



THE ZINE DUMP

#11

A publication by **Guy H. Lillian III** for fanzine fans and the readership of *Challenger*.
February and early March, 2006.

8700 Millicent Way #1501

Shreveport LA 71115

GHLIII@yahoo.com

318/797-1822

GHLIII Press Publication #992

Winter '06

www.challzine.net

Dedicated to Irvin Koch and Howard DeVore

February 28, 2006 was possibly the best Mardi Gras Day *ever* – and I've been to dozens.

It was an important Carnival season in New Orleans. The City that Care Forgot had been all but demolished by Hurricane Katrina. Most of its population was still scattered. All of its population had suffered loss. Want some stories? Check out *Challenger* #23 on my website, www.challzine.net.

Six months post-Katrina, and little had changed. The neighborhoods that flooded when the levees broke were still all but deserted, shells of houses either teetering on the edge of collapse or empty, gutted, and completely uninhabitable. Because of their height and because of luck, only the Garden District and the French Quarter had been spared. And even there, the wind and the flood had brought ruin and despair.

There was some talk, I understand, that Carnival should be canceled in 2006, just as it had been canceled during World War II. The calendar said Mardi Gras should take place on February 28th. But surely it was inappropriate to stage a citywide celebration after catastrophe has taken such a swipe at the Big Easy.

Don't call me Shirley.

New Orleans first embraced Carnival in the Reconstruction era, as a gesture of defiance against carpetbaggers and cholera. Katrina was a disaster much more horrible – but were the Orleanians of today lesser people than their forbears of the 1880s? Though Rosy and I didn't live in the Easy anymore, and I had court both the day before and the day after Fat Tuesday, and money was, as usual, screaming tight – we had to be there. We had to see for ourselves.

We were there, and we saw.

We saw a city alive with color and music and insanity and joy. Helped by magnificent weather and the welcome absence of the noisy college kids that have afflicted Carnival in recent years, New Orleans saw its best Mardi Gras Day in memory. Certainly, for me, 2006 ranked among the top 3 for me, because this year, New Orleans proved something. *Joy is a choice.* And New Orleans chooses it.

Laissez les bons temps rouler!

Alexiad Vol. 4 No. 3 / Joe & Lisa Major, 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville KY 40204-2040 / jtmajor-@iglou.com / \$2 / Joe Major is the best fan writer working, let's just get that said and done with. Here in his ongoing genzine, reviews and natter mostly written by him, one can see my point. The guy writes wonderfully about ... well, everything. His rundown of the later episodes of *Rome* is more entertaining and ribald than the shows themselves. Subjects covered range from Arctic adventurers (a favorite) to the birth of modern espionage. Characters covered range from Stalin to Flashman (yes, ... *on the March* is grand). Authors covered range from Jules Verne to Terry Pratchett. And these aren't pocket-sized reviews, either, but full-blown interpretations/appreciations of the tomes, brimming with wit. Also on hand are Lisa, with an evocative opening paragraph, Rich Dengrove, Eeb Frohvet, Jim Sullivan, and a vibrant lettercol chorus. One editorial note requires a response, on the log being rolled to garner Bill Rotsler a posthumous Hugo nomination: much as I liked Bill and appreciate his art – certainly I use it often enough – this, I'm ag'in. Rotsler won several Hugos and a Big Heart Award while he was still around to enjoy them, and there are many, many

superb fan artists illuminating our zines still waiting to be honored by the SF community ... Alan White, Ditmar, Charlie Williams, Marc Schirmeister, Randy Cleary, Kurt Erichsen, to name a few that haven't even made the Hugo ballot, and there are others like Steve Stiles and Sheryl Birkhead who still haven't taken a rocket home despite being nominated. Bill Rotsler showered priceless spot illos on any and every fan editor that asked. Let's mimic his generosity with *our* goodies, the Hugos, and spread the wealth. Received at press time, Vol. 5, No. 1. Thanks for the Hugo recommendation, Joe; this house nominated both *Alexiad* and you.

Ansible #224 / Dave Langford / 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire RG1 5AU, U.K. / U.S. Agent: Janice Murray, P.O. Box 75684, Seattle WA 98125-0684 / SAE or. / www.ansible.co.uk / I think I've figured out part of *Ansible's* appeal. Doesn't take me too long, does it? Through his news and gossip and ongoing columns like Thog's Masterclass (where writers who should know better show that they don't) and How Others See Us (where outsider contempt for science fiction flows like bittersweet molasses), *el grande* Langford shows his affection for the field and its people without taking it, or us,

too seriously. In short, he recognizes that it, and we, are pretty silly when you really get down to it, but also pretty grand company as we careen through life. Anyway, indispensable and jolly.

