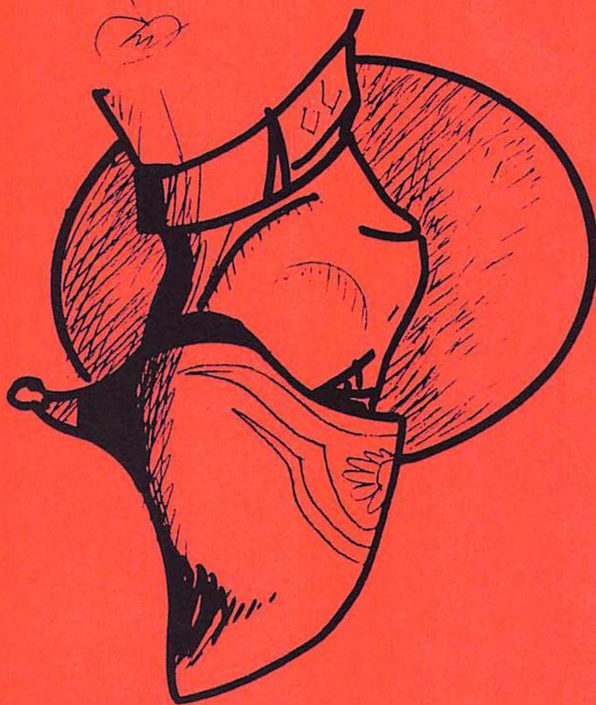
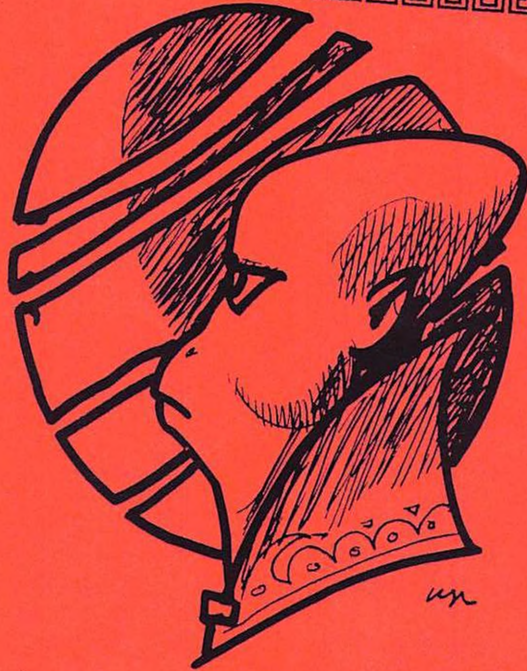


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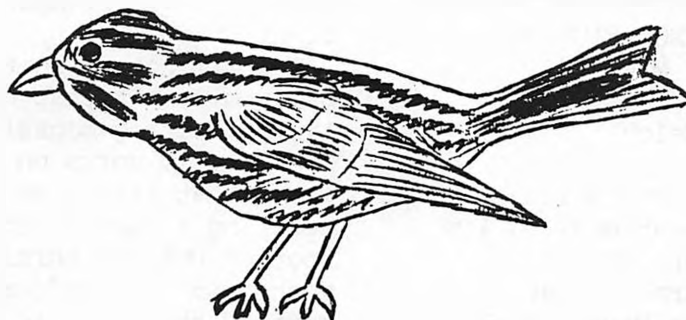
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JULY 1997

TWINK #6

Twink is a fanzine published quarterly. Our next issue is scheduled for: October 1997. Our main focus is on SF/fantasy/fandom. Twink is available for contributions, LOC's, in trade for your fanzine, or by editorial whim. All contributions are greatly appreciated. We can't 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: at least every other issue) will stay on the mailing list. Anyone who does not respond at all after two issues in a row may be dropped from the mailing list without further notice. If this title page is not highlighted in yellow, generally, don't worry.

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NOTES TOWARD A SCIENCE FICTION
NOVEL ABOUT BARRY MALZBERG

By Kevin W. Welch

You see, I missed the Barry Malzberg phenomenon the first time around, so I'm not really clear that there was a phenomenon. There are some traces that he left; a Campbell Award for Beyond Apollo, dozens of thin novels in the used book stores. He still causes strong emotions. I posted a note on the Use net written SF group headed, "What The Hell Happened To Barry Malzberg", and I got some response. One fellow, in response to a query about which books were worth reading, posted a terse "None of them." That's a response worth considering, I suppose.

No, I came in late when I stumbled across The Engines Of The Night in the Buffalo library. I took it home on a Saturday afternoon and read it twice that day and one more time before I returned it. I go back to it once a year or so and I've almost memorized some of the little essays. It can be an easy book to read.

I'm not sure why the book is so appealing. Malzberg has a lot of bad habits, like whining and self-pity. He has a touch of megalomania, in that writing SF is a Faustian bargain. He never says as much, obviously, but it's clear that for him it was an awesome responsibility. He is modest enough about his accomplishments (sometimes at least), feeling that he had failed miserably at what he set out to do. Still he takes failure far too seriously, and you'd think he could have saved himself if he'd just not been so damned pigheaded.

Engines confuses you because it's a conflation of biography and literary history. What happened to Barry, of course, is largely Barry's fault -- if indeed anything "happened" to him besides getting sick and tired of writing a book a month for six years. While he agrees partly, he also sees bigger forces at work. I mean, he suggests, half seriously, that the same conservative forces that sacrificed Richard Nixon to placate the college kids were busy cracking down on New Wave SF. This sort of thing runs all the way through Engines: Malzberg as characteristic of his time.

And I'm not going to even get into his disappointment that nobody can make a living writing magazine short stories.

Still, it works on me. I mean in the sense that it's like a virus. You know, rewiring a host's genetic structure with bootleg DNA and turning the cellular mechanism to a different purpose. Engines rewired the way I look at SF because it gave me a clear picture of SF history. The central feature of that picture is simple, like all influential but flawed ideas. Practitioners of SF are in constant tension between the imperatives of a coherent artistic ideal, and the constraints of equally coherent market forces. The great writers all wanted to look at the way technology would change society, and they explored this by using fictional techniques. That's a hard thing to do, bringing vast technological and social forces to bear on a single protagonist in the bounds of a commercial short story, but someone had to do it. Their work resonated with the reading public at certain times, like right after World

War II; other times, the reading public scorned them as writing "crazy kid stuff". That's appropriate; they were prophets writing social criticism.

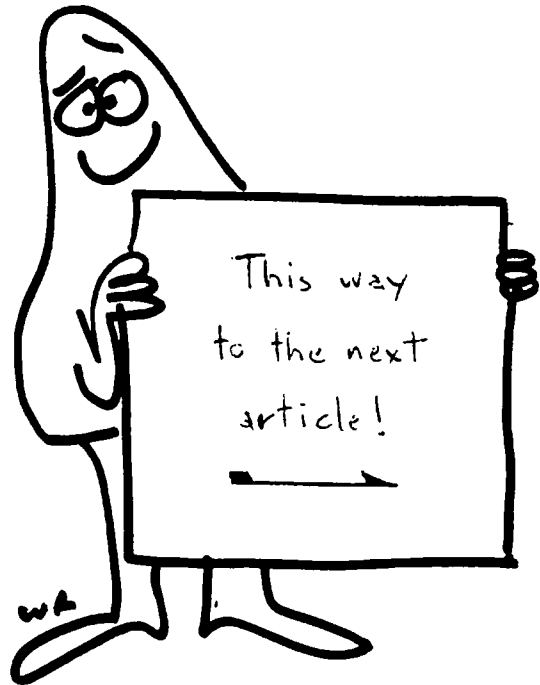
That's as good a way as any of writing about SF, but it probably would come as a surprise to some of the writers. I would guess offhand, that social criticism was more characteristic of "Lewis Padgett" and C.M. Kornbluth and Damon Knight and Frederik Pohl and Robert Sheckley, all writers that Malzberg admires. Of course, this is not to say that Heinlein and Asimov and Van Vogt wrote simple adventure stories.

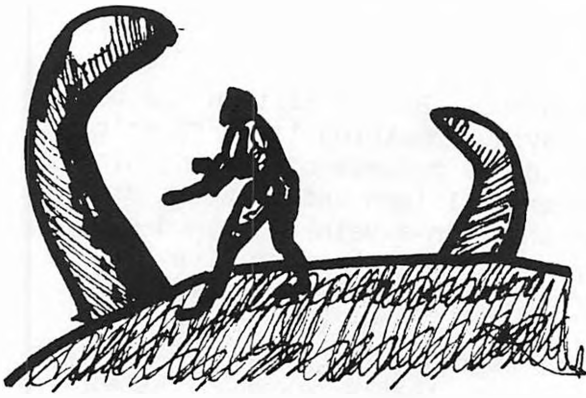
The great spoiler, though, was the marketplace. This great project was published in cheap paperback books and gaudy magazines that tended to get tossed in the trash the minute they were read. The audience was a bunch of Los Alamos wireheads or sexually repressed adolescents or trolls in propellor beanies. The editors were cynical megalomaniacs who rewrote all the copy that came their way. Pay was three cents a word. That was the golden age.

Engines hammers this at you for 250 pages, coming at the message from every direction in those two page essays. At the end, you almost buy into it, and not least because of the sheer poetry of the words. The man could write.

You almost buy into it, in spite of the factual errors, the misinterpretations and the self-importance. Unlike most SF histories, there is an immense amount of passion here behind the poetry. It's not like most histories, because it's not really a history at all, but a dissection of what Barry Malzberg thinks went wrong with his life, or at least his career. That's the way you can understand the urgency. Engines really gives a look into Barry Malzberg, and that's why it's so seductive. You almost buy it, as I said, but you don't want to with all the whining and carping. Barry Malzberg is simply not a very pleasant person to be around and your basic distaste for the fellow makes you want to keep your distance. That's not easy because of the poetry and passion and all the vision. It's a complicated book. That's why I like it.

[[Editor's note: Harlan Ellison has been quoted as saying something like, "A writer is engaged in the process of putting his life on paper." Ellison and Malzberg are writers of the open-a-vein-and-bleed-all-over-the-page school. This can give awesome results, but it's also a little wearing. For some of the very reasons Kevin cites, we're not big into Malzberg's writing. However, that's personal taste. We feel this is a valuable commentary and we're glad to publish it in Twink.]]





There	Part	Rodney
Has	I	M.
Never	Of	Leighton
Been	An	
A	Irregular	
Readable	Series	
SF	?	
Book		
Written		

I have been tossing the above line, or slight variations thereof, to a few friends and faneds. I suppose I should confess to a couple things right up front.

I used to do a small, crappy reviewzine titled The Leighton Look and am trying to revive it. I need review items, books in particular. Back in those days I used to try any number of scams to get people to send me free books, zines, etc. Sometimes it worked. That line is being tossed out, in very small part, as a reflection of that. Sort of on the lines of an author or editor thinking, "Well, if I send him a review copy of my latest published work, that might change his mind, and garner me three or four more sales."

(How's that for an unpaid ad, provided the editor doesn't toss it?)

