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AW, BITE US

We have seen the Hugo nominations -- and we're pissed.

The fact that our suggestions went 2-for-11 does not, of itself, bother us. Our nominating policy was based largely on avoiding the Usual Suspects; and we recognized that some of our nominations were basically gestures. Still, we're ticked that Steve Stiles and Sheryl Birkhead for "Fan Artist", and The Reluctant Famulus in the "Fanzine" category, were passed over -- again.

What really burns us is not who was nominated, but who agreed to be nominated. The fan Hugos are about egoboo. We can see someone wanting one Hugo for validation (or a paperweight), and two make an unusual set of bookends. What are you gonna do with five? Six? (Fourteen??!) When does it become time to back off and let someone else have a turn? It's not that we disparage any of these people and their contributions to fandom. We're just disappointed with their lack of restraint.

We pledge publicly what we've said privately: If Twink ever wins a Hugo (unlikely as we all know that is), we will as a matter of policy, decline a nomination the following year. And you can take that to the bank!

Okay, enough ranting. However belated, we offer congratulations to Joseph Major, Teddy Harvia, and Attitude, for their well deserved nominations.

DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T ASK

On Friday, August 7th, roughly between 6:00 PM and 7:00 PM, we'll be at "Edgar's Billiards Club". It's on the "Inner Harbor Skywalk" (footbridge between the Baltimore Convention Center and the Hyatt, two minutes' walk from either). We'll be the one wearing white jeans, pink shirt, and a draft beer. If you show up late -- or if no one shows up at all, which we consider quite possible -- we may be wearing four beers, a plate of nachos, and a glazed expression. But then, some would call that normal.

If anyone would rather meet privately with us, at this time we have no lunch plans for Thursday or Friday. Or you can just go around accosting strangers at random and asking, "Are you Frohvet?"

CURRENTLY FORTHAPPENING

A year and a half ago, now, Margaret Simon (whose address we obtained from Ed Meskys) sent us some folios of her art. There were several pieces which we could use to go with articles. There were also two drawings that immediately leaped out and announced themselves as covers. One was the #5 cover; this was the other. In neither case did Margaret know in advance what we planned to use. We saved this one specially for the #10 issue, because we wanted a really impressive cover for the Twink that we're taking to Worldcon.

This issue is a little thin on articles. (The last-minute cancellation of Disclave cost us at least one -- our planned con report -- and maybe two.) On the other hand, an influx of fanzines required us to expand the review section to four pages from the customary three.

FUTURELY FORTHAPPENING

The #11 cover will showcase work by Nova-Award-winning British fanartist Sue Mason, who has already appeared in our last few issues. Franz Miklis also sent a new stash of art, some of which will begin to appear in #11 and, eventually, a future cover. Content in #11 will include our Worldcon report, of course; an article on Tarot; hopefully some more stuff from y'all?; plus all the usual features. Long range planning continues toward future issues and, perhaps, other projects in fanac as well.

EVERYONE PLEASE APPLAUD FOR:

...Maureen Kincaid Speller, TAFF delegate to the '98 Worldcon and new European Administrator. Maureen will be touring the colonies in August/September ...Lyn McConchie, who has a story in the upcoming CatFantastic V edited by Andre Norton ...This year's FAAN Award winners. (No one has told us who they were, but we assume there were some) ...Eddie Cheever, who after a career filled with seconds and thirds, finally won the big one at this year's Indianapolis 500.

Twink is a fanzine published quarterly.

Next issue: October 1998. Deadline for next issue: August 31st. Our main focus is on SF/fantasy/fandom. Twink is available for contributions, LOC's, birdseed, in trade for your fanzine, or by editorial whim. All contributions are greatly appreciated. We cannot publish all of every letter, but we were certainly glad

to hear from you. Mailing list policy: Anyone who writes/contributes/trades more or less regularly (defined as: every other issue) will stay on the mailing list. Anyone who is sent unsolicited copies of Twink, who does not respond at all after two issues, may be dropped from the mailing list without further notice. If this title page is highlighted in yellow, you may assume that you will not receive further issues unless you write/contribute/trade promptly.



This issue of Twink is dedicated to Wile E. Coyote, for his unremitting dedication to hard work and ingenuity; Bullwinkle, for tearing his sleeve off; and Pogo, for being the thankless straight man and center of sanity in the swamp.

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pp. 5,13,15: William Rotsler
pp. 8,22 : Phil Tortorici
pp. 11,19: Lloyd G. Daub
pp. 20,23: Sue Mason
p. 25: Steve Jeffery

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Twink

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THE
CAT
AS
ART

Lyn McConchie

In one of The Cat Who mystery novels there is mention of a supposed newspaper article on the above theme. It's a reasonable subject. Considering the grace and beauty of the cat it is my opinion that one can easily outpoint any modern art. The outline of the cat is that of both strength and delicacy, drawn by a Chinese or Japanese master artist in the smoothest of black ink with a brush of tiger-hair.

One can imagine a series of such cats sketched in spare outline as they leap and cavort across a screen. The pale rice paper accentuating the black curves of minimal line. But in contrast to modern art, the cat itself does have something to say. It is left only partially to the watcher's imagination. And if the content of that expression is not wholly understood by the onlooker, it is not the fault of the cat.

The purity of line bends and flows into exquisite shapes almost without pause. Occasionally there is a hint of the Art Nouveau insolence which can catch the eye with just that intriguing touch of crudity. In the cat this is formed by the sudden ungainly sprawl or hunch which displays some form of disapproval. But even in the most apparently clumsy of poses the cat can slide into another so ethereal that a feline-loving artist would call at once for brushes.

Yet there is no need. There never was. The cat will not object to having attention heaped upon them; nor to lying

comfortably while an artist attempts to immortalize that graceful form. But it is unnecessary. To try to capture the life and emotion of a cat in paint is to attempt the capture of a storm, the flare of the lightning. It can be done. The subject may even raise the painter to new heights. Yet it will never quite approach the reality of the subject attempted.

The cat itself is the Work, the Art which can never be wholly caught in another medium. There are those who reject this Art, who turn it from their door ignoring the graceful entreating line which begs their caring. The true Art Lover will not mistake what they see. They will open hearth and home to one of God's finest living Works of Art. There are few who can afford an original Van Dyke, a Stubbs, a Titian. But there are few of us who cannot afford a poem in fur, a symphony of movement to charm and beguile.

Best of all, no cold dead painting will care for you, but the cat will love you in return. Painters and sculptors create beauty. In the cat there is all that beauty and more -- for there is love. To share your home with a cat is to have the better bargain. Given a choice, one Work of Art only, who would not choose a cat over grubby off-coloured sunflowers? Me? I have Tiger, my own living loving Work of Art I wouldn't swap for any Van Gogh. Would you?

[[Editor's Note: To this day, there are those who say that no recording, not even a "live" recording, ever captured the magic of the Grateful Dead. Sometimes the most exacting technique is inadequate to render a magic which is defined, not by the eye or the ear, but by the heart.]]



As the 1950's began, race was still the Forbidden Subject in American culture and literature -- and SF followed the mainstream in this area. The Day The Earth Stood Still was one of the first major SF events that treated other peoples as potential friends rather than beastly invaders. Decades later it remains a stand-out work, far ahead of its time -- but the good alien played by Michael Rennie was still, not to put too fine a point on it, white.

Bradbury's Martian Chronicles, with its melange of Martians of every description, was chipping at the walls of racial awareness; but it would be a modest librarian from Ohio who would take explosive to the walls and storm through the rubble.



To understand the accomplishment of Andre Norton, we must first examine a world almost as alien to the modern reader as Mars: the world of Jim Crow segregation in which Andre Norton grew up. Probably it wasn't quite as bad in Cleveland in the early 1930's as in Selma or Jackson; but it was still a society in which blacks (and Hispanic Americans and Asian Americans) were openly oppressed by statute as well as custom. The Klan ran roughshod over the barest civil liberties in the South, but even in the North black Americans were restricted to poor educations, menial jobs, and a position of subservience. Whites for the most part took this for granted as the natural order of things, and most blacks

accepted it as inevitable. The notion of persons of different colors sitting down at the same table to share a meal, let alone marry each other, was unthinkable if not flatly illegal.

Andre Norton's consciousness was not raised overnight. The simple adventure tales of her youth are pretty conventional in social outlook. In Ralestone Luck (1938), for example, three siblings of an old but impoverished family return to claim their ancestral mansion in Louisiana. The black family sharecropping the estate farm fall neatly and almost happily into traditional roles as house servants for the young whites, everyone of both races accepting this as pretty natural. The description of the blacks and their manner of speech is frankly a little disturbing to the modern reader, though fairness

WE'RE ALL AFRICAN ANYWAY, PART III

Andre Norton & The Rediscovery

Of Characters Of Color

compels one to say that as a portrayal of poor rural southern blacks in the 1930's, it's probably a fair picture, and not entirely unsympathetic.

By the time Andre Norton entered the SF/fantasy field, however, things had changed. Her first real foray into SF was Daybreak -- 2250 A.D. (also published under the title of Star Man's Son). On the face it was a standard "after the nuclear war" story, a form much in vogue in both SF and mainstream at the time; but in its quiet way more subversive than most.

The central character, Fors, is white, but subtly mutated. In the third chapter, however, he sees a stranger: "at least five shades darker as to skin tint than the most deeply tanned of the Eyrie men. The hair on his round skull was black and tightly curled. He had strongly marked features with a wide-lipped mouth and

flat cheekbones..." Later, when Fors meets this Arskane, the dark man tells the history of his people. They claim descent from "flying men" who, finding their bases decimated by the war, flew south to a "narrow desert valley" where they "took to wife the women of that country."

One can reasonably translate this to a unit of black military aviators, possibly with a few white officers among them (suggested perhaps by the Tuskegee Airmen or similar units), who finding the U.S. largely destroyed, retreated to central Mexico where they interbred with the Hispanic/Native American people of the area. This mixed-race tribe are different from both the mountain clans of Fors' home and the white plainsmen, but Arskane and Fors are soon fast friends. When Arskane takes Fors to his tribe his mother says, "We be the Dark People, my son. He is not of our breed." But Arskane replies stubbornly, "He is my brother." Arskane's sister greets Fors as "brother of my brother". At the end of the book, Fors anticipates trade, and then intermarriage between the white plains folk and the brown farmers out of the south: "And in fifty years -- one nation."

(Worth noting: the U.S. military had been at least nominally integrated by President Truman a few years before, but this would probably have been considered an experiment in the white American view. Certainly the notion of a segregated army would still have seemed plausible to the average reader in 1952.)

As is often the case with Andre Norton, the subtle skill with which this little tale is told tends to mask what was by 1952 standards a revolutionary concept. If the author carefully avoided using words like "Negro" and "miscegenation", with all their emotional baggage, yet the point is clearly made.

If Daybreak opened the gate to Norton's use of characters of color, the decade to follow knocked the gate off its hinges. In The Stars Are Ours (1954), again the young protagonist is white, but key personnel among the hidden Free Scientists are not: the black pilot Kimber, and the leader Kordov, who seems to be Russian, but with a strong dash of Central Asian in his ancestry -- perhaps Kazakh?

Interestingly, the faults of the anti-learning tyranny Pax did not seem to include racism: the black Kimber is one of those who bluff their way into the central Temple disguised as Pax officers, and no one seems to find this unlikely. The subtextual hint of an integrated society before Pax is subtle but present.

In 1955 Andre Norton began the series of "Solar Queen" stories with Sargasso Of Space. In this first introduction to the Free Traders, again an integrated society is clearly stipulated. Among the dozen or so crew of the starship are Rip Shannon (black despite the name), Ali Kamil (Arabic), Frank Mura (Japanese), and Tang Ya (Chinese by way of Mars). All except the last play major roles somewhere in the series. In Plague Ship in 1956, most of the crew are knocked out by a subtle poison, leaving only four to run the ship. By unspoken consent, the black Shannon assumes command -- he is even referred to at one point as "acting captain". In Voodoo Planet (1959), several of the characters are invited to vacation on an African-settled world whose stock in trade in interstellar commerce is running hunting safaris. All the white characters are deferential to the black Chief Ranger, Asaki. (His title may be misleading: "Prince" might be a closer translation.) The story does contain African-style magic, though due to a rare failure of research -- or possibly an editorially chosen title -- it has nothing much to do with the Afro-Carib religion.

