figure skating in issue #10 of Twink. Just a couple of weeks ago I got the chance to see "Champions On Ice" live in San Jose. It was wonderful, and I want to note that Nicole Bobek did much better this time while others like Michelle Kwan badly slipped and Surya Bonaly fell on her butt... Someone at the Olympics said that Nicole was usually on or off, but at "Champions On Ice" she was on.

[[Nicole has style and charisma to burn; but if she starts making mistakes, she tends to lose interest, and thus makes more mistakes. When she's "on", she can be spellbinding (e.g. '95 Nationals).]]

TEDDY HARVIA
701 Regency Drive
Hurst TX 76054



[[On his variety show in the 1980's, the black comedian Flip Wilson had a joke he used to tell to white guests: "When we take over, I'll look out for you!" Same principle exactly.]]

ROBERT "BUCK" COULSON
2677 W 500 N
Hartford City IN 47348

No, don't send me your story; I'm up to my ass in books, plus the necessity of straightening out the hardcover library... so that I can get around in it without knocking over stacks of books on the floor, and my desk, and the fanzine pile, which threatens to topple over any day now... Something Has To Be Done.

Having only one Hugo to our credit, I tend to blame the sloppy reading habits of modern fans for the multiplicity of Hugos some fanzines have received. And I doubt if it can be changed by changing the rules. If one fanzine has been declared ineligible, fans will simply concentrate on another one, and barring fanzines from competition after they've acquired a

certain number of rocketships will end with undeserving titles getting them. (Which has already happened: back when Juanita and I were publishing, one winner was a very sloppy and none too intelligent production devoted to a popular writer.)

Since we have a very dumb cat, I have some quibbles about "The Cat As Art". Ours is definitely not graceful; he falls over and into things, sprawls on the floor with his tail sticking out and waiting to be stepped on, and our dog has at least twice his intelligence, probably more. An art study he ain't. I'll admit that most cats present a better appearance than this, but he's the second stupid cat we've owned, so they're not that uncommon.

FRANZ MIKLIS
A-5151 Nussdorf 179
Austria

My dear Beauty or Beast [[Don't we have another choice?]], thanks a lot for Twink Ten, again a substantial, enjoyable and informative faanish ish.

With the highest pleasure I followed the statements after Rodney's hot article about female fandom and couldn't resist a quick sketch after I read Cat Mintz' LOC and your suggestion to invite good ole Rod to the ladies' fandom corner.

[[Next page. Thank you, but you and Harvia have totally helixed up our art rotation system! Ah, the travails of the lonely faned! We ought to write an article about it...]]

A nice read was your short bio that made the mystery even more mysterious. Accomplished words about cats from Lyn. I fully agree and shall send nice schnurries from "Josephine Mutzenbacher" (our Mother cat) and her two little babies "Vincent" and "Amadeus", both wonderful Works of Art in five colors.

Re: Joseph T. Major: I read a lot about Bob Silverberg's visit to former East Germany (DDR) and his impressions of Dresden and Berlin. I also know the situation of the DDR writers but don't see it that dramatic. If Silverberg were in Budapest or Bukarest or Sofia he wouldn't hear other things, now that the rough wind of the free market is blowing through former "safe havens". And like in



the U.S. the market in Germany is dominated by a small number of publishing houses who determine the taste of the readers (or better: react on bad taste). Anyway there are a number of DDR authors who try to convince West German readers they are readable and go the long and rocky way. I've illustrated stories from the known DDR author Rolf Krohn ("Blaues Licht") and Karlheinz Steinmüller ("Wort-Visionen") in the excellent East German semiprozines Alien Contact and Andromeda.

Anyway we can't change the free market, we should rather lament the public taste that demands daily junk like Star Trek or Perry Rhodan instead of an occasional dining with an excellent writer in a superb Restaurant of Fantasy.

CATHERINE MINTZ
1810 S. Rittenhouse Square, #1708
Philadelphia PA 19103

Well, I don't know, it's possible that I've gotten tired of segregation, both in fact and as a term, and boredom blurs my judgement, but often those with a similar interest just want to hang around with one another for a while. Sometimes these people are male or female, and sometimes they are white or black. What matters, I think, is not that groups united by a single trait go off into separate corners, but that they all come out and mingle too. Eventually this male/female and black/

white stuff will be no more remarkable than there being mostly model railroad enthusiasts at a model railroading convention.

[[The fruit that grows from defining the world in us-vs.-them terms: slavery, Treblinka, Bosnia, Japanese-American internment camps, firebombing children in Ulster and Alabama... Extreme examples?]]