Banana Wings #24 / Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES, U.K. / banana@tragic.demon.co.uk / Splendid publication, the next Britzine (I predict) to win the Hugo. No zine out there takes fandom as seriously. This edition opens with a wonderful Steve Stiles cover depicting Harry Potter, Dumbledore, and a dodo; there are some fine Brad Foster interiors and a good selection of Rotslers, too. Claire's editorial mentions the "very cute little rocket clock consolation prizes" given to Hugo nominees at Interaction (where's *mine*?) and the all-but-obligatory fanned excuse, "My Cat's Just Died" (one of mine ran away, though I don't miss the jerk). Niall Harrison times the changes in his life by *Dr. Who* episodes – odd, since he doesn't seem to like the show (*I* like the transformation episodes). The last paragraphs of his piece are – like so much of *Banana Wings* – impeccable writing. Our pal Geri Sullivan offers a happy squib on the joys of moving – talk about oxymorons – that makes me wish that, for many reasons, she'd been around in December '04, when we crawled out of New Orleans for this dreary burg. Plummer, in his discussion of cataloguing fanzines, brings to vivid life the truth about e-zines vs. the dead tree variety: It Is Not The Same. Somebody give me \$2000 every six months so I can publish *Challenger* as I want to. Straying from SF but keeping well within *BW*'s British span, Tony Keen produces a great semi-academic piece on Richard III, always an ace subject. (Olivier's film of the play contains his most joyous performance, and, on a much less lofty level, *Tower of London* is one of my favorite Boris Karloff films.) Claire's Interaction report, following, focuses on her sense of dislocation, and finishing a transformation begun at Intersection, ten years before. James Bacon and Randy Byers – the only American on the contents? could be – add their own perspectives on the Worldcon, and Randy comes up with a devastating (and depressing) truth: "all fanac is performance." Any of us who suffer from Hugo hunger can attest to that. And so *Banana Wings* goes – superior writing (if, in a couple of the editorials, a bit slow in getting to the point) and excellent editing (the lettercol is a wonder), and finally, lifted to the stratosphere by "Down, Down, Down", an article by Kari, whose "other" name seems to be K.L. Maund. It's a cry

from the interior of the bleakest and most fundamental of depressions, a black world of overdoses and invisibility, from which the escape is honesty and admission – what Kari calls, "show and tell." It is the zine's highwater mark. Received as this *Zine Dump* goes to press, issue #25. Notice next time.

Baryon #s100-101 / Barry R. Hunter, 114 Julia Dr. SW, Rome GA 30165-7999 / www.baryon-online.com / \$5 per printed copy, free on-line (of course) / It just occurred to me to ask Barry if he ever hears from or of Gary Steele, a friend from SFPA long ago, who hailed from Rome. Haven't heard from or of him in decades. Before he gets to the multitudinous book reviews Hunter mentions the passing of his friend and mine, Irvin Koch, and several of the important professionals who have left us of late. And then the reviews come – SF and fantasy (I've got to read MaryJanice Davidson) and everything in between, a storm, a flood, a deluge of books, all reviewed in a sprightly fashion by Hunter himself, Jim Brock, the astonishing Harriet Klausner and others. As befits a centennial issue, #100 boasts a fine color cover and editorial appreciation for Barry's many contributors.

Batteries Not Included Vol. XIII No. 1-2 / Richard Freeman, 513 N. Central Ave., Fairborn OH 45324 / BNI@aol.com / \$3@ domestic, \$4@ foreign / This monthly journal on the subject of video pornography usually justifies its existence by publishing an insightful interview or thoughtful article by the talented Richard Pacheco and a hilarious appreciation of Kylie Ireland by the eternally adolescent Jeff Jarvie. Both gents are well represented in the first issue of 2006, as well as the two preceding. But here and there in these three editions are other items of real interest to anyone interested not only in "adult" movies – what's adult about *Squirtwoman*, I wonder – but also in the state of our society. When not reviewing raunchy DVDs, Freeman or his contributors occasionally express outrage at porn's legal troubles or, most compellingly, take a critical look at the field itself. For instance, to meet the endless need for greater and dirtier thrills, porn producers have introduced *choke* films, wherein starlets are subjected to asphyxiation in a manner I'm sure you can deduce. To their credit, *BNI*'s contributors question the practice, sensing that indeed, limits *do* exist in the promotion of sensual thrills – and the risk of murder is one of them. *BNI* is great fun when it's funny,

and provocative and valuable when it's introspective. You can tell a lot about a society from its edges.

BCSFazine #390? / Garth Spencer, Box 15335, VMPO, Vancouver BC V6R 2H7 Canada / hrothgar@vcn.bc.ca / <http://www3.telus.net/dh2/bcsfa> / A bit of confusion about that issue number ... The November issue is also numbered 390, but both the December and January numbers bear #391. So what *is* this latest issue? Whatever, the text opens with a lefthanded complaint from the editor that BCSFA depresses him, and, in contrast, brief reviews of a few outstanding fanzines that *don't* depress him. Alas, *Chall* isn't among them. The lettercol, which follows, apparently deals with this contentious club matters but provides no context; who's Kathleen? What was she saying that so riled the editor? What business is it of mine, anyway? Upcoming club dates, genre news (with a Canadian slant), book and movie reviews – worshipping Charlize Theron and enjoying the cartoon version as I do, I wonder if I would have liked *Aeon Flux*?