The one-off novel Sea Siege (1957) is set on a Caribbean island. When nuclear and biological war (a theme so common in Norton that she seems to have seen it as inevitable -- as many others did in the 1950's) isolate the island, the white character Griff Gunston deals both with the colored islanders and their leader LeMarr, and the mostly white officers of the naval base. LeMarr is not, quite, openly, labelled a houngan, a priest of voudoun, but again the implication is clear.

Star Gate (1958) is set on a world where "Star Lords" from the sky have come in and taken over. Interestingly, the most notable single physical description of these Terran "Lords" is their dark brown

skin! Kincar is of the local nobility; but though he has the pale complexion and six-fingered hands of his Gorthian mother, Kincar is cheated of his inheritance because he is of mixed blood. He must then throw in his lot with the -- to him -- alien Lords of his dead father's people, some of whom want to leave the Gorthians alone, some want to exploit them.

A decade before *Star Trek* introduced Spock, the notion of Terrans having interbred with a non-Terran race is integral to the plot, as is the fact that the practice is frowned on by both sides. One is reminded of the sad anecdote related by newscaster Ted Koppel, who told how he met a Vietnamese-American child who was brought to the U.S. at age 10. Asked what she liked best about America, she replied, "The sky." Koppel was puzzled: "But you have the sky in Vietnam." "Yes," the girl answered, "but here I'm not ashamed to raise my face and look at it."

The historical *Shadow Hawk* (1960) contains no SF/fantasy elements but may be one of Andre Norton's more successful works. The setting is ancient Egypt. A young white military officer lives closely among his black Nubian soldiers, his best friend being his "Leader of Ten" (a sort of sergeant), Kheti. The black under-officer calls Rahotep "Lord" in public -- Rahotep is after all of the old nobility, even related to the Royal Family on his mother's side -- but they call each other "brother" in private.

An interesting side comment on Andre Norton's writing involves a scene in which the hero gets down on his hands and knees and literally kisses Pharaoh's foot. The average American would probably resist such a situation ("Yo! Kiss this!"). It is a tribute to the author's skill that the reader clearly perceives how Rahotep feels about the incident: not only is it a high personal honor to him, but a profound religious experience as well.

As the 1960's rolled on, Andre Norton moved increasingly away from SF and into fantasy. Black characters were less common in her work after 1960 but were not abandoned altogether: Prince Andas in *Android At Arms* (1971); George Brown in *Dragon Magic* (1972) -- a rare instance there of a modern fantasy story with its roots

directly in the Bible; the whole set of characters in the juvenile *Lavender-Green Magic* (1974); Elly Mae in the children's *Star Ka'at* series beginning in 1976; Tally Mitford in *Wraiths Of Time* (1976).

Of course Norton's use of non-white characters was not confined to blacks. She had a fondness for Native American characters, in half a dozen books; the "Australian-Malay-Hawaiian" soldier Kana Karr in *Star Guard*; the Polynesian girl Karara in *Key Out Of Time*, the not-quite-human Maelen in *Moon Of Three Rings*. Often major characters are not human at all: the Salariki and Zacathans in many places, the entire cast of *Breed To Come*.

But that is not the focus of this series of articles. Suffice it to say that while Andre Norton's vast influence on the entire SF/fantasy field has now been accepted -- however grudgingly in some quarters -- her impact specifically on the subject of race relations is still overlooked. At a time before many of today's SF writers were born, Andre Norton was boldly out in front, leading the way before most of us even knew how far we had to go.



REVIEWS BY JOHNNY CARRUTHERS

Perry Rhodan Magazine
Vector Enterprises
P.O. Box 8761
Universal City CA 91618
<http://www.perry-rhodan-usa.com>

Lone Star Con saw the return of the Perry Rhodan series to America. I remember seeing the German series the first time English translations were available in the U.S. I never did pick up any of the books, though. By the time I became aware of the series, it was already somewhere in the mid-50's, and I was probably intimidated by the thought of having to catch up (not to mention having to locate and buy all those books I had missed!)

This time, Perry Rhodan is being published as a monthly magazine. The first American issue is actually #1800. The editors decided to begin with the cycle of stories currently running in Germany, and that cycle began with #1800.

The story, "Time Lapse" was interesting. I will say this; the series certainly proceeds at a fast pace. The story is 55 pages, and covers some 50 to 60 years. (Of course, when the title character is immortal, I suppose time is a trivial concern.) It gives new meaning to the term "page-turner".

Since this was the first time I had read a Perry Rhodan story, I'm not sure what else I can say about it. I know it is a translation, but it reads smoothly. I am certain this is due to the diligent efforts of translator Dwight Decker. In his foreword, Forrest Ackerman (who edited the series when it first appeared in the U.S. in the 1970's) says, "I am struck by

the fact that it doesn't read like a translation! If I were editing Perry Rhodan today I would scarcely have to touch a word of Dwight's work!"

Besides the story, issue 1800 also contains part one of a lexicon of terms used in the series, and the first part of a series synopsis. These are obviously aimed at someone encountering the series for the first time (like me), and I will admit, it did make things a little easier to understand.



only our opinion....

As I said earlier, the magazine is a monthly, and it sells for \$1.95/issue. Since returning from San Antonio, though, I have yet to see an issue on any magazine rack here in Louisville. It is available through subscription. There is also a website, which contains a Perry Rhodan FAQ (including the full lexicon that was started in this issue), subscription information, as well as a list of stores that sell the magazine.

Star Trek Sketchbook
Herbert F. Solow &
Yvonne Fern Solow
Pocket Books \$20.00

Of all the books on Star Trek that appeared during the last year in conjunction with the 30th anniversary, this is probably the one that I found most interesting. I was a theater arts major in college, and this book covers how the original series was put together. Specifically, it covers four of the artists who brought the original series to life: Walter M. Jefferies, the art director for the series; William Ware Theiss, the costume designer; Fred Phillips, the makeup designer; and Wah Chang, who created props and hardware for the series. (I was a theater technician, so this is right up my alley.)

The largest section of the book is

devoted to Walter M. Jefferies. He designed the Enterprise, and all the sets seen in the original series. There are dozens of sketches showing what Jefferies envisioned for each set, and in some cases they are accompanied by photos showing the finished product. There are also a series of sketches showing the evolution of the Enterprise and the Klingon battle cruiser, and photos of a set model Jefferies made. This model shows all of the permanent sets for the original series, and was used as an aid for directors in blocking.

William Ware Theiss designed costumes for the series on the theory of "Will she or won't she fall out of it?" (She never did, but you were always hoping...) He designed the uniforms for the original series (and later, for ST:TNG), but most of his section showcases the costumes worn by guest stars. It shows the original sketches (often done on whatever blank piece of paper happened to be handy), finished costumes on mannequines, and photos of how the costume appeared in the series. In some cases, the finished costume appeared just as it did in the original sketch. In other cases, a number of changes occurred, and it's interesting to see how different the two are.

The section of Fred Phillips has photos not just of his work on Star Trek, but also other highlights of a career that lasted over 50 years. (Among other things, he created Patrick Duffy's webbed hands on Man From Atlantis.) There aren't much in the way of sketches here, but plenty of photos, both of the finished results, and of makeup tests.

The shortest section of the book is devoted to Wah Chang. Like the Phillips section, it shows highlights of his career, which includes an Oscar for his work on The Time Machine (shared with Gene Warren and Tim Baar).

Star Trek Sketchbook is light on copy, but it's the sketches and photos that are the center of attention here. It's fun to flip through this book, and take a look at how the future was designed -- in seven days, and on a budget.

REVIEWS BY RODNEY LEIGHTON

New York By Knight Esther Friesner

A rather weird story of a dragon, a knight, some New York City characters and a couple of long dead folks. I thought it was a quite amusing tale and enjoyed reading it, although I was not prompted to read more than a couple of chapters at a time.

Firecode Chelsea Quinn Yarbro

Great sprawling novel which is listed as Horror but should be SF. I really enjoyed it. One thing I loved was that all the characters, including the primary ones, are like real, ordinary people, as opposed to super heroes or goddesses. Tons of characters in this book; it takes almost 100 pages to establish and connect them all. An amazing and interesting feature is that the book is divided into nine sections and the final few pages of the first eight are taken up with mini-stories, all different, all neat little vignettes which bear on the central part of the story but have no other relationship to the novel. The basis for the story is that a series of numbers are calling forth a Fire Elemental which is burning all sorts of places to bits. Sort of gives some credence to those of us who fear the high tech we are all subjected to these days. Of course, if one believes that entering a series of numbers into a computer will burn you up, one must also believe in Elementals and various other fantasy creations. They ended the book by sending the thing into outer space and burning it up. Definitely SF, no? The only good thing NASA ever did. Carter Milne, the heroine, is a quite normal woman. Frank Vickery, the primary male protagonist, is as normal as you or I. They end up shackled up but there's no scenes of praise beyond belief of the sexual abilities of each other. Very understated action. I would have wished for a somewhat clearer ending to some aspects of the story, but at 453 pages, I suppose it had to end somewhere. The final two pages set forth the beginning of a possible book about a Wind Elemental. Does that book exist? Recommended novel.



REVIEWS BY E.B. FROHNET

Brave New World directed by: Leslie Libman & Larry Williams 1998 Not rated (c. PG-13)

Okay, you knew they had to compress the story; but this version gets Bernard and Lenina to the reservation and back before the first commercial (c. first half hour when released to video, as it should be shortly). Peter Gallagher is sadly miscast, far too handsome and confident for Bernard. Rya Kihlstedt is somewhat closer to the aborted intelligence of Lenina, though we always pictured Lenina as blonde -- not sure if it says that in the book, but it's the image we had. Leonard Nimoy plays Mustapha Mond with an oily, sleazy charm. This made-for-TV movie has its faults, but in some ways, at least, it's faithful to the story. Like Mel Gibson's Hamlet, better a limited version of the classics than no version at all.

Foreigner 1994 Invader 1995 Inheritor 1996 C.J. Cherryh Daw \$5.99/each

I: The mighty starship was lost (bang! 200 years gone) a human botanist made First Contact (bang! another 200) Bren Cameron is paidhi (translator/adviser) to the aiji (lord) of the largest atevi Association, the only human allowed out of the segregated human enclave. He is the interface between human technology and the vastly greater atevi population. Rebellion is stirring in atevi politics, and no one knows better than Bren that atevi have no word for "friend".

II: It was generations since the starship had abandoned the planet-based human colony. Its return triggers crises in both human and atevi societies. Straight out of surgery, not briefed by the con-

fused human government, Bren-paidhi is rushed back to the job. But Bren's first loyalty is to the Treaty, and to the future which only he, uniquely poised between two cultures, can see.

III: With the human government in the hands of isolationists who have written him off as a traitor, Bren Cameron has gambled everything on building an atevi space program. The human starship has its own paidhi and its own motives. If anything is to be salvaged of a cooperative society, Cameron, hip-deep in atevi politics and conflicts, is the fulcrum on whom such a hope must pivot.

If Cherryh recycles the same plot -- one human's desperate attempt to fit into an alien world -- it's because it plays to her strength. No one does alien cultures better than Cherryh. We'd hesitate to invest time in 1300 pages, were it not from an author who for more than twenty years has shown she can deliver the goods. Still, about the twelfth time that Bren solemnly concludes that atevi are "hard-wired" differently (the author seems to have latched on to the term), we were like, "Yeah, okay, we got it..." And we had guessed the door was open for more books in the series, before Janine Stinson made the same point. (See her LOC.)