Another small part of my reason was that I tossed it at a few people who have been known to mail me books. And, well, the rest is obvious.

However, the major reason is that I was hoping someone would offer a list of books to read. Because, although, as our editor suspected, I have read very little in the genre, I have recently developed some interest in exploring it. Not that I have the funds to purchase many books; neither do I have the time nor the facilities to spend hours at libraries. But there are ways. I subscribed to On Spec, for instance, primarily to explore the speculative fiction being produced in this country, without spending a fortune.

No one, up to this point, has responded. Except for Mr./Ms. Frohvet, who very kindly ran, off the top of his/her head, a list of twenty-some books to try, along with the admonition that if I were to try eight or ten and find nothing readable therein, perhaps SF is not the genre for me. Exactly and for sure.

I have actually read a few SF books. Tried to read a number and considered them not to be of interest to me, but did find a couple. One by Roger Zelazny & Philip K. Dick titled Deus Irae, I believe, which was readable... Tried a couple by Poul Anderson and tossed them after a few pages. Merlin's Mirror by Andre Norton is garbage. A couple of Dean Koontz books should be considered SF, and one of those got tossed after 30 pages but one was a great book.

Which sort of brings up the matter of what, exactly, is SF. Of all the fiction genres, there seems to me to be a lot more variance in what is considered SF than in what is considered, say, mystery. Fantasy is sometimes its own genre and sometimes falls under SF. Likewise horror. Even more confusing is that book publishers don't even know, seemingly. For instance, my friend Lyn McConchie wrote The Key Of The Keplian and set it in Andre Norton's Witch World universe. I loved that book greatly. And since I did not, at that time, understand that all Ms. Norton had to do with that book was give permission to the use of her universe and name, I started looking for her books. Especially Witch World. Couldn't find any at that time but found Merlin's Mirror. Tried hard to read it but couldn't.

Mr./Ms. -- the hell with this! -- E.B. included a number of single titles but also a number of "anything by so-and-so", followed by a suggestion or four. In the case of Ms. Norton, s/he suggested five titles. I was able to find one of those but also, the source I went to had a bunch of Witch World books, so I grabbed a couple. The confusing thing is that Spell Of The Witch World is listed as "science fantasy", whatever that is. The Key Of The Keplian is listed as fantasy. Warlock Of The Witch World is listed as SF. If

these stories are all set in the same universe, should they not all fall into the same category?

[[Editor's note: "Science fantasy" was a bastard term which enjoyed a brief vogue for those books which defied easy filing under either SF or fantasy. In the Pocket Books' original paperback editions of Gene Wolfe's New Sun tetralogy, The Shadow Of The Torturer was published as "science fantasy"; The Claw Of The Conciliator was listed as fantasy; and the third and fourth volumes were pubbed as SF! There are still such books, but the term has passed from common use, for much the reason Rodney cites. In some cases it's still a judgement call as to whether a certain book will be printed as SF or fantasy.]]

While I do not have the financial resources to start searching mail order stores for books, there is, not too far away, AMY'S USED BOOKS. Which has 170,000 books in stock. Whose owner claimed to me that he knew what he had and where it was. And so, it seemed to me that I could put that statement to the test and accept E.B.'s challenge, and maybe produce something for use in Twink.

So, off I went, list in hand. Some of those on the list were unknown to the store owner. Who, by the way, admitted to a dislike of SF, feeling it is too far out in left field for him. Except that he tries to read Halifax native Spider Robinson's books. Some books he recognized but didn't have. Some authors he had but not the recommended books. A few showed up which I rejected out of hand. While I learned many years ago not to judge a book by its cover, it is doubtless safe to assume that a book with asteroids on the cover has to do with some sort of intergalactic space opera.

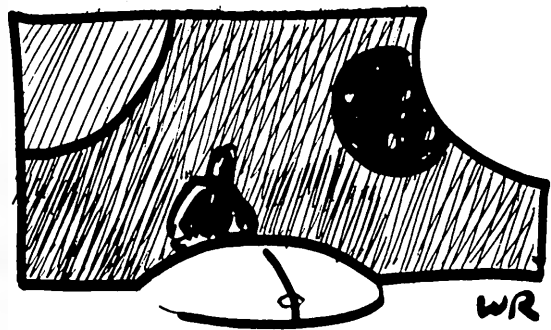
[[Editor's note: Not necessarily. / AMY'S USED BOOKS is owned by a "he"? And you people are confused about us?]]

I went in with the notion of buying ten books and I did. I guess, given the stated dislike of horror, I will ignore the Koontz short story anthology I grabbed on the way to the counter. Of the other nine, only Moon Of Three Rings by Andre Norton, No Different Flesh by Zenna Henderson, and The Left Hand Of Darkness by Ursula K. LeGuin were specific titles on the

list. The other six were by recommended authors.

I propose to tell you about them, sort of, as I read them. Not as reviews. Some of these books have been in print a long time and while I am not so arrogant as to assume that anyone reading this will have read any or all of these books, chances are good that many have. Certainly if this never gets past the editor, 100% will have.

Rather, I propose to tell you of my reactions to these books. First I should, I believe, tell you a little of my reading style and habits. While I was never up to Joseph T. Major's speed, I used to read fairly rapidly, and a lot. Chronic Fatigue Syndrome and a few other things seem to have decreased not only the time I have available for reading (I sleep



about three to five hours a day more than I used to, much of the time), but also has seemed to slow not only my reactions but also my reading ability. It now takes me at least three times as long to read a book as it once did.

Thus, some time ago, I developed the resolve to only read what I wished to read. Also, I decided to try to read a minimum of 30 pages in a novel, nightly. Doesn't always happen. However, what I do, is that with any novel, I read approximately the first 30 pages. Unless I find it unbearable before that. At that point, I assess the book and either read another 30 pages or toss it. And so on. Some books are read in their entirety this way. Some grab hold of me and are read exclusively from the point they grab me until the finish. Some ... well, let me take this one book at a time.

Warlock Of The Witch World, by Andre Norton, published in 1967, when I was in

college. 249 pages, read 30-some pages at a shot up to page 190 or so and then finished on a dirty spring morning when I had no place to go and desired only to rest. I would normally have read the last portion of an evening. The Witch World appears to have no resemblance to the Witch World of Key Of The Keplian. A very pedestrian tale of a strange land and stranger quest. Readable but nothing to inspire me to seek out other books by this author.

Another aspect of my book reading comes at times when I am embroiled in some misery and wish to escape it. I have discovered over the years that a really good book, in which I can empathize with one or more characters and be moved by their plights and/or happiness, will help to alleviate whatever problems are besetting me. In spite of trying to quit smoking for years, this sometimes takes the form of purchasing a bunch of cigars and reading portions of the book while the cigar is going. This method usually concurs with a bout of C.F.S. and I mostly end up reading as long as the Century Sam lasts; and a little after it starts to burn my fingers, I put the book aside and fall asleep. Other times, if I find a really compelling book, I read right along to the end or a strong reason to stop.

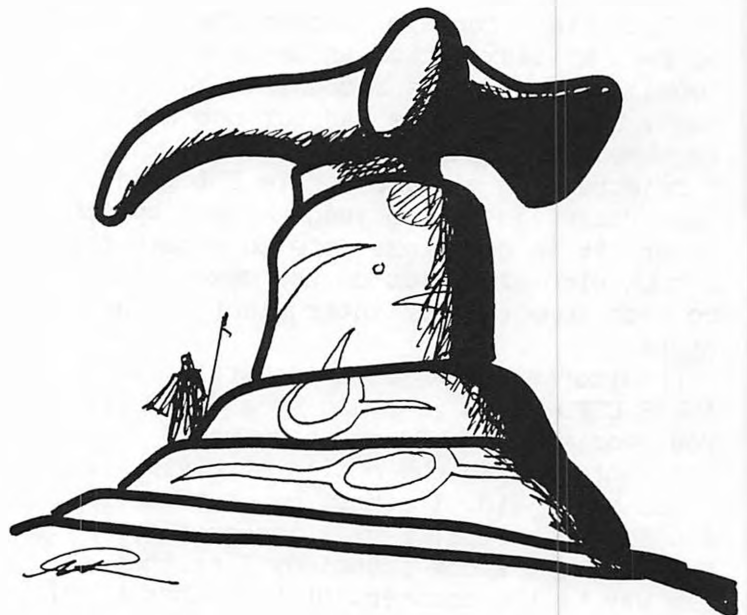
Being in that situation, something about The People: No Different Flesh by Zenna Henderson suggested it may be such a book. Unfortunately for my health, I was caught not only in a session with C.F.S. and some nameless psychological difficulty, but also a cigar craving. Published first in 1968 and labelled SF, I suspect that if published today, it would be listed as "Human Interest". Yes, there is a fair amount of sci-fi in it. Divided into seven chapters (and seven cigars, with a sort of sleep in between each). The opening section is a fantastic tale which brought tears to my eyes. Part two almost lost me due to the amount of space craft stuff and a home somewhere beyond the stars, but contained enough real life material of young and old love and death and parting to hold me. The final section I read but did not particularly enjoy. Much too much sci-fi. In between was very good. It did not quite

do what I had hoped for but I did enjoy the majority of this one and thank E.B. for recommending it.

Spell Of The Witch World by Andre Norton is #7 in the series, published in 1972. I tried, really I did. About page 25, I said: "Can't hack this."

I had planned to read these books with practically no other reading before I finished them. However, other things do intervene and, well, FIJAGH, after all. And besides, I felt that doing so might not be a fair trial. So I shifted to a Western and when I finish that, I will try another in this project.

Yesterday, in another store (actually a convenience store which sells paperback novels for 99¢ each), I picked up a Heinlein book. No, this chap was not on our editor's recommended list, but is a recognizable name. The first few titles under his name looked to be juvenile outer space crap and were ignored. I confess that I bought this one because it has a hot babe on the cover and the back cover blurb looked interesting. I'll try it.



WE'RE ALL AFRICAN ANYWAY
Part II: The Silent Years

by E.B. Frohvet

Here we continue an occasional series of articles about black characters in SF. Verne's generally fair-minded portrayal of "Neb" in The Mysterious Island was a fluke: in mainstream as well as SF writing, from the 19th Century up to World War II, black characters rarely appeared (except of course by black writers -- Ralph Ellison, Richard Wright -- but their works seldom achieved much circulation among white readers).

The only passing mention of blacks by H.G. Wells we can recall was in When The Sleeper Wakes. It's been a long time since we read the book, and we don't have a copy to hand, but as we recall the protagonist was shocked to find that Africans were brought in to police London. Of course Wells had little enthusiasm for the white race either. The decadent Eloi and underground Morlocks of The Time Machine were supposed to be the descendants of white English: the useless "ruling class" and the oppressed "working class" exaggerated to their ultimate fates.

Many strange variants of humanity appeared in the fantasma "Mars" and "Pellucidar" stories of Edgar Rice Burroughs, but offhand (again it's been a long time) we don't recall any who were black, or at least, of African descent. Burroughs later settled down to write the "Tarzan" books for which he is better known to mundanes. There were bad Africans (heathen savages, the usual European view of Africans) and "good" Africans (loyal devoted servants of the Greystokes) in the Tarzan stories.

