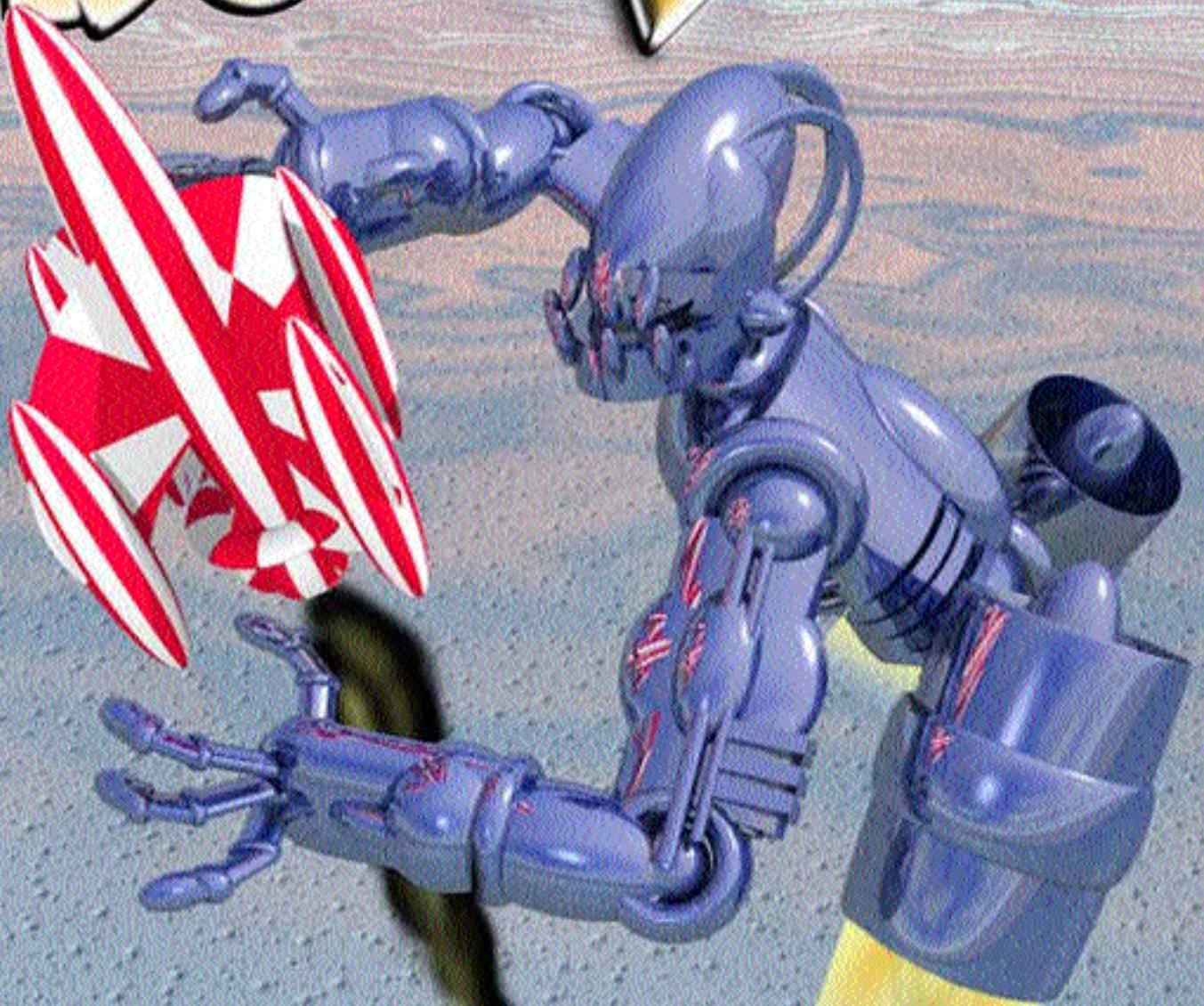
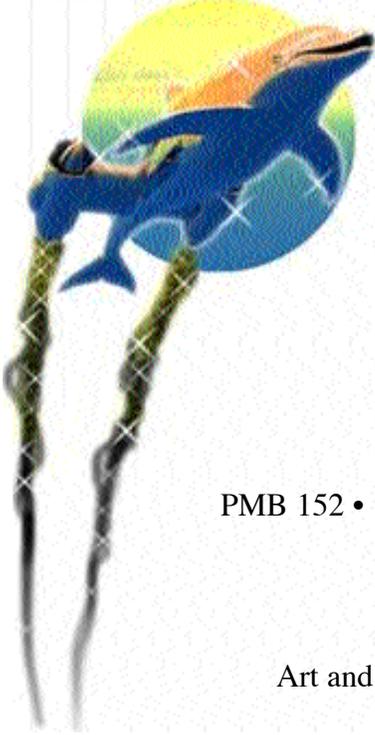


SMOKIN' ROCKWELL #3



SMOKIN' ROCKETS

MARCH 2004



MOJAVE MOJO by Joyce Katz	2
THE GOLDEN BAGEL by Arnie Katz	6
Robert Lichtman's ENTROPY REPRINTS	
"Log of the Honeybee" by Redd Boggs	8
CORFLU MANIFESTO by rich brown	10
RED STAR OVER ENFIELD by Andrew Hooper	11
ALIEN ENCOUNTERS	14
YOU MIGHT BE A FUDD by Ray Nelson	19

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Preparation of this issue of Smokin' Rockets has spanned not just Seasons but Years. It was begun with great energy in winter. Perhaps that's the reason it has taken so long. Time passes particularly easily in the winter. Days that might have been spent in summer pursuits are easily filled by winter industry, and of course the occasional warm snuggle under the covers when the chill catches up. Yes, we do have chills in Southern Nevada, though our winters are the stuff of a different climate's dreams. It rarely gets into the 20s at night, and often hovers in the 60s through the day. The heaviest coat I own is a jacket, and I've long since donated my New York boots, hats and scarves to charity. Yet we'd only have to drive ten minutes to be in snow country. The mountains that surround the Vegas Valley are white capped much of the winter; they are

pretty to see, and some people actually like to go romp around in the cold stuff. But as for me, I am quite happy to stay indoors, with the heat turned up to "Africa". While I was caught in artificial Equatorial warmth, Spring came thundering in. Another Summer, another Fall -- slumber enwrapped me through another Winter. Now comes Spring yet again, along with the enthusiastic chirping of this year's new hatchlings. At last I feel it's time to pub my ish.

There've Been Some Changes

It was more than ennui that held me still. Arnie and I have endured big changes in our life during the past few years, including the sale of and move from our house. As is true with most fans, it was a really Big Deal to move us from the place

where we'd been for the past 14 years. It was complicated by the fact we were going from about 2400 square feet and eight rooms, to about 1500 square feet and six rooms. We have Woody Bernardi to thank for selling the house; he handled the whole thing so swiftly and efficiently that it was almost effortless. Then he went a step further and located a house we could lease at a price we could afford. We're now happily resettled at 909 Eugene Cernan, a pleasant street named for the astronaut who most recently walked on the moon. Seems a fitting address for a pair of fans. (Our mail continues to be sent to PMB 152, 330 South Decatur, Las Vegas, NV 89107.) The move was not easy, but it was made tolerable by massive aid from friends who went over and beyond to help us out. Arnie and I both packed like fiends, from the time we knew the move had to be made. And as time drew nearer, others of our friends came in to help fill boxes with books and software and glassware and collectibles. Then when it was Time, Ken & Aileen returned from California to get us through it. They, along with Su Williams, Michael Bernstein, Woody and his cousin Eddie Vickers, and several others of the Vegrants, finished the packing, and trucked our stuff to the new site, then arranged the furniture to settle us in our new digs. Our garage is still full of boxes; we've massive amounts of stuff we must sell, give away, or toss. Many of our treasures, like paintings, photographs, books, videos, soup tureens, mementoes, and fanzine collections, are buried beneath the 12 feet tall stacks of boxes. But inside the house, we have domestic tranquility, and even a little décor. I like the new place a lot. It has a natural desert yard, which means no gardening chores or water bills. And it's just enough smaller that it really is easier to care for. Yet the kitchen is wonderful, with even more cabinet space and counter tops: for the first time in my life, all my appliances are at hand, ready to use.

The Wild Life in Sin City

I'd probably never venture outdoors were it not for wildlife. I started feeding the birds a few years ago, as much for the cat as any reason. I'd sprinkle a few crumbs around the window where he liked to sit, and he'd be entertained for hours watching them feed, and watching the yard cats that also viewed the action. Gradually, I started scattering birdseed more widely, on the driveway, in the yard, and on the street in front of the house. Soon I was feeding 30-40 or more pigeons, who waited for me each morning clattering impatiently until they saw me. After the pigeons flew, the doves came with their soft coos and sweeter manners. Along with the inevitable sparrows and wrens, I saw a few wild birds that only fed if I was well out of sight. Now, I'm in a new location, a different house and yard, with a different flock. But the wildlife still provides me with my daily exercise, small though it is. Feeding tasks completed and lungs filled with fresh air, I then go inside and sit before my computer to check my mail and read the news.

Changing Directions

Our ending careers brought the changes in our lives. The collapse of the editorial arm of CollectingChannel.com forced us to make decisions. We've both accepted our retirements with as much dignity as possible, and we both continue to write. I do a travel column each month for a trade magazine serving the

convention biz. I enjoy it; although I no longer enjoy traveling, I do like the armchair research. In this way, I've familiarized myself with exotic locales from Singapore to Hanover, Mexico City to Paris. My second assignment is nearer the heart; I've been writing a series of columns about the Great Native American chiefs and how they each coped with the changes their tribes were facing. Delving into Native American history is emotionally perilous; there are few happy tales here. But studying exactly what happened as they lost their lands and freedoms produces the realization that there really was nothing to be done. Some wise chiefs led their people to assimilate with the whites; others fought to the end. Most attempted to run away, and some found a degree of safety in Canada. But the bottom line always came out the same: a stone age civilization cannot stand against an iron age conqueror. Yet there is a strange kind of hope that floats out of the maelstrom. The tribes are, for the most part, strong again. Most of them have greater numbers than at any time since the first great epidemics swept over the continent, after the two cultures collided. Of course their potential for primitive warfare is long past. But they now can begin a new role, as they find ways to fit into our society while still retaining their own. This is what my columns are really trying to address: how to use their strengths to further their own goals in this new millennium. I like being semi-retired. I enjoy the freedom to spend my hours more or less as I choose; I like being able to set my own pace. After the last 20-25 or so in the editorial game, it's a joy to take a more leisurely approach to writing.

