

The Royal Swiss Navy Gazette #13

~~September 2004~~ January 2005



TOWARDS A NEW RSN WEBSITE:

COUNTER TERRORISM TODAY – JOIN RSN
INTELLIGENCE!

* ON THE RSN HOME GUARD *

FOUNDING THE FRONG – A NEW ETHNIC GROUP!
VANSPEAK – LINGUA FRANCA FOR VANCOUVER?
RAINPOWER GENERATORS

-- and more --

The Royal Swiss Navy Gazette #13

(~~September 2004~~ January 2005),

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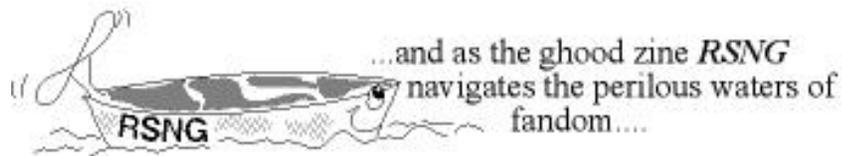
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No COAs this issue – Eric Lindsay objected



Wasted Days and Wasted Nights

Properly, I should have gotten this issue out in September, but Things Happened. Not just financial ones, either.

Fall 2004

The summer of 2004, like at least the one before it, was unseasonably hot for Vancouver; for the first time in my life I got my hair crew-cut.

The trademark agents' firm where I worked was reorganized recently, and for financial reasons they let me go. That was August 10th. I wasn't very broken up about it, partly because I knew some fundamental changes had to be made, and partly because I was getting ready to move on.

I had gained a certain perception over the previous few years, and was reminded of it while clearing the backlog of word processing and file maintenance: mainly, I've got to pick *some* direction, pursue retraining and skills upgrading, and pretty soon. The market in Vancouver for general office temp. personnel, with mostly word processing skills, is apparently reduced from previous years.

My mind has actually been more occupied with more fannish, and more personal matters. I continue editing the monthly newsletter/fanzine of the B.C. SF Association. Although I maintained the ads, editorial and letter columns, con calendar and reviews, *BCSFAzine* now doesn't much resemble the same clubzine of even five years ago. As well as local and national and distant fan news, I have featured some SF market news, and even started to feature some fiction.

Of course only the same few correspondents and members show up in the pages. I seem to rely mostly on print to interact with members, and that seems to be the least favoured mode of interaction.

Again, outside of work and a few regular fan gatherings, I seem to rely on email more than face-to-face meetings to interact with friends. This appears to be a bad habit.

GARTHSPENCER.COM!

Just before going "on liberty" I followed Colin Newell's suggestion and claimed my own domain name. Now I just have to master a Web editing program, Mambo, and update it.

Well, for that matter, I have to start updating *all* my websites regularly. People have complained. I am recovering my Classic Articles from past *BCSFAzines* for reformatting and posting.

VCon 29

One of the features of Vancouver, B.C. is the annual VCon. VCon has been running for about 30 years, with various different concons, and is forever getting back on track with a new gang. This year it was held on October 8-10, 2004 at the Hilton Metrotown, in the suburb of Burnaby. Fran Skene, a Well-Known Fan from decades past, ran programming and asked me to do a couple of fanzine panels.

VCon has been carrying on since 1971, with a few breaks, and with ups and downs in membership. This VCon appears to have drawn over 360 members. A good time appears to have been had by all, and the hotel is reported to want the con back, although the committee appears to have needed twice the volunteers it had, and they may have lost rather than made money.

I've been attending these events since 1984. In 1987 I moved to Vancouver and started participating, in some limited roles. This year, rather than a fanzine lounge, we featured a couple of fanzine panels, and I served as one of the panellists; our listed topics were the history of fanzines ("Fanzines 101") and the contrasting worlds of contemporary fanzines, mediafictionzines, post-80s "zines" and

e-zines. The rest of the con was a fairly quiet affair for me, as I was mostly manning a club table.

(Having received a number of trade zines for *BCSFazine* and for RSNG, most of which trades review a number of fanzines I don't get (especially *Opuntia* and *Challenger*), I got it into my head to turn my panel handouts into a comprehensive article and list of current fanzines. I've been running a draft of this list past the members of Timebinders and getting more data.)

In the past few years there have been rather fewer room parties at VCon than in previous years; only CascadiaCon (NASFiC, Seattle) and Westercon 58 (Calgary) parties, to my knowledge. Filkers and concom may have had more on the go.

One of my other agendas was to flog as many fanzines and books as I could, not only for BCSFA but also on my own behalf. When my funds are so reduced that I have to sell books and zines in order to buy groceries, I obviously don't have the budget to entertain someone anyway.

I finally got back in touch with the Kingdom – now, the Republic – of Talossa, the invented country that claims Milwaukee, an island off France, and until recently a chunk of Antarctica, and which mostly exists online. Apparently the founder's tendency to ... well, to start fanfeuds ... got to be a bit much, for quite a number of people. (In January 2005 I finally became a Talossan citizen.)

On October 24th I had some fun: I went downtown and joined the Work Less Party (honest, that's what this gang call themselves) in a sort of street-theatre performance they called "The Rat Race". This consisted of a bunch of people in business suits, plus costume ears and noses and whiskers and tails, running an obstacle course where the obstacles had a corporate-office theme. One was a Supervisor bawling out everyone, another was a PowerPoint presentation on the theme "Power corrupts. PowerPoint corrupts absolutely", and so it went. This was probably the best-publicized Work Less Party event out of the three or four held so far this year. I gave them my Royal Swiss Navy card and they put me on their email list.

With any luck I can find other fellow travelers for the RSN, pranksters like the Discordians or the local Cacophony Society of Vancouver.



November 2004

Nobody stated right out in my hearing what Remembrance Day was about – that's Veterans' Day, to Americans – until my late teens. Odd, really, since on the one hand, my family's culture was profoundly affected by my maternal grandfather's Second World War traumas. Now, I find myself conflicted every November 11th, because on the other hand, my father was a conscientious objector in that war ... in London, during the Blitz. This makes more sense in view of the fact that *his* father died from inhaling mustard gas in the Great War, which was arguably one of the most pointless military exercises in European history; and furthermore, the grandfather I never knew took so many years to die, his family received no benefits for his disability.

I didn't wear the symbolic plastic poppy other people sported, and I spent November 11th cleaning house a bit, and *not* watching the televised Remembrance Day ceremonies.