Brooklyn! #51 / Fred Argoff, Penthouse L, 1170 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn NY 11230 *NEW ADDRESS* / \$10/year (4 issues) / After a photo of an Argentine parrot, a species that has established colonies in the borough, Fred hails the view from his new apartment (beforehand, all he saw was the bricks on the building next door), the history and flavor of Cypress Hills, the history of Gravesend, buses, Brooklyn mermaids (*that* costume belongs at *Mardi Gras*!), and an interesting tidbit about the Brooklyn grinder – a sandwich. They're *po'boys* in Nawlins and *grinders* in California – I thought they called them *hoagies* or *submarines* up north. More fascinating Brooklyn sites like the empty McCarren Park Pool, Coney Island, the onetime Dodgers Stadium, all get a photo and a mention here in this terrific valentine to America's most evocative address. Damn, I miss New York. When you going by Junior's, Fred?

Chunga #11 / Randy Byers, 1013 N. 36th, Seattle WA 98103 / \$3.50 or trade / One look at Dan Steffan's cover – the control panel of a translunar shuttle, complete with alien pilot – and you know you have a classic fanzine in your hands, because it's a classic SF illo – enormously detailed, technical, yet spiced with wit, cf. the drink cup in its holder, the photo of a "girl"friend, the pine-shaped

air freshener. What lies beneath bears out this impression: funny, fannish, and awesomely well-illustrated. Blest not only with Steffan, *Chunga* is also bedecked with Gilliland, Rotsler, and a churce set of caricatures (in a totem pole) by Stu Shiffman on the back. Content: Randy editorially reports on the end of a love affair; hopefully Sharee Carton, object of the sad announcement, will stick around, since her photo-rich account of the Worldcon bubbles with enthusiasm at being Among the People. (Who *are* these people, though? I don't recognize anyone but Mieville, and that's because he never changes expression.) I do recognize Andy Hooper, unmistakable in Steffan's illos for an article on Seattle's new SF Museum. Both Ulrika O'Brien and Christina Lake mention *Banana Wings*, Lake in (very positive) review and O'Brien in fannish news. The lettercol, "The Iron Pig", is brisk, as in lively. I call *Chunga* classic for many reasons: its in-groupish joy, its impeccable repro, its delightfully open and readable layout, and its attention to quality. This time, I do miss Shiffman's fifth-dimensional articles on films that never were, but I suppose he deserves some time off.

Comic Effect # 45 / Jim Kingman, P.O. Box 2188, Pasadena CA 91102-2188 / jcomeff@aol.com / www.comiceffect.com / 6 for \$24 / In the universe of comics Superman is the universal constant, so when a fanzine like *Comic Effect* devotes an issue to him (and his tween self, Superboy), the editor knows he's dealing with the childhoods of every reader out there. We all have a history with Superman. Mine involves dim but unmistakable memories of ancient *52-pagers* (that's how old I am), stories that turned me on with sensawunda, Wayne Boring artwork, Edmond Hamilton scripts (not that I knew their names!). "The Thing from 30,000 A.D." ... "Superman's Three Mistakes" ... the excellent "Superman Under the Green Sun" ... *The Giant Superman Annual*, which around these bones was an effin' event. Kingman's writers handle the social profundity of the character well, reprinting some terrific and evocative covers. Superboy never struck the same chord with me, although I did read the origin story of Lex Luthor (who didn't even have a first name hitherto), and am now a *Smallville* fan, so go figure ... Anyway, an admirable publication, suitable for old men everywhere who still respect the loves of their youth.

ConNotations Vol. 15, Issue 6 / Stephanie Bannon, Central Arizona Speculative Fiction

Society, P.O. Box 62613, Phoenix AZ 85082 / \$15/6 issues / The CASFS tabloid covers almost every aspect of fandom – or tries, as shown by the “Conversation with Forrest J. [sic] Ackerman” on its front page, the Gamers’ Corner and Clubs Listings within – but I most enjoy Lee Whiteside’s inside scoops on TV and movie news. No columnist in fandom is better at it.

Dagon #597-8 / John Boardman, 234 E. 19th St., Brooklyn NY 11226-5302 / John’s Apa-Q zine is a monthly explosion of exposition from the left. All have assumed a common format. They open with a collage of needle-sharp political cartoons skewering W and his proto-Orwellian administration. On the flip side of the cover, a flyer advertising bunkum, mystic crystal cures for acne and the like – although I’d enjoy that “Art of Dreaming” class myself, I think. Then comes the Colin Ferguson Award, given to a warmonger of some stripe (Christopher Anvil and a Turkish SFer named Orkun Ucar get nailed in these issues), a bit of apa business and the first page of John’s natter, “A Mess of Pottage”, precede the sheet lambasting Patriotism as manifest in a thousand faces of foolishness, and as “the principle cause of war.” In each of these issues a review is downloaded – Terry Pratchett’s *Thud!*, for instance, discussed by Donald E. Westlake. It’s in his free-floating natter, though, that Boardman shines – his evisceration of teaching “intelligent design” is apt, and the Phil Foglio cartoon which accompanies it, priceless.