John Wyndham used a subterranean race of albino Pygmies in The Secret People (1935), more or less as background for the important -- i.e., white -- characters. Wyndham did not, as we recall, use black characters again. No, wait, there were the indolent Spanish-American islanders of Escondido in Out Of The Deeps, who "ranged from sunburnt-white to coal-black", but again, merely background.

In The Mask Of Circe (1948), Henry Kuttner had the curious gimmick of a white person passing as black with body makeup:

Heinlein later borrowed the same gimmick in The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress; but he had the obvious precedent of John Howard Griffin staring him in the face. It is of note that in the Kuttner story, the hero finds the girl attractive even when she appears African: a hint of forbidden inter-racial love long before the famous Kirk/Uhura kiss.

In George R. Stewart's now forgotten classic Earth Abides, the human race is wiped out by a plague. The male protagonist eventually meets a surviving woman, and eventually they become intimate. It takes a while before the man -- and the reader -- realize that she is, to use the vulgarism of the time, a mixed-race person "passing as white". To the credit of both Stewart and his character, the man simply shrugs off this discovery, and the couple settle down to found a colony of survivors and repopulate the world.

Of course no discussion would be complete without "Way In The Middle Of The Air" from Bradbury's The Martian Chronicles. The blacks of the American south simply walk off to go to Mars. A white storekeeper named Teece is of the Old School. When his wife comes in blubbering because her beloved black housekeeper is leaving, Teece barks, "I'm not comin' home for no darkie!" At the end of the story, Teece is baffled when a black youth calls back at him, "Mr. Teece, what you goin' to do nights from now on? What you goin' to do nights, Mr. Teece?" Hours later, Teece realizes what the black boy meant: the terrorist tactics of the Klan will no longer work if there are no remaining black targets. In 1950, this was a bold and shocking story.



DOUBLE BLOOD, BEER CHASER
World Horror Con 1997 Report

by Margaret B. Simon

Where to go for buffalo wings? Buffalo, NY -- and the World Horror Con '97. Where to go for scenic rapids & falls? Same place, Niagara Falls, NY. Where NOT to go for a WHC? Same place.

The programming and handling of this con wasn't up to standards, though I enjoyed attending the "Terror From The North" panel (state of the genre in Canada, with Edo van Belkom, Dale Sproule, Don Hutchinson). With few exceptions such as Transversions, most Canadian markets are obliged to feature submissions from fellow Canadian writers, as the government offers support, grants, etc. for that purpose. I also inadvertently learned that their "medicare" program doesn't provide free surgeries and/or drugs for anyone unless it's a matter of life and death. If you needed a tubal ligation, you'd have to travel to the province that offers such.

Enjoyed hearing poet/author Lisa Lepovetsky's reading. Her stories (so eloquently vocalized) are as prosaically mesmerizing as her poetry.

"Original Anthologies" (should have been titled "Anthologies Don't Sell?"), another interesting eye-opener of a panel. Doug Beason, John Pelan, Stephen Jones had much to relate. It appears that in many cases, the publishers have the final word and say-so about who is going to be in the anthology, much to the annoyance of the editors. Those like Beason, who do fight to get what they wanted for contents, are to be commended. Read Prime Evil and Millenium!

Another panel, "Paper Or Plastic? Electronics Vs. Print Media", moderated by John B. Rosenman -- excellent panel, with more time for audience input and opinions. Conclusion: there will always be a need for both the printed package as well as the electronically produced zine. Paula Guran, Matt Schwartz and Lisa Bothell offered a great deal of insight about the purpose of their publications; most of them were working to promote the reading of stories/novels, by advertising these either in part or as reviews, via web pages.

Among those I enjoyed speaking with again: Mark McLaughlin (The Urbanite), Ken Wizman, Fredrik King (artist/writer), and John Rosenman (Horror magazine), Lisa Lepovetsky and Letha Jean Bothell (Helio Net).

GOH's Ramsay Campbell and Joe R. Lansdale added verve and wit! I was glad that both attended panels and spoke from the audience as well as on panels/interviews of their own.

The Days Inn, Niagara: don't ever go there without being prepared to get nothing of what you'd expect from a con hotel. One member remarked that he knew something was amiss when he saw that the toilet had no lid; others mentioned the ONE and only electric outlet which is located below the window. No room service; food served only twice a day and not after 8:00 PM. A bar, owned separately, opened at 4:00 PM until 2:00 AM and the "happy hour" ad on the door didn't apply. Why even mention it?

Someone mentioned that Marilyn Monroe was a guest there. About two weeks after her visit she committed suicide. In one of the two groaning and erratic elevators you could hear scratching sounds behind the back wall.

So, off to Phoenix for next year's con! After all, I've been to that hotel and can guarantee the group that got the bid will not disappoint anyone.



REVIEWS BY PATRICK MCGUIRE

All One Universe Poul Anderson Tor
1996 \$22.95

This is a collection of Anderson short stories and essays, drawn from several decades of the author's long career: I tally six works each from the 90's and 80's, four from the 70's, and one from the 60's.

To my mind, the most amusing thing in the book is "Uncleftish Beholding", an essay in which Anderson discusses the rudiments of atomic physics and chemistry using only scientific terminology coined from, or loan-translated into, native Anglo-Saxon roots -- much the same principle as German or Russian scientific terminology, except that Anderson is more thoroughgoing. This gives us sentences like, "In the sun, through a row of strikings and lightrottings, four unclefts of waterstuff in this wise become one of sunstuff."

The collection also contains a number of worthwhile stories. I seem to recall "The House Of Sorrows" was nominated for a Hugo. I finally read it here and found it thought-provoking. I'm late in getting the hardcover reviewed (the local library has only one copy), but I expect it's about time for a paperback to come out, which should make the volume more easily available. Strongly recommended.

Patton's Spaceship John Barnes Harper/
Prism 1997 \$5.99

Mark Strang, your typical Yale art-history professor moonlighting as a body

guard and antiterrorism expert, has one of his clients killed by baddies who turn out to be from a parallel universe. Fortunately, Strang soon runs into the good guys, the Paratime Police -- excuse me, "Crux Operations" -- from the timeline known as Hyper Athens, and they orient him as to what is going on. (Namely, a cross-time war between Hyper Athens and the wicked Closers.) Strang gets occasionally separated from Crux Ops, but manages on his own to help an alternate George Patton in the alternate 1960's to liberate a timeline from Nazi domination. (Contra the title, Patton has no spaceship; a manned space capsule is briefly mentioned, but has no impact on the plot.) Strang then gets rescued and recruited by Crux Ops so that Barnes can churn out a series of these things.

For my money, John Barnes has the most uneven record of any current SF writer who I haven't crossed off my list entirely. But up to this point, Barnes's failures have struck me as honest attempts that just didn't work out. This novel, harbinger of a whole series, comes across as a piece of commercial fluff designed to bring in some steady income between serious novels, without overtaxing the author's brain. It has a few moments, but overall it's not worth buying (as I, alas, did). Okay light reading if your local public library stocks paperbacks.

REVIEWS BY E.B. FROHVET

The Secret Garden directed by: Dorothea
Brooking 1984 Not rated: c. PG

The BBC version of Frances Burnett's

novel about a sullen orphan (Sarah Hollis Andrews) sent to live at her uncle's estate in Yorkshire. The uncle, still grieving the death of his wife, leaves her to be raised by the servants. The girl finds a way into the walled-in garden locked since her aunt's death: "I've stolen a garden!" she tells her friend. But the true secret of the house is her bedridden cousin (David Patterson) whose existence is concealed. The lonely children decide to restore the garden. Unlike, say, the Narnia stories, this is a period piece with no fantasy elements. But it has moments of eerie beauty: to sing her sickly cousin to sleep, the blonde girl solemnly chants the only lullaby she knows -- the Hindi one her nurse used to sing to her in India. Okay, this is kind of sappy, but we're a sucker for a happy ending. (We just tend to wonder about happy endings: okay, but what happens next? Or in five or ten years?)



The Wind In The Willows directed by:
Dave Unwin 1994 Not rated: c. G

We can't figure how anyone could fail to love this wondrous story. The BBC animated version has been changed a little: Rat's desire to sail off to the Mediterranean is played as his own uncontrollable impulse rather than a conversation with a stranger, and the Christmas-carol-singing mice are deleted. Interestingly, however, the "pagan" reference in Chapter 7 is included. This production may not have quite the animation of the Disney version of some years back, but it's closer to the text and spirit of the book. Narrated by Vanessa Redgrave, with voiceovers by Alan

Bennett as Mole, Michael Palin as Rat, Michael Gambon as Badger, and Rik Mayall in proper hysterical form as Toad. We're saving this as next year's Christmas present for our niece.

Resurrection Man Sean Stewart Ace 1995
\$5.99

Dante knew he was dying, from having autopsied his own corpse and seen the strange sac growing inside him. What was he becoming? And how many times can a man die?

A "New York Times Notable Book". Strange to see this published by Ace, it's easily weird enough to be from Bantam. Resurrection Man sits uneasily at the misty junction of surrealism, fantasy, and horror. It's all about death: an amazing but depressing read. It reminded us of the late Tom Reamy (whom we never considered an "SF" writer, Campbell Award notwithstanding) and a little like Delany ("Time Considered As A Helix" leaps to mind). This is refreshingly defeatist, a rarely honest thing in fantasy: a book to be admired but not loved.

Heartlight T.A. Barron Tor 1990 (paperback issued 1994) \$4.99

Because she loved her grandfather, Kate was prepared to believe what no one else did: his discovery that at the heart of stars was something called Pure Condensed Light. By harnessing PCL, a person could release her essence or "heartlight" to roam the universe. But the Sun's PCL is running out, and only Kate and her grandfather can soar among the stars to save Earth.

Barron has spent way too much time reading the Oz books and watching Disney flicks. She uses the questionable tactic of a "real world" setting in which she re-invents astronomy and physics according to her own whim. (To be fair, the book is labelled, correctly, "fantasy".) It's obvious you're not supposed to believe in this the way you would a Poul Anderson book; just go with the flow. While not up to the gushing cover blurbs, this is an adequate little juvenile fantasy.

Star Voyager Academy William R. Forstchen
Baen 1994 \$4.99

As the child of a Medal of Honor hero, Justin Bell was guaranteed a place among the world's elite youth at the U.N.'s lunar orbit Academy. Whether he wanted it, or felt competent to accept it, was not relevant. Matt Everett was a spacer since childhood on the slow bulk haulers that rode the solar wind; but at the Academy that made him a "colonial" and outsider. When the growing crisis between Earth and its colonies boiled over, the cadets would have to choose up sides.

Okay, so Forstchen has read Space Cadet (and Between Planets and Podkayne and "The Menace From Earth"). And like the Old Guy, Forstchen gets preachy. Chapter 5 is a lecture on the virtue and necessity of space exploration, thinly disguised as dialogue; you could skip the chapter and not miss much. At least this Academy has both genders, though there's about as much action as a game of patty cake. We grew up on this kind of Heinlein juvenile, and never quite lost our taste for it, though now we can see its shortcomings.