A ary Occupation

With many intellectual pursuits available to fill the day, it's a shameful fact that I have a secret indefensible pastime. It's so lowly that I've never admitted to it, and I've sworn off many times. When I am busy, I am able to resist its lure, but these idle days of unemployment recall the bad habit. I'll say it here, knowing it will color your opinion of me. Ah, pity the lass, don't condemn her: I am a secret Solitaire addict. I learned the game when a child. More than poor old Miss Minnie or any of the teachers that followed, it taught me my numbers. But before grammar school was finished, all my classmates had abandoned it for more worthy pursuits. I knew, way back then, that there was no virtue in wasting my time with this idiot's game. Yet it was already in my blood, and when others cast their decks away, I hid mine to play again on trains, under blow dryers, at poolside. The advent of home computers turned the controlled habit into vice. It eliminated the labor of dealing out the cards, and put the game conveniently in front of me at the touch of a button. It also introduced new benefits: different drawings on the card backs, and an almost honorable brightness to their faces. Only shame controlled my playing time; one didn't like to be caught in such foolish habits. I'd pull myself back from the sport from time to time, but like a hidden bottle of gin, that secreted pack of Pall Malls, it was always there, smiling enticingly from the index of my hard drive. According to the (<http://www.historicgames.com/gamestimeline.html>) History of games timeline, playing cards appeared in Europe in the 1300s. They were first developed in China hundreds of years earlier, drifted into India, then made their way down the Silk Route; or

perhaps old Marco Polo picked them up on his tour; or maybe the Crusaders pocketed them. At any rate, decks that were parent to contemporary Tarot cards first attained popularity in Italy, printed from woodcuts and bearing mythological signs. The Bible may have been the first thing reproduced when the printing press was invented, but playing cards were close behind and probably a great deal more popular with the populace. In almost no time, the card printing business moved to France. The French developed a gambling game called Trumps using the four suites of the Tarot. Later, they created the first decks that bear more resemblance to those we use. Then, as now, the hardest part of most games was finding a suitable opponent. That explains the origins of solitary games. It also explains the popularity of computer chess, and most of the video games of our time. I play the game of Solitaire packed with Windows 98. It isn't necessarily the best; it lacks some of the desirable options available, such as the ability to replay the current game to see if it would have been better to put the ten-spot There, instead of Here. Nonetheless, it is attractive, swift, and does have the options of scoring either by Vegas rules or the Standard rules. It also lets the player decide whether to go through the deck one card at a time, or three cards at a time. I generally play Vegas rules, with one pass through the deck. The computer charges me \$52 for the deal, then lowers that negative balance \$5 each time I place a card in the winning ranks. While I am a good player, I'm not particularly lucky, and a session of play generally leaves me a few hundred in the hole.

That's when switching off the game and zeroing out my account makes me happy I was on computer, and not in casino. Sometimes, frustrated by my losses, I switch over to Standard play, passing through the deck three at a time. But I believe the Windows version cheats. Although I've found it marginally easier to win in this mode (averaging a win about every half-dozen games) I also find that sometimes the computer arbitrarily ends my access to the deck after only one or two passes, when there are still plays available. I switch off the game when anyone arrives at my office door. I'd rather no one, even Arnie, know how deep my addiction. (Don't tell him!)

A Question of Style

As fandom hones itself for a New Age, old questions continue. A set of fanzine standards slowly evolved over the past 60 years. These are followed by only some of us; the freedom of fandom allows every editor to make his own choices, and guidelines are only suggestions. Most fan editors agree about certain things. By and large, it is considered Bad Form to try to look like a professional magazine. Although we use many of the same designs, we're non-commercial and proud of it. This translates to eschewing use of prices or blurbs on the cover (except occasionally as jokes.) By and large, all fanzines use colophons. Text is expected to be single spaced, on both sides of the paper. But after those concessions to conformity, there are many ways to design a fanzine. The decades-old debate about the best way continues. Should a fanzine use justified text? Should a fanzine use columns (a typically commercial method of

printing text) or should the text flow unhindered across the page? Call-out quotes, interlineations, boxed cartoons and type-set headings may seem too formal to one editor, but be enthusiastically welcomed by another. A person may accept some of these, but think the others too crassly copied from prozines. Another may aim for formality, then be criticized for being too unfannish. What do you think about these rules and traditions? Is there a right way and a wrong way to do a fanzine? The electronic age is freeing us to do amazing things with our fanzines. No doubt, in the next few years we will see beautiful innovations and amusing misuses. I look forward to both. If someone wants to publish catty-corner across the page, with type forming pictures and shapes that illustrate the content, then I say "Go To It!" If someone wants to lay down a pale background of dragons and unicorns and rocket ships beneath the text, then I say, "Try It!" If someone wishes to establish a theme song for every faned, to blare out of the zine when that person's loc is up, "Play It Loud!" I agree that some of the things that are possible

may be impractical. The shape of the text probably should be secondary to the meaning. (Alfred Bester's fixation with shaped text was interesting, but didn't serve him well as his career progressed.) Back-pictures may obscure the writing. Theme songs may be memory hogs. But we are fans, not wage slaves trying to sell magazines on the newsstand. We can try things that don't work; we can afford experiments that fail. I look forward to seeing what foolish foibles we exhibit in the 2000's. Bring on your plaid paper and pop-up pictures!



One of Our Springs is Missing

I am particularly partial to Missouri's wild rivers, especially Current River. My family made dozens, perhaps even hundreds of trips to Big Springs State Park, about five miles west of Van Buren, MO, to picnic, swim and camp. The Big Spring is one of nature's wonders, one of the world's largest springs flowing over 240 million gallons per day. And, it used to be even more prolific, when Missouri was wetter. There was one day in the 1920s that Big Spring spewed forth over 840 million gallons. I would have loved to see that wild froth. I've seen it at about 500 million one icy February day; the water gushed over a tall man's head roaring as loud as a freight train, and the Spring's stream was out of its banks and into the picnic area, on its way to join the Current River. The Spring tumbles out from beneath a limestone cliff; it's a steep climb to the top of the mountain, only for tough and daring climbers. Directly behind the spring are shallow caves that the water eroded some millions of years ago, tall enough that a man can stand upright, but only going 15-20 feet into the rock. In the 1950s, old Missouri fan Don ("Moby Whale") Jacobs invented a wild sport for himself and Ray "Duggie" Fisher. Using scuba gear, they dove into the Spring, then pushed against the strong current, pulling themselves along by the rocks, deep into the mouth of the Spring. When they got as far as they could go, they let go. The current shot them through the Spring's mouth, up through the gushing water, and 20-30 feet into the air. It was enormously dangerous, but addictively thrilling. Eventually Don wrote a



feature about shooting the Spring for some outdoor adventure magazine, and Duggie took underwater pictures of the wild ride. I've been collecting electronic images (mostly postcards) of Poplar Bluff, and once in a while a postcard of Current River or Big Spring pops up. I think I have three now, as well as a book printed in the '50s about the Big Spring Area. These items fanned my nostalgia, so I did a web search to see if I could find more. Much to my surprise, I found nothing, not a mention. So I checked the Missouri State Parks site. To my horror and consternation, the Spring was not listed. I started studying the on-line maps of Southeast Missouri, and discovered that Big Spring is no longer there. What happened? I wrote to Mo Parks at the State of Missouri to inquire: "Has the water been turned off? Has it been stolen? Did Arkansas take it from us? Or was it the Copperheads from Kansas who walked off with it? I would've thought it was too large for thieves to pocket. Should we form a posse to search for our missing Spring?" Turns out, the Feds took it. Ms. Angie Henke, Web Maintainer, MDNR/Division of State Parks, tells me that the Big Spring is still there. But it seems that the National Park system laid covetous eyes on Missouri's very first State Park (so named in 1924) and took it, and several other of our proud waterways, away from us in the '60s. Ms. Henke told me, "The National Park Service is now Big Spring's protector as it is part of the Ozark National Scenic Riverways." I'm not terribly happy about all this. On the one hand, I guess the NPS will take good care of Big Spring. But I don't think they appreciate how wonderful it is. When I went to the web site [<http://www.nps.gov/ozar/index.htm>] I was expecting to find great photographs, descriptions of the park's facilities, and maybe even a couple of live cams trained on the Spring. But there wasn't even one picture. Is that any way to treat the world's largest spring?

Corflu Comes to Southern Nevada

As I put the final touches on this issue, and prepare to hand it over to Alan White for layout and decoration, we are only a couple of weeks away from Corflu Blackjack. Corflu 21, nine years after the previous one in Las Vegas, promises to be the same style of wonderful gathering as all the other Corflus have

been. Anticipating it, I cannot help but reminisce about the last one. I keep going back to the opening party at our old house, when Burbee sat next to Rotsler, across the room from Tucker and Widner and Speer. I keep thinking of the pipe going round and round, filled with the joy of fandom. I see Ted here, and rich there, and Robert in the corner. I hear Frank and I discussing the music, Andy and Victor plotting the future, Len talking to Arnie about the old neighborhood. Their faces may dim, behind the smoke clouds of time. But the fact they were here means they will always be here. I always liked to believe that their spirits continued in the house, long after they had left the room. So it made me feel sad that I might lose their essences when we moved. But I am happy to say it was not so: their shades came

along on the truck, and now peer over my shoulder as I look forward to Corflu's return. The circle wraps itself around eternity, never broken.

Speaking of FanSpeak

I always thought it a charming part of our fandom. It was our secret code, our personal club chatter. FanSpeak made me feel part of the fan world. And, it didn't hurt that it saved a little space in zines. I'll admit, I never liked the most extreme form of space-saving dialect. I think Ackerman-eze is as awkward as a personal ad in the newspaper, difficult and slow to read. But FanSpeak terms are generally easy to decipher. The electronic age of fandom is gradually enticing new people to our ranks, and that's wonderful. But it is also mainstreaming us at a fierce rate. It has become inappropriate to be too clubbish; no one wants to make the newcomers feel ill-at-ease or that we're some sort of closed circle that may take them years to penetrate. I was disappointed that it became Politically Incorrect to use the terms femfan or femzine. I liked those special designations. I am also disappointed that FanSpeak is fading from our conversation. I liked us better when we were less generalized.