Remnant Population Elizabeth Moon Baen 1996 \$5.99

When the company lost their charter on the colony after forty years, it was decided to evacuate the planet. Ofelia was too old to be productive (only a cold and mechanistic society would not define telling stories to children as a useful skill), and decided to stay. She had superficial reasons, but her real motive was the simple freedom she had been denied all her life. Thus it was the "useless" old woman who discovered the natives no one had known about -- or they discovered her...

The robinsonade, the castaway story, continues to be a viable form; no one really wants to be utterly alone in the world, but the concept still has an eerie grasp on the imagination. Moon melds this seamlessly with an SF staple, the First Contact story. The tale is told in a

relaxed, even slow manner; you can tell this is a character the author feels comfortable with. We find that Moon's SF works for us and her fantasy generally doesn't. This is no exception: we quite liked it.

Deepwater Dreams Sudney J. VanScyoc Avon
1991 \$3.95

Otherwhere, under two moons, humanity has changed (or been changed?) to a semi-amphibious state. Nuela lives on the peaceful island of Aurlanis, but during the time of kalinerre she must set forth into the sea in search of her lost sister. Soon she discovers many unknown tribes living on the ocean; some at peace with the friendly mela-mela, some preaching the sacrificial cruelty of a forgotten demigod. Adopted as a prophetess, Nuela may have to unite them; even if all she wants is to find her sister and go home.

Though the plot differs in detail, it's the same pattern as the author's Bluesong: a young woman seeks kin and has a religious awakening of sorts among strangers whose customs she doesn't understand. Deepwater Dreams has its own voice; but it also has a quicksilver evasiveness that eventually annoys. Every time the heroine's situation seems hopeless, a dream sequence (with whales) intervenes, and she wakes up somewhere else. We'd call it fantasy rather than SF.

Exile's Song Marion Zimmer Bradley (?)
DAW 1996 \$6.99

The continuation of the story begun in The Heritage Of Hastur and Sharra's Exile (nee Sword Of Aldones). It has been about twenty-five years since Lew Alton left Darkover. Unable to cope with her bitter father, Margaret Alton has made her own life studying music. Going to Cottman IV with her old teacher to record folk songs, she regarded it as just another planet. But the lineage bred into her DNA, and what had been done to her mind as a child, swiftly tangled her in the churning politics of the world under the "bloody sun".

The book is officially attributed to Bradley, with a dedication to Adrienne

Martine-Barnes "who worked on this book with me." It must be frustrating for Martine-Barnes not even to get her name on the cover, since she clearly wrote most or all of this. (She gets even less mention -- a scanty noting of her name in the copyright data -- in the next book The Shadow Matrix, which is already out in hardcover.) It has long been claimed that you can read the Darkover books in any order; that's no longer the case. For all that it doesn't read quite like the original, and the success of the plot hinges too often on the central character's ignorance of things she obviously ought to know, the familiar and still intriguing world and people of Darkover carried the story.

There are also way too many errors of punctuation, but that's something you just have to live with in DAW books.

Take Back Plenty Colin Greenland AvoNova
1990 \$4.99

Tabitha Jute was the owner of a "barge", a sort of space truck running desperation cargoes between Mars and Earth-orbitals, and hoping nothing too important broke on her ship until she could afford repairs. But in order to pay off a fine, she ran a goofy night-club entertainer to the notorious "Plenty", a station populated by the crazy dregs of every space-going species.

This book was recommended by several readers in view of our interest in black characters. We remain open to suggestions, but we had all sorts of problems with this. The entire first part seems to have been suggested by the bar scene in Star Wars. The main character is a slob. (No, we're not a compulsive neat freak, but neat is easier in the long run.) Picture the line between whimsical and cutesy: this is way over the line. And any book in which the author feels the need to explain every tiniest point in painful detail, as if assuming the reader's lack of competence to fill the most obvious blanks, is bound to grate on us. We bailed on this after less than 150 pages. We had also bought the sequel, Something-or-Other Plenty; from our reaction to the first book, we discarded the other unread.



Ansible #127

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

Sent by Seattle fan Janice Murray (with a DUFF ballot: Murray is DUFF administrator as well as Ansible's American agent). One double-sided sheet jammed with fine-print news, both pro and fan. Interesting, and humorous in places; but to be honest, we can't quite see why everyone raves over this. Just bluegreened again, helas...

Challenger #7

Guy H Lillian III
P.O. Box 53092
New Orleans LA 70153

Now this is more like it: 96 pages, fine David Cherry cover (on semi-gloss paper); Curt Phillips' tribute to Lynn Hickman; Lillian's photo-essays on Worldcon and Hugo designs; several other articles, reviews, lettercol, etc. Not everything will interest every reader, but most will find something of value here.

Vanamonde #'s 244-248

John Hertz
236 S. Coronado St. #409
Los Angeles CA 90057

The editor's APA-L submission, mailed in monthly batches, is going to be pretty cryptic for anyone who's not a member; but we found enough items of mutual interest to write a LOC -- notably the Hugo Awards. (Hertz's nominations did not overlap with ours, but this is why we have elections.)

MSFire Vol. 4 #1

Lloyd G. Daub
P.O. Box 1637
Milwaukee WI 53201

More fan fiction (by Ed Frami this time); science news (Oino Sakai), more web-sites exploration (Lucinda Borkenhagen); plus book & fanzine reviews, letters, a TAFF ballot, con news -- a little of everything, served up with cheerful style and their new cartoon mascot "Beanjie". What's not to like? Run out and ask for it.

The Jezail #4

Andy Hooper
4228 Francis Avenue N., #103
Seattle WA 98103

A very informative personalzine which seems to be settling to a bimonthly schedule. This should be your primary resource for TAFF, DUFF, FAAn, and Corflu news. Also fanzine reviews (many from outside SF fandom altogether) and a letter column in some, not all, issues. Calmer, less edgy than Apparatchik was.

Atlanta SFS Future Times Vol. 1 #1

Ian Letendre
P.O. Box 98308
Atlanta GA 30359

First newsletter of a new, youngish, and apparently media-slanted club (though Letendre also claims an interest in "straight Sci Fi", sic; at least he knows who Heinlein was). Nice cover by Randy Cleary, club news, fan fiction, and a review of Sohere. Hey, you gotta start somewhere; we wish them luck.

Squib #3
Victor Gonzalez
905 NE 45th Street, #106
Seattle WA 98105

Bimonthly personalzine, on blue paper this time. The editor compares on-line fandom to the written product, critiques British fanzines; some letters; well, it has a distinct voice.

Derogatory Reference #88
Arthur D. Hlavaty
206 Valentine Street
Yonkers NY 10704

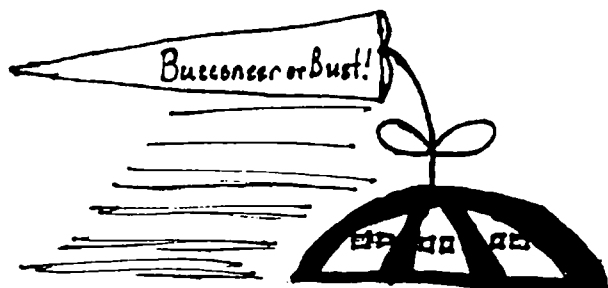
A roughly quarterly personalzine which discusses the editor's mundane job; some book reviews, and extracts from a few letters. You have to like someone who lists his computers among the zine's staff, even if not by name.

Pabulum #'s 4-5
The Wolf's Tale #5
Michelle Drayton-Harrold
F 1/2, 10 Atlas Road
Glasgow, G21 4TE, U.K.

Pabulum is an irregular small personalzine, with convention reports, comments on books and movies, and personal notes about Drayton-Harrold's life. Wolf's Tale is a fiction/poetry zine, though with a few non fiction bits. Fiction, ranging from romantic to raunchy, is not up to pro standards, but we've workshopped with worse than this: gotta start somewhere. Open to LOC's, art, and submissions.

FOSFAX #190
Timothy Lane & Elizabeth Garrott
P.O. Box 37281
Louisville KY 40233

Major on Heinlein, assorted book reviews and convention reports, the usual long and



Proof of UFOs at last ?

"argumentative" letter column: all the things we've come to expect. Curious that neither editor chooses to discuss Windycon (where they were FanGOH's); but we're pleased to see Garrott taking a slightly larger role this time.

Nova Express Vol. 4 #4
Lawrence Person
P.O. Box 27231
Austin TX 78755

Resuming publication after a fannishly long absence; long interview with Stephen Baxter; numerous views on "postcyberpunk"; thoughtful book reviews, and crisp if slightly sterile production. We find much to admire in NE; if Person's taste in SF doesn't overlap much with ours, at least this fanzine is defiantly sercon about the SF literature. Maybe a shade too serious?

The Wrong Leggings #4
Lilian Edwards
39 Viewforth, Edinburgh

In our own defense, we hastily point out, that's all the address there was. If any one has a complete address with alpha-numeric ZIP, we'll gladly send Twink to Edwards, despite her avowed distaste for American fanzines. Though perhaps we should be content not to be included in "Guide To What Fanzines Are Good To Read On The Toilet". Seriously, an article on how "Pub Quiz" (roughly, "bar trivia games" in American) went really weird on Edwards, is genuinely moving. Wish we knew more.

No Award #3
Marty Cantor
11825 Gilmore Street #105
North Hollywood CA 91606

Whimsically subtitled, "The Fanzine For Which You Voted Before It Existed", this is a smallish genzine with larger ambitions. The editor discusses his personal life; Mike Glycer analyzes Dave Langford's novel The Leaky Establishment; a recycling of Rotsler's old fanzine letters; a column of short LOC's from mostly familiar names. Curious that someone of Cantor's stature should have the usual faned's lament of shortage of contributors; maybe there are just not enough fanwriters to go around.

It Goes On The Shelf #18

Ned Brooks
708 Densley Drive
Decatur GA 30033

[note change of address]

Descriptions of more of the strange books accrued by Brooks (he claims to own 10,000); also comments on the remarks sent to him by other fans. A major asset for serious collectors of obscure, especially pre-1950 fantasy, ghost, and surrealist books.

International Revolutionary Gardener #1

Joseph Nicholas & Judith Hanna
15 Jansons Road, South Tottenham,
London, N15 4JU, United Kingdom

Formerly FTT, returning with a new title and a familiar slant. Nicholas berates the Labour government; Hanna reports on how her sustainable lifestyle and new job are improvements; letters, some apparently going back a ways. Those who know the editors, even if only by mail, will find it rewards study.

Snufkin's Bum #3

Maureen Kincaid Speller
60 Bournemouth Road, Folkestone,
Kent, CT19 5AZ, United Kingdom

A moderately interesting personalzine, this issue consisting mainly of articles Speller did before for APA's: about her possessions, a detailed critique of a book we've never heard of, some sort of weird Greek playlet. Also stuff about her cats. Some of the references escaped us.

Gegenschein #'s 75,76, & 78

Eric Lindsay
P.O. Box 744, Ryde, NSW,
2112, Australia

Dare we call it sercon? A medium-sized personalzine consists chiefly of convention reports, book reviews even shorter than ours (Lindsay's taste seems to run mainly to hard SF), letters. The paper version -- sent surface mail -- is a simplified version of the basic webzine. We hope the editor's health allows him to continue pubbing; our knowledge of Aussie fandom is almost nil.

PhiloSFy #9

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

Slate has gone over to a full-page (as distinct from digest) format, with a neat Musgrave cover. Personal account, book and fanzine reviews, more on morality and ethics (beginning a discussion of medical ethics now) and letters, including one from his rabbi! Strange: we never thought of our LOC's being perused by a member of the clergy. Fandom is full of surprises.

SFSFS Shuttle #133

P.O. Box 70143
Fort Lauderdale FL 33307

A modest but steadily improving clubzine. Club news, a few small articles and con reports, a small but more interactive lettercol. We look to see the rotating editorship continue to make progress.