Bellwether Connie Willis Bantam/Spectra
1996 \$11.95 (trade pb)

The world is absurd and getting more so, especially for Sandra Foster, who researches fads, and Bennett O'Reilly, who studies chaos theory by observing animals. Co-workers at a large and totally insane corporation, the two are doomed to try and make sense of something -- anything -- even if it's only each other. Even if their gopher (sorry, "interdepartmental communications liaison"), Flip, thinks they're both completely swarb. "Maybe the sheep will start a fad," Sandra suggests hopefully as they combine projects.

There's a schizoid quality to Connie Willis's writing. It's hard to picture the author of dippy humor (Light Raid, "Blued Moon") as the same person who gives us wholeheartedly-morbid (Doomsday Book, "All My Darling Daughters"). Bellwether is clearly on the dippy side; in fact it's so dippy it goes round in a chaotic spiral and concludes at a higher level of truth, much like DNA. We enjoyed it a lot, even if it's not actually SF. Maybe because it's not actually SF.



Baptism Of Fire Linda Grant DePauw "The Minerva Center" 1993 \$14.95 (trade pb)

The Minerva Center styles itself a non-profit organization about women-and-the-military. DePauw is (what a surprise) its founder and president. Translation: it's her private hobby horse and vanity press. We wouldn't object to this if she could write fiction, knew anything about SF, or had any sense of political credibility. Page 4: "...the nations and peoples of Earth had, by common consent, contracted to abandon their imperfect forms of government and unite under the rule of the aristocracy of merit." That swooshing sound you hear is our willing suspension of disbelief going right down the toilet.

Obviously the book DePauw wanted to write was about a woman naval officer in the Napoleonic Wars, but she couldn't convince anyone, even herself, that such a story would have credibility. But SF doesn't need credibility, so she's just booted it 300 years into the "future". The book is loaded with so much incredible bullshit, not even DAW would publish it. It reads almost, but not quite, like a bad parody. (Did we mention there's a character called "Fart"?) This is a textbook illustration of why mundanes should not try to write SF. We hope well known SF artist Hannah Shapero, who did the cover, got paid up front

The Half Naked One on the Left

Derogatory Reference #84

Arthur D. Hlavaty
206 Valentine Street
Yonkers NY 10704

Roughly quarterly personalzine, usually six pages. Whatever the editor feels like writing about. This time it includes a Philcon report (Hlavaty was on panels about Theodore Sturgeon and "Is Reality Obsolete"); a memorial for California fan John McClimans; reflections on software; book reviews, chiefly of non-fiction. Sometimes there are letters, sometimes not: this issue, not. If we say "typical personalzine", that's not intended as a putdown.

It Goes On The Shelf #17

Ned Brooks
713 Paul Street
Newport News VA 23605

Brooks is a compulsive collector of books: fiction, biography, chapbooks, bibliography. Some of it is faintly SF-related, some is apparently intended to be humorous (what the hell is a "dwarf sur-realist boxer"?), some is just strange (ibid). Brooks comments amusingly on books he hasn't even read (yet); Ken Lake dithers on the difference between U.S. and U.K. postal habits. IGOTS is a useful resource for collectors of oddball books; mildly interesting for the rest of us. [[Editor's note: If it seems like we're repeating ourselves in reviewing certain zines we receive, keep in mind that people come and go on the mailing list and some may not have heard what we said in prior issues.]]

South Florida SFS Shuttle #129

Carlos Perez & Shirlene Ananayo
P.O. Box 70143
Fort Lauderdale FL 33307

According to our notes we sent the first three issues of Twink to SFSFS, never got word one in response, and assumed they weren't interested; now this turns up in our box marked "Trade for your zine". Blank orange cover; editorial from club Chair Ananayo (she should get someone to proofread lines like "It is about one of these things that I am writing to you about today" before committing them to print). Gerry Adair infers a connection between Lovecraft and Florida; "Year In Review" comments briefly on books, movies, and events of 1996; fanzine reviews by Joe Siclari (Twink is not mentioned: see above comment); a desperate plea for art. One gets the sense of a floundering clubzine looking to reinvent itself under new editors. Well, we're in favor of people -- and zines -- reinventing themselves.

PhiloSFy #5

Alexander R. Slate
8603 Shallow Ridge
San Antonio TX 78239

In this quarterly genzine, the editor and John Thiel continue their discussions of the morality of death and war. On a brighter note, there are letters (not all concerning death), brief fanzine reviews, and more information about attractions in San Antonio, helpful for those who are going to Worldcon. We throw the notion open to our readers: as the only extant genzine in this area (that we know of),

should Twink attempt to highlight local attractions for the 1998 Worldcon, or is it assumed the con's Progress Reports are responsible for that? In any case, we find PhiloSFy thoughtful and interesting.

Muse #134

Steven desJardins
1711 Massachusetts Ave NW, #134
Washington DC 20036

Another nice little personalzine which turned up unannounced. (By way of a reader -- or ex-reader, that's still up in the air -- who gave Twink to desJardins.) Personal news, short reviews combined with Hugo recommendations, convention reports. More sercon than most, which is to our taste; and we agree with the editor that, "Nominating for the Hugos is more work than the awards are worth." From the fact that desJardins' Worldcon report is just turning up, we wonder about its frequency.

Freethinker #6

Tom Feller
P.O. Box 13626
Jackson MS 39236

The editor's individual genzine, as distinct from SFCB which he also does: according to our notes, the first issue since June '96. Lots of articles: Joseph Major devotes six pages to an obscure historical novel, W. Andrew York on religion, Andy Offutt on spellcheckers; the usual letter column. Maybe it's just our taste, but we didn't find much of interest in this issue.

Apparatchik #76

Andy Hooper & Victor Gonzalez
4228 Francis Ave N., #103
Seattle WA 98103

The famous triweekly zine, busy with Corflu reports, short articles, news, letters, Andy's fanzine reviews. Both editors tend to mouth off at anyone who doesn't meet their standard of "faannish", and this focus on personalities can be a little tiresome. However, if fan politics is your thing, Apak's blend of timeliness and a dense web of contacts -- Australia

and U.K. as well as North America -- are unique. We can see why fans who lean that way call it indispensable. (Just out of curiosity: Has anyone ever seen Andy or Victor LOC anyone else's fanzine?)

MSFire Volume 3, #1/2

Lloyd Daub
P.O. Box 1637
Milwaukee WI 53201

After some glitches resulting apparently from change of editors, this club genzine is back up to speed. Sheryl Birkhead cover; E.J. Frami speculates on the next direction Star Trek ought to take; book reviews by Joy Smith and, well, us; fanzine reviews by Daub, who also contributes a continuing parody of fan fiction; letter column. Sure, there are far more ambitious zines out there, but we like this one for its relaxed and friendly style.

Plokta Volume 2, #2

Steve Davies & Alison Scott
52 Westbourne Terrace
Reading, Berks RG30 2RP
United Kingdom

Sailing in unannounced by way of someone's big airplane, this determinedly silly Brit fanzine brightened our day. The editors describe themselves as "middle-aged gamers on antacid". Features include several versions of "Silly Cow of the Month" (the Duchess of York for one); nude pictures; a report with photos on Davies' wedding in Australia; a restaurant review; the psycho "Ask Doctor Plokta"; a column of very short letters; travel news and assorted silliness. Why do ~~we~~ keep wanting to write Plotka? The "k" comes first. At last, a fanzine with a title sillier than ours. We like it a lot.

FOSFAX #185

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

Contrary to what some people say, we view FOSFAX as a success story. Who else does a 70-page zine on a regular bimonthly schedule? (Of course they have a club to pay for it.) Articles -- Joseph Major's

ongoing analyses of the Heinlein juveniles are of interest to us; Johnny Carruthers' con reports and column; scattered book reviews. In most fanzines we tend to find the letter column most interesting; that's not usually the case with FOSFAX. We could still imagine voting this zine for a Hugo, maybe a little hesitantly.

Lofgeornost #46 ("for FAPA mailing #238")
Fred Lerner
5 Worcester Avenue
White River Junction VT 05001

A personalzine in which Lerner reflects on the liveability of cities, and how it's been disrupted by cars; Canadian Art; a con report which wanders into the future of publishing; a discussion of joy as "the most difficult emotion to bring forth on the page", with reference to Heinlein, Zenna Henderson, etc. Interesting if a little abstract.

Adventures In Failure
Kevin McVeigh
37 Firs Rd, Milnthorpe, Cumbria
LA 7 7 QF, United Kingdom

We Americans, even ones who don't care about baseball, still say "out of left field" for the unexpected. This personalzine is out of the trees beyond the parking lot behind the bleachers. McVeigh seems like a wizard writer who hasn't figured out what to write about other than his own inadequacies. In a sense we can relate to that; and in another, equally real, sense it's way more than we want to know about a total stranger.

Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin
Volume 6, #8
Tom Feller
P.O. Box 13626
Jackson MS 39236

This time we actually read the SFC by-laws. Apparently we don't qualify as "Southern". (Also-Maryland-based Mimosa gets a plug because Lynch & Lynch are dues-paying SFC members.) We could live without the references, however harmless in intent, to "Confederacy" and "Southern sympathizers". Then, we wouldn't care to do a

fanzine in which content and editorial policy are dictated in the by-laws. That said, we find the information in SFCB useful, if a little repetitive.

Trap Door #17
Robert Lichtman
P.O. Box 30
Glen Ellen CA 95442

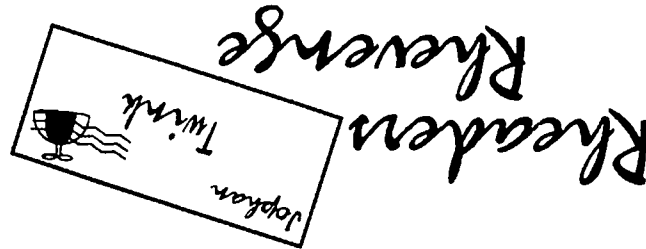
We were about to comment on how many fanzines we got this time, until we noted Lichtman's comment that he received 180 in 1996: "an average year". Articles, columns, travelogues, lots of Rotsler and Stiles art. Some focus on fan history (Mimosa West) and a lot of whatever people want to talk about -- we specially liked Carol Carr's column under the succinctly honest title, "Stuff". Long multinational letter column. We can see how lots of fans would seriously call this a major fanzine.

Mimosa #20
Nicki & Dick Lynch
P.O. Box 1350
Germantown MD 20875

This perpetual Hugo nominee continues its exploration of fannish "archeology": Jack Chalker, Forrest Ackerman, Dave Kyle on aspects of fan history; Sharon Farber's regular column on her medical career. We specially liked Kurt Erichsen's Roman-SF cover and a tribute by several artists for William Rotsler. This zine is amazing for what it is, and will probably rack up another rocket this year.