Salute! To Bill Burns, Fan News Boy

The much-described, often wished-for fannish newsstand is a working reality, thanks to Bill Burns. The ezine fansite { <http://www.efanzines.com> } is functioning beautifully. Bill has done an outstanding service for fandom by providing this newsstand and posting the electronic zines to it. There's also a list of links to other fannish online repositories. And, to make it even better, there's a "mind-it" feature that will, if you use it, notify you every time there is a change made to the newsstand. This is just great, and I suggest we all stand up and give a round of applause to Bill for his service to fandom. Though posting Smokin' Rockets to [efanzines.com](http://www.efanzines.com) is giving up control of my distribution list, it obviously suits a significant number of fans to read zines on line, or download them from a site. Of course, I really would like to know who is reading or downloading SR from the fansite. So I hope that you'll drop me an email at joyceworley1@cox.net.

THE GOLDEN BAGEL by ARNIE KATZ



Back before movies became “thrill rides,” the studios’ ad departments often trumpeted phrases like “20 years in the making!” to communicate the magnitude of the effort that had produced the film. From what I can tell, this issue of Smokin’ Rockets is at least two years in the making. And that’s a long time even for someone with Joyce’s desultory fanning style.

Maybe it’s too long. I dunno. One tends to lose track of time when one isn’t paying attention. I do know that I was living in a different house the last time I tried to write for SR, so evidently a whole bunch of months have gotten away without a new issue.

One thing’s for sure, the column I originally wrote for the issue is now essentially of archival interest. It was something funny about TAFF or The 1939 Exclusion Act or something else equally inappropriate for the ultra-modern Fandom of today.

Actually, I know damn well that I wrote about TAFF. I also know that my article, as well as being riotously funny, lavished more verbiage on TAFF than should be expended by someone who professes not to care. If people want to contribute money to send other people back and forth across the Atlantic for whatever reason, it’s certainly their right. And I’ll contribute if there’s someone whom I think deserves to have me help pay for such a trip.

So here I am ready to write another, timelier column. I’m sick of Joyce confiding to friends that I am the real reason she has not published. “I need a new column from Arnie,” she tells them self-righteously as she sucks up their sympathy like an emotional Swiffer.

Fortunately, I’ve managed to formulate at least one new thought in the two years since I wrote the column installment you’ll never read. Since one idea is all you need for one of these columns, I’d say I’m set. Well, we’ll see.

As my Fine (it says here) Fannish Mind abandoned all thoughts of TAFF, it embraced the question of what has afflicted US fanzines. They’re not all horrible shit and I can’t find it in me to actually despise more than one or two of them, but blandness and dullness hang like an ESFA Meeting over the once-vibrant and colorful world of US fanzines.

Since it can’t possibly be the fault of American fanzine fandom, what with us being starbeggotten and all, I naturally sought a proper scapegoat for the sad state of domestic

fanzines. Reluctantly, I’ve come to the conclusion that too many US fanzines ape the UK fanzines – and UK fanzines are mostly well meaning, mundane as an office Christmas party and achingly dull. Too many US fanzines are ill-considered imitations of the British fanzines and, therefore, end up being even less interesting.

What drives US fanzine editors to abandon their own traditions to sip the tepid bheer of those foreign fanzines? I mean, it’s one thing if US fanzines derive inspiration from brilliant British fanzines like Hyphen; it’s quite another when they strive to be like today’s typical British title.

There’s a 20-page opus about the unwholesome relationship between US and UK fandoms waiting to be written by someone with a driving need to become really unpopular. Let me boil the thesis down, keeping a tight hold on the inflammatory metaphors: UK and US Fandoms have slipped into a D-s (Dominant-submissive) relationship in which the Brits crack the whip – an activity with some cultural resonance in the Sceptered Isle – and American fans behave like so many twittering masochists.

Even a cursory reading of current UK fanzine reveals a pattern of verbal abuse. The Brits feel free to say anything without regard to the feelings of US fans, but they often react with extreme over-sensitivity to the slightly hint of a negative comment. Wait until you see the storms of outrage over a fairly innocuous little column like this one.

That is not a healthy relationship, any more than the extreme reverence for UK Fanzines of the 1950-1970 that gripped US Fanzine Fandom or the urge to imitate US fanzines that ran through UK fan circles in 1975-1985 period. Far better in the long run for the two fandoms to exist as brothers and equals rather than that one should dominate the other.

Identifying a problem, while valuable, is worth far, far less than actually solving it. Rather than settle for half-a-column, one that simply pointed out the problem, I wanted to present a solution as well.

I looked for inspiration, as I so often do, in the pages of fanhistory. It doesn’t repeat itself, adage notwithstanding, but it sure does provide a plethora of fine examples of what to do and not do.

Back during the Katz-free era of fandom (1977-1989), my good friend Greg Pickersgill thought he saw a similar problem.

In fact, it was exactly the reverse of the one that exists today. He observed that British fanzines had sunk to a low level because of slavish imitation of the US variety.

Greg, too, brought a solution to go with the problem. He wanted a total boycott and called upon British fans to stop sending their fanzines across the Atlantic. Removing the American influence, he reasoned, would give UK fanzines the space to reassert their national character.

Much like my first encounter with Atlas Shrugged, Greg's bold vision seized my imagination. I immediately began drawing up plans for the boycott. And as with Ayn Rand, the honeymoon lasted a matter of days.

My enthusiasm for a boycott didn't surprise the conversation in which I revealed my plan to Joyce Worley.

"Sounds like a great idea to me," she said, "but won't you miss the selfsame Greg Pickersgill whose concept inspired your boycott idea in the first place?"

"You know, I've always thought of Greg as the UK 'me'," I admitted, "though not as funny or good-looking."

"And you're willing to give up contact with Greg Pickersgill?"

"For the sake of fanzine fandom and our fannish children, 'yes'," I said as the enthusiasm drained out of my voice. "Greg would understand the necessity."

"What about Pete Weston?"

"Pete Weston... friend of my fannish youth," I sighed for the golden days of the '60s. "If I must, I must."

"Sandra Bond," she said. "And no more issues of QuasiQuote."

"I'll miss her and her fanzine, one of the few UK fanzines that has a sense of fanhistory and continuity," I said. "Maybe I can read Ken Forman's copy." I reflected on my own words for a moment. "No, if it's going to be a Boycott, it's going to have to be all or nothing."

"Harry Bell? Steve Green? The love of your life Alison Freebairn? Rob Hansen? Avedon Carol?" she persisted.

"And Pete Roberts, Mark Plummer, Claire Briarley..." I continued her list. "Sometimes sacrifices must be made."

"That sweet Don West? Kindly old Roger Peyton? The ever-charming Maureen Speller?"

"Maybe I could just boycott Paul Kincaid twice as long," I proposed. I laughed at my own joke – someone's got to do it – but then I recollected the seriousness, the awesome seriousness, of this situation. "No, I can't really do that. It's all or nothing. Good-bye, Rog! Fare-thee-well, Maureen!"

"And what of the dear, dear boys and girls who came before?" Joyce posed. "What of the flower of Irish Fandom lying in their graves? What about Vincent and Chuch and ATom and Eric?"

I think she named some others, but the sound of my sobs drowned out her recitation. "I can't do it," I said, blubbering out the words between the tears. A divorce from an abstract entity, "British Fandom," seemed tough, but possible. Forced separation from all those delightful men and women was another. And the violation of the memories of my fabulous fan friends who now attend the Enchanted Convention instead of Corflu, tipped the scales decisively against such an extreme action.

"I must find some other way to resurrect the glories of our national fanzine fandom," I resolved after I had dried my tears.

Oddly enough, the aborted installment of this column proved to be the key to the solution. That "lost" column about

TAFF touched upon Ted White's all-too-perceptive theory, the Gonad Factor. It may well be detrimental to TAFF, but I suddenly saw how the Gonad Factor can become the instrument of US Fandom's salvation.

It is only with extreme reluctance that I call upon America's female fans to come to the aid of US Fandom in this, the hour of its greatest peril. It does not seem fair, somehow, to ask those who have already given so much to do even more. I do it only because of my sincere belief that the health and prosperity of US fandom is in their hands. (Approximately.)

The women of American Fandom are justly renowned for their extreme generosity with their sexual favors. What they lack in numbers they more than make up for in experience, enthusiasm and endurance. So when I say that US fandom needs its women to do more, it is a reflection of their outstanding record of lewdness and depravity.

Francis Towner Laney said that there is no female fan so bereft of beauty that she can't find a circle of male admirers. Sixty years after he made that observation, I pronounce the gender corollary: there is no male fan so ugly, unkempt, boorish and nerdy that at least one female fan will not take pity and have sex with him.

The sex-crazed male fans of the United States (and parts of Canada) are turning to the fan women of the United Kingdom. This leads them to make many trips across the Atlantic and to orient their fanzine fanac more and more toward the finding, wooing and winning of female companionship with a limey accent.

So I call upon US female fans to put aside the Rabbit and Butterfly in the name of Trufandom!

To recapture its own zeitgeist, US Fandom must fight fire with fire. The Brit Babes are on the march and, sad to say, many US male fans are vulnerable to their blandishments. These foxes lead such hounds on a merry chase and in the process, pollute the purity of American fanzines. (The purity of American male fans, being non-existent, is moot. And laughable.)

That's where the Gonad Factor can do its beneficial work. When you, an American female fan, see a male US fan look longingly at one of those foreign temptresses, you must step in and take over. Turn them back in the proper, patriotic direction.

It almost goes without saying, and it is meant as no slur against the sexual appetites of US female fans, but it is my hope that they will use their skills in a proactive way. Once they have addressed the most flagrant and dire cases of sexual deprivation among US fans, it is to be hoped that they will not wait for emergency situations, but instead will spread sexual healing (copyright, Marvin Gaye) like a soothing balm over US fandom. In that way, we will deny Britain the chance to influence some of these orgasmically challenged fellows.