Conferring With Earthquakes #1

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

A small (6 page) but attractive personalzine marks the editor's return to fan-pubbing. Review of a comics/collectables con in Oakland, discussion of her bread machine, editorial on separation of church and state, fanzine listings. LOC's, etc are welcome.

Trap Door #18

Robert Lichtman
P.O. Box 30
Glen Ellen CA 95442

A handsome, yearly fanzine, 8½ x 14 folded over to a large digest. Cover and all article headers are by Steve Stiles, which should silence critics who would deny Steve's credentials as "fan artist". Less happily, though Lichtman denies it's an "obitazine", most of the content seemed to be tributes to Rotsler and other deceased fans. Ron Bennett's visit in search of the grave of Jules Verne, close in spirit, was of particular interest to us.

Outworlds #69

Bill Bowers
4651 Glenway Avenue
Cincinnati OH 45238

- Perhaps it's familiarity with Bowers' unique style, but we found this issue better organized and more accessible. Fine covers (Brad Foster front, Derek Parks-Carter back); Stephen Leigh explains the construction of his novel Dark Water's Embrace; other articles, generally of a personal nature; LOC's. Maybe a few too many type fonts than really necessary, but generally an impressive fanzine.

Visions Of Paradise #76

Robert Sabella
24 Cedar Manor Court
Budd Lake NJ 07828

Quarterly; basically an extended personalzine. A long personal journal; Sabella's taste in SF, other books, and music; a few letters, and a detailed discussion of The Reluctant Famulus. The presentation of VOP -- basically just solid text -- could be improved, but the content has a quiet competence that is appealing.

The Knarley Knews #69

Henry L. & Letha R. Welch
1525 16th Avenue
Grafton WI 53024

A nice, middle-sized genzine, bimonthly. Similar in size and format to Twink (but of course they have a much longer track record). Personal articles; familiar Rotsler, Harvia, and Mayhew art; letter column; short fanzine reviews. Not as serious as some, but well worth receiving.

Southern Fandom Conf. Bulletin Vol.6 #12
Tom Feller
P.O. Box 68203
Nashville TN 37206

Quarterly; a valuable source of con info and addresses for anyone in Southern fandom. This issue contains the complete SFC roster and by-laws; also Feller's con reports and a few LOC's. (Curiously, none of the letters are from SFC members.)

The Reluctant Famulus #52

Tom Sadler
422 W. Maple Avenue
Adrian MI 49221

This issue of our favorite fanzine has something of a somber tone, though Sadler's scanning in color photos of contributors adds to its already fine presentation. The editor's admission of his (successful) struggle with depression makes you think. But many fine articles, excellent art (a 5-page portfolio of Peggy Ranson pieces stands out), and a top letter column make TRF stand as a Hugo-worthy contender.

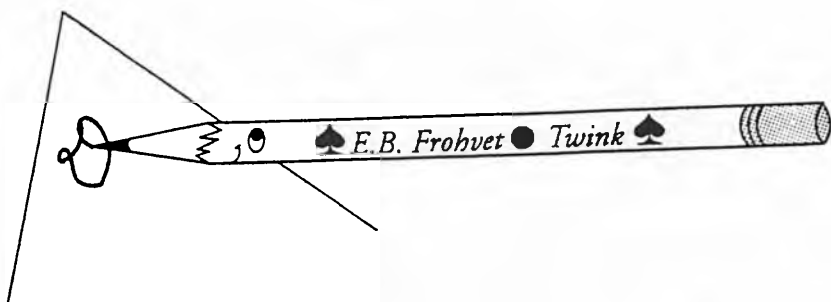
MimeMeow #6

Bill Bridget
4126 Mountain Creek Road #6
Chattanooga TN 37415

A distinctive and colorful personalzine in which the editor sets forth, without much restraint, his views on Asia, websites, non-ink color printing, and fannish feuds. Caution: Bridget's habit of lifting his illos from raunchy anime is bound to offend some.

* * * * *





Rheaders Rhevenge

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

EDMUND R. MESKYS
RR #2 Box 63 (322 Whittier Highway)
Center Harbor NH 03226

I have noticed all the speculation about what is behind the ambiguity of your identity. You had been on my mailing list once before, before you started doing Twink, and I never pondered the matter but for some subconscious reason had always assumed you were female. I don't know why, but it never really mattered to me. I guess the ambiguity really bothers some people, hence the fuss in the letter column. I remember Asimov speaking at a Lunacon some 30 years ago and commenting to the effect that uptight mundanes bitched about long hair on males because they couldn't tell who was male or female from a distance. Asimov asked why did they have to know, since they were going to have no interaction anyhow?

[[We assume most readers are either amused by the "mystery", or like yourself, don't greatly care one way or the other.]]

I really appreciated the research into the stats of fanzine nominations. I do get and enjoy the oft-nominated zines, and probably Mimosa is my favorite. But then I am very interested in fan history. I read File 770 for the news, just as I read Locus and SFC. I also read Ansible, Lan's Lantern, and FOSFAX but I do not care for them as much. I enjoyed Frozen Frog very much and am sorry that he had to fold it for personal reasons. I really could have seen it get a Hugo in a very few years. I just read a sample ish of Idea which I bought at a fan lounge and it was good. I keep hearing good things about Tran Door

and should order a sample copy. I am not familiar with Plokta.

[[Most of the historical research was by Sheryl Bir'khead. Once we got to looking at the numbers, the original article was significantly revised.]]

Fanzine, Fan Writer, Pro Artist, Semi-prozine, all seem to get into ruts. On occasion multiple nominees have declined a nomination one year. (I particularly remember Michael Whelan.) There have been suggestions that once somebody gets an award five years in a row, he should receive a "lifetime" award and be ineligible. I have mixed feelings. I do like the chance of spreading the glory, especially if people vote from inertia and not careful consideration, but then I don't like the idea of restricting voters' choices.

Your piece on the Labyrinth workshop was quite interesting. I am even more skeptical than you but a number of my friends are into New Age (which John Boardman says rhymes with sewage). I also go to the Darkover con because I see several good friends there, and I have tried some of the workshops at the con. I was interested to observe them and even tried to get into the spirit, but they have never done anything for me... By the way, you mentioned that the outdoor Labyrinth was marked out with corn plants. I assumed these were cut plants lying down, but when you mentioned brushing against them I began to wonder. They could not have planned this event so far in advance that they had planted and grown the labyrinth, could they? Were the plants in flower pots? Were they cut and held upright by some sort of support?

[[Interesting that you're the only one to comment on this point. No, real live plants growing in the ground. We assume

they must have been planted two or three months prior to the workshop, although corn does grow quickly.]]

Elliott Shorter lives in Providence RI where he has been for quite a few years now. (The address I have for him is: Box 29307, Olney Station, Providence 02909.) He had a walking heart attack a while back and was confined to a rest home for a while, but has been seen at SCA events last year. He usually hunkstered at Boskone and Lunacon but I have not seen him there recently.

VICKI ROSENZWEIG
33 Indian Road #6-R
New York NY 10034

As you probably expected, I have to take issue with Rodney Leighton's facts as well as his analysis. On the factual level, he might want to know, for example, that Karen Pender Gunn and Ian Gunn are not married, and that while Alison Scott's co-editor and the father of her child are both named Steve, they are not the same person. Juanita Coulson is probably better known in fandom these days than her husband, given that she's a well-known filker and he's a letterhack; she's just known in a slightly different area of fandom, one that I gather she finds more congenial. I am writing, by the way, as the publisher of my own personalzine (which means I do most of the writing), as an active letterhack, and as someone who has had her articles published in other fanzines. And I am hardly the only woman in any of these categories.

I recommend to Rodney, and to your readers, a book by Joanna Russ, How To Suppress Women's Writing. Many of his rhetorical tactics here are dreadfully familiar: he lists a couple of women who in fact do what he's talking about (such as be nominated for the Hugo or publish their own fanzines) in dependent clauses as "aside from Sharon Farber" or in dismissive sentences like "Jean Weber does something called Weberwoman's Wrevenge".

Yes, and Dave Langford does something called Ansible.

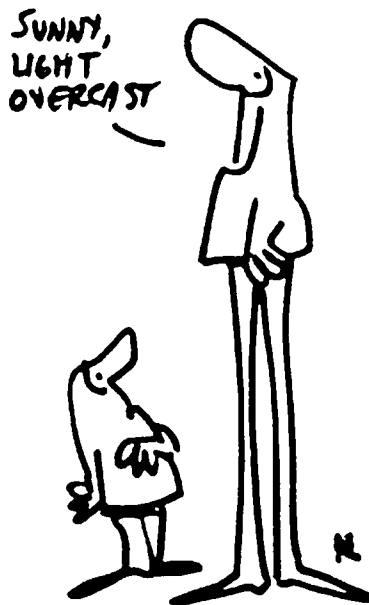
I would also ask Rodney if he has considered the possibility that LOC writing is less male dominated than LOC printing. Male domination tends to be self-perpetuating in ways that are not always conscious or intentional. One of them is that a fanzine that publishes mostly letters from men may send out the message to women that "your LOC's are not welcome here." Another is that an editor may choose to use letters from people who are already well-known as fans... Thus if any group (in this case women) starts out as under-represented, it may continue to be under-

represented absent a deliberate effort at inclusion... History, including the history of fandom, being what it is, a fanzine that focuses on old-time fandom may also wind up with a male-dominated lettercol, simply because First Fandom, or even 1950's fandom, contained far more men than women... And if there are even a few editors out there who think the way Rodney does -- who tend to look at women as special cases, as sex objects who might also be valued for our intelligence, rather than as fellow fans... -- they're unlikely to attract material from women, and unlikely to print what they do receive, and that would further skew the figures. Our society

has a long, sad history of deliberate discrimination against women: in that light, for Rodney to spend two pages wondering out loud why there aren't more women in fanzine fandom, with only a light-hearted half sentence considering that men's actions might be a large part of the reason, shows either great ignorance or deliberate disingenuousness...

[[Yes. We like to think we've made "a deliberate effort at inclusion" regarding women. We'd be interested to know if readers think our efforts are adequate.]]

On the subject of law, it's entirely possible that the law of a future human society would not derive linearly from that of any current society, let alone from international law is it is currently



understood. It's also possible that it might derive from an existing society, but not one that most Westerners are familiar with. (Vernor Vinge played with a future in which all human civilization was derived from a Norwegian-speaking, matrilineal colony world, in A Fire Upon The Deep, and George Alec Effinger has considered a future Islamic/Arab culture, which of course works by very different rules than a future culture derived from current Europe or North America.

[[Current space law, such as it is, derives out of current aeronautical law, which derives out of maritime law. These things don't just spring up out of nowhere.]]

In response to your comments about Ted's article: The FAAn Awards do not require voters to prove they're fanzine fans. Voting in the FAAn Awards is open to anyone who wants to vote; in practice, this will mean fanzine fans... But there's no attempt to check credentials. I suspect you're thinking of the TAFF and DUFF ballots, which do require voters to have been active in fandom for 18 months and to offer a reference in case they don't think the administrator will recognize their names.

[[Right you are, we did have TAFF and DUFF in mind. But we were praising that system. Anything which tends to restrict the franchise, makes Americans nervous, because of the way such policies were abused in the past.]]

Fandom has not worn out its welcome in Boston. Rather, the Boston hotel market is so tight right now that the Boston in 2001 committee were told that the hotels would be happy to have their business -- at the same rate everyone gets, without the discount fandom can generally negotiate for bringing in large numbers of people on the weekend. The committee felt that fans wouldn't pay \$200/night (in 1998 dollars, meaning probably slightly more by 2001)... This has been thoroughly explained by MCFI.

JOSEPH T. MAJOR
1409 Christy Avenue
Louisville KY 40204

Rodney Leighton is comparing general SF fandom with wrestling fandom and asking, "Whither the ladies of fandom?" Try Star

Trek fandom.