On a different topic completely, I couldn't imagine having trouble with the first 100 pages of LOTR, but then I recalled that I've always been sorry I didn't read The Hobbit as a child. When I did belatedly get to it, it was as an afterword to LOTR, and the older book seemed childish and dated. The beginning of LOTR is actually a smooth segue from the earlier story, intended for younger children.

[[We didn't know The Hobbit existed, started reading LOTR cold at a time when we had read very little fantasy, and had difficulty getting into it. At first.]]

Creative spelling. Well, it's been the norm for thousands of years... Still, I was relieved when a local lunch place closed... They were famous for such items as "toss salad" and "hot turkey sand witch". Remember too, there are people without the benefit of spell-checkers and often with accents. I recently got a computer-generated report that consistently referred to something "brinz", a quite accurate transcription of how they say

"bronze" in South Philadelphia. It was a delicate business explaining why nearly 300 copies had to be reprinted.

[[We especially enjoy the sportscasters -- apparently most of them -- who say "accurate" in two syllables. As in, "He threw that ball real akkrut."]]

STEVE JEFFERY
44 White Way, Kidlington,
Oxon, OX5 2XA, United Kingdom

Thanks for Twink Ten -- very nice cover to this by Margaret B. Simon. I'm not sure I know of Margaret. Must admit, I'm not too taken with some of the inside fillos, but the cover is rather classy.

I really do fail to see why you are so annoyed about the Hugos, to the extent of trying to change the rules as to who is eligible (e.g. no previous winners). Doesn't this devalue it into a division two award?

[[We never said "no previous winners". The rule we'd like to see is if someone has won three Hugos in a particular class, they would be ineligible for three years, then they could be nominated again.]]

And frankly, I don't think Twink is (yet) Hugo material. It hasn't developed a strong focus, or possibly an agenda, that seems to mark Hugo-nominated zines like Mimosa. However, I'm a Brit, and we reserve our ire and spleen (or we used to, in the days when people took these things far more seriously) for the Novas, or -- for written SF -- the BSFA Awards and the Arthur C. Clarke Award, to which the nominations and winners of the Hugos bear very little relation.

Shame you didn't quite know what to make of Colin Greenland's Take Back Plenty. (Hint: read Colin's actual description of Tabitha Jute in the text -- coffee colour skin, small breasted, untidy wiry black hair -- and compare the cover of the AvoNova edition. Then, if you can, Jim Burns' painting for the U.K. Voyager editions...) If you can get over the aversion to the slobbishness -- she gets quite a bit worse in the sequel, probably the ultimate antithesis to Heinlein's "competent man" -- I'd urge you to persevere. It's very funny. Again, maybe it's a Brit thing.

[[We found the book derivative, badly written, and totally lacking in humor -- the character's slovenly behavior was just one of many things we disliked about it. But it's just one person's opinion.]]

In your review of PhiloSFy, you comment on the strangeness of LOC's being perused by members of the clergy. Here, we have the Rev. Lionel R. Fanthorpe, leather clad biker priest, writer of hundreds... of dodgy SF books... (banged out under various "house names" at the rate of about one every three days), and writer and presenter of Fortean Times weirdness on TV. A fannish hero of sorts.

I tried a workshop on Chinese brush painting a while ago. It looks simple (so do Rotsler illos) but incredibly difficult to achieve since it requires absolute confidence to get the basic line down in one fluid movement... I have only rarely managed to catch a sketch of Enki that works; he shifts about constantly, and sprawled out as gracelessly as only a cat can manage, he always seems to have the wrong number of limbs.

I second Vicki Rosenzweig's recommendation of Russ's How To Suppress Women's Writing. I dare any male reviewer or critic, however enlightened they think they are, not to be slightly abashed.

I did like Marty Cantor's observation that fans let the rest of fandom know more about themselves "than most of fandom probably wants to know". Between the trivial and the confessional, that's probably a fairly accurate (if slightly cruel) summary of what fanzine fandom is about.

Columbia sounds nice, if possibly a bit on the artificially planned side, though much more pleasant than the regimented planned "new towns" of Milton Keynes and Telford. Does it work?

[[Clean, well maintained, stable property values, relatively low crime rate, good schools. There seems to be no shortage of people who move here of their own free will.]]

CUYLER W. (NED) BROOKS JR.
4817 Dean Lane
Lilburn GA 30047

[Note another change of address]

Many thanks for the Twink #10. Look forward to meeting you at the Worldcon. I thought I might come on the train, as I am helping out at a dealer's table and the dealer already has my books, but my nephew wants to come as well, and two round-trip tickets would cost nearly \$500. So I guess I will drive.