DASFax Vol. 38 #1-2 / John & Annette Stroud, 2580 S. York St., Denver CO 80210 / editor1@dasfa.org / <http://www.dasfa.org> / Despite the announced ’08 municipal worldcon bid, I sense ennui in the first of these issues – an uncontested election, no volunteers for the January “Dead Dog” party, and an editorial in which John Fiala admits that the newszine editors haven’t attended a club meeting since last spring. By the next issue we have a new editor, Annette, who admits to a *professional* journalistic background. The zine’s new look is attractive. More good news: a site’s been found for the February Dead Dog Party. Let’s hope these developments bring DASFA a reprieve from miasma, because its zine features good book reviews by the reliable Fred Cleaver and, in January, a Sudoku puzzle I couldn’t solve in a zillion whatevers.

De Profundis 398 / Milt Stevens, c/o LASFS, 11513 Burbank Blvd., N. Hollywood CA 91601 / miltstevens@earthlink.net *NEW E-DRESS* / www.lasfs.org / Taking over the monthly club newsletter from Marty Cantor is Milt Stevens, former Worldcon chairman, one of the best letterhacks alive, and a welcome presence in fandom since I first signed my “X” and put on the colors. He reports on LASFS “menace” (which means “minutes”), which – refreshingly – dwell more on club Patron Saints than on mundane busy-ness like finance. LASFS is, after all, about its people. Among the happy memories brought forth are many of Bruce Pelz and Dan Alderson, hale gents well remembered, indeed.

eI Vol. 5 No. 1 #24 / Earl Kemp / <http://efanzines.com> / Earl’s been such a consistent supporter of *Challenger* that I thought it about time I should mention his excellent electronic perzine, available at Bill Burns’ magnificent eFanzines website. (You can also link to *Chall* from there.) #24 begins with a beautiful eulogy for Howard DeVore, an appreciation of their 55-year friendship that gives credence to the appellation “Big-Hearted Howard.” It’s superbly illustrated with great photos and illuminated with warm memories. Can’t say I like the fiction by Richard Brown that follows, alas; it lapses into brutal porn before its twist ending. More enjoyably nasty is the selection of classic sleaze paperback covers that shows next, and downright fascinating is the study of Evan Hunter/Ed McBain’s foray into literary raunch as pornstar Dean Hudson. 93 dirty books are credited to him, *Las Vegas Lust* and *Wall Street Wanton* among them, and Lynn Munroe offers a review of the first 20. Apparently they were pretty repetitious, which figures, but also pretty bad, which doesn’t, I hope.

Emerald City #126 / Cheryl Morgan, cheryl@emcit.com / <http://www.emcit.com> / Wonderful webzine with excellent reviews of a variety of new SF works, marked by sharp design and superb writing. In this issue we’re treated to reviews of a thoughtful fantasy, a California fantasy (Tim Pratt’s *Rangergirl*), a standard fantasy (*EC* isn’t afraid to be critical), a wild SF sequel that could have been better ... a choice academic piece by Gary Wolf on the work of Peter Straub (Wolf is more impressed than I am, though I like Straub; he’s a man of character, i.e., bald), and a notice by Peter

Wong of Joe Dante's politicized contribution to the new TV series, *Masters of Horror*. His "Homecoming" sounds better to me than Wong reports, but then I don't mind fighting an Us vs. Them political war. To beat Bushies you gotta take it to them. Cheryl made history a few years back when *EC* became the first on-line fanzine to win the Hugo, and Cheryl herself came within a few votes of knocking Dave Langford off the fan writer pedestal.

File 770 #146 / Mike Glyer, 705 Valley View Ave., Monrovia CA 91016 / MikeGlyer@cs.com / Eminently decent of Mike to lead off this December '05 issue of his classy, classic publication with New Orleans and Katrina news. He contrasts dreadful photos of the damage to Dr. Jack Stocker's collection with the heroism of those who kept NOLA fandom connected with the world. He's kind enough to quote my *Challenger* editorial on the subject. Other news proffered includes the L.A.Con IV Hugo design contest, Janice Gelb's enviable move to Australia, and Howard DeVore's hospitalization – missing the sad end to that story. Interspersed with entertaining convention reports by such luminaries as John Hertz, H.L. Drake, and Keith Stokes are articles by my old LASFAPA-mate David Bratman (on visiting Oxford) and Tim Davis (a beautiful piece on his father's love of *The Twilight Zone*), bits of news, a page noting the Heinlein Centennial Convention this July, and even a photo of *me*, by itself justifying a subscription. Excellent writing, photo repro and artwork (by Taral Wayne and others) throughout. If there's a fault with *File*, it would be Glyer's stubborn instinct for reporting news as opposed to his stated intent, which I picked up on last issue: to create a fannish yearbook, reflecting on past happenings. Whichever, it's great fun to watch him work it out.