As Dr. Gwynne Dyer once wrote, "We're stuck in a time warp, waiting for the next big war to happen." Maybe the current performance in the Middle East will be that war. Maybe I should read Dyer's next book, *Future Tense*, to get a sense of the future outcomes we should expect.

December 2004

The Work Less Party held another event on December 3rd, a benefit party for the Indymedia network in Vancouver. The B.C. SF Association held a Christmas dinner and modest gift exchange on December 11th.

January 2005

It's been a very wet winter in Vancouver. First we had a sudden snowfall after Christmas, just six inches or so but of course it brought the city to a halt; then we had torrential rainfall, which we usually call "self-shoveling snow" but, in this volume, led to flood conditions in the B.C. Interior and the southwestern Lower Mainland. In fact mudslides demolished some houses in North Vancouver, which is a relatively upscale municipality, and yet the city somehow neglected to warn residents that the last deluge, about 1979, led to professional warnings that mudslides were likely.

I should have invented a new power source: RAINPOWER generators – sort of miniature watermills, that you can mount on your eaves or windowsills.

Much of what I have done recently is to prepare material for Web posting. I have a number of websites, as indicated way above, and a whole lot of broken links to fix. For two or three years I have put off posting some feature articles, which first appeared in *BCSFazine* or *The Royal Swiss Navy Gazette*: how to invent languages (hence the headings which should appear in Shavian phonetic this issue), or planets, or fictitious countries; what kind of crank theories and conspiracy theories to watch out for; just the usual sort of thing.

Then the Aurora thing happened.

The Aurora Awards, as I explained before, are the national fan-voted SF and fantasy awards in Canada. Since they are hosted in July at this year's Westercon in Calgary, I realized one day that there are only six months for people even to hear of the awards, let alone to hear of the works eligible for nomination. So I started volunteering some effort to collect and collate titles of works published in 2004. The editor-in-chief of the French-language SF revue, *Solaris*, pitched in too by sending me last year's issues. I'll be sending a big list to the Aurora webmaster.

Rationally I should be documenting my jobhunting efforts since August, and the local schools and courses which are my skills-upgrading options, but for some reason I've been avoiding that.

Maybe it's time to start an independent online news organ!

Features of Interest (Freestyle comedy)

RSN Member Ray Seredin recommended that, instead of writing off all sports (and designating the Olympics as an Evil Sinister Mind Control Plot like I said), we should designate an Official Sport of the Royal Swiss Navy: 43-MAN SQUAMISH. This, if you recall, was a gag that ran in *Mad Magazine* a good many years ago.

At the risk of committing a copyright violation, I downloaded the rules and reprint them here (without illustrations).

Mad Magazine introduces 43-MAN SQUAMISH

Writer: Tom Koch

"For years, the nation's educators have been howling about the evils inherent in such big time college sports as football and basketball ... But no one really lifted a finger to correct the situation until MAD's Athletic Council went to work – and he's come up with a brand new sport that promises to provide good, clean amateur fun for all. Here, then, are the rules for this great new national pastime of the future. Digest them carefully and be the last person in your neighbourhood to play ...

"A Squamish team consists of 43 players: the left & right Inside Grouches, the left & right Outside Grouches, four Deep Brooders, four Shallow Brooders, five Wicket Men, three Offensive Nibblings, four Quarter-Frummerts, two Half-Frummerts, one Full-Frummert, two Overblats, two Underblats, nine Back-Up Finks, two Leapers and a Dummy.

“Each player is equipped with a long hooked stick known as a Frullip. The Frullip is used to halt opposing players attempting to cross your goal line with the Pritz (ball). The Official Pritz is 3 ¼ inches in diameter and is made of untreated ibex hide stuffed with Blue Jay feathers.

“Play begins with the Probate Judge flipping a new Spanish peseta. If the Visiting Captain calls the toss correctly, the game is immediately cancelled. If he fails to call it correctly, then the Home Team Captain is given his choice of either carrying the Pritz ... or defending against it.

“The game of Squamish is played on a 5-sided field known as a Flutney. The two teams line up at opposite sides of the Flutney and play seven Ogres of fifteen minutes each – unless it rains, in which case they play eight Ogres.

“The defending right Outside Grouch signifies that he is ready to hurl the Pritz by shouting, ‘Mi Tio es enfermo, pero la carretera es verde!’ – a wise old Chilean proverb that means, ‘My Uncle is sick, but the highway is green!’

“The offensive team, upon receiving the Pritz, has five Snivels in which to advance to the enemy goal. If they do it on the ground, it’s a Woomik and counts 17 points. If they hit it across with their Frullips, it’s a Durmish which only counts 11 points. Only the offensive Niblings and Overblats are allowed to score in the first 6 Ogres.

“Special rules, applicable only during the seventh Ogre, turn the game into something very akin to Buck Euchre. During this final Ogre (and the eighth, if it rains), the four Quarter-Frummerts are permitted to either kick or throw the Pritz, and the nine Finks are allowed to heckle the opposition by doing imitations of Barry Goldwater.

“A typical seventh Ogre play is shown below. Team ‘A’ – trailing 516-209, is in possession of the Pritz with fourth Snivel and half the Flutney to go. Suddenly, the left Underblat, going for the big one, sends two Shallow Brooders and the Full-Frummert downfield. Obviously, he is going to try for a Woomik when the opposition expects a Durmish. A daring play of this type invariably brings the crowd rising to its feet and heading for the exits.

“A variety of penalties keep play from getting out of hand. Walling the Pritz, Frullip-gouging, icing on fifth Snivel, running with the mob and raunching are all minor infractions subject to a ten-yard penalty. Major infractions (sending the Dummy home early, interfering with Wicket Men, rushing the season, bowing to the inevitable and inability to face facts) are punishable by loss of half the Flutney, except when the Yellow Caution Flag is out.

“Squamish rules provide for 4 officials: a Probate Judge, a Field Representative, a Head Cockswain and a Baggage Smasher. None has any authority after play has begun. In the event of a disagreement between the officials, a final decision is left up to the spectator who left his car in the parking lot with the lights on and the motor running.

“In the event of a tie score, the teams play a sudden-death overtime. The exception to this rule occurs when opposing Left Overblats are both out of the game on personal fouls. When such is the case, the two teams line up on opposite sides of the Flutney and settle the tie by shouting dirty limericks at each other until one team breaks up laughing.