Note the new COA, the Decatur address is my mother's house. At least I don't have to worry that anything sent there will be lost. There is a forwarding order from the Newport News address, but I expect mail will still be going there a year from now when the order expires.

The move turned out to weigh nearly 50,000 lbs, with 400 book boxes and 200 others, and little furniture other than bookcases. It filled two full-size semis. Ghu knows when I will get it all sorted out.

I'm your only Georgia address? That's odd, there are lots of fans here. I haven't had time to talk to any of them yet, except Hank Reinhardt, who alas is in the hospital. I suppose southern fandom has always been a little insular. I remember I told the founder of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance that I thought the emphasis on southernness was silly, but I have been a member for 30 years. The OE is now a lady who lives in Boulder CO!

I would think insurance claims would be a fairly interesting business. Reinhardt was an industrial insurance inspector for several years... and I was a facility safety head for NASA for years before I retired, sort of related fields.

[[The job has its moments, but mainly it's responding to people's ignorance of basic elements of the law -- e.g. among many, that standard homeowner's insurance does not cover damage by flood. (Or by war or civil insurrection, though those seldom actually come up.)]]

I don't know who dreamed up the expensive negative-pressure lab for NASA to look at Martian rocks in -- it may have been imposed on them by one of the nitwits in Congress... Perhaps when you are dealing with the unknown you have to cover all the bases. I wouldn't be surprised if no living bacteria are found -- I wonder how careful they are not to contaminate Mars with Terran bacteria?

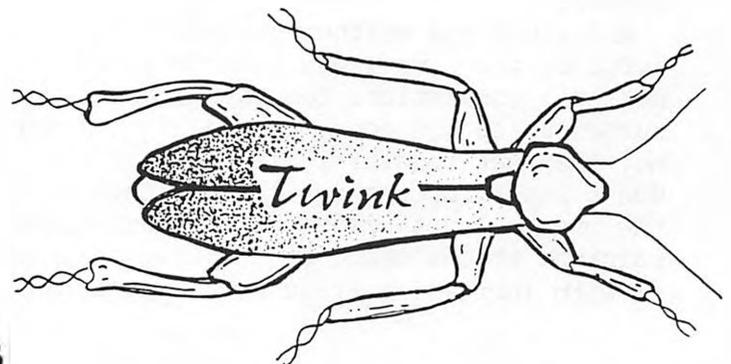
LYN McCONCHIE
Farside Farm, Ngamo'ko Road
R.D. Norsewood 5491, New Zealand

Well, Ciara's Song should be out in the States by now. First reviews are appearing with a very favourable one in the Cat Fancy Yearbook, and a good one in the (USA) Romantic Times. Keep an eye out for reviews of my work as I send good ones to Andre and Warners. I'm delighted with the cover, done by the same artist as did Keplian. He produces work which matches events within AND agrees with my description of characters. The failure of these things happening is an ongoing source of infuriation to authors.

And on the first of the discussions in Twink -- law based stories. On law based work you can add my two Witch World novels. In The Key Of The Keplian, the law which triggered events said a 15-year-old was not competent to live alone and must be domiciled with guardians. Eleeri ended up running because to satisfy this law, the Welfare would have handed her back to relatives who had already abused her years earlier. And don't say that doesn't happen. The courts are full of cases where despite proven abuse, children are returned to the abuser and subsequently re-abused...

[[In theory, a minor who has clearly shown to support her/himself and make sensible decisions, can petition for emancipation: to be declared the legal equivalent of an adult. Rare, but there is precedent for it.]]

In Ciara's Song, the Duke of Kars orders the 'three-times horning', effectively declaring an entire section of the populace of Karsten as outlaws. It was legal that he do so under Kars law. But it was a gross abuse of a law and a grosser abuse of the many innocents it destroyed. But again the whole story hinges on that one law and its misuse. Sigh. The problems



with laws. They are made to be used for the benefit of society and so often they are abused to the detriment of the people.

And since you've now covered "We're All African Anyway" in Andre's books, what about a followup article on Native Americans in her work? I continued that in Keplian for two reasons. One is that I feel drawn to the Comanche people, the other is that of all Native American races they are still the most hated for their original custom of child-stealing. I don't know if they really did or not... However the prejudice on that score apparently continues.

And on "Where Are The Ladies Of Fandom?" Good question. Looks as if they may be at this end of the world. I was at our Natcon last month and there's no shortage or imbalance here. Seems to be a slightly higher number of males in Australia, but not hugely so...

On another topic -- sigh! I can only agree with your review of Take Back Plenty. I got two of the Plenty books on a recommendation from a friend of his. I couldn't get into either and they ended up almost unread and dumped. \$35 down the drain.