Floss! 5 / Lilian Edwards, 39 (1F2) Viewforth, Edinburgh EH10 4JE Scotland / L.Edwards@ed.ac.uk / trade / "Editorial whinging" is at the core of this latest colloquium from British fanzine fandom – I can't get used to that extra "g" – complaining brought on by the editor's vague sense of dissatisfaction with the Scottish Worldcon and the general state of the fannish world. The whole thing seems stale to Professor Edwards, which condition she lays to traditional fandom's insistence on a convention directed towards "the legendary and the almost-dead." "[T]he Worldcon is the biggest sf convention in the world, with the largest budget and the greatest

sphere of attraction, but it never uses its budget or its clout to invite any ... new *types* of guests." She wants to see media guests, gaming guests, guests aimed at a young and enthusiastic audience, all to overcome a certain stodginess she senses in traditional Worldcon fandom – and fanzine fandom, too. Alas, methinks my namesake overlooks some crucial fannish realities: the true largest SF convention on Earth takes place over Labor Day, throngs with just that sort of membership, honors just that sort of guest ... but is *not* Worldcon. It's Atlanta's *Dragon*Con*, with an attendance of 30,000 and a guest list ranging over the entire genre, from lit'ry types to media stars to gamers to anime buffs. Would it do Worldcon any good to try to imitate its appeal? Is that even the kind of convention Worldcon wants to be? Isn't the price of being a more intimate event, wherein the individual fan is *not* lost in the crowd, wherein the fan and the professional are considered part of the same community (the occasional pro pomposity notwithstanding), a taste of that stodginess Lilian laments? Worldcon fandom, like traditional, printed fanzine fandom, has qualities that have kept people like Lilian and Lillian engrossed for decades. The passage of time has brought forth other qualities that may seem more attractive to youth and its manic energy. But aren't the qualities of our greying, stodgy, fandom still worthy of our affection? The rest of *Floss!* is entertaining writing – Randy Byers on fishing, Andrew Ducker on his first Eastercon, very personal, very in-groupish, classic stuff in the classic style. True, a reader not acquainted with the personalities involved could be baffled – but that doesn't mean they would necessarily reject the experience. Classic fandom can survive if it remains true to what it enjoys, but also maintains openness and generosity with those trying to get in on the fun. Am I expressing my point at all well? Probably not. Tell you what, just look at the delightful photos of the editor cavorting in costume atop the zine. There's nothing stodgy or off-putting about the lunacy depicted there. Lilian is offering, know it though she might not, her own solution to the problem she has found. Keep dancing and keep smiling, and thanks for all the *Floss!*

For the Clerisy #s 64-65 / Brant Kresovich, P.O. Box 404, Getzville NY 14068-0404 / kresovich@hotmail.com / \$2, LOC, or trade / Incisive book reviews (the "clerisy," after all, are those who read for pleasure) ranging from Elmore Leonard's terrific *The Law at Randado* (I've always

preferred his westerns) to Peter Fleming's *One's Company* (he was Ian's older bro). Movies seem to dominate, though; Brant's comments on *Capote* hit the mark of that splendid film (it's the best film I've ever seen about writing), as does his review of *Good Night, and Good Luck*; would that David Strathairn's brilliant impersonation of Edward R. Murrow hadn't come up for the Oscar against Phillip Seymour Hoffman's uncanny channeling of Truman Capote. I do disagree with him about the relative value of *Jarhead* versus *Three Kings*; I found the former to be rather pointless and the latter superb.

Future Times Vol. 8 #12, Vol. 9 #1-2 / Mark Woolsey, Atlanta Science Fiction Society, P.O. Box 98308, Atlanta GA 30359-2008 / noozflash@aol.com / www.asfs.org / Allen Steele's touching eulogy for Irv Koch is the sad highlight of the December issue of the Atlanta newsletter. Lots of reviews, upcoming events, genre news – an Honor Harrington film? Righteous! – and club events, like a meteorological lecture from a Weather Channel honcho. The BBC's survey of the 100 "Best Reads" – reprinted here – lists 28 books I've read, ranging from *Ulysses* to *Winnie the Pooh*, and led off by *LotR*.

The Insider, Feb. '06 / Michelle Zellich, 1738 San Martin Dr., Fenton MO 63026 / mzellich@csc.com / Published for the St. Louis SF Society, *Insider* is rich HAAAAHA with lots of science articles (shamelessly purloined from the internet), news (DC heroes stamps coming! *Gimme!*), and notes (somebody bought William Shatner's *kidney stone* for \$25,000 – anyone else think he's never been better than he is on *Boston Legal*?). Upcoming club dates also, like Michelle's October 14th birthday party (did she get the diamonds and emeralds she deserves?) and a New Year's party that is apparently an annual affair. Anne Winston hostesses a New Year's *Day* soiree in New Orleans (made extra-marvelous this year by the presence of Linda Krawecka); maybe *la belle* and I could hop a post-midnight red-eye from St. Lou to the Easy to make both. Michelle is very kind to *Challenger* #22 in her notice; ah, reason enough to have published.

Instant Message 750-5 / NESFA, P.O. Box 809, Framingham MA 01701-0809 / info@nesfa.org / www.nesfa.org! / The monthly newsletter for the SF club to end of all SF clubs rings in these issues with Boskone excitement. The convention is a month past as we go to press; if past performance is

any guide, it was a spectacular success. Much club business here, very little folderol; a lot of quasi-professional effort, indeed, goes into making our good times.