Amateur Squamish players are strictly forbidden to accept subsidies, endorse products, make collect phone calls or eat garlic. Otherwise, they lose their amateur standing. A player may turn Pro, however, merely by throwing a game.

“Schools with small enrolments which preclude participation in 43-Man Squamish may play a simplified version of the game: 2-Man Squamish. The rules are identical, except that in 2-Man Squamish, the object of the game is to lose.

“The original charter calls for an annual meeting of the National Squamish Rules Committee. At its inaugural meeting, the committee approved a re-wording of Article XVI, Paragraph 77, Section J of the rules. This section, which formerly read: ‘The offensive left Underblat, in all even-numbered Ogres, must touch down his Frullip at the edge of the Flutney and signal to the Head Cockswain that he is ready for play to continue’, has now been simplified to read: ‘The offensive left Underblat, in all even-numbered Ogres, must touch down his Frullip at the edge of the Flutney and signal to either the Head Cockswain, or to any other official to whom the Head Cockswain may have delegated this

authority in writing and in the presence of two witnesses, both of whom shall have been approved and found to be of high moral character by the Office of the Commissioner, that he is ready to continue.”

That’s all I’ve got. 43-man Squamish rules seem as obscure to me as parliamentary procedure, which may be why I think of politics, sports, business and entertainment as equivalent competitive team sports.

Anarcho-Surrealist Party

If I thought it would be understood, I would print up and distribute flyers articulating the “Anarcho-Surrealist Party” platform. If Vancouver can produce the Dance Party Party and the Work Less Party, why not the Anarcho-Surrealist Party? But I don’t suppose everybody would get the idea.

The previous version of this platform, which I made up in order to put off Conservative Party recruiters, was a sort of deadpan put-on based on political and religious ideology. The gist of it was that *any* official form of organization can function, or fail to function, what makes a society work is apparently something called “solidarity”, and that seems to be sign of the presence of the Holy Ghost. So we might as well do without a redundant social organization, and depend on solidarity to hold us together.

Obviously this needs some work. I am open to suggestions.

Licensing People to Be Adults

From time to time I wonder if we would be better off if Canadian schools had citizenship courses. Well, they didn’t have, when I was in school. A course that actually taught people how to be citizens – informed voters, and prepared taxpayers – would include the required research skills for voters, some basic economics, critical reading and clear thinking skills ... you get the idea.

Only why stop there? I’m more than half-serious when I suggest *formally* teaching interpersonal skills: how to act like an adult; what kind of tasks a marriage requires ... and how to fight fair; how to raise a child, and give enough time to your family.

Half the reason I suggest this is that some people obviously need this instruction, as early as grade school. The other half is that some people obviously shouldn’t have kids, they shouldn’t even marry ... at least, not until they’ve taken courses and gotten a license!

Vanspeak

I ride Vancouver buses a lot, and one of the things I see frequently is drivers telling riders on a crowded bus to move to the back ... with no noticeable response. It seems obvious that a lot of riders don’t entirely understand English.

In a way this isn’t surprising; one Statistics Canada report that I saw claimed that English is still the largest language group in Vancouver, but it is rivalled by Cantonese, followed by Punjabi. (French barely places in the top 11 languages, and is spoken by about as many people as there are Japanese-speakers.)

In circumstances like these, people will naturally work up a “pidgin”, a sort of lingua franca borrowing commonly-understood words from each language, and using a really simplified grammar. (In fact something like this happened before in the Pacific Northwest, producing “Chinook Jargon”, in the days when European traders were first starting to appear.) One of my long-term projects now is to work up such a pidgin “Vanspeak” deliberately.

Of course all of this ignores the fact that people in different language groups tend not to speak to each other, and a good half of the people on the bus don’t care what the driver is telling them.

The Book of the Frong

(this is a second draft)

As a gesture toward intercultural solidarity, and in an attempt to annoy racist groups, I propose that some of us start an artificial ethnic group, one that members choose to belong to, where values and customs are chosen by design.

One reason for this proposal is to lampoon the foibles of every ethnic group we know. We inherit traditions, or reject them, without any apparent judgment in the matter, no matter what works

for us, what really serves our lives. We are supposed to belong with people whom we also don't choose, when geographic origin or language or religion or skin colour or even family descent may give us nothing in common with them, and they may even be toxic for us. (Would *you* want to be related to members of the Ku Klux Klan?)

Another reason is to send up the rather stereotyped, unimaginative way that ethnic groups and national identity and "culture" are generally conceived. Drumming, salmon fishing, traditional art and whaling are as unsuccessful a means for preserving cultures as are consumerism and conformism, or legislating bilingualism, or instituting a ministry of multiculturalism.

Ethnic groups, or societies, or cultures are characterized not simply by specific things they do, but by *their own way* of doing things.

For the Frong, I propose the following values and practices:

- Ask ourselves questions, before decreeing conclusions;
- Ask what works for people, before assigning responsibility or blame;
- Ask ourselves what practices help us to live, to live with each other, and to live well;
- Value co-operation over competition;
- Reassess people regularly for their temperaments, e.g. whether they're liable to be threats or allies;
- Reassess situations regularly for both risks and opportunities;
- *Review customs and practices* regularly for their practical benefit;
- Look in a new ethnic group each generation for people to mate with.

More ideas can be added as they seem appropriate.

The last point is another joke. Regardless of what some people want to believe, humans are always finding mates outside of their

region, their religion, their speech community or their colour range. We might as well make an institution of it in the Frong!

In the B.C. Science Fiction Association I started a running gag about fictitious members called the Witherspoon-Li's, a clan that put the last listed custom into effect; they became the only Vancouver family with *members in almost every ethnic group* in the city. This, of course, has not happened.

You may be wondering where the name "Frong" came from. I made it up.

The question is, can an ethnic group be invented by registering a non-profit society? This remains to be established.

The Royal Swiss Navy Home Guard

The Home Guard is principally tasked to defend our home and native lands against domestic threats to peace, order and good government, in whichever country our members live in. Such threats include but are not limited to foreign entanglements, neoconservative political campaigns, globalist labour outsourcing, leveraged takeovers, car exhaust, industrial effluent, real estate development, three-alarm fires, and terrorists. In that order.

The first line of defence, obviously, is constant in-depth research and publication on the foregoing threats. Equally obviously the principal qualification for recruitment into the Home Guard is your willingness and ability to research these threats, and to publish your research.

As you can see, the subject matter and methods of the Home Guard are not entirely distinct from those of the Intelligence Branch, and in several respects they will have to work together.