[[See Steve Jeffery's LOC. There you are, Steve, it isn't just us and our American viewpoint that failed to appreciate the books.]]

May arrived with a burst of chilly weather and went out with our Natcon. I was suiteing with two other writer pals. The three of us had a pleasant friendly time over the four days. I won't go into the con, but the highlight for me was meeting Michael Hurst (Iolaus from TV's Hercules), finding he's a genre fan and being able to offer him a copy of Keplian which he received with pleasure as he's a Norton/Witch World fan too and hadn't seen the book before. I then had to sign it and felt quite odd signing something for a bloke who's usually signing stacks for others.

And since the weather promptly went awful by the time I was back from the national Convention, Dean and Dianne turned up at the door with an airhorn for me. They get regular calls on my phone. I don't mind trotting out to call them to the phone -- not unless it's freezing and raining. Which, since it's Winter, is now so with increasing frequency. They'd had

me outside their house truck yelling for them and looking like a drowned rat just before the con, so they conferred. An airhorn seemed to be the answer. I give one longer blast for Dean, two short for Dianne, and "HELP, HELP, COME QUICK" is one continuous blast. So far it's working very well. But it does surprise visitors. I had a writer friend stopping a couple of hours on the way between major cities. Di's brother phoned and it was pouring. I excused myself, grabbed the airhorn, whipped open the door, extended the horn past the flyscreen and let rip. 30 seconds later Di arrived, scooting damply through the door. When I went back to my friend she was sitting there with her mouth hanging open.

ROBERT LICHTMAN
P.O. Box 30
Glen Ellen CA 95442

Congratulations on reaching double digits in issue numbers! It would appear you're in for the long haul, and I applaud your tenacity in sticking to the schedule you've assigned the fanzine. In this issue's colophon, I'm moved to ask if any one took you up on your offer to trade for birdseed.

[[No. There's an anecdote about a woman who sent some home-canned preserves, or some such, to MS., because she didn't have the money for a subscription, and they sent her the magazine.]]

During the years I was most avid as a reader of SF, I somehow managed to avoid reading any stories by Andre Norton. I don't recall exactly why, but I guess it's my loss. I think I once tried to read Star Gate but bogged down for some reason long forgotten. I also didn't know she was from Cleveland, the city from which I also originally hail... I was also unaware that her writing career stretched back to the 1930's. Regarding your comment that nuclear and/or biological war were seen as perhaps "inevitable" back in the 1950's, I certainly recall it that way. It was that backdrop that made things like the Cuban Missile Crisis ... more frightening.

In your reviews, I was unaware that there was, apparently recently, a TV movie made of Huxley's Brave New World. Too bad, because it's something I would've liked to

see. Would you please mention which network or cable station it was on, so I can look for it to possibly be re-run? I must see Mr. Spock as Mustapha Mond. (You might guess that Brave New World was one of the books I read and re-read as a teenager, and you would be right.)

[[If memory serves, NBC, and it was fairly well advertised in advance. It may be re-run, or check Blockbuster to see if it's been released on video cassette.]]

I agree with Joseph Nicholas that Opuntia is an overlooked fanzine, perhaps not worthy of a Hugo but definitely worth receiving. It comes out roughly monthly. Since you say you have not seen it, let me give you the editor's name and address: Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, T2P 2E7, Canada.

Regarding your response to Steve Jeffery, "If the identity game goes, do we have enough left to be an interesting fanzine?" -- I would say definitely yes. You've surmounted your anonymity. Since Marty Cantor hasn't seen previous issues, I would add that your editorial personality has already "jelled".

You say you're "semi-vegetarian". Me, too. What non-vegetarian foods do you indulge in? Next time you come visit your brother in California, it'd be nice to meet you if you're so inclined.

[[Venison. (Screams of outrage: "You shot Bambi?" "No, somebody else shot him, we just ate the sucker. Hey, he was dead already!") // Maybe next year. Are there any regular cons in the Bay area?]]

MURRAY MOORE
2118 Russett Road
Mississauga, Ontario
L4Y 1C1, Canada

[note change of address]

If I receive no fan mail tomorrow, Twink #10 will be the last fanzine received by me at 377 Manly Street, Midland, our home since October 1983...

We are moving in with Mary Ellen's

mother, with as much of our stuff as will fit. When our house sells, the rest will go into storage. I will complete my Information Technology course, the end of October. Where I will be employed thereafter is unpredictable. Another move in 1999, will not be surprising.

Presumptuously, on behalf of all Twink readers who will not be attending the 1998 Worldcon, might I suggest a photo of yourself, printed in the forthcoming Twink, is in order?