Interstellar Ramjet Scoop Dec. 2005 / Bill Wright, 4/1 Park Street, St. Kilda, Vict. 3182, Australia / Our friend downunder contributes another exceptional edition of his zine for ANZAPA, bedecked with a beautifully weird cover from Ditmar and filled with good contents. For instance, Bill's opening remarks, where the impossible geometry imagined by Ditmar on the cover inspires Bill to mathematical musings of a cosmic nature infinitely perplexing to a liberal arts graduate such as myself. Perhaps I should read the two scientific tomes next reviewed, which Wright credits with the ideas underlying the cover illo. (Lisa Randall is the most attractive physicist I've ever seen, and Bill: she's far better looking than Jodie Foster.) Moving out of physics into something comprehensible, Bill next editorializes on Singapore's harsh legal system. I thought Jefferson Parish was bad! A page or two of clerihews proves that this verse form is no more aesthetic but every bit as raucous as the more familiar limerick. After a page of welcome photos – seeing these guys again brings back fond recollections of our DUFF trip – Bill cedes the floor to Ditmar's penchant for diverting numbers games, an ad for Melbourne in 2100, various notes on items odd and sundry from Stefan, a consistent contributor, mailing comments (this *is* an apazine, after all) and a financial review showing the current price of the 12 days of Christmas.

The Knarley Knews #114-115 / Henry Welch, 1525 16th Ave., Grafton WI 53024-2017 / welch@msoe.edu or LethaWelch@aol.com / \$1.50 @ / There's no steadier zine published than *TKK*, but editor Welch begins his editorial in #114 apologizing for being a week late. A Ditto convention and a car wreck (no one hurt) seem excuse enough to me! More traumatic than either: a forced withdrawal from Coca-Cola. Well do I remember the nightmare of New Coke, and the celestial relief when Coca Cola Classic returned to the shelves. Knarl's progress through law school continues, provoking both nostalgic and anguished memories here (do you believe that I kept up a full-time job *and* work on Nolacon's publications while attending law school? maybe that's why I've never made a dime out of my profession). Noting the 19th anniversary of *TKK*, he polls his readers for

suggestions on noting the 20th. Other content in these two issues is excellent: Jim Sullivan (one of the funniest writers in fandom), Garth Spencer (a political parable), Sue Welch (on Treasure Island – the manmade one in SanFran Bay, not Robert Louis Stevenson's), more magnificent chapters in Terry Jeeves' WW2 memoirs (these ought to be collected into a separate pub someday), Alex Slate (an ethical contemplation of cloning, which doesn't address either the possibility of stem-cell research or the question of creating *flawed* duplicates, cf. Dolly the sick sheep). Also present: Murray Moore, making his own fun at the aforementioned Ditto. Good LOCs, and really nice art, particularly the covers. Sheryl Birkhead's color work is cuteness squared, and man, do I miss Joe Mayhew.

L.A. Con IV Progress Report #3 / c/o Scifi, Inc., P.O. Box 8442, Van Nuys CA 91409 / A sans-serif utilitarian issue, with sadness: a piece by Roger Sims on Howard DeVore, and an article by the Big-Hearted man himself. Let's have a good Worldcon for him. Rose-Marie is member S3116, I'm 3115, and if we can *possibly* swing it, we'll morph those "S"s to "A"s. This is the Worldcon p.r. with the *forms* – the Hugo nomination ballot (done), the hotel reservation (done), the masquerade entry (no talent), and so on. Also here, my ¼ page *Challenger* ad (why is the "t" so large on "net"?). Does it pay to advertise? We'll see.

Littlebrook 5 / Jerry Kaufman & Suzanne Tompkins, P.O. Box 25075, Seattle WA 98165 / littlebrooklocs@aol.com / "in-person requests, the provision of a beverage, or \$2" / A short zine of very high quality and powerful personal impact, *Littlebrook* is always worth the wait – and indeed, this is the first issue in a year. Its pages are liberally dotted with excellent fillos by Brad Foster, Stu Shiffman, Alexis Gilliland, Craig Smith and ATom, and a variety of text authors and subjects are present, too: the editors (Jerry on Glasgow and "mundane SF, which I take to include disaster novels set in the here&now; Suzle on her TAFF trip to Interaction), fannish treasure John Berry (a funny memory of his father encountering the Big Bang), Luke McGuff (a somber, moving piece on reacting to the deaths of two old ladies), and Bruce Townley (on the SanFran Mechanic's Institute Library). "Backwaters" is the extensive lettercol (9 pages of an 18-page zine), highlighted by a couple of devoted e-zine guys defending their electronic faith amidst the paper devotees.

Lofgeornost #81-2 / Fred Lerner, 81 Worcester Ave., White River Junction VT 05001 / fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu / FAPA and trade / Poverty and fear of flying may prevent me from ever walking the streets of Glasgow – better not let Rosy read that! – but Fred's "Interaction with Scotland" (parts I and II) must be the next best thing. His tour of architectural and historic landmarks of the Worldcon city is evocative and exciting on many levels. By gazing on art and edifice, he says, he hopes to gain "insight into the city and country through which we were traveling" – and if anyone could do Scotland justice, it's Lerner. (His account of a free phrenological examination, "during which I maintained a careful awareness of the precise location of my wallet", is priceless, and I cry for Skye.) The lettercol is likewise remarkable for the erudition of the chorus, especially Sue Thomason, Dainis Bisenieks, and Evelyn Leeper – not one of whom has ever locced *Challenger*, I should note.