The Royal Swiss Navy Intelligence Branch

The Intelligence Branch is principally tasked to defend our home and native lands against foreign threats to peace, order and good government, in whichever country our members live in. Such threats include but are not limited to asteroid strikes, climate changes, earthquakes, floods, tsunamis, tornadoes, hurricanes,

foreign entanglements, neoconservative political campaigns, globalist labour outsourcing, and terrorists. In that order.

The first line of defence, obviously, is constant in-depth research and publication on the foregoing threats. Equally obviously the principal qualification for recruitment into the Intelligence Branch is your willingness and ability to research these threats, and to publish your research.

As you can see, the subject matter and methods of the Home Guard are not entirely distinct from those of the Intelligence Branch, and in several respects they will have to work together.

Applied Mad Science

One of the various things I wish local fans did is to hold Mad Science weekends, and try to invent crazy gadgets.

I'm typing this while looking at "Mythbusters", a show on a science/education channel in which some cheerful construction/mechanics teams put urban legends to the test. I would like to see fans do something similar, if only we had access to enough junk, and enough time, and enough energy.

Vancouver fandom used to have a local institution, a gentleman known only to subscribers and congoers as "Mr. Science", who write demented answers to science questions in BCSFAzine and conducted mad-science experiments at VCon. His health hasn't been up to the challenge in recent years. People miss his ice cream made with dry ice. (Or was it liquid nitrogen? I keep mixing them up.) But he was just the one guy.

Somewhere in the American Midwest, or so a correspondent in e-APA tells me, is a club known as General Technics, which brings to conventions such Neat Things as Van de Graaf generators and Wimshurst machines. Sometimes I wish we Vancouverites were on that wavelength.

There are two things I would particularly like to attempt. One is an airborne bicycle, or aerostat, basically a balloon-suspended bicycle with a propeller and rudders sufficient to follow the rules of the road, even at 20 stories *above* the road. The only problem with this concept is that the balloon would probably be too big to fit in a traffic lane, it could run into trouble with power lines and

telephone poles, and even provide enough surface to get into serious trouble, in a high wind. The benefit of increased buoyancy lent by inflation with hydrogen, instead of helium, would almost certainly be outweighed by the hazard of inflammability. The time and dollar cost for constructing one such unit is unknown.

The other thing I want to try is a balloon-suspended, paddlewheel-driven, jet-assisted hot tub, to enter in the Nanaimo Bathtub Race. Probably this would be disbarred by the current rules, which pretty much dictate putting a fibreglass single-capacity bathtub and an outboard motor on a platform that looks like a snowboard on steroids. (There was a time when the Bathtub Race went across the strait between Vancouver Island and the mainland, instead of just across Nanaimo harbour.) Again, there are several practical drawbacks presented by the necessary balloon size, and the time and dollar cost of construction are unknown.

Once I was going to write stories about overgrown kids building robot helicopters with miniature cameras and microphones; now they're military or commercial toys. *C'est la vie*.

My Theory Which Is Mine and Belongs to Me

Friends and other members of BCSFA have pretty thoroughly convinced me that I have Asperger's Syndrome. Asperger's means mostly a communication and perception disability. My family and friends will attest I have had problems getting what people mean, or conveying what I mean; other acquaintances, such as Palle Hoffstein, will attest I have problems perceiving what people feel, or what is appropriate to do and say in a given setting. For a while I even entertained the belief that there were two species on the planet: on the one hand there were all you real humans, who don't make social mistakes, and then on the other hand there was me.

I still maintain that it doesn't take much, to give someone a clue and a bit of cultural direction. Palle Hoffstein was at least direct with me at VCon, about why I am not on some people's invitation lists. But the little effort it takes to communicate with social retards still seems to be too much, for most of you humans.

Come on, explaining your ground rules for behaviour isn't rocket science, is it?

Or maybe it is rocket science, maybe it really is that hard for people to see the cultural assumptions they take for granted.

So on even-numbered months, I think my family, and Jacqueline Passey, and other friends are right. I've got Asperger's syndrome. I've got to dig into the relevant remedial, compensatory skills programs. Failing that, there's only one thing to do: continue to collect notes toward a remedial-life-skills manual. (It is curiously difficult to find materials suitable for adult high-functioning autistics.)

What the hell. I plan to formulate a mock crank theory to explain how to spot freaks, or tell what culture/neurosis someone is suffering from, or whatever it is that I don't understand about people. In fact I'm drafting an article ... slowly ... for Henry Welch's fanzine *The Knarley Knews*. Slowly, because I keep losing my sense of humour somewhere. I must remember how ridiculous my subjects of study can be.

I call this a crank theory, because it's sort of like a colour-blind person trying to design experiments to discover colour. (My abortive linguistics program was an early attempt to conquer whatever The Problem is; but at that time I decided it wasn't really a problem with me, as well as deciding a linguistic approach wouldn't conquer it.)

There are just a few missing critical pieces ... Got any suggestions?



They Appeared in My Mailbox

Eric Lindsay, June 30th, 2004

At the moment, a short advice of a web posting is really convenient. We are driving around Australia (now in Derby), and are mostly in towns so small that we have no chance of an Internet connection. The cabins or hotel rooms don't run to a phone line. Our last motel with a (working) phone line was 2180 kilometres and 12 days ago in Katherine. Oops, no it wasn't, we had a connection 1300 km and 7 days ago in Kununurra. If we are in a larger town, and it has a Telecentre, we can sometimes score a laptop connection to their network (that was available at Kununurra). At Halls Creek they were moving the Telecentre, so their phone lines were bare wires (they wouldn't let us connect to their network - policy varies from place to place).

If I ever get a fast connection, I'll post a travel document (to date) at <http://www.ericlindsay.com/sf/geg103.htm> but it may be a while before I get a decent connection. The phones in this hotel (the most luxurious resort in Derby) only allow slow modem speeds, and the hotel only has a few phone lines, so they don't like them tied up by data traffic for very long.