[[Photographs don't copy well in the system we use; but see Teddy Harvia's portrait, a little earlier in the letter column.]]

Cats. I am a cat person. But I have read enough about cats in fanzines for the immediate future. Cats have been a subject in three of the last four fanzines I have read.

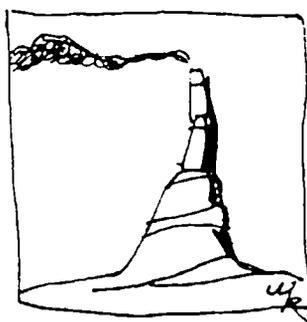
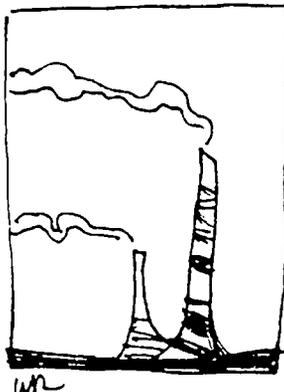
[[Okay, people: next issue, birds. Or fish.]]

Andre Norton populating her novels with other-than-white characters did not register with me, as a teenage reader in the 1960's. Star Guard is one of the eight Norton Ace paperbacks on my shelves. Her The Last Planet, triggers even now the thrill of sense of wonder. I was exactly the right age to read it. For that reason, I will always be nostalgic about the name Andre Norton.

I can't get worked up about the meaningfulness of the Fan Hugos. An award is an indication of quality. The more knowledgeable the voters, the more meaningful the results. I heard one Fanzine Hugo winner tell another Fanzine Hugo winner, and I do not quote but give the essence of the message: "It don't mean nothin."

HARRY WARNER JR.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown MD 21740

Although I'm not psychic, I think I can see a pattern involving many distant homes. All over the nation, fans on Twink's mailing list are preparing to pack for the



Worldcon. As a result of your paragraphs ... each of these fans will be making certain to include a pair of white jeans, a pink shirt, and a note to himself to remember to get a draft beer at the proper time. So on Friday evening, August 7, fans will begin to saunter up around 6:00 PM to Edgar's Billiards Club in Baltimore, wearing those garments and carrying the beer in one hand. Before 7:00 PM there will be dozens of them milling around. Each will claim to be the true creator of "E.B. Frohvet" and will advise curious fans to disregard the claims of every other alleged EBF in the vicinity. You had better start right now to figure out a way to prove you're you to the crowd of imposters.

[[No, we'd helpfully identify someone else as the "real" Frohvet. If we could stop laughing so hard... Someone suggest a place in Chicago -- at Chicon 2000 we'll have the "Frohvet party", everyone wears white jeans and pink shirt!]]

I agree with Lyn McConchie that cats are naturally artistic in their appearance and motions. But I would include one caveat for that generalization: it applies only to dry cats. A cat that has fallen into a pond or has been out in a deluge during a thunderstorm loses all its ability to inspire artists and photographers.

Nor was I aware that Perry Rhodan has resurfaced in the U.S. Apparently his latest emergence suffers from the same problem that afflicted his paperback series in this nation: lack of a prosperous publisher with the money and knowhow to publicize the series and get first-rate distribution... I have always wondered, however, if the lack of success the stories suffered in the past could be partly blamed on the hero's name. "Perry" is just about the worst possible name for a protagonist, not only because it causes people to think of an attorney, but also because it's practically extinct as a name for male babies over here.

Besides, "Rhodan" sounds entirely too much like "rodent".

[[It always made us think of that big bat-pterodactyl flapping over Tokyo...]]

Pavlovian reflex caused me to assume that the lack of proper by-line for Adrienne Martine-Barnes on the cover of

Exile's Song was another example of the behavior that Marion Zimmer Bradley occasionally indulges in. The common sense caused me to think of Marion in a more charitable way... The book industry tries so hard to sell its product by the name of the author nowadays. Darkover enthusiasts who might wonder if they should buy one of the series with Adrienne's name prominent on the spine, would undoubtedly grab it instantly, no questions asked, when they saw Bradley as the author.

[[The several people who have co-written with Anne McCaffrey or Andre Norton get named on the cover. The problem lies in marketing books, like toilet paper, as just another "product".]]

I suppose Lyn McConchie knows best about the cause of the damage to her water trough. But I couldn't help wondering if some of her sheep had gotten themselves interested in bondage and had caused this difficulty in much the same way as human bondage fans created so much trouble to a con's hotel recently.