The MT Void Vol. 24, No. 36, #1324 / Evelyn C. Leeper, sleep@optonline.net / www.geocities.com/evelynleeper / Neat e-zine, ostensibly from the Mt. Holz SF Society, wherein Evelyn, husband Mark and others discourse spiritedly on such topics as the works of Richard Matheson, "the greatest neglected writer of horror and science fiction", the next Nebula ballot, Stephen King, Frank Hebert's God-Emperor of Dune, and the independent film sensation *The Three Burials of Melquiadas Estrada* (a solidly-written review), and a new Connie Willis book. Good writing here, but is this a clubzine, a perzine, or what? Well, I just know that it wasn't till *just now* that I understood the title pun.

The NASFA Shuttle Nov. '05 – Jan. '06 / Mike Kennedy, 7907 Charlotte Dr. SW, Huntsville AL 35802-2841 c/ nasfashuttle@con-stellation.org / \$1.50@ or \$10/year /. NASFA is one of the healthiest clubs in the South and its newszine – beginning its 26th year – is one of the best. Mike loads each issue with much genre news as well as club bizness. He takes the time to parse out the movie awards for genre mentions, too scarce this year (*King Kong* should have been better recognized). Also here, chapters in a baffling fantasy story by PieEyed Dragon (of the Huntsville Dragons).

Opuntia 59.5-60 / Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary,

Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7 / Possibly the best *Opuntia* I've ever read, this issue is dominated by an article on the silliness of nostalgia, based on the relative squalor and deprivation of former times. He illustrates his thesis with tales of his family, including his mother, artist, trout-catcher and schoolteacher, who sounds like a magnificent human being. If nostalgia has a point it lies in hailing such tremendous character. In any event, Speirs' article is anything but cynical about The Good Old Days, just right on track when it comes to why we should be grateful that, however Good, they are now Old Days. Also worthwhile in this excellent issue, a letter about transforming the ruined parts of New Orleans into wetlands, an interesting idea, and magnificent ads from 1895 depicting Vigor's Horse-Action saddle, a precursor of the exercycle sitting neglected behind me even as I write. #60 features a long piece on "prosperity cheques" issued by the provincial government, apparently something like a tax rebate, truly science fictional for someone from a storm-wracked state like this one.

The Revenge of Hump Day / Tim Bolgeo, tbolgeo@att.net / What I like best, these days, about *RoHD* are the news stories Uncle Timmy reprints about science – I learn much more about such studies from this zine, distributed by e-mail every Wednesday, than I do from the local fishwrapper. The jokes remain atrocious, the politics reprehensible, the fun ceaseless.

Some Fantastic Vol. 2, No. 2 #7 / Matthew Appleton, 4656 Southland Av., Alexandria VA 22312 / mattapp@cox.net / www.somefantastic.us / primarily via PDF, free, but \$2@ for printed copies / An interview with Charles Finley and an enthusiastic piece on his first two books begin the latest issue of an excellent review-oriented publication. The articles do their duty: I'll keep a lookout for his work. Unlike many sercon zines, *Some Fantastic* doesn't hesitate to be truly critical. While Appleton himself is wowed by *Carpe Demon*, which doesn't sound particularly original or interesting to me, professional critic Richard Fuller works over *The 4400*, which bored me when I tried to watch the series. *SF*'s writers are kinder to *Batman Begins* than I would be; I was bored and found the generic hunk playing Bruce Wayne to be a cipher. Many other reviews, detailed and thoughtful, follow. Most fun in the issue is Wendy Stengel's article on Harry Potter/Wizard Economics, based on bullionism and threatened by muggle

encroachment. Matthew's editorial on the manner in which technological advances are affecting science fiction's short fiction market is thought-provoking; I pity people like myself who may use the internet to look up pictures of Christy Canyon but don't understand the first thing about how it works.

Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol. 8 No. 9 / Randy Cleary, 138 Bibb Dr., Madison AL 35758 / rbcleary@bellsouth.net / www.southernfandom.com / SFC membership \$15 annually / The vaunted SFC has been drawing Southern regional fandom together for over 35 years. It didn't have tee shirts or patches for sale 20+ years ago, when I was president ... but my bulletins were nowhere near as fine as this. Opening with "Cleary Comments", Randy reviews LibertyCon, where he met Fred Pohl, Con*stellation, and Dragon*Con, which has stolen all the energy and youth of Labor Day weekend. He announces his candidacy for Director of ASFA, and asks for volunteers to succeed him at the SFC helm. Afterwards, Joy Smith describes the 18th Oasis – meeting her was the highlight of the one Oasis I've attended – Eeb Frohvet reviews two books on Tolkien, and Tom Feller lists zines received and fannish websites. In the news section, Charlotte and Jerry Proctor's golden anniversary is justly hailed, as are the Heinlein Centennial Convention, some glad weddings, some sad demises, and the end of Myriad, one of the seminal Southern apas. The two-page listing of Southern conventions astonishes me – when I came along, there were maybe three in the average year – and there's a nice, if short, lettercol. Good zine. Cleary, a fine artist who has often contributed to *Challenger*, has ably served the SFC; will he return as its President or will another assume the post? Check back in August after this year's DeepSouthCon.