John Purcell (jpurcell54@earthlink.net), July 9, 2004

Gee, it sounds like you've hit a midlife crisis, or at least you've collided head-on with a whole bunch of things that we all smack into at various points in life. The unfortunate thing about arriving at middle age - I've been 47 years old once before - is that we're not given any road signs that signal dangerous curves, rough roads, bumps, dips, or, my favorite, slippery when wet. All I can suggest is that you maintain your cool, use your fanzine and locking to give you a place to vent creatively, and keep repeating to yourself this mantra:

"Life is only a test. If this had been your real life, you would have been given better instructions." (seen on a t-shirt some years ago)

In any case, I can identify with some of your complaints. It's been years since I've heard from my brother, but that's more his decision than anything. I've tried contacting him, but he simply doesn't respond, and he's been that way for nearly his entire adult life. Some people simply make the decision to be non-communicative or combative or whatever. So be it. Same thing goes for ex-girlfriends or what-have-you. Do what you do best: be yourself, and don't lose faith. The worst thing to do is to languish in the past and bemoan your fate. Learn from mistakes you've made (I hope I'm practicing what I'm preaching here) and keep on keeping on. Remember: I'm pulling for ya. We're all in this together.

Your musings about fandom being what it was, compared to what it is, also rings true to my ears. My life has taken so many twists and turns I don't even think about trying to recreate the feeling of My First Time In Fandom anymore. It ain't worth it. More than anything, I have over thirty years of splendid memories to draw upon when I feel like it. I mean, seriously, it was great discovering sf fandom in Minneapolis in 1973 (how faanishly prophetic) and I met some really great people. Some have now passed away - Lee Pelton, Scott Imes, Clifford Simak, Gordy Dickson - which is sad, but man, what great memories! Even when I think about all the stupid stuff I did Way Back When, they are still outweighed by the good stuff. Can't beat it.

So now here I sit before our home computer, typing a e-loc to an e-zine, haven't been to a con in 12 years (remarkable abstinence, or simply life's diversions?), and my 8-year son is watching Cartoon Network while my wife and two daughters are out shopping. Go figure. Like I kind of said before, life goes on, tra-la. No matter what, I consider myself blessed and pretty much content with how things have turned out. So I'm not going to complain about missing out on the fannish way of life; it was a major portion of my life, and that's cool. I enjoyed it. I'm too busy enjoying family, church and life in general to worry about fandom. It is solidly in place as an enjoyable diversion when I desire it.

Anywho, take it easy and enjoy thyself.

PS: I miss *The Red Green Show* ever since I moved to Texas three years ago. Bummer, man!

Lloyd&Yvonne Penney, 1706-24 Eva Rd., Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B2, penneys@allstream.net, July 21, 2004

I've caught up with *BCSFAzine*, and now I can take some time to comment on issue 12 of the *Royal Swiss Navy Gazette*. The job hunt continues, I have a second interview with an AV/conference company on Friday, and nothing more is new.

I turned 45 in June...I don't think I've wasted my life, but I certainly haven't been able to do all the things I wanted to. Much of my life, I've been struggling to rise to the place I wanted to, and many times, I've been swatted down by others, or I just can't get to where I want to be because I'm no one important, or my father is no one important, or society has determined that what I do for a living is no longer important. I am truly lucky in one area, being married to Yvonne for 21 years. I wonder where I would be if it were not for her; I expect I'd be in a welfare position or in a dead-end job, living in a basement apartment somewhere. I have found it difficult to do things that seem important; perhaps that is why I've been a promoter of the Aurora Awards, and why it felt so good to win a couple of them. What do I want to be when I grow up? Relatively successful. I'm not there yet, so I refuse to grow up. Being able to enjoy the childlike things in life is one thing I do enjoy...perhaps I do have the sensawonda others miss. I pray I get to keep it.

One problem with our expectations of fandom may stem from our interest in fannish history. Those histories made fandom sound like the greatest of social adventures, but I think most of it was fond memories typed up. Fandom is what you make of it, and it is never as good as you remember it. I am sure most people who read my locs (all five of them) are tired of me saying that I can't go somewhere or go to a con because I can't afford it...that theme is starting to appear in the few fannish on-line discussions. Even with larger American disposable incomes, conventions and fandom as a whole are starting to get pricey, even for the richest of us. Our

decision to become local fans only, and leave behind Worldcons and the related expenses of fandom may signal a financial exodus.

What does it take to run a Worldcon? It takes the ability to be inclusive with others, and to work well with them. It takes the willingness to listen to the advice of others, and not be too afraid to ask questions, or say, I don't know. It takes the ability to use the best talents of everyone involved to make the project go, and the ability to make others on the committee feel that they have a personal stake in the success of the convention. All of the above the Torcon committee did not have, and that is why it failed, not only in the eyes of its attendees, but in the eyes of Canadian and Toronto fandom.

The Canadian space expert Ed Meskys is thinking about is Hugh Gregory. His brother, Charles, used to be semi-active in local fandom around here before getting married and living in the Hamilton area. Based on my chats with the representatives of the Calgary Convention Centre at a local travel and convention incentive trade show, I believe John Mansfield plans a Calgary in 2009 Worldcon bid should next year's Westercon prove to be successful. John wisely says nothing, but I think this may yet happen. I hope I will be proved right. I also hope John will find a new crop of Canadian fans who will take up the Worldcon torch; Torcon made sure that my Worldcon days are done.

I like Dwain Kaiser's idea of a regularly updated fan guide...kinda a State of the Fandom address. It may be the only way to grasp the changing fandom we're in, and its offshoots, like media fandom, anime fandom, gaming, fandom, etc. Then again, there'd be fights over who is best to compile the information, and the project would be buried under the flame wars.

What was I looking for in fandom? Friends, meaning, the opportunity to prove my competence. I think I've gotten what I wanted. Of course, lately, I have felt discarded by Torcon, financially barred from a lot of fandom, and I have felt some sorrow by the loss of friends, like Johannes Berg of Norway and Shirley Maiewski of Massachusetts. People move on, and fandom changes, and maybe I don't have as much as I once did, but I do value what I still have...friends, and the opportunities to spend time with them. In the long run, your friends are your real treasure,

the ones you love. I realize I am on the declining side of my stay in fandom, and I take some pride in the cons I ran or helped run, the conventions and clubs I started or helped to start, the people I introduced to fandom, and the mild contribution I can still make. I am pleased with my contributions and my achievements. I have no plans for gafiation, and I do plan to keep observing fandom and see what changes happen over the next years. Fandom won't get rid of me that easily.

I think any bitterness over Torcon has largely passed, and I don't think I can contribute anything more to local cons. Local clubs include the Ontario Buffy and Angel Viewers Association, so I don't think I have anything of interest there. Even local fannish involvement on the Internet is low, and the most vital group is the Toronto Trek Message Board group, whose main interest seems to be themselves. Social involvement in the form of pub nights seems to do me fine, and I plan to continue with loccing fanzines as long as people find them of value.