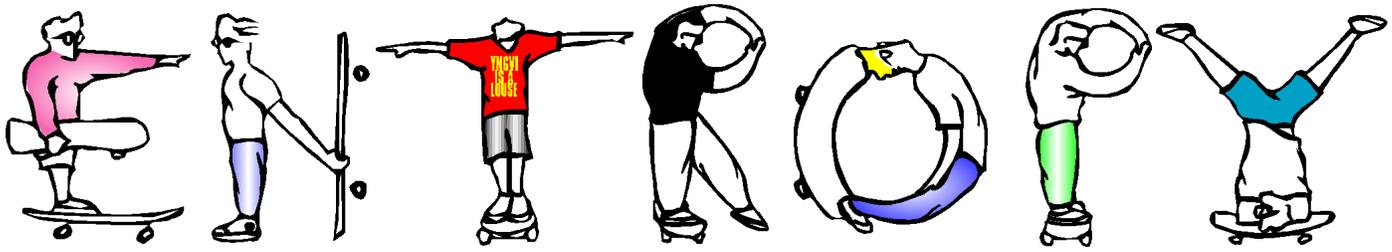
And then, the women of US Fandom must go on the offense. They can do to the UK what the Brit Babes have done to our beloved American Fandom. This is where gay US fans can play a part in the great work, too. You know what Archie Bunker said about England.

"That's one hell of a plan," Joyce said after I'd outlined the great campaign to save US fandom from the pernicious influence of British fandom.

"If things go as I intend," I predicted, "US fandom will be Ikea furniture free with 12 months!"

And now, female fans of the United States, it's up to you.

— Arnie Katz



REPRINTS

The “Honeybee” was Redd Boggs’ old Nash Rambler, and the title of this piece isn’t unique; he wrote a series of logs of the Honeybee that appeared in his and other fanzines many decades ago.

(I published one of them in my own zine, Frap, in 1963.)

This installment appeared in Redd’s estimable fanzine Discord’s 14th issue back in September 1961.

Naming fannish cars was hardly original with or unique to Redd.

In this article he refers to Ted White’s Weiss Rak IV; Ted once wrote at length about the series of vehicles he had with that moniker.

Going further back in the murky annals of early-day fandom, one encounters vehicles with names like Panzerkampfwagen, Stfnash, The Hop Bitters, The Ay-Rab Steed, and of course Art Widner’s legendary Foo-Foo Special.

This article is very much of its time, too, what with the use several times of that early ‘60s fannish catchphrase, “It certainly was a wonderful thing” and the reference to joining the 1962 Worldcon for a mere two bucks.

But it has some of Redd’s own unique touches, too, my favorite of which occurs near the end when out of the blue he whips out a FAPA roster from his pocket to check off a newly-met member.

What a Boy Scout, I thought.

— Robert Lichtman



Discord didn’t win a Hugo at Seattle, and it’s a good thing, too; I realized a week later when Ted and Sylvia White and Andy Main trundled through Minneapolis, en route to Fond du Lac and points east.

If Discord had won, they would probably have brought the Hugo with them, along with the Hugos for Analog (for god’s sake!) and Emsch, and one more Hugo would have been too much.

A pood or two too much.

In my pocket I had a letter for Walter Breen which I intended to ask them to carry with them if Walter was still in New York.

Fortunately, he was in Berkeley “Temporarily,” said Ted White.

“Any man who uses the airlines for a shuttle service...”

His voice broke and he looked distraught) so I had to entrust the letter to the post office.

As I watched the overladen Weiss Rak pull away and scrape off down the street, waddling unsteadily and followed by a stram of blue sparks from the dragging tail-pipe, I realized that even one extra ounce would have been too much; my letter would have been the reef of Norman’s Woe.

Load another Hugo into the trunk next to Andy Main’s taper and duper, and the car would have sunk to the hubcaps in front of the Hyatt House hotel.

As it was, the Weiss Rak IV, though loaded to the gunnels,

was evidently enjoying calm seas and a prosperous voyage, and appears to have pulled into New York, puffing a little but still in good shape.

I wish I could say the same for my once-redoubtable Rambler, but Ella Parker put a hex on it.

To reduce weight to the irreducible minimum, Sylvia was wearing abbreviated shorts on the trip home; luckily, the weather was warm and humid when they were in Minneapolis, but I hope they weren’t overtaken by the cold wave that was lapping at their dragging tail-pipe, else Sylvia must have looked like she was auditioning for the female lead in the Unicorn Productions’ version of “The Blue Men of Yrano” by the time they reached Fond du Lac.

The Weiss Rak was hardly out of sight, slopping stray crudzines at every jounce, when the weather turned around.

Two evenings later, I stared out of my window into a scene from Sherlock Holmes: chilly, drizzling and-as I like to describe it-foggy withal.

(I’m not quite sure what that means; I got it out of Dickens; but it certainly is a wonderful thing.)

I dispossessed a colony of spiders that had taken refuge in my teapot sometime since last April, and decided to settle down

for the evening, guzzling hot tea, nibbling Zweiback toast, and reading "A Lodging for the Night," "The Sire de Maletroit's Door," "The Pavilion on the Links"- I'm on a Stevenson kick-and such stories are full of the sharp, chill, tempestuous weather that Stevenson evokes so perfectly.

Just then the phone rang

It's more fun to go out and feel the cold rain splatting in your face than just to read about it, I told myself bravely, stepping back into my shoes and fumbling in the closet for my raincoat and jacket.

Sure it is, I added confidently, as I dashed out into the cold rain and mist to crank up the Honeybee.

Defrosters wheezing and windshield wipers flicking, I headed the car for exotic old St. Paul.

The phone call that had lured me forth on such a night as this came from the Lakes and Pines motel on the eastern edge of that city, a mean distance from here.

St. Paul is a suburb I'm not too familiar with; the last time I was in St. Paul was in 1948 on the way home from the Torcon, and here I was splashing down dark thoroughfares and squinting desperately at street signs and such landmarks as loomed out of the rain.

Gradually I became aware that the streets were darker than they should have been, despite the rain and fog.

My headlights were dimming.

They poured out a sickly yellow beam about as strong as the glow of a luminous watch-dial.

My turn-signals stopped working, and my dashboard light was so weak that I had to light a match to be sure that the gas gauge was showing "empty."

With some trepidation I wheeled into the nearest gas station and filled the tank.

But as I feared, when I tried to leave the place, the starter only groaned weakly.

The station attendant found a flashlight and a screwdriver and raised the hood with the brisk professionalism of a mechanic, but after squinting and prodding around for a half hour, he confessed, "I don't know anything about such things."

We looked at each other through the thinly falling rain.

"Where's the nearest garage?" I asked.

He considered a while and then shrugged.

"Well, there's a Skelly station a couple of blocks north," he said, "but the mechanic goes home at 8."

"Lucky boy," I said.

After staring at each other a while longer, he kindly offered to give me a push, though he was alone at the station and didn't want to leave.

He maneuvered his car into position and gave me one sharp butt that moved me off the apron and safely out of his way but not enough of a shove to start the engine.

I drifted slowly out into the street, a lightless and motorless car in the middle of traffic.

Luckily the street sloped a little just beyond the gas station, and after a few anxious moments I picked up speed and was able to start the car again.

My headlights were still dim and my turn-signals were inoperative; I kept an eye out for cops.

I was still a good distance from the Lakes and Pines motel, and I decided I'd better phone.

At one intersection I spotted a phone booth down a side street and turned in that direction.

As I drew to the curb beside the booth, I discovered that the engine wouldn't even idle properly.

When I stepped out of the car the engine went into Cheyne Stokes breathing and died on me.

I debated whether to call the motel or a tow truck.

I finally phoned the motel.

I talked with Bob Pavlat.

I talked with Ella Parker.

Bob thought I ought to try to make it, despite everything, and Ella was certain of it.

Charles De Vet, St. Paul's leading science fiction author, was visiting them at the motel, she said, and he would gladly head a rescue party if I would stay where I was for ten or fifteen minutes.

And that is how I first met Ella Parker and Charles De Vet, too, for as I explained, I visit St. Paul almost as infrequently as London-on the corner of Pleasant avenue and Chestnut in St. Paul on a dark and rainy September night.

"It's the most unlikely place in the world to meet Ella Parker," I said to her as I crawled into Charles' car and discovered her in the back seat.

"It certainly is a wonderful thing," she said.

I renewed acquaintance with Bob Pavlat as we drove back to the motel; I hadn't seen Bob since the Cinvention, "back in our younger days," as Bob expressed it.

Ella remarked casually that she personally had put a hex on my car.

I shook my head.

"No, hexes don't work on machines outside of 'Waldo,' and besides, no hex is strong enough to disable my sturdy little Nash Rambler."

"It certainly is a vulnerable thing," said Ella.

Bill Evans and a Chicago fan named Martin Moore were waiting for us at the motel, avid tendrils looking.

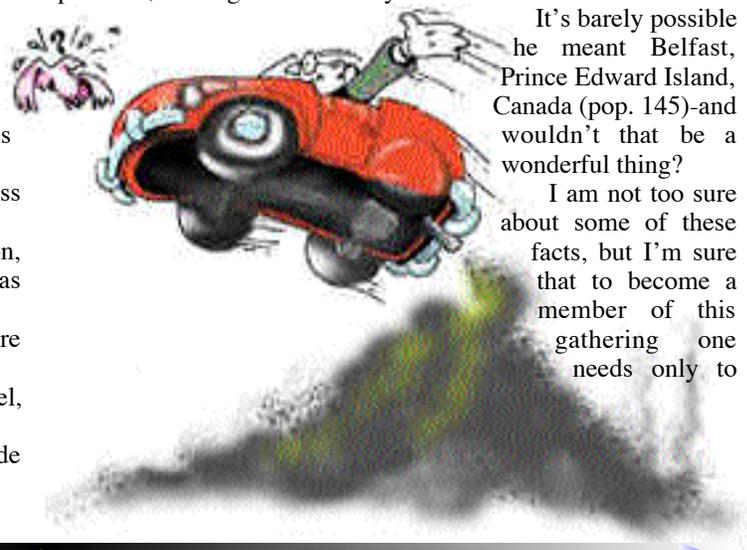
I took a FAPA roster from my pocket and carefully checked off Bill's name; he is the fifteenth member (counting joint memberships) I've met.

The Chifan expressed enthusiasm about some sort of a fan gathering to be held in Chicago next Labor Day, as I understood it.

Various fans will be present, perhaps including Lee Hoffman, Claude Degler, and Jack Darrow; also a specially invited fan and his wife from Belfast-Belfast, New York, I presume, although he didn't say.