"Article IV, Section I: Full faith and credit shall be given in each state to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other state. And the Congress may by general laws prescribe the manner in which such acts, records, and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof." "State" there means one of the United States. The British Empire, for example, did not give "full faith and credit" to slave status between 1833 and 1866, which was why fugitive slaves tried to get to Canada... Dred Scott did not apply across international boundaries.

[[There are exceptions to every rule, of course; but IN GENERAL "full faith and credit" is the underlying principle of international law and international commerce.]]

Admiral Miles Naismith is like Colonel John Christian Falkenberg or Colonel Robert Denard; a contract employee of his country's intelligence services performing covert military actions using a deniable asset -- if he succeeds, well then Barrayaran interests are well served, and if he fails, well there goes another bandit.

I seem to have dropped a line in discussing Niekas. The article discussing literacy in the Conan stories was based on the Marvel comic books! If Robert E. Howard came back to life that might make him shoot himself again.

The problem with the bondage geeks -- I saw a very well-worded posting on this -- is the general problem of cons. Fans who happen to like another activity will get together at cons to do it. They attract their friends who are not fans but read SF. They in turn attract others who share the same interest but are not interested in SF. Thus the general theory of everything from Simon and Simon slash fanzines (Si/Si) to misued sprinkler heads to the Gardening Track at Worldcon.

Miklis should be aware that there was a melancholy editorial by Silverberg in Asimov's about the late lamented East German prodrom. East German SF writers cannot get published any more, as German publishing houses are grinding out translations of English-language SF, and particularly Star Trek.

"Pocket billiards has an 'Act of God'

rule..." Think of the archetypal pool room. It features a big fluorescent light fixture over the table. Therefore, rules would have to take into account said fixtures falling. Or other things. One of the Stupid Ways To Die I read about involved a billiards player who was making the shot of his life, hanging head down over the table with his legs hooked over the ceiling beams. Until he let go, fell on his head, and died.

[[We suppose some such incident inspired Rule 3.12, "It is a foul if a player shoots when at least one foot is not in contact with the floor."]]

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

I don't know about Rodney Leighton's "Whither the ladies of fandom?" I can list a number of fanzines produced by women, including one of my own, which have a deliberately restricted circulation, which means they are invisible to anyone outside the circle of the editor's friends...

To these women producing a fanzine is like throwing a dinner party: you invite the guests and you serve the best you can. If everybody has a good time, you'll do it again when you have money, time, energy, and something to say.

Also, I know there are quite a number of fanzines devoted to MZB's oeuvre that are entirely women's productions, from writing to art, and I understand there are similar subsets of fandom devoted to several other female authors. So there's a lot of stuff out there I bet Leighton has not seen -- and probably wouldn't be interested in, either.

[[We're not entirely happy with the exclusive subsets only interested in one "universe" (e.g. Star Trek) or only in one writer, however good -- regardless of how those subsets break down by gender.]]

I think Leighton's sample is biased by the very fact that he is a fannish gentleman, and isn't generally invited to the corner of the fanzine room where the ladies are discussing glass ceilings, childbirth, male chauvinist pigs, real hunks, and romance in faraway places, not to mention literature as seen and/or

written by women.

Nope, nice guy that Leighton probably is -- after all he did think to wonder where all the women were and not just for the immediate joys of their company -- he is over in that other corner of the fanzine fandom lounge: the one with the guys checking out the babes, live and fictitious, as they work on the beer and the chips.

[[Maybe he ought to be invited. Or the ladies should come over to the guys' corner and have a beer. Segregation will not go away as long as people will not talk to each other about the problem.]]

Ah...
Twink-- crunchy on the outside
with a marshmallow center!



BIRL

BILL BRIDGET
4126 Mountain Creek Road #6
Chattanooga TN 37415

I got away from my old job of 18½ years with a vested retirement waiting for me... This new job keeps me outdoors in fresh air and under a sun that I seldom saw when I was working as a printer. Even though this is seasonal, this working in garden supplies and flowering plants, it is keeping me sturdy healthwise to go about all day with 40-lb. bags of grass seed and fertilizer under each arm. I would really like a shot at a two year degree made possible by my being a displaced worker, so at the end of the summer I hope K-Mart does not offer me too much incentive to stay where I am.

[[You know the joke about Harry Truman and "fertilizer", right? / Our principal grievance with K-Mart is that recorded Cylon Death Star voice that keeps announcing loudly, "Service is needed in layaway." Shades of the Atlanta airport subway system...]]

I liked the Steve Stiles cover of Twink #9 and the orchid paper. Thoughts on TAFF: well, if you run, I suppose I'd support you the same as I did Tom Sadler. Next time, however, I'd probably try to obtain convictions. As I told Ben Indick when he asked if I was now on the TAFF committee, when Jesus rescued Mary the Harlot from a bloodthirsty mob what was fixin' to stone her to death, he didn't take her to a motel afterwards. He told her to go and sin no more and that was the end of the matter. If TAFF doesn't clean up its act now that so many eyes are on them, I don't expect any TAFF on-line documents to go up on the web for two hours before paper copies start hitting the streets from Abu Dhabi to Zimbabwe and the revenues from those pirate editions will never find their way into TAFF coffers...

[[Thanks for the thought, but we don't plan to run. The "platform" was just a joke.]]

Re the reviews in the Only Our Opinion section, I do pay attention to Buffy The Vampire Slayer, but only because of the young female actresses in it: the stories in the old Kolchak The Night Stalker series were superior scripts.

[[We've watched Buffy occasionally. You can make a case for it being SF in that it clearly does not take place in our world, but in some alternate universe in which the reality of vampires and ghosts is openly taken for granted.]]

All these obligatory LOC's cut into my reading experience as well as...my writing and drawing time. It's been days since I read a book at all, and when I did I only made a superficial effort at getting into it. That book was Harry Turtledove's Case Of The Toxic Spell Dump.

JOY V. SMITH
3403 Providence Road
Lakeland FL 33810

Interesting cover on Twink #9: I liked your following through on the theme.

Very interesting article on females in fandom. I demand a survey!

[[Set yourself up for that one, Joy. We quote at you the old fannish dictum:

"That's a good idea, you do it!"]]

Excellent article on "SF And The Law".

The story possibilities are almost infinite. I have to admit that I've given very little thought to the "statutory and judicial structure" of my worlds. A casual remark is all I can recall offhand.

A good article on fanzines and Hugos by Ted White (though I too think that a fairly regular schedule should be part of the criteria).

Re: the Buffy review. I've enjoyed Buffy for a while -- good cast and plot twists that usually avoid the trite and predictable. But now "they" have had Angel revert -- intriguing plot twist. What will happen next? Well, he's been killing people left and right and tormenting Spike. And then he killed Jenny. I sure don't see how he can be redeemed now (and I haven't forgotten Jenny's disk). I do not think much of the "We'll be darker this year" trend.

The letters are full of historical tidbits and insights, etc., as always, and nicely round out a very full issue. I especially enjoyed the LOC from the MSFire trio. (I love their byplay in MSFire too.)

[[Editor's note: Joy's letter was on the back of a topographic map of "Winema National Forest". Judging by the steep slopes of the topography, it can't be anywhere in Florida. Readers?]]

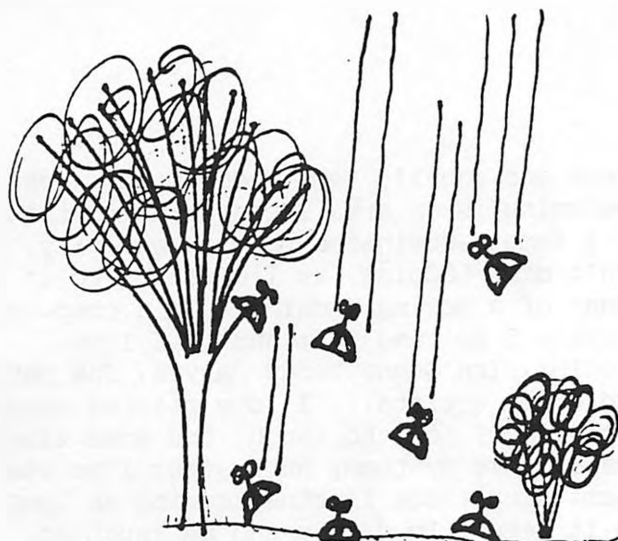
TEDDY HARVIA
701 Regency Drive
Hurst TX 76054

I see female LOC'ers, editors, artists, and writers everywhere. Not since my days in my local fan club in the mid-70's have I lamented an absence of women (we had two).

Returning your fanzine seems an extreme response to its contents. Fandom would be an extremely strange place, though, if every fanzine was for everyone.

BUCK COULSON
2677 W 500 N
Hartford City IN 47348

Actually, Juanita was never an editor of Yandro; she was the publisher. You have to go farther back than that, when the fanzine was still called EISFA (Eastern Indiana SF Association) and before Juanita and I were married. (Which was 1954.) As



Another mysterious fall of propeller
beanies hits in Baltimore.

soon as I was co-opted onto the fanzine staff, Juanita said I was editor because she didn't like to reject anything, and she was publisher from then on. (Editors really did get more material than they could publish back in those dear dead days, and I never minded sending some of it back.)

As far as I can tell, most fictional heroes and a lot of real ones are rather fuzzy in the legality of their actions.

[[One thing Aral Vorkosigan did, on becoming Regent, was to install a mandatory course at the Academy on legal and illegal orders: complete with video illustrations that made most of the cadets toss their lunches.]]

The problem with deciding whether the best fanzine wins the Hugo will never be decided, because fans generally disagree on just what is the "best". Ted White and I seldom agreed, certainly -- and still don't... Ted, of course, is quite sure that his judgement is superior. So am I. So, I presume, are you. Ted and I, of course, are more experienced and have seen more fanzines -- and we still don't agree. Fandom is one place where your opinion is as good -- or as bad -- as the next. And "best" is a relative term; best in whose opinion? Personally I believe this is a good thing...

I'm not sure I agree with Teddy Harvia, either. Certainly I created the name "Buck" -- but that was back in third grade, when boys played "cowboys and Indians". It got into fandom when a fan friend met one of my school friends, and stuck. Now, I think of it just as my "fan name"; it has nothing to do with my identity. My identity is "me", and has nothing

to do with names. (Remember, "The name is not the object.")

I can't even remember what I thought about when I was three. Unless one memory dates back to that age. It involved my trying to ride the family dog -- an English Setter -- so I can't have been too old... I succeeded in climbing on, and the dog promptly sat down and I slid off. I thought this was hysterically funny, and tried to tell my mother about it... (Juanita commented that my first memory would concern a dog...)

JOSEPH NICHOLAS

15 Jansons Road, South Tottenham,
London, N15 4JU, United Kingdom

Thanks for Twink #9 -- even though I've little more to say... We've been back for a month, but I've only just about caught up on the backlog of reading that accumulated while we were away. And now it's Easter, I can relax again.

Two points, however. Firstly, you've made an error in our address: it's Jansons, not Hansons Road. Secondly, a fanzine omitted from my little list of titles worthy of a Hugo nomination: Dale Speirs' Opuntia. It's an acquired taste, perhaps, but I enjoy his tales of horticulture and park maintenance.

[[We've heard of Opuntia but not seen it. Feel free to disagree with our editorial rants at any time, Joseph. A free, fair exchange of views is what Twink is all about.]]

ALEX SLATE

8603 Shallow Ridge Drive
San Antonio TX 78239

This letter is late because, being a split personality, I've been so hard working to get the last issue of Twink ready. Seriously, my new job has been keeping me really hopping, and when I get home I just feel like doing 'no brain' stuff; such as playing computer games.

But to expound on my PhiloSFy #8 review of Twink ... it's not that you are doing anything wrong or badly, it's just that your articles are better. The reviews, for example, are good, probably as good as mine, maybe a little better, maybe a little worse. But they are pretty much

the same as mine and many others' reviews.

But the articles are all your own. It's here that your inner voice comes out...

[[Alas, the truth will out: "Frohvet" is a schizoid subset of Alex Slate's mind. Send compliments here, complaints go to Texas... / Seriously, thanks. We just write about things that interest us, and hope the readers get something from them.]]