It's late, and I can't think of anything else I want to write, so I will put this to bed in the Outbox, and put myself to bed shortly afterwards. Take care, and see you next zine.

*KRin Pender-Gunn, PO Box 567, Blackburn, Australia 3130
<kringunny@optusnet.com.au> 22 Jul 2004*

Thank you for the *Royal Swiss Navy Gazette* which arrived yesterday, I read it on the train to work.

I felt a little sad when I read the poem on the first page. I too have arrived at that stage in life when I have been reassessing what I do and the way I think.

I'd like to offer myself as your very-long distance girlfriend. No joke my friend - I mean it. It would be the start of relationship that wouldn't require a massive amount of input - the occasional message or card. If you want to see what I look like my home page has some photos - www.lexicon.net/fiawol. I hope to be moving the page to the new ISP soonish. I don't frighten small children in the street and have all my own teeth (that's an attempt at humour). I have a job I like although it isn't enough hours a week, I have a little home of which I am very proud. I just joined your Yahoo

group but I might be out of my depth there so probably won't say much! I have often joked to my friends that a long-distance boyfriend/partner is the only one who would stay with me as I'm very independent.

Henry L Welch, welch@msoe.edu, 29 Jul 2004

Thanks for the latest issue of RSN.

From a personal-skills point of view you are rather interesting. Most people are much poorer at on-line communication than they are at face-to-face communication. There are so many non-verbal cues (posture, motion, tone, etc.) that simply cannot be communicated via a typed page. You seem to work the opposite way. This isn't a problem for me, I've never had any difficulty communicating with you that I know of.

As an aside, have you ever been tested for learning styles (e.g. Kolb or Meyers-Briggs) or for learning disabilities? This might give you some valuable insight into some of your issues. A variation on the Kolb test can be found at <http://www.ncsu.edu/felder-public/ILSpage.html>.

((Thank you for the URL. On odd-numbered months I decide that, really, I have no problem except that one of my parents was a P.O.M.E. And that was really her problem.))

Murray Moore's letter points out the hard-to-quantify value of wisdom. The current Worldcon structure of shifting locations without a centralized professional office to anchor the process explains why each year the convention struggles in one area or another. You simply cannot transfer the wisdom necessary from one disparate committee to another.

R'ykandar "Dara" Korra'ti, 11 Sep 2004

I moved! ... We've actually only moved about eight miles - we're still on the same bus network, even - but it's still a new town.

I haven't read much of the new issue yet, but "Growing Up at 47" had a lot of emotional resonance for me, because of some of

11 the things I've been through myself. So I sympathise a lot about the general feeling, and a lot more about the kind of decisions and feelings you're expressing in it, just because I know a lot about building your own hope when you have none on your own.

It's difficult - it's very difficult - but the good thing is that if you keep at it, it works. And I love the salon/kaffeeklatsches idea and process. I might want to steal it and adopt it for another purpose later. Do you mind?

More later, I hope. ^_^

Sue Thomason, 190 Coach Road, Sleights, Whitby, North Yorks., YO22 5EN, U.K., Aug 29/04

Thank you so much for sending me the RSN *Gazette*, which I enjoyed very much indeed. But to make any sense of what follows, what you have to understand is that I *am* an alien. I'm female ... I don't come from the same continent. I'm in a longterm monogamous relationship. I've never been even the slightest bit involved in conrunning ...

So that *should* mean that we have no common ground at all, and that I should write you a letter full of questions like "What exactly is a 'Westchester weekend'?" (this is a genuine question)

...

((A 'Westchester weekend', a former friend from California informed me, was what respectable married infertile couples did in the 50s and 60s to have a child: quietly arrange a weekend liaison between the wife and an accommodating friend, or stranger. I was in my late 30s when I heard about it.))

... but I read "Growing Up at 47" and I'm punching the air and shouting "Yes! Yes!" There's a lot in your poem I can identify with, but I turn the page and find that it's based on a common-cultural item known as "the samurai-creed poem", which I don't know and have never read, and I think "Whoa! This man and me should be VERY WARY of making assumptions about each other, PARTICULARLY as we're under the impression that we speak the same language, because actually we don't." So I am happy that you should treat me as an alien. The SF community likes aliens.

Aliens should be approached with interested caution, and with the expectation that the approacher WILL make wrong assumptions and have to correct them, but that with luck, enough goodwill can be manufactured in early contacts to make corrections possible.

((The samurai-creed poem isn't so much an item of common knowledge; I only ran across it because I read it in one of Walter Jon Williams' novels.))

Whatever course you missed in high school, I missed it too. Being female and 48 in rural North Yorkshire seems, on the face of it, to be no easier than being male and 47 in Vancouver – how strange! ...

((Maybe a lot of people in our age group, in between baby-boomers and gen-Xers – all over the world – sort of 'fall between two stools', not getting an old-fashioned, conventional social code but not getting a contemporary, or unconventional one, either?))

Your monthly fan gatherings (Kaffeeklatsches) sound amazing. Maybe I should try something like that. Must find a way of identifying other fans living within meeting-distance (if any). Er ... Maybe that's why I'm better at apas and zines. ... I attend a monthly reading group (this is a *village*; I should be so lucky there are 6 other people who *read books* in it). Last meeting we discussed William Gibson's *Pattern Recognition* (my choice), and several people said "Why do you always choose such weird books?", to which I replied "I don't understand why people read mundane fiction; can't you get the same jollies just from observing the Real Life going on all around you? I want to read about stuff that's more weird and amazing and wonderful and magical and thought-provoking than Real Life, I get enough Real Life from Real Life, thank you ..." and they looked at me as though I was weird. Whereas from my point of view, my problem is that I'm *nowhere near weird enough*, because if I were weirder, my life would be much more interesting and less mundane than it actually is. I mean, how weird is doing the washing-up?

((The thing we must both find weird is the enormous human capacity for taking life for granted. "Real Life" has been getting steadily more surreal since at least the beginning of the Industrial

Revolution. Yet a majority of people around us are still, well, mundane.

((I am still trying to find the truly sparkling, original, creative, fannish minds in Vancouver. There is some question in my mind how many members of my local club would qualify to join MENSA, for example. But since my conversation with Palle at VCon 29, I have to wonder whether I just alienated the friends I wanted to make here, by being socially inappropriate.))