It's barely possible he meant Belfast, Prince Edward Island, Canada (pop. 145)-and wouldn't that be a wonderful thing?

I am not too sure about some of these facts, but I'm sure that to become a member of this gathering one needs only to



send \$2 to George Price, treasurer, 20th World SF Convention, Box 4684, Chicago 80, Illinois.

Ella surprised me when I saw her in the light for the first time.

Sylvia had conditioned me to suppose all girl-fans dress in abbreviated shorts and wear their blond hair down their back.

Ella neither had Rapunzel hair nor shorts.

She was dressed in lumberjack sweater, checkered slacks, and Indian moccasins—all bought in Canada, a country she had more trouble getting in or out of than anybody since Ben Singer—but I could tell she was a fanne by the way she chattered.

I found myself sitting on the bed next to her with a whisky highball in one hand and a big stack of fan photos in the other, listening to tales of British fandom that curled my nerve-ends.

She exhibited pix of all the great and near-great of Britain, and a few pix of American fans besides—I tell you, it was a shock to see the evil, lecherous faces of Burbee and Bloch staring up at me after the parade of sweet innocent faces of Anglofandom: ATom, Ashworth, Bentcliffe, Patrizio, Lindsay, Locke, Miller.

Around me I heard Pavlat, Moore, De Vet, and Evans talking about the Dean drive, Campbell, Kuttner, Heinlein, Van Vogt, but each time I cocked a tendril at that conversation, Ella would say something like, “It’s still DNQ, of course, but Ian McAulay ... “ or “Did you hear what happened when Ron Bennett ... “ and I listened to her like a three years’ child.

You could put Brigitte Bardot at one end of the room and Ella at the other, and inside of 20 minutes, GMT, everybody

would be clustered around Ella.

It was the heaviest gale of fan-talk I’ve encountered since Nan Gerding fed me scrambled eggs for breakfast, started talking while I had my mouth full, and didn’t stop talking till I finished lunch.

Ella turned out to be a very witty observer of the American scene, and if she carves half of her observations into stencil-wax her Stateside journal ought to live up to the Willis-Berry standards of the null-TAFF report.

After two or three hours of this, Charles rose and suggested that if the Pavlat crew figured on driving to Fond du Lac next morning they’d better get some sleep.

I crogged at my watch, which said 1 a.m., and remarked that I was still hoping for a chance to converse a little with the rest of the bunch, just as soon as Parker finished telling me the truth about Alan Dodd.

“Well, Redd,” said Pavlat, “we can resume this conversation next Labor Day.

Ella won’t be there.” As Charles and I left, I had a glimpse of Ella looking mysterious; she may be planning to return, disguised as Ethel Lindsay.

Charles drove me back to Pleasant avenue and gave me a push.

I drove home without incident, but the Honeybee is still feeling poorly.

Dehex it, Ella!

— Redd Boggs

Sometimes someone on line says something so definitive that it belongs in fandom's archives. This spring, rich brown produced a message of such importance to Corflu attendees, that I think it's vital we preserve it, memorize it, engrave it on our tombstones, carve it into trufandom's soul.

Here, then, is

The Corflu Manifesto

by rich brown

Jesus fucking Christ on a crutch, I wish people who can't or don't want to get into the spirit of Corflu would simply not attend, go somewhere where the convention committee will assume they're not capable of entertaining themselves and, more to the point, stop all the fucking carping from the cheap seats.

Corflu, for Foo's sake, is >not< just another sf convention, it's a gathering of friends. We don't have competitive bidding and we eliminate, to the extent possible, the boring fucking SMOFing and carping that goes on at virtually all other fan gatherings. Unless I missed something, the past 20 Corflus have all been presented at something of a loss -- the people doing the heavy work lay out a few hundred to, in some instances, a few thousand dollars to pick up the slack. Relax and give them a fucking break.

RED STAR



Over Enfield or ...

It is as if I died in July of last year. Or, if I'm trying to put a positive spin on things, it's as if I returned to life after a prolonged period of either death or a remarkable simulation thereof. For 18 months, my fate was lashed to that of CollectingChannel.com, a heavily funded but conceptually incoherent website that was able at times to pump out almost as much copy as a middle-sized city newspaper, all of it focused on collectibles, collectors and collecting. The editor of this Fanzine was similarly employed, but having been through the cycle of boom and bust, paycheck and disconnect notice several times before, she doesn't seem to have been as thoroughly zombified by the experience as I have. I made the mistake of believing a little bit in what I was doing, and so now I'm embittered and dazed by the aftermath.

My responsibilities at Collecting Channel varied from month to month, but I was basically hired to cover almost everything connected with toys. This meant I was to be expert on everything from 19th Century cast iron banks to Pokémon cards, so it was more than a full time job just gathering background for the work. I have been collecting various things for as long as I can remember, and it was an incredible piece of personal validation to have all of the hobbies, obsessions, guilty pleasures and eccentric compulsions that drive collecting transformed into the informing force behind what threatened to turn into a career.

So, like an undercover cop who becomes a junkie in order to infiltrate the heroin trade, I became a dealer and speculator in collectible toys. I purchased toys on a weekly basis, largely in order to take pictures of them to illustrate my articles, and it was a small step to begin picking up a few extra examples for listing on eBay. When the company finally ran out of money to pay my generous salary in July of 2000, I simply increased the volume of those sales until they became enough to be a full time job on their own. I continued to write news releases about almost every die cast car and action figure to reach the market, only now I was the immediate beneficiary if my descriptions led the reader to purchase the toy in question, instead of the diffident and unprofitable e-commerce wing By Andrew Hooper my old firm.

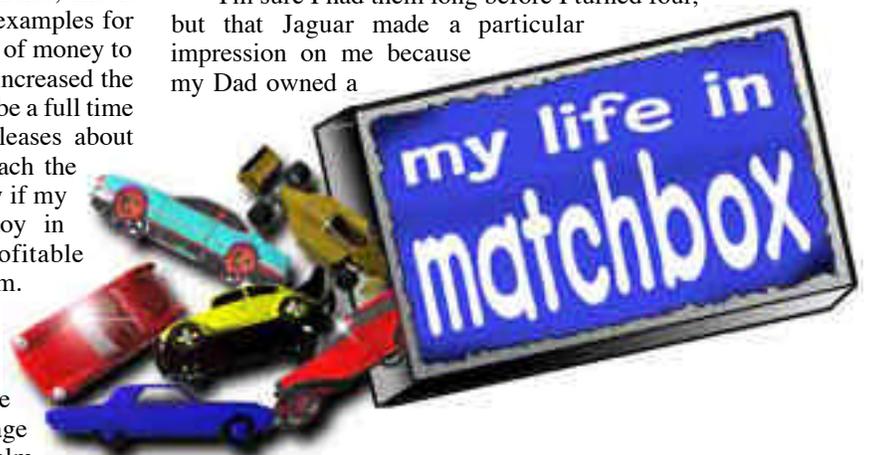
But that's all by way of excuse. The truth is, I've been launched into some kind of mid-life fugue state by the same economic corrections that ruined last year for everyone. I am locked in a pose that I seem to have assumed sometime around the age of four, gazing in rapt attention at a toy car in the palm of my hand. When I was four, that first car was a tiny

By Andrew Hooper

red Jaguar XK-140. Right now the car of the moment is a BMW Z-3 convertible, with a molded plastic interior and base plate, high-speed wheels and an elaborate paint scheme featuring purple and white flames on a bright blue base. The modern car lacks the opening hood and engine detail of the old red Jag, yet you only have to roll it across the table to see it is a superior toy. And the manufacturer's name on the base of each car was the same: Matchbox LTD.

In part, I feel a sense of connection to Matchbox because we're both relatively recent imports to America. My Grandfather actually came from Plymouth, Devonshire to North America in the 1920s, but the span of a mere three generations has not been enough to remove a sense of native "Englishness" from my psyche. My father had it worse, of course, and he prized toys and books that came from his parent's native country when he was younger, and could not help but instill a degree of the same passion in me. He was into his middle teens by the time Matchboxes began to appear on American store shelves, so when I made my advent on the scene in 1962, he couldn't wait to begin giving them to me to play with.

I'm sure I had them long before I turned four, but that Jaguar made a particular impression on me because my Dad owned a



real one until someone ran into him head on and totaled the front end. He wasn't badly hurt, and tried to restore and repair the car for about three more years, until some mechanic pointed out that the car had a crack in the engine block. My own Jaguar eventually lost its hood in the sandbox, and drove around for several more years with its engine exposed, and the parallel nature of the mishaps suggested a weird sympathetic magic, although I certainly couldn't have described it as such at the time.

In those days, Matchbox cars were manufactured by a firm known as Lesney, after the first names of its unrelated founders, Leslie and Rodney Smith. The two began making toys together in 1947, in a former Enfield pub burned out by the Blitz. Enfield is a North London suburb long noted for metal fabricating and manufacture, and the "Enfield rifle" was the standard British infantry weapon for most of the 20th Century. When Rodney and Lesney Smith began making tin and pressed steel toys in 1947, there was ample equipment and skilled labor to operate it in the district, waiting for a business to employ them in the dismal post-war British economy. They also had the use of die-casting equipment, and obtained some molds from the Dinky company, maker of the most popular toy cars in Britain at the time. The first toy to result was a miniature Aveling Barford Road Roller, about 4 and 1/2 inches long. The most sought-after variation is green with red wheels and no driver figure, worth about \$700 if it includes the original box.

As industrial orders became harder to obtain, the Smiths worked with a friend named Jack Odell to make die cast cars a major portion of their business. To honor Queen Elizabeth II's Coronation in 1953, they produced two models of the Coronation coach, one a generous fifteen inches long, and the other just 4 inches. When the smaller model sold out in a matter of months, the partners decided to concentrate on smaller, affordable cast toys, and they registered the trademark Matchbox in 1954.

They also made a decision around the same time that created generations of collectors. Because they wanted to be the most prolific manufacturer of scale miniature cars on the market, they chose an ambitious assortment of numbered models, which grew to 75 by 1960. For 39 years, collectors could depend on having 75 different castings with the Matchbox brand every year. The same casting frequently held the same number across several years, appearing with paint and decoration variants that encouraged collectors to purchase them again and again. But different models would also appear and replace older ones, so that some numbers refer to as many as 25 different toys issued since 1960. The numbering system provided collectors with an attractive and ambitious goal in obtaining a full year's assortment, and the regular turnover made it possible to capture collectors for life.