Issue #9 was a fine issue. I feel your fanzine reviews are getting better. I think Rod is looking in the wrong places for female involvement in fanzines. I'd say, look to the clubzines.

LLOYD & YVONNE PENNEY
1706-24 Eva Road
Etobicoke, Ontario
M9C 2B2, Canada

Interesting that the issue is dedicated to a figure skater. Many years ago, I worked part-time for a figure skating club. I had to put up with snotty kids who demanded that their tapes be played before anyone else, the haughty parents who demanded the same thing as their snotty kids, and the club executives who vacillated between standing up to the parents, wimping out and telling me to withstand the brunt of the parents and kids, and play whatever comes to hand. The nicest group were the coaches...

[[We wrote to the USFSA, suggesting the U.S. should boycott 1999 Worlds in protest of the shameless judging at the recent Olympics. Won't happen, more's the pity.]]

Whither the ladies of fandom? There's plenty around, and fandom is a great equalizer... Yvonne said she'd like to comment...

Hi! Yvonne here. I would like to comment on "Whither The Ladies Of Fandom". First, I don't stand behind Lloyd; I stand beside him, as he does with me. We decided early on in our relationship that we would be equals: finances, housework, etc. Lloyd gravitated naturally to fanzines; after all, he is a trained journalist, and writing is his passion. My passion is with the sewing machine, and many of you have seen the wonderful shirts I have made, not only for Lloyd, but for others as well (even if you have to wear sunglasses!). Fandom, like real life, has male-dominated

areas and equally female-dominated areas. Costuming is an area I can think of that is a female-dominated fannish activity. I don't miss LOCing, as I'd rather be in front of a sewing machine than a computer screen. I do read fanzines... I love Rotsler, Ian Gunn, Teddy Harvia, Joe Mayhew and other artists... I love reading funny articles, I love to laugh, and some zines really make my tummy hurt after I've read them. Keep those fanzines coming as long as it keeps Lloyd busy and me laughing. -- YRP.

[[We're never going to be in the same league as Plokta. We did a parody travelogue years ago for Lan's Lantern, never got much feedback on it.]]

Robert Sawyer's newest novel looks at law, and this isn't the first time Robert's SF has had a bit of law/mystery/detective fiction thrown in for flavor. Illegal Alien is the story of an alien accused of murder, and how human justice conflicts with alien sensitivities. I recommend it, and would do so, even if I wasn't a character in it. (grin)

The most jaded of us would say that an award given to you by your peers indicates your popularity, not necessarily your competence at what you did to win the award. Are the most jaded also right? I have to wonder sometimes. I would say that the way to win that fanzine Hugo is to be both competent and popular, although size and circulation also help... I guess you publish what you can get, but hope that it will help you to produce the fanzine you want to see. Any rocketships that get sent your way are gravy.

There should be a panel at the Baltimore Worldcon, and it should have a panel in



the fan lounge: "Who is E.B. Frohvet?"
Would you be ready to reveal all in
Baltimore?

[[Britfan (and Hugo-nominated editor of
Attitude) Michael Abbott, writing in Lilian
Edwards' The Wrong Leggings: "Contrary to
rumour, E B Frohvet is not a computer
program, but a nest of termites in Ted
White's back garden." Helas, as we French
termites say, the truth will out.]]

I haven't seen that picture of the Aurora
winners in SFChronicle. I don't think that
issue made it up here. Can anyone send me
a photocopy?

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

Thanks for Twink #9. Very odd -- I can't
quite get my head around where Twink is
coming from, or quite what it aspires to
be. I don't really know you either, E.B.,
and I'm not talking about the pseudonym
-- I also go by the tag 'esjay' for most
of my fan art; this was given to me years
ago by a non-fan to avoid a confusion of
four Steves in our social circle. No, I'm
happy with 'E.B. Frohvet' as a fan in hir
own write, but I don't get much impression
of who you are from Twink #9.

That does influence how I write. I LOC
Plokta differently from Banana Wings, or
IRG/FTT, or Wild Heirs because of the
strong editorial personality that I respond
to. Maybe it will come. This is the first
copy of Twink I have seen, and many of
your own LOC's have been tied up with the
'Game of E.B. Frohvet', which might dis-
tract from interaction with E.B. Frohvet
the fan.

[[A BNF once commented that our use of
a pen name was the most interesting thing
about Twink. We never intended the 'Game'
to be this big; on the other hand, if the
identity-game goes, do we have enough left
to be an interesting fanzine?]]

I'm not sure what you mean by "legitimate
name recognition in the U.K." The last
thing I would have thought fanzines were,
was legitimate, certainly in semi-serious
form. By "semi-serious" do you mean sercon?
Well, we tried once (me and Vikki): it was
a confusing experience, until I largely

separated sercon (the BSFA, Foundation,
and the late Critical Wave) from fanzine
fandom and engaged in parallel programming
streams within fandom. That was very much
in the late 80's to mid 90's, but there
are signs the two streams are starting to
re-entangle in places... I've always felt
uncomfortable that it was considered the
mark of a gauche neo to try to mix SF and
fanzine fandom in those days, and I'm glad
to see it go...

What Attitude did, and what may be its
abiding legacy, was to re-legitimise the
sercon interests of fanzine fandom, in
critical discussion of SF and fanzines and
conventions, but to infuse the whole thing
with the sense of joy and personal engage-
ment that is the best fanzine writing.
Even if you write a book review, I want a
sense of who you are as a reviewer...
Otherwise I might as well read the blurb.
On the other hand, there is Locus, SFC,
or Vector for those of us who still read
and collect SF, so perhaps what I want
from a review in a fanzine is a more
personal engagement, even argument, of the
reviewer with the book.

The squeezing of sour grapes can be
tasted all through the Fanzine Hugo Con-
troversy... The basic system, as I under-
stand it seems to be: a lot of people who
have gone to a Worldcon, are mostly
unfamiliar with any of the names and
titles in any category other than Novel,
and fill it in on either the basis of that
limited knowlegde or guesswork ... and the
most well known or easily recognised name,
and Dave Langford, win so that someone can
phone up Dave at an unreasonable hour of
the morning and tell him the result.

The U.K. FanArt Nova has an equal
simplicity as explained by John Dalmann
at the recent FanArt panel at Eastercon:
everybody attending Eastercon votes for
their favorite fan artist, D. West wins,
and everyone is happy. Sometimes the
situation is confused when sufficient
people vote who don't understand the rules,
and it goes to Dave Mooring or Sue Mason
and the proceedings are then held up while
gophers are sent to fetch them from the
bar.

I'm still a bit confused about Twink.
It aspires, as you say, to be a semi-
sercon fanzine, but I'm not entirely sure

whether that is SF sercon (like your article on SF law and, less successfully, the capsule book reviews) or fandom sercon (the status of the fanzine Hugos), while retaining odd and incongruous bits of 'faanishness' (the gratuitous H's in the letter column title).

[[All of the above. Theoretically.]]

MARTY CANTOR
11825 Gilmore Street #105
North Hollywood CA 91606

Thank you for Twink #9. Having just got back into an active role in fanzine fandom after a gap of 5 or 6 years ... it is good to see that not all of fanzine fandom has disappeared into the net. Indeed, it is good to see that during my years of disappearance, that there have not been only the continued activity in the area, which I expected, but there have been some interesting zines being introduced -- and Twink is one of those. I have not seen earlier issues of your zine so I cannot judge how it has grown during its run; however, judging from #9, I will opine, subjectively, that it shows a nice capacity for growth and maturity. Now, I can see that the previous comment can be viewed in the light of condescension -- I sincerely do not mean it to be read that way. What I am saying is that continued growth and maturity of the zine (I am making no commentary about an editor about whom I know very little) will show it to be more focussed and to have a coherent viewpoint of a sort. In other words, it will have a more 'jelled' personality than it presently seems to have. The fact that it may be in the process of getting to this point should not be considered negative as it is not only people who change and mature over time -- so it is with zines. And one of the charms of fanzines...is reading them as they grow and change -- and enjoying them for what they are at every stage. Keep up what you are doing... And, by the way, I hope that you are enjoying your anonymity. The fact that most of us prefer to let the rest of fandom know more about ourselves than most of fandom probably wants to know, is absolutely no reason for you to maintain the same mindset.

I read with great interest what Ted White wrote in respect to the fanzine Hugo



and I find that I am mostly in agreement with what he has written. It is my hope, though, that people will not view my titling my zine No Award is an attempt to win the Hugo. Maybe, one day, it will be viewed as good enough to win on its own merits; however, the title is there as a way of having some fun (and participating in the old faanish custom of throwing some sand in the works -- I would not want anybody in this hobby to feel too comfortable, now would I?). Anyway, I doubt that producing a zine for the sole purpose of winning the fanzine Hugo would ever be good enough to actually win it (barring the kind of unforgiveable bloc voting so properly denounced by Ted) as such a zine would most likely not have the proper "faanish heart" which any good fanzine should have. In an ideal world, only the actual best fanzines would ever win the Hugo, and we all know this is not an ideal world. I do not believe this is a reason to abolish the category...

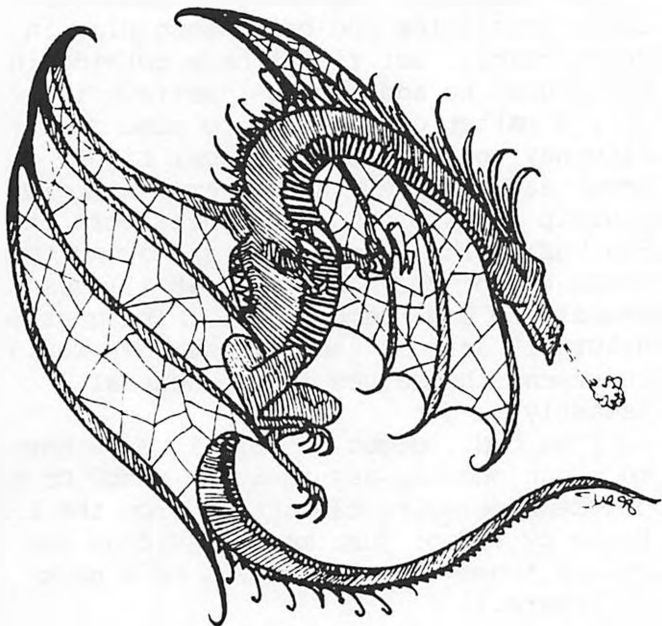
[[On the advice of someone far more knowledgeable than ourself, we have concluded the actual prospect of amending the eligibility requirements is too small to justify the effort involved.]]

LYN McCONCHIE
Farside Far, Nagamoko Road
R.D. Norsewood, New Zealand

Life on Farside continues as usual -- peculiar. I walked out to get Bet in for milking a while back and as I passed the big stock-water tank glanced in. To my horror it was empty. I screamed for Dean (my best mate's son, who with his girlfriend Dianne, lives in a house truck on

Farside), who shot down to check the new water trough. I'd been right. A dim-witted and never to be sufficiently cursed lamb, had got his fool head wedged under the inlet pipe, wrenched back in panic and broken off the connection. Since the trough fills on gravity this meant that overnight all the water in the main tank had run out! Dean fixed the damage but it cost, and took hours refilling everything...

I amused the heck out of local farmers lately too. My leg's been playing up in the the humidity. So much that when called Bet in for milking my leg wasn't about to let me walk miles around a large paddock when she refused to come. So I set out on my electric scooter and pattered silently



along the fence line, clad -- since I'd been writing in extreme heat all day and didn't feel like changing for a five minute cow collection -- in a voluminous bright blue caftan. I had just rounded her up when I noticed a Land-Rover had halted. I waved. The driver waved back, continuing to watch. A car joined him. And another. Two days later I was at a local shop and everyone was still smiling... In retrospect I suppose it is funny. It isn't the usual farm vehicle and my garb was anything but usual farm wear. I'm considering training Tiger to help. That would REALLY give everyone something to smile about.