R.K. Hinton, Texas, September 2, 2004

Long time – my fault, surely. Arthritic hands rebel at typer – clutch pen and wave arm at paper ...

((You've got a pretty good writing hand. I'm still slowly working on mine.))

Thanks for *Royal Swiss Navy Gazette* #12. I have read every jot & tittle. Why do I shake my head?

The material on pages 28 and on had me scratching bits of my anatomy and chuckling.

"Growing Up at 47" is poignant. I doubt any of us have not felt so in our lives. Part of the human condition, eh, what!

My ears & whiskers twitched when I saw a name, Richard Geis. Is he still around? ...

((Yes, publishing Taboo Opinions online, and archiving it at eFanzines.com.))

It was good to see Lyn McConchie is still among us, stirring the pot. If she thinks she has old memories, let me tell where I was when Pearl Harbor was attacked. *Sigh* ...

I did not see mention of *Time Is the Problem* in RSNG. I gave Jim your name/address & he says he sent his 'zine to you ...

((I got it OK, and sent him a copy of #12.))

As I descend into dotage, I appreciate "old-timers" who make contact. (We have been in touch a L-O-N-G time – is it a quarter-century?) Thanks so much for RSNG #12. Keep up the GOOD WORK, guy!

E.B. Frohvet, 4716 Dorsey Hall Drive #506, Ellicott City, MD 21042, U.S.A., September 6, 2004

You make an interesting observation about people finding “entry points” to fandom. My own experience was both too long ago, and perhaps atypical – I only accidentally discovered that an acquaintance in college also read SF, and he introduced me to a local club. Now? Websites, obviously, but there you get into a signal-to-noise-ratio problem. There are so many websites that even with a good search engine, you might not stumble across e-fandom unless you were actively looking for it. Conventions? We’ve all had so many bad experiences ... involving opening the doors of fandom to mundanes, I imagine many cons actively avoid the notion. (Similarly, I once asked to post a con flyer on the bulletin board of the local library. The librarian glanced at it for about two seconds, said “No!” nastily, turned her back and walked away.) Specialty SF bookstores used to be an “entry point” but there are few of those any more. ...

((For the occasion of our local annual convention I worked up an advertising flyer for a local club. Knowing our vice-president’s proclivity for distributing flyers at local bookstores, I think we may raise our club’s profile.

((You mentioned genre discussion groups at some chain bookstores. The local club I’m involved with holds book discussions on a monthly basis, but not in connection with a bookstore.))

The notion of “Kaffeeklatsches” has been used at Worldcon for small gatherings involving usually a writer and eight or ten fans. It may also be used elsewhere.

((Seems to be a different deal than the events I organize. Thanks for the heads-up, anyway.))

”I acted on this fixed idea that fandom was a community – or that it should be ...” Many of us have fallen into that trap. In fact fandom is a loose congeries of dozens of different groups often with minimal or no overlap. Gaming groups are generally

interested only in gaming. There are anime fans whose only interest is anime; if you asked them to define “science fiction” they would define it in cartoon terms. Corflu is a group which exists for the primary purpose of choosing up sides, according to some arbitrary standard of “more fannish than thou”, and mocking anyone fails to (or chooses not to) measure up to their definition of “fannish”. Community? Whose community is that, tovarishch?

I’ve heard Vancouver described as one of the most charming and hospitable cities in North America. If you have the facilities, by all means bid for Worldcon.

((The city of Vancouver is all of that ... but Vancouver fandom is by no means ready to bid for a Worldcon, and in my not-so-humble opinion, is not ready even to host a Westercon again. We keep overworking, and quickly losing each new batch of fans to work on two or three Vcons and get some experience; Vancouver now has very few people who have seen a variety of conventions, let alone worked on some Westercons and Worldcons, and they are unable or unwilling to participate; and then there’s the question of capital. In fact I wonder if we are even ready to host the Canadian SF & Fantasy Awards again; but that possibility is probably a year or two away, anyway.))

Steve George says of fanpubbing, “Does anyone ever really stop?” Well, yes, Steve, some of us really do.

There’s an old slang term, “Flugie”, defined as: A rule which benefits only the maker of the rule, and can be changed at any time to avoid benefiting anyone else.

((Ah. So the mindfuckers I kept running into are, well ... flugenmakers. Or something.))

Sue Thomason, Oct. 11, 2004

Social codes, and keeping up appearances: It seems to me that nearly all social codes, sets of “manners”, etc. fall into one of two groups. The first group is designed to affirm group values while lubricating social interaction, and making people feel at ease and welcome. This kind of code is devised and used by groups who don’t find strangers particularly threatening. (Oft-quoted UK

example from the “top” of the class hierarchy: if your guest at a formal banquet drinks their fingerbowl, you are required to unhesitatingly follow suit and drink yours.) The second kind of code is used to differentiate “Us” (who are the Right Sort) from “Them” (everyone else, who are the Wrong Sort). This kind of code is devised and used by groups who feel insecure enough to find strangers (or indeed, anyone who isn’t in their group) threatening, and its primary purpose is to exclude and put down nonmembers of the group.

((Not quite what I was trying to analyze; but I still guess that what you describe explains some self-appointed Trufans. Pity one can’t always tell the real trufen from the phonies.))

Every culture in the world is made up of a cluster of more or less formally recognised subcultures (“classes”). Mostly it isn’t a big deal. Where it gets to be a big deal is in societies which associate privilege and status with only one class (note that *wealth* is not the issue here). The UK went through an unbelievably huge social upheaval during the Industrial Revolution, and unlike most of the rest of Europe it didn’t have an overt political revolution to sort things out. Instead it fell back on one of the standard defences of seriously challenged, insecure societies, and reaffirmed in the strictest possible terms a rigidly stratified, ladder-like, hierarchical order of “class in which A was above B was above C ... This was probably at its worst immediately after the First World War (another source of major social chaos). The class boundaries were redefined and reinforced, by those who felt threatened, *because* they had in fact become rather fluid. And the people who felt most threatened were people who’d recently “moved up”, and wanted to differentiate themselves *totally* from the subculture they’d moved up from ...

((Ah. Yeah, I thought that would explain about half my family.))

Yes, elaborate, refined social putdown codes still exist in various parts of the UK. There’s not very much of it in either genuinely stable rural situations (e.g. the village where I live), because the culture is generally stable. ... And there’s very little of

it in genuinely urban, genuinely multicultural situations (where from what I hear, curtain-twitching is replaced by either complete indifference or drive-by shooting). I think where it really flourishes is in suburbs and respectable-sized towns, especially the kind people *move into*. And no, I don’t like it much either.