And although the small-scale cars have remained the anchor of the Matchbox catalog, they have also made larger, more expensive models with titles like Models of Yesteryear; and King-Size; which have ultimately spun off into a separate company known as MatchboxCollectibles. Matchboxes were manufactured in Enfield until 1982, when the company sold out to the warm and fuzzy folks at the Universal Holding Company of Hong Kong, who did their best to run the brand into the ground until they too sold out to Tyco Toys in 1993. Two years after that, Tyco was acquired by Mattel, the makers of Matchbox' biggest rival, Hot Wheels. Today, Matchbox cars are

sold on blister cards, very similar to the packaging for Hot Wheels. In 1999 and 2000, Mattel increased the number of models in the catalog to 100, and produced a number of new first edition castings to go with a bunch of old molds they had acquired from the toy maker Corgi. But purists are happy to note that the 2001 catalog has contracted to 75 cars again.

When I began listing die cast cars on eBay, I concentrated on the Johnny Lightning brand, a 1960s rival of Matchbox that was re-introduced to the market by a company called Playing Mantis Toys in 1994. JLCars list for \$2.99 each at Toys R Us, I auction them with a minimum bid between \$4.25 and \$5.00, and people pay amounts ranging from the minimum bid to more than \$20.00 for scarce models of prized cars. Matchboxes, still frequently priced under \$1.00 after nearly 50 years on the market, didn't seem to have the same potential for profit when I started out. But I came across an example of Matchbox 2000 #56, a 1956 Ford Pickup truck in bright red, with the Texaco Oil logo on the door, and I thought that someone might like to buy it. I posted it with a minimum bid of \$2.50, and wondered if I would get disparaging email from people pointing out the same model was available at K-Mart for 89 cents.

Then two people decided they wanted the truck at more or less the same time, and a brief flurry of bids drove the price up to \$4.51, for a profit of roughly 350%. Ebay's listing and sales fees ate up about 50 cents of that, but it still seemed like a wonderful thing to turn over \$3.00 on a single Matchbox car. The new Matchboxes were sleek, shiny miniatures, many of them unfamiliar European models, and the catalog featured all sorts of air and watercraft that I don't recall from my own Matchbox childhood. Yet, it felt incredibly satisfying to buy armloads of them at local discount stores and list them online for other collectors' pleasure. A little study of completed eBay auctions revealed which models were popular, scarce, or both, and I looked for those on weekly trips to the die cast toy aisles. Once I had taken a picture and written a descriptive listing for the car, I could post it over and over again in a matter of seconds each time, so the work I did continues to produce profit months after I did it.

And then I found out about the Logo Cars. Matchbox started doing these things during the Tyco Era, with a limited edition celebrating the 40th anniversary of the brand. The first set of cars was painted metallic gold, and featured a small Matchbox logo decal on the windshield or fender of the model, but they were otherwise identical to the production models from the 1-75 catalog. Subsequently, instead of making special packaging and numbered editions, Matchbox placed the logo decals on a small percentage of the regular production cars, that are otherwise indistinguishable from the normal peg-hanger models. If you have seen adults pawing through racks of these cars at your local toy store, odds are that they were looking for logo cars.

It's challenging enough to find all 75 or 100 models to begin with, as certain types like VW buses, police cars, and 1960s Muscle cars tend to disappear as soon as they are stocked. But the task of finding one of about 10,000 logo cars in each of the 100 types requires communication with other collectors and dealers on the face of it. 10,000 cars provide only 200 for each state of the Union, but these toys have been dispersed all over the world, and there's no telling where the logo cars really went. Collectors with a genuine goal of acquiring all 100 1999 and 2000 logo cars are almost inevitably

drawn to eBay, where all 100 have been listed at one time. After helping a few collectors find cars missing from their collection, word has gotten around and I get an average of one request for assistance in finding a Matchbox per day.

Frequent trading on eBay also inspires collecting of another commodity: positive feedback. The site provides a mechanism to register positive, negative or neutral comments on the bidder or seller in every transaction, and displays the total of positive feedback next to the bidder or seller's name every time they list an item or register a new bid. It's an egalitarian system because no matter how many positive comments you make on a given member, you only contribute one positive or negative point toward their total. The number can best be considered as the number of satisfied customers and dealers you've interacted with in your eBay career. A gold star accompanies your screen name after you have ten positive feedbacks, and the color changes as you accumulate more. The star turns blue at 100 feedback, purple after 500, and crimson after 1,000 users leave you positive comments.

After passing about 850 positive comments in January, I must admit that I became almost as interested in putting the red star next to my screen name as I was in making money off the sales. I do undergo some internal conflict over the fact that I collect these toys from the pegs and remove them from the grasp of the children they are intended for. Then I frequently receive bids for them that place them even further from the realm of the cheap playthings they are meant to be. On the other hand, when someone is willing to pay me \$33 for a 99-cent Matchbox car, as they did week before last, it seems remarkably counter-productive to argue with them.

As the positive feedback mounted up, I had a tangible sign of the number of collectors I had helped to increase their stable, the birthday and Christmas presents I had delivered, the parents' I had helped to look cool in their children's eyes. And I have to believe that simply by spending my time and energy on the toys, they acquire a degree of increased value that warrants the minimum bids I set for them. I took the effort to travel to Toys R Us and other stores, acquired the cars, photographed them, posted the photos to the web, wrote descriptive auction copy, posted it on eBay, and paid numerous fees for the privilege of doing so.

If every toy I list sold for the minimum bid, my profit margin would make all that effort seem wasted. But as I mentioned above, there are people out there willing to pay 20 to 30 times the value of cars that are hanging off the pegs with an 89-cent price tag on them even as I write this. There are an almost appalling number of people able to perform abstruse and

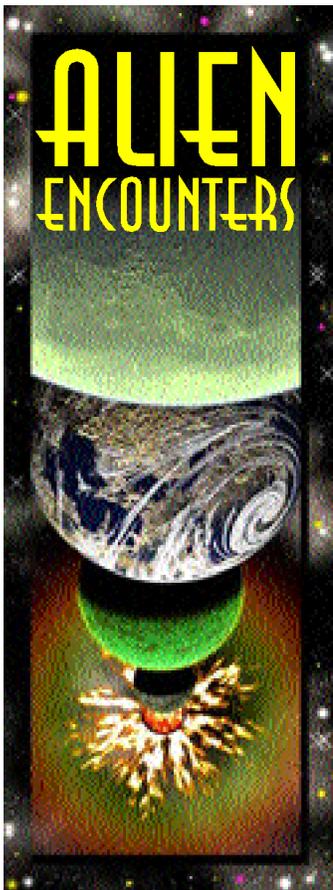
complicated tasks on their computers, but who find the prospect of going out to K-Mart too daunting to contemplate. Some seem to approach the acquisition of these toys as if they had a talismanic value for them. A lover of old-fashioned pop-up towed camper trailers might be willing to spend between \$5 and \$10 to acquire a Matchbox miniature because of its ability to evoke the pleasure of the much larger vehicle. In a way, this is very real magic, distilling the power of association into a palm-sized package. It's just a few scraps of artfully decorated metal and plastic, but to its new owner it summons memories and aspirations as if it were 64 times its size. Because this sort of collector doesn't plan to acquire the entire line, they don't have to pace themselves -- paying \$10 for a single car can seem perfectly reasonable.

In this way, I have met the Camper and SUV people, and their close neighbors the Pickup Truck people; I've met the VW Bug fans, and the VW Microbus collectors, and found that they don't always get along. I've observed similarities between the Muscle Car fans and the Refuse and Tow Truck collectors. I've sold a Chevy Tahoe decorated with Water Department livery to the Manager of the San Francisco Water Department. I've shipped Johnny Lightning military vehicles to Australia in exchange for a cache of Matchboxes with Australian packaging, then sent one of those back to an Australian Collector who needed a Jaguar XJ6 to complete his collection of 1998 models. And don't forget the car began its life in a Chinese casting factory before it was shipped to a Harris Scarfe store in Western Australia -- and I sent it to New South Wales, a continent away. I've learned to focus my efforts on the vehicles that attract all these collectors, and been rewarded by increasingly steady sales.

In this way, I've come to put a far more human face on my internal image of the world of collecting. Trading, selling and searching has made me feel closer to the audience that I was theoretically trying to reach through my work at Collecting Channel. Ironically, if someone offered to pay me a similarly inflated salary for the work I used to do, I might just have the knowledge I'd need to give fair value for it now. I don't know if I am going to remain professionally involved in the neighborhood of collecting, but I have come to accept I am likely to at least live there for the rest of my life. The remarkable 50-year history of Matchbox has absorbed my energy of late, but it's just one of the streets in Collectortown, and I suspect it may take the rest of my life to walk down all of them.

Andrew Hooper, 3/23/2001





DON ANDERSON

I have no excuse for being this late with a loc except I seem to have been inflicted with semi-terminal laziness. I am pressed to write this note by a modestly active conscience, and by the fact that I have located to another zine in your household and you might find out about it.

Joyce: It's never too late to write a loc, and in this case, you actually got it in before the next issue, making you Right On Time. And you're right; I would have found out about you writing to That Other Fan at this address, and I would have been Cranky.

I tend to print out many of the electronic zines that I get, for a couple of reasons. They're easier to read that way (I have a miniscule 15-inch monitor) and more comfortable to read that way (sprawled out on our couch or laid back in a nice soft chair. And, with a small hard drive (3.2 gigs) and limited RAM (32 mb), I like to keep my computer as clear as possible. However, with my glacier-speed color printer, I am more likely to print in b&w. I HAVE learned, though, that it is better to print to two sides of 24lb. paper than one side of 20lb. paper.

Joyce: I don't have a color printer, but I do take the trouble to print all the electronic zines on both sides of the page. Mostly, this is to maintain fannish standards, but also to save paper and filing space. Some people tell me they go so far as to print on colored stock, and that does seem a nice thing to do, though obviously, full-color prints are the most beautiful (though expensive.)

While I can't (and wouldn't want to) claim to have ever started any kind of a fire on a list serv, I have gotten a certain amount of pleasure out of seeing a post generate a domino effect that may last for days. Some fairly strong opinions and feelings were expressed, without any true flaming. I have also been witness to some real antagonism, and it is embarrassing. Such nastiness should be reserved to print zines, where time can dull the cutting edge of some of the remarks.