HENRY L. WELCH
1525 16th Avenue
Grafton WI 53024

Thanks for Twink #10. Your fanzine must be gifted in some strange fashion since it is the only one this year to receive two real mail LOC's as opposed to postcards of comment or e-mail LOC's.

You might not be so ready to agree about all 3-year-olds once you have one in residence. Most everyone has heard of the "terrible twos", but not everyone knows that they are followed by the "troublesome threes". Our current 3-year-old (Kyle, soon to be 4) can be quite a source of frustration. Not only does he have a temper (he can put on a mad with the best of them) but his typical response to adversity is a very high-pitched scream (something you might expect with an amputation, despite only perhaps dropping his toy on the floor) and then lots of whining and carrying on. He'll grow out of it eventually...

Sis'kel overrates the crudity of The Postman. I have clearly seen many lousier movies in 1997 and would really fault the movie for being too long and miscasting

the lead character (Costner wasn't very believable in the part). Having never read Brin's original story I cannot comment on its trueness to the written version.

RODNEY LEIGHTON
RR #3, Tatamagouche,
Nova Scotia, BOK 1V0, Canada

I arrived home to find Twink #10 in the mailbox. I had a couple of cigars and smoked them and read Twink. Read all of it I intend to (the article about blacks doesn't create any interest for me) the same day it arrived. First time that has happened since... well, Twink #9 I guess.



On Thursday, I spent part of the day (the job I am on only requires brain power about 20% of the time) wondering if Vicki was mistaken or if not, why Karen uses the Gunn name at all. Arrived home to find Pinkette #16d and the lack of marriage confirmed by the lady herself. Gotta write and ask why she uses Pender-Gunn.

Thanks for the information about Esther Friesner. Roaming about a convenience store yesterday, I spotted a recent F&SF with her name on the cover and bought it.

Great little story; I read it last night and greatly enjoyed it. I got an offer to join this book club; one of those 6 books for a buck things... Looking at the books offered, I found I could get the newest Koontz books, and Did You Say Chicks by Esther. And Harry Turtledove's How Few Remain. And the complete Book Of Swords by Fred Saberhagen.

I was both pleased and disappointed with the response to my essay. Pleased that it generated a fair amount of response; disappointed that there hasn't been any real effort at answering the question. Pleased that some people I hoped would respond did; disappointed that some seem to feel it was a vehicle for me to garner illicit sex or some such. Lots of small press venues in which one can find photos of naked babes. SF fandom doesn't appear to be one.

...I do understand that Leah Smith apparently spends her time at cons and that Yvonne Penney makes colorful shirts (I take extra large, OK?) and Juanita Coulson does filking which I don't quite understand what it is, and Letha Welch is spending her time with kids and crafts. The thing I have been wondering is: where are the women who write fanzines?

Did I mention that I guess I will clip that Margaret Simon cover and tack it to my wall?

P.S. I can think of about nine fans named Steve. Good luck cornering the market.

P.P.S. I think the Peggy "Ransom" typo was mine. I thought of a good line for that too but... ah, what the hell? Peggy's so hot that she creates all kinds of straight lines in me.

RUSSELL CHAUVENET
11 Sussex Road
Silver Spring MD 20910

...I settled down to enjoy Ten which is rather well produced and which I thank you for sending to me. Sometimes... I receive in apparent trade for Detours a fanzine which I consider better than Detours. But I am a member of First Fandom so my roots go back to the days when it was normal etiquette to write to the editor and send a 25¢ piece affixed by

gummed tape, creating the STICKY QUARTER SYNDROME.

[[That's one on us. Is anyone else familiar with this custom?]]

You have delicate sensibilities and a fine fanzine. I'll even go so far as to forgive you for the lost "LE" in your title, tho my strongest childhood memory is of watching stars while waiting for the occasional bolide to make a better show.

[["Delicate sensibilities". Huh?]]

I have to say the cover of Twink #9 is very good. I did not understand the cover of Twink #10. Keeps life sort of interesting to have puzzles.

LLOYD PENNEY

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Many excellent fan artists are not seen by Americans who make up the vast majority of Hugo nominators. Ian Gunn is lucky in that his vast fanzine exposure makes him visible to American eyes. I have nominated Larry Stewart, Juanne Michaud, and Larry deSouza for Hugos, knowing they'll never win, but the nomination is deserved.

[[Not familiar with their work. We did applaud with enthusiasm this year's Hugo going to Joe Mayhew, and his gracious speech urging fans to pray for the ill Ian Gunn.]]

For black readers of SF (too few of them) today is a brighter day. Chip Delany, Octavia Butler, and one of Canada's newest talents, Nalo Hopkinson, all use SF to analyze thier own problems with whites dealing with blacks. Today, we judge a writer by their talents, not by the colour of their skin.