The Reluctant Famulus #48
Thomas Sadler
422 W. Maple Avenue
Adrian MI 49221

We don't know about this zine's schedule, which is all that limits our admiration. Numerous articles (Robert Sabella, Terry Jeeves, Sheryl Birkhead); short book and fanzine review sections; long letter column. It's a little text-heavy, and we weren't much taken with Ed May's art on p. 31; but on the whole this is the sort of fanzine we want to imitate. Now if we can just steal away some of those contributors...



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

CATHERINE MINTZ

1810 S. Rittenhouse Square #1708
Philadelphia PA 19103

I have a suspicion that Neb in The Mysterious Island, speaks as he does as much courtesy of the translator as of his creator. It is very difficult to produce a French equivalent of, say, Mark Twain's rendering of the black slave Jim's dialect in Huckleberry Finn.

Twain, whose insights and humor are often dependent on how his characters speak, tackled the problem of why French translations of his work did not seem as biting or funny as he would have expected by doing some back-translations with side-splitting, if not accurate, results.

[[We agree, some things don't translate well; but we've read three different versions of Island, and the characters come off about the same, e.g. Pencroft is always the source of comic relief, etc.]]

Many of the English versions of Verne's most famous works are bowdlerized and abridged renditions, in part because he was seen as a writer of action adventure stories for juveniles and was amended accordingly. It's entirely possible there are parts of The Mysterious Island that neither you nor I have read. Taking the book as we have it, however, one of Verne's stock characters is the servant who is as capable, if not more so, as his master. If you consider Neb as one of these, he seems less a remarkable creation and more the result of naivete on the part of a writer who used guidebooks and travelogues, rather than direct experience, for his settings.

Being black has never been the enormous disadvantage in France it has been in the U.S. Verne's early work was much influenced by Alexandre Dumas pere, distinguished man of letters and gentleman of color. It's possible it never occurred to Verne that Neb should be anything less than capable, and that the author was not so much liberal as innocent. Would we all were.

[[Good points all. But SF remains almost exclusively an English-language phenomenon, and we're commenting from an American viewpoint -- and race is still a major issue in the U.S. This will be more apparent as we continue the series.]]

As for Neb's cooking, most of Verne's stories have someone who is interested in food and many have someone who cooks. Remember the feast in Twenty Thousand Leagues, where everything on the table is the product of the ocean and Nemo details the origin of each item... It is that sort of detail, as much as anything else, that makes me believe Verne wrote for a French rather than an international audience. I can see his readers now, mentally savoring Neb's "turtle soup flavored with aromatic herbs", relieved the heroes not merely eat, but dine, isolated as they are.

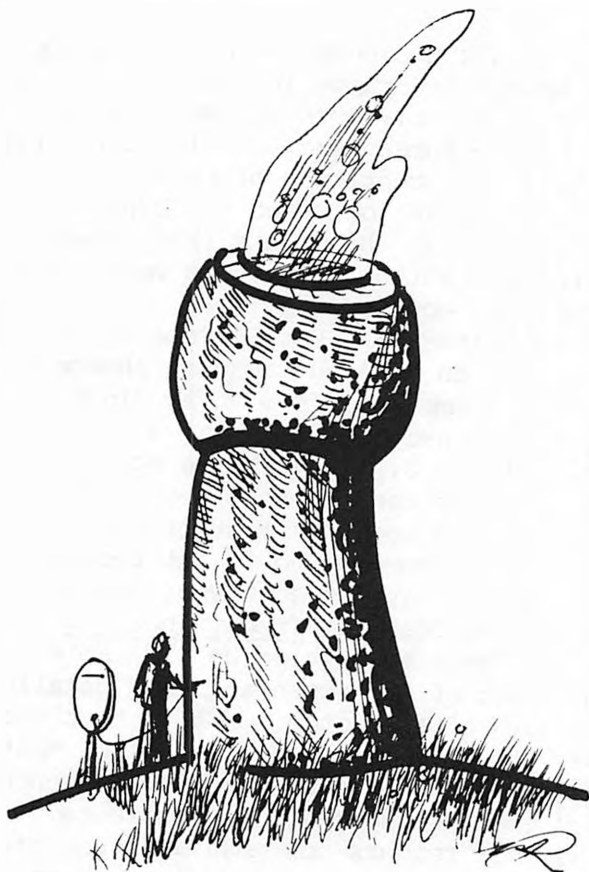
However, August Escoffier's Ma Cuisine does have the following shocker: "Turtle soup is seldom appreciated in France, and therefore rarely figures on the menu. In England, where turtle soup is often served, an excellent one can be bought in cans."

I do hope this is a later interpolation by the English translator. Snapper soup -- made with turtle, not fish -- is a Philadelphia delicacy. For the curious, turtle tastes a great deal like veal. It is in fact garnished, not with aromatic herbs, but chopped hard-boiled egg.

Exceptional artwork this issue, particularly Margaret Simon's cover.

[[We assumed the reference was to a bouquet garni: several herbs wrapped in cheesecloth and suspended in the pot to allow their flavors to permeate the soup, the bouquet being removed before serving.

/ On behalf of the artists, thanks. You will be seeing more of Margaret's art, in the zine and on the cover (the upcoming #7 cover for starters).]]



NED BROOKS
713 Paul Street
Newport News VA 23605

Thanks for the Twink #5. The cover is attractive if obscure -- could be taken as a Mafia reference about swimming with the fishes...

I quite agree with you about the books-on-tape program. Of all the things that prisoners might usefully and harmlessly do, it's hard to think of a better one than putting books on tape for the blind. Perhaps the bureaucratic humfuzzling is meant to conceal the real agenda; such work

could only be done by prisoners who are insufficiently terrorized. Are these books that are out-of-copyright or for which permission had been granted? Many of the big publishers are now releasing commercial tapes along with the books.

[[We assumed it meant any books. On checking taped books at commercial book stores, it seldom gets outside the best-seller lists, meaning the great majority of published SF is not available on tape. Perhaps Ed Meskys knows about the situation regarding copyrights? In the usual publishing contract we assume this would fall under "ancillary rights".]]

The only black SF character that made enough of an impression for me to remember him is Spofforth in Walter Tevis' Mockingbird -- and he was an android superman in the form of a black man. The book ends with his swan dive off the Empire State Building.

Guy Lillian's Challenger is limited mostly, I think, by his income as a Public Defense lawyer in New Orleans.

[[Better to do a spectacular zine once a year or a modest one on a regular schedule? Just because we've gone one way doesn't mean the other is wrong. (Personally, we'd have a hard time voting a Hugo to a once-a-year zine, but that's just one vote.)]]

I have long since forgotten any of the details of Glory Road, which I read only in the F&SF version and did not like -- but your question about the catlady's hairbrush has rather Freudian implications... The obvious answer, as she has a heavy mane of hair halfway down her back, is that she has just done grooming herself, an activity common to cats and ladies.

[[Editor's note: The reference is to the cover art of It Goes On The Shelf #17, which we commented about in a letter. It does seem that even in drawing aliens, there's a tendency for them to be female and scantily clad.]]

JOSEPH T. MAJOR
1409 Christy Avenue
Louisville KY 40204

Some comments on your article on potential Worldcon sites, and how to get into the inner circle of conrunners: You list Louisville as a "possible" site. The "Louisville" bid began as a Nashville bid;



indeed the con committee was known as "L&N" after the old Louisville & Nashville Railroad. The L&N bid heralded the many advantages, wonders, and splendors of Nashville... But then disaster, in the form of Gaylord Entertainment, owners of the Grand Ol' Opry, Opryland theme park, and so on, struck. No hotel. (They have a policy of buying up competing hotels to eliminate the competition. Thus Kubla Khan, the regular Nashville convention, has had to move several times.) Therefore a relocation to Louisville was the only thing to do. Now one hotel in Louisville has, shall we say, bad vibes for fandom. I refer to the Galt House, site of the infamous DraConIs and the assault of the crazed high school basketball fans. DraConIs was an out-of-town run con, which may have explained some of its problems.

Anyone wishing to come in, as you describe, and do the work necessary to become involved could indeed mount a Worldcon bid from Louisville. But the originators of the last bid have decided their financial resources would be better used elsewhere.

[[Too bad. We enjoyed our visits to Louisville; but then we were never attacked by crazed basketball fans.]]

Indeed, Jules Verne invented many innovations now in common use in SF. The share cropped sequel (he wrote sequels to The Swiss Family Robinson and The Narrative Of A. Gordon Pym), the uncredited collaboration (the first draft of The Bequm's Fortune was written by someone else), and the Grand Unification Series are among innovations of his that studded the Extraordinary Voyages. The Mysterious Island is the outstanding example of that last...

The logic of the original employment of

the balloon seems to be a little off. Verne establishes that the Governor of Richmond was intending to get in communication with General Lee's army. Too cheap to buy a horse and ride down to Petersburg? Often Verne's research was less than complete (i.e. the active volcano in North Carolina in Master Of The World.)

[[One is supposed to assume the city was surrounded. Verne speaks of it as "the besieged town" (p. 11 of the Signet Classic Edition); and on p. 12, "...if the prisoners were anxious to escape and join Grant's army, certain of the besieged were no less anxious to join the Southern forces... if the prisoners could not leave the town, neither could the Secessionists themselves while the Northern army invested it..."]]

The character of Sam Gamgee was drawn heavily on Tolkien's wartime experiences, his observation of the enlisted men of the Lancashire Fusiliers. Unfortunately, Humphrey Carpenter, the author of the biography of Tolkien from which this observation is made, did not mention the name of Tolkien's soldier servant (to avoid being the victim of inane DC Comics jokes, I must avoid using the term "batman" -- another example of "dangerous sense"), who would have been a primary source of such observations. And given Carpenter's current disillusion with Tolkien, he probably will not be doing so.

Verne's editor Pierre-Jules Hetzel, while he cramped him in some ways, saved his cul in others. As one example of the former, in the original draft of Twenty Thousand Leagues Captain Nemo was Polish, avenging himself on the marauding Russian oppressors of his people. Hetzel, not wanting to lose the Russian market, got that removed. As

for the latter, the many negative portraits of Jews in the Extraordinary Voyages are the survivors of a far larger and more negative number.

[[Probably wouldn't have helped sales by putting in something about the German oppressors of Poland. (At one point, Russia, Prussia, and Austria cut a deal among themselves and divvied up Poland. No one bothered to ask the Polish government or the Polish people for their views about it.)]]

In fact, Llewellyn Publishers did fantasy (well, sort of) during the 80's. The book I encountered featured an exiled queen of a Celtic myth, goddess worship, ceremonial magic, Tarot, etc., monarchy which had been conquered by a rigid, hierarchical, phallocentric, whitemale, linear-thought faith which discriminated against women, minorities and other oppressed groups. The queen was traveling to a castle occupied by a vampire in order to destroy this source of evil power. That "etc." included what the Llewellyn staff designated "Sex Magick" and so there was a lot of the first word of that phrase. So they have a record of not finding writers who can write.

As you say, it is indeed "a sad state of affairs when Steve Stiles can't make a living as an artist". And heretofore I had been noticing the marginality of the fannish culture by referencing Canadian fans, many quite successful in fanzine fandom. This one has lost his job, that one works as a clerk in a stationery store, the other one has taken a retraining course... It all seems to be trying to justify Sharyn McCrumb's gibe in Bimbos Of The Death Sun that if all these people would quit wasting all that time and effort on fandom, they too could be successful lawyers with second homes, like the fans of her mysteries.