Joyce: Exactly so! But over a period of time, I imagine on-line sniping will tend to give us all very thick skins, and we'll become immune to the slings and arrows.

I never really understood the attraction of Sam Kinison. I never saw him live, so maybe that's the problem. On TV I found him, while not exactly revolting, just unattractive. I guess you just had to be there. I have pondered (however briefly) the concept of self-promotion for candidates for the various fan funds, and I think I might know why it is viewed as unseemly. Unlike political office, where candidates actively campaign for a paid office where they are expected to represent their constituency against the combined forces of the government and representatives of other constituencies, fan fund representatives are being sent as good will ambassadors to other groups,

and are expected to simply be themselves. Too pushy is Not Good. Self-promotion is viewed as Pushy. Or not.

ERIC MAYER

Spectacular cover! Awesome. (Hey, when I was in Fandom "awesome" wasn't even a word) I guess pdf beats the heck out of hecto for color covers! But the rocket's not smokin'!!!

Joyce: Nowadays you have to be careful about smokin' in public, regardless of what's in your pipe.

Enjoyed the whole zine. Didn't give me any problem downloading — took about 3 minutes per part. However, I hadn't considered what Arnie pointed out in his column, that a whole slew of these every week might kind of gum up the works. I entirely agree with his newsstand concept and I can vouch that similar arrangements work for other groups. During the past year I've involved myself a bit with modern text adventures — I'm sure you know all about Adventure-type text adventures, cave crawls etc — wow, you had Pong right at the Beginning. Anyway, as you might also know fans still play and write such adventures, although they've branched out a lot from those old treasure hunts, using a variety of specially designed computer languages. One of the languages is of such a high level that I actually learned enough programming to write a game myself last year. Anyway, a couple fans maintain an ftp site for uploading and downloading the games. (There are also mirror sites and at least one html entrance) So if you have a new game you upload it and announce it on the pertinent newsgroups and people download it. One really nice aspect is that any review can have a link to the game at the site by which you can immediately download what you've been reading about. So Arnie's idea will definitely work.

Still there is something satisfying about forcing one's zines on people. Ve haf vays of making you loc! Just sticking it up on the web and passively waiting isn't quite the same.

Joyce: Klever Kat, that Arnie! In fact, in order to try to accommodate people for whom downloading it was a trial, Smokin' Rockets is now being posted to <http://efanzines.com/index.html>. I hope this makes reading the zine easier...and I hope those who get it there will drop me a line.

I wrote a few of those twist-a-plot adventures in the very early days of gaming; they were text adventures (to show you how long ago that was.) Some day maybe I'll dust one of them off and submit it to the online group.

I enjoyed the Laney reprint, though I would've been way briefer if I were typing on ditto masters. Yes, there were Giants in those days. I admit to buying a lottery ticket every week. A couple that lives just down the road, two miles from here, won over \$10,000,000 a few months ago. (Considering the size of the place, the average income of Mehoopany, PA will probably be something like an Arab state this year.) I shop at the wrong convenience store I guess. I would have no problem filling my time if I were rich since my "hobbies" have always been more interesting than my work. Right now my spare time is mostly consumed writing the mystery books - a mixed blessing. While I've always wanted to write fiction some of the fun/hobby aspect is lost when you're doing anything professionally.

JAN STINSON

All I know about Alan White is what you've told us so far in SR #1, but I sincerely hope you keep using his artwork for a long time - it's stunning! I also hope he is willing to work for other faneds on occasion?

Joyce: In fact, Alan is very generous with his art. He not only sends it to almost any fan ed who asks, he also maintains a website <<http://www.fansite1.com>> where people may go and download art to use.

SR in .pdf is very nice and very handy, both on screen and in print. I chose to print out both issues because I get tired of sitting in front of the computer monitor - makes my legs ache. Once I get myself a laptop, however, I anticipate lolling in bed and reading onscreen as much as I can stand. For the nonce, I'll be printing out whatever fmg I get via e-mail look worth printing. It appears the minor technical oopses got cleaned up between #1 and #2, so I won't mention them in detail. It might be helpful to new Acrobat users to include a little text note on how to get from the full screen view of the cover back to the screen with the menu bar; I had that problem myself, and I've been using Acrobat readers for several months.

Joyce: The escape key does that function very efficiently. Of course, anyone who manages to read the fanzine up to this point has probably already discovered that.

Your desire to record "some of the significant electronic discussions" in print is laudable, particularly because so many people both in and out of fandom still don't have regular access to the Internet and World Wide Web.

I know so little about TAFF and its history that my only comment on your "Mohave Mojo" (love that title) mention of it is to thank you for being so informative. Then I read "Tales of an Unqualified TAFF Girl" by Ulrika O'Brien in Geri Sullivan's IDEA 12 and got even more edified.

Joyce: I believe Ulrika's TAFF experience, like all TAFF winners' experiences, was fairly unique. I'd urge that anyone interested in TAFF make an effort to read the articles and reports by all the trip winners. There has been a wonderful group of fans, both coming and going, and reading their views helps solidify an image of what TAFF was meant to be. And what it has mutated to become.

A Stateside fanzine con in years when Corflu goes abroad sounds like a good idea to me. But what location would best suit? I'd love to have this con here in the Keys in, say, early October (before the beginning of the main tourist season here, when rates might be lower), but this ain't Cheap City, and I don't have a clue how to run a con. I suppose I could learn, but that's not to say I will! I have to get my life organized better first.

Concerning privacy and the Internet, I've always understood that what one sends in a post to a mailing list that isn't wide open to the public should stay on that list unless the writer's permission is given to take it elsewhere. The same goes for e-mail that isn't part of a list or newsgroup. I've had at least one person take what I sent in private e-mail and blather it all over one mailing list, which I considered a blatant disregard of privacy. Paperless communication does not automatically authorize worldwide distribution, in my view. If someone wants to quote me from e-mail or mailing list posts, they should ask me first if I mind it. The Internet, as I understand it, was initiated to facilitate the free flow of ideas, not to undermine individual privacy.

The reprint of the Fred Chappell piece on The Immortal Storm was a good read and valuable to folks like me who haven't read

the book yet (go on, howl all you want, it does happen). I read histories with a dose of skepticism - history is usually written by the winners, to paraphrase a wit whose name I can't recall! - until I can read more on the topic in question. One thing I learned from journalism classes that fits well into everyday life is to get more than one opinion on something, and to get as many different opinions as one can in order to present something approaching a balanced story. Chappell's Moskowitz pastiche was fun to read, if a bit overstrenn with verbal obstacles.

Having seen the Sci Fi Channel's treatment of "Dune" and recalling the Dino De Laurentiis theater version, I prefer the former. The DDL version was far too dark for my taste. I have always been a big fan of the novel, too. A female co-worker of mine also loves the novel, prefers the TV version and shares my opinion of the theater version. The male owner and male employee of the video rental store I patronize regularly both prefer the DDL film. Go figure.

The SFC version did use more of the religious content from the novel, as well as including a bit more of the political intrigue. I thought the script was well-written, but some of the actors didn't present their best performances. William Hurt as Duke Leto Atreides was especially disappointing. But the actors who portrayed Paul and Chani - both unknown to me - were quite good. The scenery was wonderful, the sandworms looked more as I pictured them from the book, and the stillsuit design made much more sense. What I was most happy to see - old romantic that I am - was the love story still intact at the end of the SFC version. The DDL film let it fall by the wayside, I thought, by the end of the film.

One wonders what will be done with the live-action Lord of the Rings film due out soon.

I'm one of the undoubted many who didn't know that November had been named Native American Month. I'll keep that in mind for next year. Perhaps by then my son will be more interested in a bit of history.

Re: "The Blandonization of Fandom," vigorous debate is one thing, outright verbal slaughter is something entirely different. People do tend to get louder when trying to convince someone else of their viewpoint, but that doesn't always mean violence is imminent. My father and I had some rather loud "debates" when I was in high school, and we both knew they were debates, but my mother kept telling us to stop fighting. She heard it differently than we did: a matter of perspective. The speed with which the Internet allows its users to communicate seems to have spawned a carelessness in composition that perhaps might not be so common in handwritten communications. Perhaps the flame wars would be less frequent if everyone would wait at least 24 hours before responding to anything that gets their blood all het up. I don't hold grudges and don't understand those who do.

I've often considered what I'd do "If I Had AMillion Dollars," and very little of it would coincide with what Mr. Laney discussed. My father's advice was to put it all in a savings account and live off the interest, which at 2 percent would provide \$20,000 in annual income, more than double what I make right now (I work part-time). Shaving off about \$50,000 wouldn't put much of a dent in that income, and I could pay off all my debts with it. 20 K a year with no debt sounds like heaven to me!

Bill Kunkel's odyssey into the world of stand-up comedians was interesting. I never liked Sam Kinison as a comedian; nothing personal in it, his style just wasn't attractive to me. But he certainly died too young.

I'm pleased to note that reading the lettercol in SR was more comfortable and comprehensible than it would have been a year ago. I guess I can stop calling myself a neofan.

Joyce: No doubt you've passed that marker. The trick, I think, is to stop thinking of ourselves that way. Remember, all of us are neofen compared to the First Fans.

LLOYD PENNEY

This time of year will do it to you...Christmas, Hanukkah, Diwali, Ramadan, Kwanzaa... everything celebration-wise comes together at the end of the year, which leaves very little time for other things, like reading, enjoying quiet time, and lojing fanzines. I have had Smokin' Rockets 2 printed and sitting for a while now...time to catch up.

The most natural reading style for the average human being is linear; start at the start, and end at the end. Some webzines give you links to different pages within the site, and force you to read it in a non-linear fashion. Then, you're not sure if you've seen the whole zine...unless the hyperlinks on the opening screen take you to different parts of the same page. Then just scan top to bottom, and you'll get the whole thing. This may be the reason why .pdf zines are becoming popular. I do print up the zines you and Arnie send me, and they relax me after a long day of staring at a screen. (Besides, I now have a Palm m100 to keep me organized...I don't need more computer screens to stare at!) (Okay, who'll be the first to do a zine for Palm PDAs?)