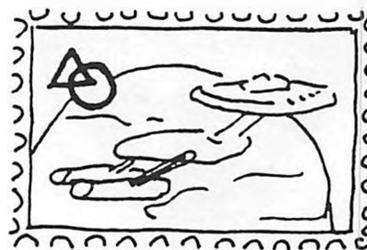
I must write to Guy Lillian again. I never got the newest Challenger! You know a fanzine is good when you miss it. I must check again, but I'm sure I never got it. I see another COA for Ned Brooks. I guess Ned finally found his own place in Georgia. Also, Benoit Girard has a change himself, from Cap-Rouge to Quebec City. I wish he could hear the praise given to the late, lamented Frozen Frog. Benoit isn't gafia, but is now feeling more restricted because of his newly divorced status. Contact him at frozfrog@clic.net.

I see Bill Bridget has memories of the Cylon subway at the Atlanta airport. I've been through it twice now (1986 going to the Atlanta Worldcon, and 1992 on my way to the Orlando Worldcon). Each time, if you laughed at anything the automated announcer said and mumbled, "By your command" afterwards, and anyone else in your train car laughed, you knew who was going to Worldcon. In '86, half of my car was going to ConFederation, and we laughed our heads off, which of course, mystified the other half of the car...

Marty Cantor will love this: finding more and more faneds leaving the Web to go back to paper. Irish faned Tommy Ferguson will probably go totally onto the Web some time in future, but will probably go back to paper for the next fanzine he produces. Canadian west coast faned Andrew Murdoch also plans the same thing. Paper allows the eye-pleasing balance of typography, graphics, and white space.

[[We hear that Ted White's new fanzine will have both paper and electronic existence.]]

The autumn does hold some interesting times. In October, Yvonne and I will be going to Con*Cept in Montreal as Canadian Unity Fan Fund winners, to attend and write up a report. I am also nominated for another Aurora, so perhaps I can take another neat little trophy home.



LeANN SMITH
2020 SW Leewood Drive
Aloha OR 97006

Thank you for Twink #10, I enjoyed reading it very much. I must confess however to having been found out: I am not really an "official" fanzine fan. I guess I gave myself away when I accidentally admitted to reading SF/fantasy in the Knarley Knews. Mrs. Knarley and I met on an AOL cross stitch chat board, and have been corresponding semi-regularly

ever since. Our both being SF fans was sheer coincidence, helped along by the fact that we were both into fantasy-type patterns. I have enjoyed reading the zines I have received, however. I suppose this could lead to official fanzinedom, but I doubt it since I have trouble keeping up casual correspondence, let alone attempting a regular column or zine of my own. I am female though, so I want the extra-credit points.

My husband and I are both regular congoers and occasional staffers, mostly in the Pacific NW, with an occasional Worldcon thrown in. We do read lots of SF and fantasy, as well as bunches of other stuff. I also will admit to being a filking fan, but have not yet succumbed to costuming. My latest read was The Final Diagnosis by James White... A fast, popcorn read; two days, no big surprises, but I like them well enough to keep buying them. I'm having an impossible time filling in some of the earlier books from his "Sector General" series, another victim of the great backlist die-off. I will have to say this has changed my buying habits, and not the way the publishers would like. I won't buy a book in a series unless I can buy all of the preceding volumes; book 4 stays at the store unless they have books 1-3 available. Portland has some great used book stores, but it's getting harder and harder to find the old favorites.

[[Having belatedly noticed that problem, some publishers -- e.g. DelRey, Baen -- are re-issuing first volumes of popular series at reduced prices. A small step in the right direction, but the problem will not go away as long as publishing decisions are made by computers and bean-counters.]]

JOY V. SMITH
8925 Selph Road
Lakeland FL 33810

[note change of address]

Slowly catching up after moving, see COA.

Glad to see Part III of your series on black characters in SF and your tribute to Andre Norton's books. She deserves a lot of credit.

Nice cover. I always admire your use of title graphics.

[[If you knew how we actually do the title graphics, you'd probably be appalled.

Let's just say, a very low-tech system.]]

Good selection of zine, book and movie reviews. Enjoyed your bio too. Look forward to learning even more about you.

ROBERT M. SABELLA
24 Cedar Manor Court
Budd Lake NJ 07828

My feelings are very similar to your own about those few people who win Hugo after Hugo ad nauseam, both fans and pros... Were I a congoer I would certainly attend business meetings and push for a "term limit" on Hugo Awards in such categories as Artist, Editor, Semi-prozine, Fanzine, Fan Writer and Fan Artist... Shouldn't somebody else get a chance to be recognized occasionally?