I would not rule out "Bruce E. Sex" having taken advantage of an unusual name. When L. Sprague de Camp was GOH at Rivercon, long-time FOSFAN Grant McCormick used his middle name on his con badge. And we proudly introduced Mr. de Camp to Conan -- [Grant] Conan McCormick. The people at DraConIs could not believe that and his badge there was issued to Grant "Conan" McCormick. It seems simply amazing, astonishing, and all the other SF maga-

zine titles that they had never heard of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

So Beastmaster is based on an Andre Norton book. Well, well. Not that radical revisions of books in the course of becoming movies are anything new.

[[The Beast Master, 1959, and Lord Of Thunder, 1962. Pretty much the only thing which made it out of the books into the movie was the central idea of the human-led team of animals.]]

The New Forest was new when it was established -- in the 11th Century.

Thanks to J. Nicholas for his lucid and forthcoming opinion of how to treat his opponents.

It could have been worse. Bridget Hardcastle could have married a bloke named Don Thompson. There were three of them active in fanzine fandom.

LISA MAJOR
1409 Christy Avenue
Louisville KY 40204

Thanx very much for sending Joe and I Twink #5.

Well, I see you don't want to see my views on abortion, the Middle East, or the President. What about my views on Bosnia, trade relations with Japan or the price of eggs in China? I'm really sure everyone in fandom is absolutely desperate to hear my views on these subjects.

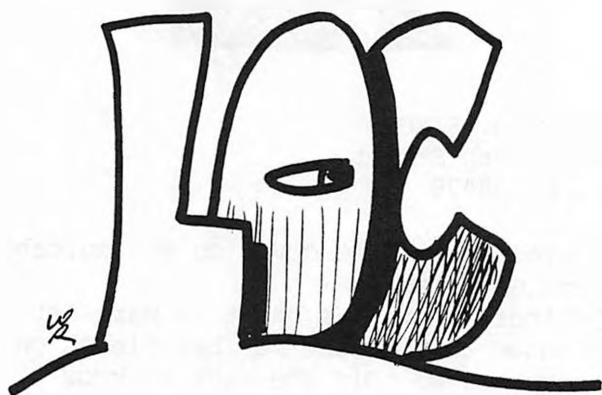
Yes, I agree that there is probably no point in flogging the horse any further. Now, if it was a mule you were flogging, the said flogging might get a little more work out of the mule.

It is probably hard for people to accept that Shakespeare was Shakespeare because Shakespeare was really a time-travelling Jew named Irving Greenbaum who was living secretly in England because Jews weren't allowed to live openly in England until 1649.

I don't know if black angels have white wings or not, but the black devils I see after too much Southern Comfort certainly don't have white wings. They have red wings with orange, pink and green polka dots.

Again, thanks for Twink.

[[In the Rider/Waite/Colman Tarot, the archangel Gabriel on "The Lovers" has red wings. We guess there's room for variety among both groups. / Matching husband-and-wife LOC's: cool. Welcome to Twink in your own right, Lisa, and thanks for clearing up that Shakespeare thing. Seen the new punk Romeo & Juliet yet?]]



BUCK COULSON
2677 W - 500 N
Hartford City IN 47348

Never had the slightest urge to run any sort of con, much less a Worldcon. I guess that officially, Juanita and I are on the Chicago in 2000 bid committee, but we were promised that we wouldn't have real work to do; just advertise it. We produced a fanzine for 32 years; enough is enough.

[[Chicago again? Kind of proves our point about "inevitable"...]]

I think that I'm one of your readers that never read The Mysterious Island. I read some other Verne that came my way, but wasn't impressed enough to look for more, and especially not pay for more. I'm not surprised that a Frenchman portrayed an American black sympathetically; a lot of U.S. black entertainers in the 1920's headed for Paris because they got better treatment there.

People disbelieve Shakespeare was Shakespeare because he wasn't a member of the literary elite of the time. That's what the Bacon hoax is all about; a mere actor couldn't possibly have written that well, but Sir Francis Bacon could because he was a reputable member of society.

[[Apparently you haven't talked with Lisa Major lately...]]

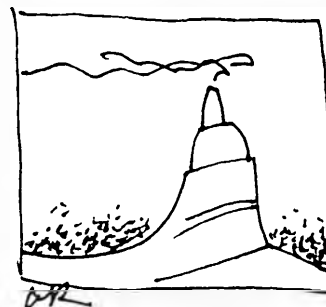
Oh, there are always new stf books to talk about. New aspects? They're a lot rarer than new books, even if they do exist. And there are new writing styles now and then. But not too often.

[[We'd be interested to know, Buck: What was your first reaction when you first encountered the writing of Bradbury? Or Roger Zelazny? Or Bruce Sterling?]]

I know what you mean about names, Bridget; it's one reason I became "Buck" instead of "Robert". All through grade school there were three boys named Robert in my room, and by third grade we had become "Robert", "Bobby", and "Buck", and I kept the nickname when I went into fandom because I was used to answering to it. It originated with games of "cowboys and Indians", where the participants became "Tex", "Curly", "Buck", etc. The Indians were all imaginary so they didn't need names... The other nicknames faded with time, but mine didn't. I suspect there are fans who don't even know my real first name, and I couldn't care less. The P.O. delivers mail with either proper name or nickname on it, and the bank cashes checks made out either way.

[[How times have changed. See in Alan Dean Foster's Nor Crystal Tears, where the human and Thranx children play "cowboys and Indians" together, but they all want to be the Indians! / We admit to being a little surprised your bank will accept checks made out to a nickname.]]

Popular psychology doesn't apply to fandom? What about Dr. Fredric Wertham's book about fans? He was a psychologist, though not always popular, especially with comic-book readers.



JOSEPH NICHOLAS
15 Jansons Road, South Tottenham
London N 15 4 JU, United Kingdom

Thanks for your latest issue of Twink... and letter. Not too surprised to learn that you decided not to print the section about space exploration from my previous letter, but I am surprised to learn that your letter column is assembled as the letters actually arrive rather than when you're ready to go to press. Neither Judith nor I would ever think of assembling FTT's letter column any other way, since how else can one ensure that the discussions are grouped together by subject? But then I note that a number of U.S. fanzines seem to assemble their letter columns in a similar fashion to yours -- The Reluctant Famulus, The Knarley Knews, FOSFAX -- so must assume this method is now becoming standard practice there. It's perhaps something of a tribute (and a very back-handed tribute) that your letter column exhibits little of the dislocating jerks of focus and direction common to theirs; but I still think it's a lackadaisical way to construct such a thing. What else is an editor for, but to edit?

[[We can't speak for other fanzines, but it seems to us as if our method is less work, at least since we're editing straight onto paper. We've seen fanzines which break individual letters up into two or three places in the column, which may give more continuity to the reader, but breaks up the continuity of the letter. Six of one...]]

As to the fanzine -- well, it's been measurably improving, and the presentation of this issue is notably superior to that of previous issues. Consider yourself heartily complimented, if you so desire. Although pressure of other matters means I have time only to note Joseph Major's curious remark that "a fanzine without ad hominem insults would not be much of a fanzine", which -- from his context -- he clearly intends to refer to fanzines produced in "the Seattle-Vegas-Falls Church Triangle". Really? As opposed to, for example, the ad hominem abuse FOSFAX habitually unloads over those it dislikes?

[[Thanks, we'll take all the compliments we can get, though most of the credit for the zine goes to our contributors. / So much for the subtle approach. So, are you and Judith coming to the 1998 Worldcon, or what? We'll pick you up at the airport ...]]



MARGARET B. SIMON
1412 NE 35th Street
Ocala FL 34479

Enjoyed seeing the cover on #5; suitably chosen. Good taste.

[[Editor's note: We had told Margaret we planned to use "one" of her pieces on the cover of #5. Did she want to know which one, or would she rather be surprised? She elected to be surprised.]]

Really wowsome, the How's, Where's & Wherefore's about "So You Wanna Run A Worldcon" article in issue #5! Those who been part of putting one on that I've spoken with always looked half-crazed: the red-eyed stare, the permanent smile and some premature grey hairs, the vocal cords that are severely damaged and the bottles of tranks they are now hooked on -- well, all deserve Badges of Courage. Ouch. Anyway the next Worldcon in San Antonio is one that I'd love to attend (Algis Budrys is a GOH) but to budget for this one is too much right now. Also (no offense to Texans) I don't like Texas. I'll bet that I'm the only person who attends, or has, most major cons and never ventured out of the main hotel. So it really doesn't matter where it is, but I still don't like Texas.

[[Shades of the old cartoon about the businessman confronting three grim cowboys: "No, no, I said I don't like taxes!" / Our visits to Texas -- aside from changing planes at Dallas -- have been few but pleasant. We still tell the anecdote about the Congress Avenue Bridge, the bats, and their dietary habits.]]

Re: Your personal note and THANK YOU so much for the TV Guide featuring my fave Third Rock gang. How did you know that I don't buy TV Guide? I get one in Saturday's local paper which is local yo'kel, no frills.

[[Lucky guess. We occasionally pass along things we think a particular reader might find of interest.]]

As for your other question about what I said -- taken from reading Twink and your letters -- that you don't seem to be female (to me): this is merely an observation, but it's what you don't do as a fanzine editor if you are like most female fanzine editors: 1. talk about your cats, dogs, or house or brag about family; 2. go on and on about personal problems or plants; 3. make comforting noise; make conceited responses to anything that might offend you (though nobody HAS written you something offensive that you've published) -- and that's a unisex thing anyway; lots of writers & editors can get so ragonasty in lettercol input, as one would know reading the Scavenger's Newsletter "Junlmail".

What you Do that I think most male editors with common sense do, and Janet Fox is not male, but also uses the same proprieties: you are focussed on content, you have a sense of wry humor, you are open-minded and you are succinct, and had no problem reminding me that my art appeared in NIEKAS, which is a fanzine. I still don't think of NIEKAS as such, but Ed the Editor does, and he's Boss. So there.

[[Victor Gonzalez agrees with you, though we don't know if he's thought it out in such detail. On the other hand, Taras Wolansky wrote us: "I've always assumed 'E.B. Frohvet' is female." We suppose you folks are just going to have to turn up at the '98 Worldcon to find out...]]

F.S. Yes yes! The Good Neighbors Brit sitcom was great! So was Butterflies and To The Manor Born, etc.