...At Westercon in 1991, someone hailed

me and talked very slowly and carefully while asking about my writing. But on second thought that could have been because they weren't sure how well I spoke English. There was a similar problem that trip with a New Jersey reporter when I was staying with mystery-fan friends in Glassboro. They told the local paper I'd be there and did they want to interview me. They did, yes indeedy. But the day before I arrived someone rang back in a tizzwoz to make sure I spoke English.

I also remember back in the year the Olympics were in America some 15 years ago [[Los Angeles 1984]], a TV crew from here was over to film the games. They arrived early and made a brief program to while away the time by asking people on the city streets where they thought New Zealand might be. Roughly speaking most thought we were Tasmania, and a sprinkling thought we were Monaco, Andorra, or Holland... I suspect that several U.S. editors have been surprised to find a story appear in their mailbox from strange and mysterious New Zealand. One congratulated me on my English in a way which made it clear he believed it was my second language. For those who may wonder, 70% of kiwis are of U.K. extraction. I speak English. And a few words of Maori and Spanish.

[[How can anyone not know where New Zealand is? It's southeast of Old Zealand, as every sensible person knows.]]

SHERYL BIRKHEAD
23629 Woodfield Road
Gaithersburg MD 20882

Poor typer is so full of dust -- probably enough cat fur in there to build a mat from the ground up...

I liked the Stiles cover, even if I am not too sure of its significance. It is a nice touch that the title font has an Oriental flavor to it.

Ah, having an overabundance of art work is a luxury not too many faneds can boast -- remember that (the response from the fanartist community at least!) whenever you wonder how fandom is receiving Twink. Now that the nominations are out for Baltimore, I anxiously await the nominating numbers; which if I remember correctly are

not released until after the Worldcon... I suspect the 26 nominations needed to make the ballot this year is one of the highest. I was curious to see what would happen about (to/for?) a Rotsler nomination. Now I don't need to wonder.

[[Elizabeth Garrott says she has four binders full of fanart. Of course FOSFAX has been accumulating it longer, and being a much larger zine uses more art.]]

I am not at all certain why there aren't more women faneds... Granfalloon (Ginger Buchanan & Suzie Tompkins) was a superb zine -- as were Susan Wood's Aspidastra and others.

There is also the proud fannish tradition of femmefans using (ahem) initials, or pseudonyms -- and some fannish legends have arisen around misunderstandings about gender among fen who corresponded or traded... Until Star Trek and media interests, the ratio of male to female fen was definitely not 1-to-1...

Ted White's article is interesting and still points to the idea that everyone is just as valid as everyone else (at least in how they, personally, perceive fandom). Just as I define SF as its being what I say it is, a "good" zine is what appeals to me...

Looking at Joseph Nicholas' letter -- well, Attitude did make the ballot and I'm saddened that so many, now having a title unfamiliar to them, will not be able to see future issues. I'm surprised at your comment that FTT didn't pub in 1997. I've only seen some of the earlier Idea's -- can't quite figure out why I fell off the mailing list. Plokta has definite potential but I'm not familiar with the others.

[[We commend Attitude for their well-deserved nomination. And FTT (now reborn as International Revolutionary Gardener, see the review section) did not publish in 1997 -- IRG #1 is dated January '98.]]

Curiosity -- in Rodney Leighton's letter -- was it his typo or yours on Peggy Ransom??

[[Probably ours.]]

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

Twink #9 showed up at an auspicious time, when a slowing in the stream of incoming

fanzines coupled with a little more spare time allowed me to more or less catch up on back fanzine reading. So it became my morning reading last week when it arrived, and I digested it all over 3 or 4 early hours fanzine and bagel-eating sessions. I'm afraid that #8 fell victim to the double whammy of post-holiday lethargy followed by a great burst of fannish energy mainly devoted to getting the next issue of Trap Door together. The latter is in the final throes of preparation; I expect to be pasting it up within a week...

[[Nice to know that Twink did not affect your appetite adversely. Even if it is tref.]]

Having worked in a law office for over a year long ago, I'm familiar with the legal principles you bring into play in your article, but find I have nothing in particular to add except I believe it's only a matter of time before some smart attorney working for an animal rights group asserts the right to American citizenship for whales and dolphins born in Sea World-like places. A step beyond that would be for the U.N. to admit all sea mammals to U.N. membership... The question naturally arises, though, how they would represent themselves in the General Assembly.

[[The U.N. budget is \$billions -- how much can one big-ass aquarium cost? Or the cetacean delegate can attend from the East River by video; just mount a vidcam and one of those big-screen TV's on a dock somewhere.]]

I find nothing to quibble with in Ted White's article on the fanzine Hugo controversy. Like him, I regard the very best fanzines that come in as "frosting on the cake", and don't have a bias against everything else. He's right that circulation plays a large part in what gets nominated, but so does entropy... Once nominated, often nominated. I don't know, though, whether fanzines fans are "alienated" from the Hugo balloting; speaking personally, I go to very few Worldcons, and since nominating and voting is tied to, at the very least, supporting membership in the Worldcon, which isn't cheap, I'm seldom eligible to participate. As you correctly point out later... the fanzine Hugo "controversy" is something that won't go

away.

[[We'd like to see more emphasis on the FAAn, Aurora, and Nova Awards. As we commented elsewhere, changing the Hugo's appears to be a lost cause.]]

In the lettercolumn, I again agree with Ted White that Twink is quite a bit like "the kind of fanzines that used to be common" in the 50's and 60's: a competent production in which not everything is of compelling interest. That's the sort of fanzine that has always been with us, and if we didn't have them it would be a great desert, fanzine-wise, between the very best and the crudzines.

Sheryl Birkhead's observation that Tom Sadler's The Reluctant Famulus usually falls just short of getting a Hugo nominations ties in with Ted's comment that circulation plays a large part in the process. Tom has told me his circulation is around 125, and as he's getting 25 nominations each year he's got an amazingly dedicated bunch of readers... I think Tom's is one of the better publications in the current crop, myself, and has taken great leaps and bounds forward in quality in the last couple years, and if he keeps it up he might end up on the ballot -- but he's unlikely ever to win a rocket unless he's willing to at least double his circulation.

Glad to see you switched away from Kinko's as a place to get Twink printed, but please ask them not to install a top corner staple. I removed it and put a third staple in the normal place before I could easily read the zine.

[[Our fault. When they said, a staple in the upper left corner, we assumed that meant, a staple aligned vertically with the left margin. By the time we realized the problem, it seemed like a lot of work to remove all those staples.]]

JANINE G. STINSON
P.O. Box 430314
Big Pine Key FL 33043

I continue to be pleasantly surprised at the quality and presentation of the fanzines I've been receiving since I started getting them last year, and Twink #9 is no exception. This merely proves that I am a journalistic snob, and shows me there's a lot more to this fanzine stuff than I ever dreamed. As the editor of the N3F's Tightbeam, it's obvious that there's a high standard in place, and I like a challenge.

Of all the articles in Twink 9, "The Half Naked One On The Left" is most appreciated because now I have a ready list to use in my quest for more fanzines. That said, I read the entire ish and didn't find a stinker anywhere.

I look forward to #10 and your reviews of C.J. Cherryh's Foreigner books (there will be more in the series). For those who are interested, she finished the third book in the Fortress collection a couple of weeks ago. This is one of the advantages of having America Online as my ISP; Cherryh has her own "area" on AOL

and is a frequent poster there as well as in other folders on the service, so I get to find out what she's up to just a bit quicker than most folks.

Re: Catherine Mintz and Gormenghast, it took me several years after my first attempt at reading it to finish all three books, but I was very glad I went back for a second try. Reading it is like eating pound cake after a helping of popcorn: lush, vivid, and lasting. (Now I've done it; have to add those books to the to-read pile!)

[[Took us three tries and more than a year to get through the first 100 pages -- arguably the weakest part -- of LOTR. Some things are just worth the extra effort.]]



Yes, we are E.B. Frchvet...
(for TAFF)

MURRAY MOORE
377 Manly Street
Midland, Ontario
L4R 3E2, Canada

I salute you. You have an editor's eye. It is well that you explained your contribution to the cover of Twink #9. Otherwise, I would have given all the credit to Steve Stiles.

Steve had the mental agility to put on paper a Japanese pagoda against a backdrop of black, nuclear power generating station, towers (which caused me to think of volcanoes), plus, PLUS, I shout in print, dials superimposed on the black nuclear power station towers. I say dials. My first impression was of clock faces. But each dial includes only one needle.

This is a very striking, imaginative image. You had the wit to see this image as the focus of a fanzine cover. Further, you supported the mood of the art by using calligraphic letters to print the title and issue number. The hexagram is a final, subtle, brilliant touch. The color of the cover stock compliments the mood.

In the event you are still unsure: I like this cover.

[[On behalf of Steve, thanks. Picking the color paper on which to print the covers has never been a problem; in each case the choice has seemed obvious.]]

E.B., your interrupting Rodney Leighton's article "Whither The Ladies Of Fandom" by inserting Gallia omnes after Rodney's statement, "Fanzine fandom can be divided into three categories," took a lot of Gaul on your part.

[[To date, Murray, you seem to be the only one who thought it was funny. "The gods love the obscure and hate the obvious" -- one of the Upanishads (don't have the exact reference handy).]]

Rodney's article describing his survey of SF appeared several Twink's ago and is old news. Nevertheless, I recommend to him, and to all Twink readers, David Pringle's survey Sceince Fiction: The 100 Best Novels. Pringle covers the period 1949 to 1984. I have read a good percent-ago of the 100 novels which Pringle singles out... I also finished wanting to read titles because of Pringle's descriptions and opinions...

[[We've seen several such lists by various authorities. Which segues neatly into a project we're planning, but probably not until nextish. Watch the "Miscellany" section in #11.]]

HARRY WARNER JR.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown MD 21740

I confess that the structure on your cover made me think of the Hagerstown building inspectors. They have been running wild in this neighborhood for several years. I'm sure the owner of the cover structure would receive a long list of complaints which must be rectified within 90 days: replacement of all the warped roofing, reinforcement of the apparent porch supports which are inadequately slender, replacement of the heating system which apparently is venting too much smoke...

I can think of a couple of other authors who used the legal system as an important part of their SF. Nat Schachner, who contributed a lot of good fiction to Astounding around the middle of the century, wrote a series of stories about the law involvements of space travel, which were pubbed in paperback form as Space Lawyer. Schachner was an attorney himself. H. Beam Piper was famous for his books about the Fuzzies, and these involved a lot of writing about litigation to determine if these BEM's had legal rights.

[[Correct as usual; we had forgotten the Fuzzy books, which we read long ago and probably still have around here (somewhere). The plot does hinge on a court case to determine if Fuzzies are people or merely animals.]]

Incidentally, your mention of the legal status of sidealks impinges on some things I've been wondering about my own house's sidewalks. Several blocks of Summit Avenue have sidewalks that don't extend to the curb. Between curb and the paving is a strip of lawn, perhaps 12 - 16 inches wide. I keep wondering about the status of this strip. Are people who step across it while getting out of thier autos parked in front of someone else's house trespassing? If someone trips on a hard-to-see garbage bag late at night on this strip, is the property owner liable to a damage suit

for obstructing the sidewalk? What about snowfalls when the property owner shovels his sidewalk clear but someone falls on the strip of land? The city has been planting trees at various points on these strips; can it do so without permission from the property owner and is the tree when large the property of the land owner or the city?

[[We're not a lawyer. As an educated layperson we'd guess the answers to all of those would hinge on whether the surveyed property line runs to the public street (usually but not always the case). If you're seriously concerned, you could write the city's legal department. Or have your attorney do so.]]

In mystery fiction, it's usually easy to be sure if the author is female because almost all women who write mystery novels devote a lot of space to references to the female characters' hair and clothes... It's harder to be sure in the case of SF writers. Leslie F. Stone was assumed by just about everyone to be a man when she sold a good bit of fiction to the prozines in the 1920's and 30's. If I recall correctly, the truth came out when Wonder Stories published a picture of her...