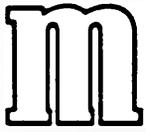
My thoughts are either three awards for life, or perhaps one year restricted from the ballot after every Hugo Award won. Both ideas have pros and cons... Should three awards in the 1990's ban somebody from winning another Hugo twenty years later? "One year on -- one year off" at least allows the best people to compete on a regular basis...

I enjoyed the discussion of Andre Norton's use of blacks in her SF. You certainly seem to have read a lot of her fiction. Alas, I have only read two Norton novels -- The Sioux Spaceman when I was a teenager, and The Jargoan Pard many years later. I liked them both, but somehow I always envisioned Norton as primarily a fantasy writer and did not seek out other of her books.

My immediate impression of Johnny Carruthers' reviews was why is he wasting valuable reading time on Perry Rhodan magazine and Star Trek Sketchbook? I recall a comment by Lewis Shiner that we only have time to read a limited number of books in our lifetime, so why waste any time on mediocre stuff?

* * *

[[WAHF: Bill Bridget, Joseph Nicholas, John Hertz, Steve Davies, Maureen Speller, Phil Tortorici (sent us more art for later issues), Trinlay Khadro (sent us an origami dragon, now on the counter next to the fishbowl full of wine corks [don't ask]), and some of the rest of you.]]



You're teaching Science Fiction 102, a survey course, at the local college. Assume your students are mostly mundanes who have not read much SF. You must now select the Required Reading List for the course: not more than 15 SF books which will give the students an overview of the genre. Next issue, we'll collate your responses, see which if any books got multiple listings, and explain our selections.

QUOTE OF THE DAY

"There comes a point where the old college try and the never-give-up kind of stuff becomes, uh, just really hard to justify and reality starts raising its head."
-- Dan Gurney

The coefficient of friction between rubber (e.g. bicycle tires) and wet, pressure-treated lumber (e.g., footbridge on path after rain) is not all it could be.

Something we've been meaning to do for a long while now: This summer, we visited the grave of President Kennedy. The site, on a hillside in Arlington National Cemetery, is dignified if unspectacular. What struck us most was that people maintained absolute silence at the actual grave. People looked, a few took pictures, we saw one man cross himself; nobody spoke.

Hops was originally added to beer, not as a flavoring, but as a preservative. Germans acquired a taste for the bitter flavor of hops. Most breweries in North America were founded by German immigrants, so most American beer is German in style. The British and Irish only slowly acquired that taste, and it's still not universal, so you have things like Guinness, which is lamentably sweet to the American palate.

Story Project Update: For newcomers to Twink, the S.P. consists of our sending out the same story over and over, and reporting on the results. Speculative Fiction & Beyond (now an e-zine) and Black Rose both rejected the original story, but each editor encouraged us to try them with something else. We sent separate stories to each: Both rejected again, but again the editors invited us to try them with

something else. Well, maybe. The original Project story is now taking its chances at an original small-press anthology we heard about locally; no response so far.

Chapter 13 of LeGuin's Planet Of Exile is titled "The Last Day". Chapter 14 is titled: "The First Day". The titles are correct -- and so is the order.

July/August '98 New Age has an article about labyrinths in San Francisco: one at Grace Cathedral (Episcopal) and one at California Pacific Medical Center. Check out the website of Vereditas: The World Wide Labyrinth Project, <http://www.gracecom.org>.

Speculations is another of those market guide, tips to writers, magazines. Bi-monthly, \$25 for six issues (US\$30 for Canada, US\$40 elsewhere via air mail) from: Kent Brewster, publisher, 1111 West El Camino Real, #109-400, Sunnyvale CA 94087.

The Artemis Project wishes to put a manned base on the Moon in 15-20 years. We have no doubts about the technology to achieve this, it's the financing that troubles us. But you can support this by joining the Artemis Society, US\$35/year, P.O. Box 4878, Huntsville AL 35815.

Note to artists: if you have any art of jewelry, or people/beings conspicuously wearing jewelry, we could find a use for it to illustrate a planned article in some future issue.

Deadline for this year's TAFF election: December 5th. Nominees: Velma "Vijay" Bowen, Sarah Prince. Since we know next to nothing about either candidate, we decline to issue an endorsement. However, we do encourage your support of TAFF. We also suggest discussion on why TAFF candidates the last few years have been mostly female. We don't say that's a bad thing, we just wonder.

We guess that pretty soon now, those people at Barnes & Noble will figure out that the amount of time we spend in their store is distinct from the amount of money we spend...