Sugar Needle #28 / Phlox, 1029-A Adams Ave., Salisbury MD 21804 / Emerging from its exquisitely-stickered envelope, along with a greatly appreciated note of good wishes post-Katrina, Phlox's candyzine announces a new address for her co-editor. "West Coast Needler" Corina is now at P.O. Box 66835, Portland OR 97290. As usual, this delightful publication features reviews and artful wrappers from arcane candies collected from hither and yon. Some are tasty – like Heidi [Klum]'s Fruit Flirtations – and some are awful – like Australia's Growling Dog energy bar. I growl like a dog

whenever I think of Heidi Klum. All, however, are presented with enviable zest. I admit, however, that I wouldn't touch the "voodoo-inspired candies" they mention even if I do get new appliances for eating the stuff.

Vanamonde Nos. 613-627 / John Hertz, 236 S. Coronado St. No. 409, L.A. CA 90057 / Trade / Single-sheet wonders for Apa-L from the Regency dancer and Big Heart winner. Josh's intros are often preceded by haiku, sometimes eulogize friends who have passed on, or greats, and notes from other Sfers on everything from continuous bread toasters and nut butters. Hertz was Fan GoH at the '04 Westercon, which published *Dancing and Joking*, an anthology of his fanwriting. It's said that a donation of \$5 to one of the fan funds will earn you a copy of this gem, which sounds like a righteous investment to me. (Yes, John, we'd love a copy.)

Warp 62 / Cathy Palmer-Lister, MonSFFA, 396 rue des Jacinthes, Ste-Julie, Quebec J3E 1H6 Canada / cathypl@sympatico.ca / One of the most creative and energetic clubzines going, *Warp* opens each issue with a parody cover – this time, *Astounding Stories* (of Warped Science). After noting the demise of actor and conger Michael Sheard (whom we met at a Memphis convention), Cathy presents her lettercol – and perhaps the most interesting discussion in any fanzine reviewed in this *Zine Dump*. Responding to one of Palmer-Lister's editorials, Garth Spencer issues a plaint about "the much reduced motivation among contemporary fans" – to publish, to attend club meetings and cons, even to read. He lays the blame for this change on the growth of fringe fandoms, "each with their [sic] own terms of reference" – and (like Lilian Edwards in *Floss!*) wonders what's to be done. Fanzine fandom knows this problem well, but in our case the nemesis is obvious: *technology* is making the *printed* word obsolete. Electronic communications is the voice of the hour. Blogs and websites are on the upsurge, just as are conventions devoted to games and specific media, and we who have found our niche in a slower, more ponderous, but more permanent and aesthetic fandom find ourselves stranded in the fading past. See how many fewer genzines I here review as opposed to *Zine Dumps* of yore? Well, such is the fate of flesh, to age and wither and crumble into neglected dust, so, so be it. The dust of *Warp* is still entertaining. This issue is mostly fan-authored fiction – Les Lupien's is at least R-rated (where do I meet Lulu?) – but there's also a

cool article on weaponry in the classic pulps, some club photos, and a good bit of club news.

Westwind #274 / Carla Moore, c/o Northwest SF Society, P.O. Box 24207, Seattle WA 98124 / westwind@nwsfs.org / www.nwsfs.org / A very impressive photographic cover – just a stash of scrap machine parts stacked against a brick wall, but aesthetically striking. Kudos to photographer Daniel Pawtowski. Within, much stuff. A chatty editorial announces Norwescon 29 and a "stuffing" party to make up convention packets. (I remember doing those for Nolacon II, and no, it wasn't *after* the convention.) More club events are mentioned, like monthly "My Favorite Restaurant" parties and a mystery train, plus events at the SF Museum and Hall of Fame. Must be nice to have such a joint close at hand. Follows an interview with the chairman of the 2007 Worldcon in Yokohama and a very interesting exchange taken from Yahoo Group SFNorthwest on the new, and now Hugo-winning, *Cattlecar Galactica*. Good issue!

As I close, another plea for understanding about print copies of *Challenger*. At least two correspondents have given me grief for not mailing out printed copies; one fellow was reasonable (and got his copy), the other pompous and petulant (so he won't). All I can say is, if six bucks for a 102-page genzine is too much or offensive in some way, forgive me if you can and check out the website. On t'other hand, if you can help me with printing costs, I appreciate it. Either way, I beg for review in your own zine and/or a LOC.

This zine is going forth on March 5th, 2006, which gives us five days to get our Hugo nomination ballots to L.A.Con. (Possibly too late to mail – use your Pin Number and nominate electronically.) You can probably grasp my own fan award preferences from the above, but allow me to propound once again that we need to see *new faces* in that winners' group photo. New winners for fanzine, fan artist, fan writer ... *Spread the wealth*. We owe it to each other.

So why is *King Kong* my overwhelming choice for the Dramatic Presentation award, when its director already has three *LotR* Hugos and a gross of Oscars to his credit? Well, uh, ahh ... don't get personal!