RODNEY LEIGHTON
RR #4, Box #477A
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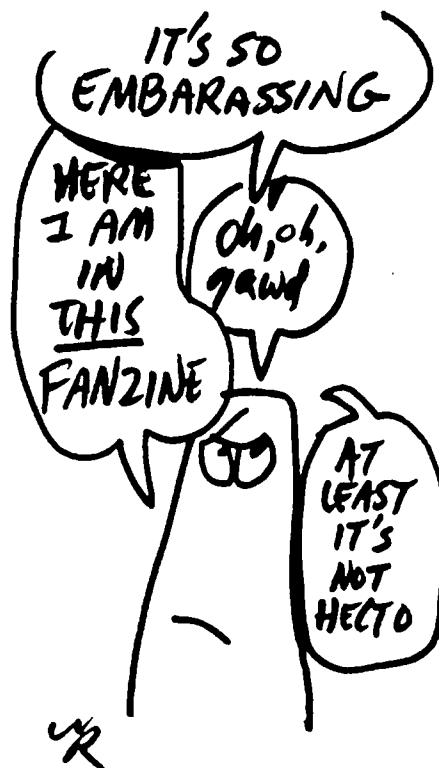
Thanks for Twink #5. I am not sure how to react. Funny how people change, eh? At one time, I had a major problem with pseudonyms but now I don't care and find it kind of amusing how badly some people need to discover who you are. Would I know you if you sent me a picture? [[Editor's note: Probably not.]] I have some thoughts on your identity and it would be sort of

interesting to stick around to see if you ever reveal it if I am close. Do you use the royal we and our as a cover, to provide more confusion, because there is more than one of you, or because you're conceited?

[[The temptation is to answer "None of the above" but that's not quite true. The editorial plural is an affectation, but as stated before, it's one we're entitled to. There's an element of truth in the part about providing more confusion, too.]]

A few years ago, I used to want all the SF fanzines I could get my hands on and would promise a LOC to every one which arrived. Very few did. This is the first unsolicited SF fanzine since The Knarley Knews a year or more ago... Yet, some time ago, I determined I would not try to read things which did not interest me. Thus, I don't read sci-fi books or discussions of books I haven't read and am never likely to read. Thus, portions of Twink went unread. And since that is your focus, portions of future editions will also be unread. Should you continue to send copies?

Then again, I have been contemplating making the statement that there has never been a readable SF book written, and challenging people to disprove that statement by sending me books which I guarantee to TRY to read. Excepting space opera, warriors in outer space, or high tech bullshit.



[[SF covers so much ground, we'd think even within the stated guidelines, you could find something you'd like. / As for Twink, we'll send you this one, of course, as you contributed a LOC. If at that point you wish to withdraw voluntarily from the mailing list, you may say so.]]

I was intrigued to discover that Rotsler does something besides those funny little men. Nice cover and the two pieces by Margaret Simon on page 19 were good.

Nope, I have no desire to even attend a con much less run one. Skipped that. I thought "We're All African Anyway" might be interesting but I soon found it was a silly dissertation on some obscure book... I have never even heard of the book, much less read it. You sent me the fanzine without any soliciting on my part. Who is the ignorant party here?

[[Every issue we pick several names out of other fanzines (not at random, there are criteria) and send them Twink. Some respond, some don't.]]

Challenger has always been over 100 pages except maybe the first one. And has been going for close to four years or longer. Kind of unfair to qualify your comments about size with statements about type size and white space when Twink is a junior Challenger.

[[The point we were trying to make was that the content of Challenger #5 could have been covered in fewer pages, thus at less expense. Discussions of format are fair in fanzine reviews.]]

Um, it should be David "Teddy Harvia" Thayer. And after only five issues you're already feuding with Joey Nicholas. Unless of course you happen to be Taras Wolansky and need still another outlet to spit at Nicholas. Nah, can't be. By the way, I do not believe a letter writer should be allowed to demand "all or nothing".

[[We are not "feuding" with Joseph Nicholas. We have some differences with Joseph, which we discuss with him in a civil manner. Henceforth, however, we will indeed, as you suggest, edit as we see fit.]]

I have doubts you will ever achieve Challenger size or number of fanzines received as long as you restrict your fanzine to discussions of SF novels. But, the LOCcol is not bad... One thing which

is of interest to me is the entire concept of the genre of SF/fantasy and what it all encompasses. And the differences even in writers. I have a book entitled The Key Of The Keplian by Lyn McConchie with some input from Andre Norton since the story is based in her Witch World. I discovered a Norton book in a store which I grabbed. What utter garbage! I think it was titled Merlin's Mirror or something like that.

[[Even good writers have off days. Merlin's Mirror is not one of Norton's better efforts. Try Moon Of Three Rings, or the Gryphon trilogy.]]

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

I see that I neglected to LOC Twink #4. I did commend it to Paul Kincaid, who seems to want more discussions of SF in fanzines, and who is reviewing zines for Banana Wings. His address, in case you don't have it (for all I know you're Maureen's cousin and are giggling as you read this), is 60 Bournemouth Road, Folkestone, Kent, CT19 5AZ, U.K.

[[Sorry, no cousin that we know of. Catchy title, though. Maybe some year Banana Wings, Plokta, and Twink will all make the Hugo ballot together, and drive the voters crazy.]]

I wouldn't judge the success of a fanzine by how many pages it has: how many good pages would be closer to the mark, though harder to evaluate, and how close it comes to the editor's aims is also a factor. Whether I appreciate the editor's aims will affect whether I enjoy the zine, but isn't always a fair way of judging whether it succeeds on its own terms.

I don't know that I will be disappointed to discover who you "really" are: at this point, my curiosity is primarily about how many of you there are, since most people don't use the "we" in LOC's... But Steve Stiles is right about one thing: whether deliberately or not, you've cut yourself off from in-person socializing as editor of Twink (though for all I know everyone on your mailing list has talked to you face to face under another name).

[[One. The use of the editorial plural in letters we wrote to other zines was

silly and has been discontinued. The truth: Two people on the mailing list know who we "really" are. One other may have guessed but has not pursued it. And we offered to meet with Steve and buy him lunch; to date he hasn't taken up the offer.]]

I don't think Ned Brooks gave The Dispossessed a fair chance. It's a political book, certainly, but he's wrong that the characters are only interested in politics. In fact, Shevek's attitude is not that different from the one Ned states: he gets involved in politics largely because it's necessary to what he really wants to do, which is theoretical physics.

[[There are only three subjects worth writing about. In descending order of importance: death, sex, and politics.]]

The person with "Bruce E. Sex" on his name badge may well have been using something other than his real name, but I wouldn't conclude that just from a scan of telephone directories. A lot of people have unlisted numbers, or use dodges like listing themselves as "John Smith" even though their name isn't Smith (unlike an unlisted number, a listing under a false name doesn't cost anything).

[[Someone look up the guy's address on the LACon membership list, and we'll write him and settle this "Bruce E. Sex" thing once and for all.]]

There's a fair amount of British SF, but it doesn't usually assume that Britain will be in the forefront of space exploration. Australian SF certainly doesn't: there's a telling remark in Greg Egan's Quarantine, in which the narrator is remembering the events that set up the book's situation and thinks, that "...the end of the world was too important to be happening anywhere but abroad."



SHERYL BIRKHEAD
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Standing in line at Wendy's (at the whirlwind 24-hour family reunion trip in Owensboro KY. My brother told me about the new item -- Garden Veggie Pita.) Gonna be late for the SPCA management committee meeting...

I have Twink in hand... Interesting cover -- I almost thought of Escher -- thinking I might see a mirror image.

(I need to find Janice Murray's phone number -- just located my DUFF ballot -- I obviously missed the April 1 deadline.)

Anybody WANTING to run a Worldcon deserves it. Once upon a time the "success" rate was based on how many marriages broke up -- hopefully those days are gone.

[[But there never seems to be any shortage of bid committees or people willing to do the work to hold the con.]]

Mr. Harvia on page 3 -- either he has TRULY mastered the natural look of computer art or he did a hand rendered fillo.

[[The original -- on a postcard -- was hand done in three colors of ink (green, black and red). Our copy lacked the charm of the original, but it fit in so well with the article, we had to use it.]]

Amazingly enough, I've seen/partially scanned several of the books reviewed. (Since they were freebies I had no control over quality and it showed, at least to my tastes.) Uh, I plead guilty to being too soft in criticism -- but remember it is a fine line between the neophyte with a kernel of talent needing help and nurture, and the totally untalented neo. Sorta like the difference between stupid and ignorant; one can be taught and the other can't... Somewhere in-between lies a viable system of criticism.

[[We endorse the George Scithers rule: "We are not criticizing you, we are criticizing pieces of paper you have typed upon." But if writers expect to be treated as pros, and paid as pros, they have to expect to be reviewed and critiqued in comparison to other pros.]]

Hopefully Steve's (Stiles) art work will rejuvenate itself... I believe Rotsler is on the Hugo ballot again.

MURRAY MOORE
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Midland, Ontario
L4R 3E2 Canada

Your mention of Toronto in the dark horse category of Worldcon sites gives me the excuse to share my Toronto in 2003 slogans. If the Toronto bid has a slogan, I doubt it will be one of the following: "Thirty years between worldcons: that's not too many"; "It's Toronto's turn"; "Toronto: It's bigger than Winnipeg".

To leave this subject with my position clear, I support the Toronto bid. I have purchased a supporting membership for \$20.03. Torcon II (1973) is the only Worldcon I have attended. Torcon III being my second would be neat.

[[For what it's worth, we'll gladly endorse a Toronto bid; but isn't Toronto in the East Region? Which would be 2001 (for which there are extant bids from Boston and Philadelphia) or 2004. Or have the rules changed?]]

I finished "So You Wanna Run A Worldcon" unconvinced of the desirability of the "status of that committee badge". I am the president of a local non-profit housing corporation, and a member of my town's library board. Both are volunteer positions requiring board and committee meetings. If I were to approach a committee person at a con, it would be to ask a question or complain, not to give that person egoboo for being a Person of Consequence. This is my serious response to an article which I took to be less than serious.

[[We'd be glad to recommend some books that your library should purchase... / A little egoboo is not a bad thing; con committees work hard at unpaid jobs, just as you do, and deserve some credit. But the article was, as you guessed, largely frivolous.]]

You note you understand why, in reviewing Challenger, that its size and inclusiveness alone prompts some of its readers to support it for a Hugo. I understand that motivation too. I would not nominate a fanzine for an award solely on those grounds, but I understand the motive.

I slowly have built a letter column presence in the last three to four years. Only recently have I received a few fan-

zines which came to me unsolicited. Only ask, and ye shall receive, is my experience.

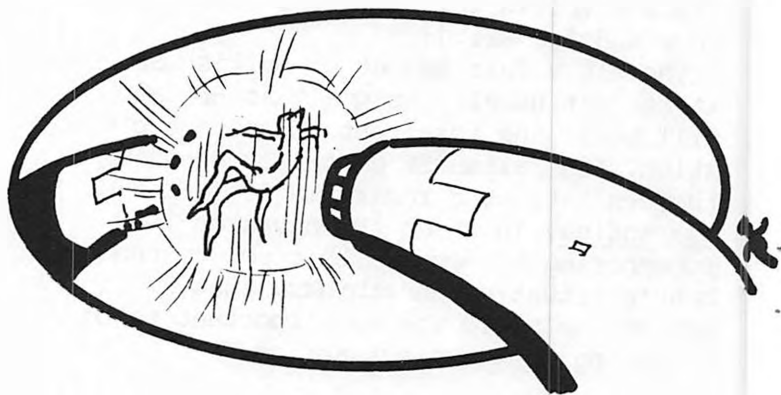
[[In sending Twink to people "out of the blue", whose names we got from other fanzines, the response rate has been less than 25%.]]