FRANZ MIKLIS
A-5151, Nussdorf 179
Austria

Hochwürdig geschächte Verehrung, hallo E.B.

So you finally survived Doc Fandom? My dearest congratulations and happy recovery. All in all I think you had luck. While Doc usually cuts deep into the heart of faneds, you were only squeezed and hugged a little bit. Anyway, he provided an interesting read concerning the policies of Hugo voting.

(I on your case would frame his sentences -- "I rather like Twink #8. It reminds me of the kind of fanzines that used to be common in the Good Old Days, right down to the cover." -- in gold and hang it proudly on the wall.)

[[We'll admit it, we were a little afraid to send Twink to some people; but voices as expert as Ted White, Marty Cantor, and Robert Lichtman all seem to see it as a good average journeyman

fanzine -- a fair judgement, and about as much as we could expect.]]

I feel Rodney's view of female fandom will cause the one or another hot letter, but it seems the cultural background plays an important role... My fellow artist from Spain, Gloria Carrera, told me the art scene in Spanish fandom is mainly female dominated. (Although fandom there is a weird mixture of mystic fantasy, erotic punk/horror and a small slice SF.) My dear friend, Gina Manzetti from Milano, on the other side always laments over the female letterhacks in their fandom, who dominate over all serious writing with romantic reminiscences. And here in Austria it is obvious that female fans dominate the small but fine conrunning scene. In fact nearly all conventions organized by male fen were a complete disaster.

Twink #9 will be a legendary zine for me, read to my children's kids some day far in the future. I never got a zine with so many positive comments on a cover from me like this. A true ego-booster, and only my home druids prevented me from jumping around on the table, by holding me back on my beard. Thank you all a lot, you will be especially included in my toasts at the next World Wide Party...

Mit-Sommerliche Grüße und Wünsche...

[[We enjoy having you along, Franz, because you give us all insight into corners of fandom most Americans don't have access to. Glad you enjoyed the egoboo. We do plan to use another of your drawings as a cover...someday...]]

EDMUND R. MESKYS
address previously given

I liked your article about SF and the law. You made some good points and seem to have more than the average civilian's knowledge of legal matters. I did not know about the anti-privateer convention, for example, and had not read that particular Anderson story... Your point about sidewalks reminds me that in college I had to take a course in ethics given by the philosophy department. (St. John's College in NY.) The teacher had given a number of examples of required access. At the time there was a large drugstore in Grand Central Terminal in NY which had doors



both to the street and into the station and people often entered the station by going through the store, which was (if I remember) open 24 hours a day. They closed off the passage one day a year so they could retain the right to close it off again. Otherwise it would become a public easement.

Also in the Catholic Church there is Canon Law which is established by the bureaucracy in Rome which serves much the same purpose as Jewish law derived from the Talmud as elaborated and expanded upon by various rabbis of high standing. Some rulings dating from medieval times are now simply followed blindly even though the reason no longer applies... The example I am thinking of is the prohibition of rice during Passover. In northern Europe rice was exotic at the time and if someone saw you eating it he might think it is leavened and it would give scandal. Today rice is common and known not to have leaven, but still Ashkenazi Jews will avoid it during Passover because that is what their parents did...

You did well to extract that article out of Ted White's letter rather than run it in the lettercol. I do agree with the essence of what he has to say, though our tastes vary in some ways... I do read Ansible every month and while I enjoy it very much I do not regard it as highly as Ted. Apparently I am in the minority as it has won the tin rocket, several times if I remember. Too bad you are not computerized as the easiest way to get it is to have it sent to you every month by e-mail...

I do enjoy Mimosa very much. I would say it is my favorite fanzine, though on reflection I must agree with Ted that it shows very little of the Lynchs' personalities. But his articles and the columns on personal fan history by Ackerman, Kyle, and Willis are wonderful, as are the reminiscences of Med School.

Over the years we have all gotten the impression that non-deserving zines got the award over low circulation zines which are better, and griped that useful zines of no literary merit like SF Times were winners, but a surprising number of good zines did get it. Deserving zines that I remember include Amra Ansible, Cry, Fanac, File 770 (the first time), Inside, Locus (the first time), Mimosa, and Yandro...

[[You neglected to mention a worthy winner called NIEKAS. -- which we hope to see, as the publisher informs us, Real Soon Now.]]

* * * * *

We Also Heard From: Elizabeth Garrott, Rodney Leighton, Steve Pasechnik, Guy Lillian III, Steve Sneyd (we're thinking of cornering the market on fanzine fans named "Steve"), Brin-Marie McLaughlin, N. Awther Fan (who -- politely enough -- asked to be removed from the mailing list), Henry L. Welch, Janice Murray, Wm. Breiding; and assorted other notes from some other of our readers.

Total # LOC's though this issue: 143.
Total # persons who have LOC'ed: 53.
Total # LOC's from women: 45 (31.4%).
Total # of states reached: still 19.
(We misplaced Massachusetts, but picked up Georgia when Ned Brooks moved there.)
3 provinces in Canada, & 5 other countries
-- 6 if you count Scotland separately.



AN EDITOR AND HIS/HER/THEIR/ITS COMMUNITY

commentary by E.B. Frohvet

Twink is intended as a genzine. If we had wanted to do a personalzine, about ourself and our opinions on every subject, we could have done that with considerably less effort and expense. Frankly, we didn't think our nondescript life would be of much interest to you. However, we get the sense that our editorial detachment, which we originally perceived as a plus, may be getting in the way of your appreciation of Twink. Okay, we're adaptable. Herewith, a brief autobiographical sketch on a very dull subject. If you find it boring, don't say we didn't warn you.

Born: yes, at great inconvenience to our mother, who nearly died. (About five minutes after we were born, the doctor decided everything was okay, and scarpered off to play golf or something.) Where? Oh, okay: suburbs of Hartford CT. One older brother, who now lives in California: we were alienated for a long while, but now on better terms. The usual childhood, school, college, blah, blah. (One year at the Penn State satellite campus near Harrisburg, then transferred to U. of Tennessee at Knoxville. Orange & white. Go Vols.) We cut a deal with a government agency to work overseas for a year and a half in lieu of paying off college loans; turned out more like 22 months. Eventually wound up living in Florida for some years. Read SF more or less regularly since childhood. An old school friend turned us on to convention fandom; we started going and, eventually, working on cons.

Sex: we're in favor of it, generally. Mundane occupation: claims adjuster for an insurance company. (This is not quite as dull as it sounds.) Civil status: presently not married and not looking. Favorite junk food: nachos, but every once in awhile we get a craving for bacon cheeseburgers, from which you may well conclude, no, we're not Jewish or Muslim. Secret ambition: we'd love to direct Measure For Measure on a stage covered in two tons of sand, with a cast in beach attire. Since that's unlikely to happen, we'd settle for being on a few panels at Worldcon one of these years.

Our favorite sport is tennis. We like Chinese food, Vivaldi, and cats. In our considered opinion, the prettiest city in North America is still San Francisco. All 3-year-olds are cute regardless of race or gender. We live in a condo in Columbia, very modest by area standards, but it suits our simple needs. We have a fireplace and a rocking chair, and a bird feeder on the patio. We're much like the character in the Heinlein story, "semi-vegetarian" but not fanatic about it; it's only at intervals that we watch the birds and wonder what roast dove would taste like...

Columbia is a "planned community", intended to have most of the advantages and amenities of a larger city with fewer of the disadvantages. Located somewhat closer to Baltimore than to Washington DC, Columbia is divided into ten neighborhoods, for some euphemistic reason called "villages". There's a hospital, a library, a community college, and The Mall as a central shopping resource. (Each "village" has, or is supposed to have, the basics, a grocery store, filling station, bank.)

Located on gently rolling ex-farmland, Columbia sprawls on both sides of Route 29: oddly, you can drive through the middle of the city and hardly see any sign of human presence other than the road itself. Large tracts of land are owned and maintained as "open space" by the semi-governmental Columbia Association; the whole area is threaded with a network of paved paths for walkers and bicycles. Around any corner you're likely to find one of the ubiquitous playgrounds that dot the community.

There are four lakes, all artificial ("artificial" in the same sense as a beaver lake, i.e., they dammed up a natural streambed). But when Columbians speak of "the lake" or especially "the lakefront", it means the west shore of Lake Kittamaquidi, site of pavilions, Fourth of July fireworks, and the city's oldest and best known restaurant, Clyde's.

Anything else you need to know?



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Psychology Today says: In a study at the University of Northumbria in U.K., some 5-10% of Trekkies met clinical criteria for "addiction": a craving for Star Trek; euphoria when given their "fix"; irritability and depression when deprived, etc.

Trivia Dept.: William B. Tuthill did not sing, play an instrument, compose, or conduct; but music lovers have enjoyed his work for over 100 years. What did he create?

The decline of littrussy marches on. Seen on signs in our neighborhood: "Fine Winf And Spirits"; "Chinese Cuisine"; "house on nicley landscaped lot". Our fave, at a local cafe: "Soup of the Day -- Vegetable". We told the kid behind the counter, "There's no 'i' in 'vegetable'." "You know," he said in wonderment, "you're right." Willing to concede the 'i' was not correct, he hadn't a clue what to put in its place. When we left, the sign read: "Soup of the Day -- Veg table". Really, we wouldn't make up something like that.

NASA is spending \$millions to build a quarantine negative-pressure lab to examine Martian rock samples. "Samples from Mars should be considered hazardous until proven otherwise," according to the Center for Disease Control. Does this strike anyone as cost-effective? Duh.

Received unsolicited, a catalog from Violet Books, "antiquarian supernatural, fantastic & mysterious literatures". More than 400 items, some from writers we've never heard of. Serious collectors can order the catalog from: Jessica Amanda Salmonson, P.O. Box 20610, Seattle WA 98102.

QUOTE OF THE DAY

"I got to be pretty tired of being me... The possibilities were so limited."

-- Gaby Plauget, in Varley's Titan. We can understand that...

Critic Gene Siskel says that Kevin Costner's movie version of David Brin's The Postman was "the single worst film of 1997". Has anyone gotten Brin's view of the movie?

Story Project Update: A brief but polite note from Black Rose, David P. Dunning, editor: "It was an enjoyable story...but I would of [sic] preferred a little more menace to it." We may yet send him another story. Anyone wants guidelines and/or subscription info, ask us.

Odd Coincidences Dept.: Our membership #'s for Bucconeer and Chicon 2000 are less than 25 digits apart (2684 and 2708 respectively). Speaking of odd coincidences, we saw a car in our neighborhood with Maryland license EBF 903. No, not our car...

Orioles games at Camden Yards: Tuesday, August 4th, 7:30 PM; Wednesday, August 5th, 3:00 PM. Remember the magic word: TRAFFIC.

The character of "Val" on ABC-TV's Sabrina The Teenage Witch is officially "Valerie Birkhead". Sheryl is unsure of any relationship...

We had dinner a while back with the charming Steve & Elaine Stiles and several other mutual acquaintances. Steve has quit smoking since we saw him last. He's working on a couple of projects but mostly doesn't have much time for fanac at the moment. Steve hopes to do another cover for Twink eventually; we told him no hurry.

On a sunny day in May, with nothing better to do, we did track down the Permanent Labyrinth, in a modest public park northeast of Baltimore. We walked the Pattern, and bowed dutifully to the Goddess, but She didn't have anything to say to us that day; so we went home.

Astronomy (May '98) says: Three groups of cosmologists, operating independently, reached the same conclusion that the universe will continue to expand "forever". The words "beginning", "end", and "God" were conspicuously absent from the article.

Carolina Writers' Workshop at Wingate University (Wingate NC, east of Charlotte) had an SF workshop taught by John Kessel in May. We heard about it too late to go. CWOW says the workshops will be annual but they don't guarantee an SF workshop every year. We asked to be kept on their mailing list; check with us for info.