My brand-new social/subculture hobbyhorse is the city/country split, which for some reason I haven’t yet discovered is being actively promoted by the UK media. For example, I read in yesterday’s Sunday paper that “the countryside” is “passively racist” because when black people venture into it, they feel stared at, treated as aliens (“offcomers” is the word we use round here, and it has nothing to do with being black, it has to do with not having been born here – I’m an offcomer myself ...), unable to find the right cosmetics or a sympathetic hairdresser (blimey! Anywhere big enough to have *any* kind of hairdressing establishment is definitely a town, not a village; anyway, what’s wrong with washing it under the tap like the rest of us?). It really feels to me like rural areas are being perceived as racist because they’re *not just like London* (or wherever). Too right, mate! This has *got* to be a deliberate wind-up of some kind, who is trying what kind of divide-and-conquer tactics on whom?

You’re right. Contemporary life *is* weird. Even for me, and I’m living (by choice) in a backwater.

((The purpose and method of newscritters is to create sensations, the better to draw people’s attention to advertising. [This isn’t particularly a liberal or conservative thing, I think you can still find papers that lean each way.] Creating a spurious sensation and impugning whole regions or classes would not be beyond a newspaper, as long as their printed copy stays just on the right side of the libel laws. They’re just as libellous about urban populations; in the last decade or two, cities have been characterized as Sinks of Sin, where freaks and druggies and child molesters congregate, as if their per capita frequency wasn’t about the same in any population anywhere.))

We Also Heard From: *Lyn McConchie, Billy Pettit, Peter Halasz, Bruce Gillespie, Steve Forty, Taral Wayne, Jacqueline M.P. Passey, Cathy Palmer-Lister at MonSFFA, Colin Hinz, Greg*

Slade, Colin Newell, David Burton (e-APA), Eric Lindsay, Earl Kemp, Lynda Ciaschini, Kate Smith, Paul Carpentier, Paula Johanson

Fanzines Received

I should have done proper fanzine reviews, for everybody's zine, and I haven't. No excuses. I just haven't.

Alexiad #16 & #18, Aug. & Dec. 2004, c/o Lisa & Joseph Major, 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville, KY 40204-2040 USA, jtmajor@iglou.com, Distinguished by editorial comments, an opinionated loccol, and a STTNG/Star Wars crossover that manages to be a satire on John le Carre. In answer to one of your questions, yes, Joseph, cons like Worldcon **are** getting too expensive for congoers, at least congoers like Lloyd Penney and I.

APAPlexy 167, Sept. 2004, c/o Elizabeth Holden, 350 Queen Elizabeth Dr., Apt. 104, Ottawa, ON K2G 4K9.

Banana Wings #20, November 2004, Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES, U.K.

A Bear Went Over the Mountain, Chaz Baden, P.O. Box 17522, Anaheim, CA 92817-7522, U.S.A.

Burnaby Writers' Society newsletter, Sept/Oct, Nov/Dec. 2004 6584 Deer Lake Ave., Burnaby, B.C. V5G 3T7; also visit the BWS website at www.bws.bc.ca.

Chunga #8, Sept. 2004, 1013 North 36th St., Seattle, WA 98103, U.S.A. Trade to: fanmailaph@aol.com; rbyers@u.washington.edu; cjuarez@myrealbox.com.

Emerald City #109 September 2004, "An occasional `zine produced by Cheryl Morgan and available from her at cheryl@emcit.com or online at <http://www.emcit.com>".
Emerald City #112, December 2004

File 770 #143, July '04, from Mike Glycer (705 Valley View Ave., Monrovia, CA 91016). Now an annual digest of the previous year's fan news.

FOSFAX #210, Sept. 2004, c/o FOSFA, P.O. Box 37281, Louisville, KY 40233-7281, U.S.A.

Halcyon Days #101, Oct. 2004, R.M. Sabella, 24 Cedar Manor Court, Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023, U.S.A.

In a Prior Lifetime #3 & #4, Volume 1, Number 3, Summer, 2004 & Volume 2, Number 1 (whole number 4). The third electronic installment from John Purcell. Preferred contact: jpurcell54@earthlink.net. Snail-mail received at: 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station, TX 77845. John's APAzine for e-APA; life, reminiscences of Lee Pelton, and mailing comments.

It Goes on the Shelf #26, Dec. 2004, c/o Ned Brooks, 4817 Dean Lane, Lilburn, GA 30047-4720, U.S.A., nedbrooks@sprynet.com.

The Knarley Knews #107 (Aug. 2004) and #108 (Oct. 2004), Henry Welch, 1525 16th Ave., Grafton WI 53024-2017 / welch@msoe.edu or LethaWelch@aol.com / \$1.50 @ perzine

MOZ two, August 2004, for ANZAPA; by Murray Moore, 1065 Henley Road, Mississauga, ON L4Y 1C8, mmoore@pathcom.com.

Nice Distinctions #8, Arthur D. Hlavaty, 206 Valentine Street, Yonkers, NY 10704-1814, hlavaty@panix.com

No Award #15, summer 2004, Marty Cantor, 11825 Gilmore St. #105, North Hollywood CA 91606 / hooahpubs@earthlink.net / \$5 or the usual / genzine

Opuntia #55, 55.3 & 55.5, Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, T2P 2E7 Canada / \$3 @ or the usual ...

Vanamonde #558-572, January 19 – April 26, 2004, John Hertz, 236 S. Coronado St., No. 409, Los Angeles, CA 90057, U.S.A. Also: “It Seemed Like the Fannish Thing to Do” and “The Worldcon I Saw”, John Hertz’ respective Lunacon and Noreascon reports from the October and December 2004 *Chronicles*.

Visions of Paradise #101, Sept. 2004, Robert Sabella, 24 Cedar Manor Court, Budd Lake NJ 07828-1023 / bobsabella@nac.net / per/genzine.

The Weekly TAFF News, Oct. 2004, by Randy Byers (N.A. TAFF administrator), 1013 N. 36th St., Seattle, WA 98103, U.S.A.

Zine Dump #7, A publication by Guy H. Lillian III for the readership of *Challenger*. **8700 Millicent Way #1501, Shreveport, LA 71115, U.S.A.** GHLIII@yahoo.com, GHLIII Press Publication #970; May through August, 2004. Zine reviews! Zine reviews! Zine reviews!