You say in a response to Ed Meskys that you are a typical fan in being a cat person. As an election enumerator in early April, a collector of names for a voting list in a rural area, I was amazed that practically every household included one or more dogs. I told someone I was considering buying stock in a dog food company. The Moore family? We share our house with a 13-year-old cat.

[[We don't mind dogs, exactly. But cats are quieter, and we've never had a cat come out into the public street to attack us. Howard County is now licensing cats, but barn cats were excluded on grounds they are working animals, not pets.]]

Add me to the long list of readers who did not get far with Dhalgren. I bought it when it was published. I was so put off by it that I sold it; this was unusual because I rarely part with a book. I did buy a second, used copy, thinking I would try reading it again. I have yet to do so.

Toronto in 2003.



PATRICK MCGUIRE
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Columbia MD 21046

"So You Wanna Run A Worldcon" was an informative look at a side of fandom I've had little to do with, and I enjoyed learning about it.

MISCELLANY

Biologists use the term "Coolidge effect" for the presumption that males are genetically programmed to seek as many sexual partners as possible. The anecdote goes like this: President & Mrs. Coolidge were touring a farm. On seeing the henhouse, the First Lady inquired how many times a day the rooster could perform his conjugal duties. Dozens of times, she was told. "Tell that to the President," she ordered. The information was conveyed. President Coolidge considered, then asked if the same hen was involved. Oh no, was the reply, a different hen every time. The President nodded and said, "Tell that to Mrs. Coolidge."

A few issues ago Arthur Hlavaty joked about eccentric basketball player Dennis Rodman as an alien. We assume some of you caught Rodman's green-haired guest shot on 3rd Rock as a space alien. (Best moment: Rodman bought a present for the Big Giant Head: a "big giant nose-ring"....)

Amusing item in the Advocate a while back. It seems this lesbian activist and writer is in deep trouble in the gay community for going public with the one unforgiveable sin: she's having an affair with a man!

Not to harp on Dhalgren; but of all Delany's works, the one which is closest to Dhalgren, as we see it, is Triton.

So we're picking up our collated copies of #5; and the guy at Kinko's looks at our receipt and says, "Yeah, the name nobody can pronounce." And we say: "Hey, it's pronounced just like it's spelled." (In fact, spelling is not their long suit either. But they do copying well.)

QUOTE OF THE DAY

"I was on pain-killers. I was delirious. What's your excuse?"

-- Uncle Phil (Mel Brooks), to Paul and Jamie (Paul Reiser, Helen Hunt) on TV's Mad About You.

Hrrm. No one picked up the joke in #4. At least, no one commented on it.

More useful information from Astronomy magazine: Current best explanation for Ganymede's magnetic field postulates a still-molten iron core. Now they just have to figure out why a 4-billion-year-old moon should have a still-molten core... Clyde Tombaugh, discoverer of Pluto, died in January 1997 at age 90... "A merger of two neutron stars as far away as 3,000 light years could conceivably wipe out life on Earth..."

We did get to the Visionary Art Museum recommended by Steve Stiles. "Visionary" as in, well, seeing visions: the point is that the artists are all untrained, and the incidence of mental patients and self-appointed evangelists is high. We can't say we didn't get anything from it, Steve, but it's not a \$6 we'll be in a burning hurry to spend again.

Story Project Update: Last issue we said we're sending the same story out over and over until someone buys it or we lose interest. Absolute Magnitude (Tim Ballou, Associate Editor) rejected it as "not our genre". At least they were prompt.

Spider Robinson, Melancholy Elephants: "She could not get the damned pool table out the living room door -- God knew how the apartment's previous tenant had gotten it in..." Well, duh! It was brought in in pieces and assembled on the spot; to get it out, just reverse the process. Call any dealer. Can you say "Yellow Pages"?

PLEASE NOTE: Due to another outbreak of twittering nonsensical hysteria in the federal government (Tim Lane please take note, we don't always disagree about these things), we're told that material not addressed to the boxholder will not be delivered. We've spoken to the people at our commercial maildrop and they understand the situation regarding our pen name; but they don't make Postal Regs. We get stuff addressed variously to Twink, "Frohvet", and even "Chaffinch". Until this gets straightened out, we recommend you address material to "Frohvet". Yes, we know it says Twink on the mailing labels, which we ordered long ago. If everyone sensibly sticks to "Frohvet" we should have no problem. Thanks.

You say that "We're All African Anyway" is the first in a series of articles about black characters in SF. I wonder if you didn't really start that series last issue. I don't recall if the race of the protagonist of Dhalgren is ever specified, but he's widely held to be in part autobiographical on Delany's part. And in Left Hand, Genly Ai is described as "earth-colored", and probably has enough African genes to count as "black" in the minds of mid-20th-Century racists.

[[The Kid, protagonist of Dhalgren, is clearly Delany in part -- see the mirror scene in the department store; but the text also states specifically that Kid is half white and half Native American. Good point about Genly Ai.]]

Your anti-Heinlein remarks in your review of Spacer Dreams distort the true situation. Heinlein was only in his 40's when he wrote the juveniles, and his years of classic influence came even before that, so he wasn't then an "old" anything. It is possible to look backward from the vantage point of the self-indulgent trash of Heinlein's declining years and see the occasional cracks in his opus even earlier, but these were, after all, at first only cracks, and might have mended rather than widened over the years if Heinlein had made other choices, medical or moral.

Yes, the young Heinlein was a sexist, but so was virtually everyone else at the time including Isaac Asimov and C.S. Lewis -- a raft of sexual stereotypes were just taken for granted in the bad old days. If we want to dump Heinlein on those grounds we'll have to dump virtually every other male SF author, and most female ones, writing before the seventies. Anyhow, it could be argued that Heinlein's work supports the legal equality of women -- he seems to want them to choose to quit work and raise babies despite their other options, not take away the options.

[[We agree, the Heinlein of the 1950's was no worse than other male writers of the period. But as society started one way, Heinlein veered sharply the other. It is also clear he viewed womens' duty to be sexual toys and have babies started about age 15 if not earlier. We stand on our description of Heinlein as "sexist".]]

In defending the early Heinlein, I do not, of course, condone uncreative knock-offs of Heinlein juveniles. I haven't read Segriff's book; for all I know, I might dislike it as much as you did. I haven't been wild about some other Heinlein imitations published by Baen.

Like the Editor, I also enjoyed the British sitcom "The Good Neighbours". Maryland Public Television has been re-running it fairly frequently.

As will be clear from my letters and reviews in FOSFAX, I, like Arthur Hlavaty, have been reading more mysteries and less SF lately. I think that SF is in one of its periodic downturns at the moment when the mystery genre happens to be in an upswing. With any luck, it will eventually recover and will form a larger proportion of my fiction reading again.

I'm trying to wrap this up, so I will postpone any discussion of the novel with "Old Columbia, Maryland" for one more issue. Of course, someone else may have come up with the answer in the meantime.

[[Not yet. Readers?]]

* * * * *

We Also Heard From: Taras Wolansky, Lois McMaster Bujold, Fred Lerner, David Wynn, John Boggs, Teddy Harvia, G. Peter Winnington, Lloyd G. Daub

LETTER COLUMN LAGNIAPPE

Through #6, Twink has published a total of 61 letters from 27 persons. Of those, 18 LOC's were from women: a respectable 29.5%. That compares favorably with, say, FOSFAX (according to our count less than 6% of their LOC's are from women). Still, we'd like to improve the level of female involvement in Twink.

Counting trades and other contributors, the mailing list includes persons from 18 states, the District of Columbia, two provinces in Canada, the United Kingdom, and Switzerland. Not bad in a year and a half starting from scratch! Our goal of expanding the mailing list to all 50 states is probably not attainable, but if you know any fanzine fans in Idaho (or anywhere else) who might be interested, send us their addresses.

GREETINGS

Welcome to Twink. The title is from the familiar nursery rhyme: "Starkle starkle little twink/How I wonder what I think." We would have used "starkle" but James H. Schmitz beat us out by thirty years or so. (See The Witches Of Karres, p. 256.)

CONTRIBUTIONS POLICY

The lifeblood of any fanzine is reader participation. We actively encourage your contributions and feedback. WHAT WE WANT: Articles clearly about SF/fantasy/fandom/some clearly related topic. Brevity is a plus, but say what you need to say. Book/film reviews of SF/fantasy or related works. (We personally have no great interest in horror.) Again we encourage brevity. Art work to include cover art: we obviously have no talent in that area. One column-width or horizontal half-page size is most convenient. LOC's are actively solicited. WHAT WE DON'T WANT: If you wish to state your views on abortion, the Middle East, or the President, write your local newspaper. We do not want to get into the "what I did on my vacation" travelogue thing. Convention reports, if timely, are distinct from travelogues. No amateur fiction/no amateur poetry, please. All contributions are subject to editing for length and content. This does not mean we will censor controversy. We are all in favor of intelligent controversy; we're just not into ad hominem insults or gratuitous vulgarisms just to be offensive. Contributions represent the opinions of individuals and should not be construed as the opinion of Twink or its editorial staff. If you want your material returned, please send SASE. All letters will be presumed to be LOC's and considered for publication unless clearly marked "NFP". All fanzines received in trade will be subject to review herein. No floppy discs please. Thank you.

FANNISH POLITICS REDUX

Has Steve Stiles ever been nominated for a "Fan Artist" Hugo? If not, we suggest, it's long overdue. Keep it in mind next winter while filling out those nominating ballots, people.

TOWER OF FLINTS

We hereby officially announce (one or two of you have heard about it already) our first "special" issue. Twink #7 will be designated the "Gormenghast special issue". We invite all our readers to write a paragraph or two on the theme, "How I feel about Gormenghast." This need not be in an article format, but we recommend you at least set it off in a separate paragraph from the rest of your letter. Rather than including these in the letter column, we'll put these comments all together in a separate section. Of course if anyone wants to write an article on the subject, that would be welcome also. Margaret B. Simon has already generously done the cover art for the issue, and we think you're going to be impressed with it.

No decision has been made as to when, how often, or concerning what subjects, Twink will do "special" issues. We're open to suggestions.

FLU, COR, ONE EACH

The results of the FAAn Awards are in from this year's Corflu. (Apparatchik, predictably, first off the mark with the information.) Regular Twink contributors Joseph Major, Teddy Harvia, William Rotsler, and Steve Stiles all received votes. Bravo! And keep up the good fanac.

Speaking of Corflu, we had tentatively floated the idea to several people of bidding for a Corflu in the Columbia MD area. Given the response we received -- none -- we assume Corflu is amply supplied with towns willing to host it and fans eager to do the work. Kind of a shame, actually; we were prepared to volunteer our place for the Dead Dog Party... We seem frequently to come up with what we think are good ideas (some of them we still think were good ideas) in which no one else is interested. The jury is still out on whether Twink falls in that category. On either count.