Mojave Mojo...I think as fans discover how their e-fanzines can be distributed (direct send or notice that it's available from a website), they'll discover which one works for them, for both seem to work well. If their e-zines are available from a website, they've got to tell us they're there! (The idea of a mailing list (or e-mailing list) is not dead!) When Dave Langford puts another Ansible on his website, the MindIt function on the site sends me a message saying that his website has changed. Bill Burns' eFanzines site <<http://efanzines.com/index.html>> also does the same thing with the same MindIt software. Happy 10th Birthday to the Web; we're still learning how to best use it to our advantages.

Never had a chance to view the Dune mini-series..."too busy" is my excuse, and I'm sticking to it. I am hoping that Space:The Imagination Station will show it in the new year, but I suspect they've already done so. I remember watching the original movie, and thinking that to add in all the elements they skimmed over or ignored completely, a mini-series for television would have been preferable. Gratifying to see that I wasn't the only one who felt that way...

Joyce: Unfortunately, when you take away the commercials, the actual length of the mini-series was only slightly longer than the movie. Though it did include some things that weren't in the film, the mini-series also left out things that were there.

True, fandom may be a little bland. I think that, with some of the exceptions you list, we're all fairly friendly, and we are courteous to those who are a distance away. However, you can

be sure that we've got enough feuds locally...there's a few people in local fandom here who can drop into the earth for all I care. Perhaps we'd rather have our feuds in private instead of airing our laundry on a listserv or Usenet forum. That's why I will lurk on Trufen or SMOFS or Memoryhole, but seldom surface to make a comment...I have no idea how even the most innocent of thoughts will be taken. So, I will scan the messages, take in what information there is to be had, and carry on...I usually have too many fannish projects on the go, like the Worldcon bid, our CUFF trip report (want a copy or two? Just \$10 each)(plug, plug), our local conventions, etc. I sometimes think that you'd have to be unemployed to follow rassf regularly.

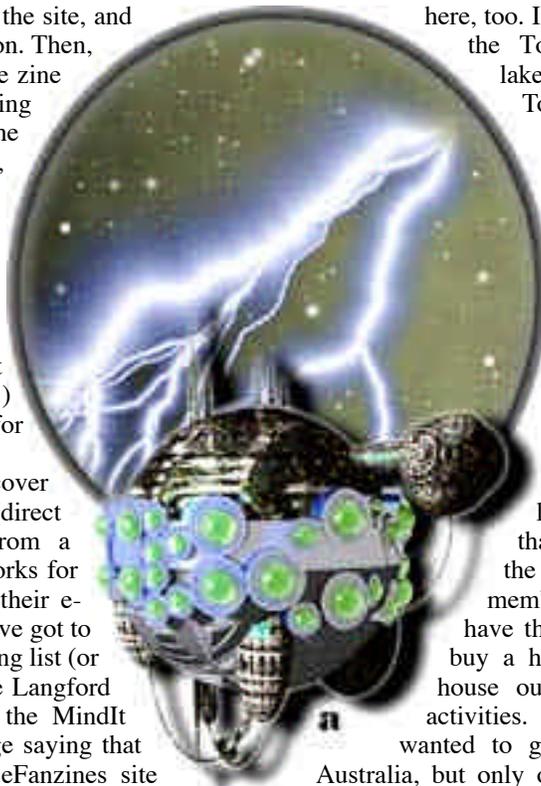
The Goodyear blimp sometimes comes to Toronto to view something happening in the Skydome, like a Blue Jays game, but for the most part, we have Fuji and Sony blimps here, too. In the summertime, they're stationed at the Toronto Island Airport just off the lakefront. We live in the west end of Toronto, our balcony faces east, and we're on the 17th floor...the view is spectacular, every day.

Laney's daydream is one we all have. Yvonne and I play Lotto 6/49 twice a week in the hopes of winning \$5 to \$15 million. We won \$85 once, and we often win \$10, and any such winnings goes into the holiday fund to get us to Worldcon. To answer that song by the Barenaked Ladies, I'd do more than buy those fancy Dijon ketchups...we'd make sure that at least half was invested to make sure that our sudden wealth would benefit us the rest of our lives. We'd buy memberships in a fitness spa, because we'd have the time to take advantage of it! We'd buy a house, one with a large basement to house our particular offices for our myriad activities. We'd travel to all the places we've wanted to go to, like Scandinavia, Britain and Australia, but only once a year. When you have all you want, and have done all the things you've dreamed of, this is where your money (and your self) can become abused. Also, you'd see us at far too many cons. Most of all, you could shrug off the shackles of commuting to the office, but you'd be wise to keep some kind of regular job or activity to keep a personal schedule...we are creatures of habit, after all. See, we've already got the first few million spent!

Joyce: I absolutely would want to continue doing some kind of writing. All it took to convince me that I wouldn't want to be completely retired was a long period of inactivity. I know for sure I'm smarter when I'm busy.

Marvellous article by Bill Kunkel...the kind of article that could only be written if you were there to see it happen under your nose. It shows that life in L.A. IS just as crazy/adventurous/dangerous (pick one, or use your own adjective) as it's made out to be.

I mentioned a passion for history...it's not just in America. The most popular television programme in Canada right now is called Canada: A People's History, it's shown on the CBC, and



it is pulling in amazing ratings for a CBC show. The first seven episodes have been shown, starting with the aboriginal peoples of what is now Canada, and it goes from there, from the initial settlements in Newfoundland to the founding of Quebec to Upper and Lower Canada, and onwards. We've watched faithfully, and we are wondering how far the series will go, perhaps to the modern day and the death of Pierre Trudeau.

Joyce: I'd like to see that series. It's pitiful how little most of us here in the lower 48 know about Canada. I was once offered a job writing for a Canadian website, but I had to decline since I simply didn't know enough about Canada's history, myths and customs to make it possible. Reading the novel Mrs. Mike 17 times when I was a kid only taught me so much. (Once you get past back bacon and radio dinners, what is there?)

I have done my fannish civic duty, and my votes and cash are winging their way to the TAFF and DUFF administrators. Also, our CUFF trip report, in the good old-fashioned paperzine format, is available for sale. Our contributors should have their copies soon, and I gather money is in the mails from all corners. I hope fanhistorians might be interested, too, for we tried to inject some past history of CUFF into the report as well. Administering a fan fund doesn't come naturally, and we relied on a past CUFF winner, R. Graeme Cameron, for guidance in How It's Done. Our reading about past administrations of TAFF, DUFF, FFANZ and other funds also helped us, and I am hoping that upwards of Can\$1200 can be raised...the US\$500 from SCIFI should form a large chunk of that.

PEGGY KURILLA

Thanks so much for sending Smokin' Rockets. I've always loved your writing and have been having some withdrawal symptoms!

I especially enjoyed the Towner Laney reprint in SR#2. We've all dreamed about what we would do if we had unlimited access to unlimited assets, but rarely have I seen such a dream so lovingly detailed as he has done. After reading it, I wanted nothing more than to spend a week or a month hanging out at the Towner Tower (despite his description, I think he'd have to have a tower just to house everything he wanted!). So, naturally, I started dreaming about the Kurilla Commons, and what I would include if I could. I was rather depressed to realize that all I had to do were change a few details, and the Towner Tower would suit me fine. With a sigh, I turned away from the daydream and continued reading Smokin' Rockets.

By this time, we've seen the SF Channel version of Dune, and I have to say I enjoyed it much more than the DiLaurentis/Lynch version—mostly because the religious overtones were included. The whole point of Dune is a socio-religious commentary, and removing those religious tones robs the book of some of its most influential moments. Unfortunately, I wish the acting were as good as the script and the production. William Hurt is one of the most aptly-named actors in the business: it was truly painful to watch his performance as Duke Leto Atreides. The rest of the cast, at least, were competent. One criticism I have is that the worms (excuse me, the Makers) still look, well, fake. They don't look any better in this version than they did in the Lynch version. With such advances in CGI as Dragonheart, Star Wars Episode I, and others, I had expected a little better than what we got.

Still, Dune was enjoyable, not tedious, even at that length. I hope the SF Channel can bring other classics to life as well. They have the leisure (and the targeted audience) to give those

classics the depth of treatment they deserve, rather than the superficial, action-oriented fluff that frequents the movies. (Not that I don't enjoy action-oriented fluff sometimes, but the best SF isn't always and shouldn't be made to fit that mode.)

Joyce: I second that wish. I still hope to someday see a movie of my favorite s.f. novel, The Stars My Destination. With computer generated graphics to take care of the hard parts, there seems to be no barrier except convincing someone to do it.

ROBERT LICHTMAN

Smokin' Rockets No. 2 is another attractive visual package, and I was pleased to notice upon paging through the full-color print I made of it that Alan White took my suggestion (in this issue's lettercol) to heart and there are no cartoons in the middle of twin columns. His artwork that impinges on one column while occupying the whole of another is an artistic touch that works well. One thing I'd like to suggest is that you (and he) consider including the work of other fan artists along with his, so as to provide a visual blend. I'll bet you could get some of our leading lights to contribute full-color work and scan it into the mix.

Joyce: I'm leaving this up to Alan. As long as he has time and inclination to do it, I'm inclined to continue it as a one-man artshow. His work isn't seen around fandom as often as it deserves to be, and I'm real proud to have him designing my pages.

In the first paragraph of "Mojave Mojo," you write that "several new electronic fanzines have been introduced." What might those be? Other than your and Arnie's productions, I receive John Foyster's superlative eFNAC and Tucker's revived LE ZOMBIE (e-ZOMBIE, as he calls it). There was also Marty Cantor's 8-part PDF of the latest NO AWARD. Nic Farey and Victor Gonzalez also make their zines available as Acrobat files, but I receive the print editions which differ not at all from the electrons. Perhaps if they did the sort of eye catching color work you and Arnie are doing, my fondness would shift. Are there others I haven't mentioned?

Joyce: I imagine you have seen everything I have; there seems to be a nice list of them on the Bill Burns efanazines.com. And, like war, there are constant rumors of more to come.

One thing I find of interest is that fan artists are starting to work in color just for the e-zines. For example, get a load of Steve Stiles' "Elvis" cover for Jackpot 5. And Bill Kunkel recently gave Arnie a handful of color cartoons. The medium is obviously inspiring artists to think rainbow.

I don't yet have "fanzines fall into my mailbox almost daily," but excluding apa mailings this year's fanzine production has meant a new publication somewhat more often than every other day. Sometimes it's hard to keep up, especially when other print items such as books and non-fanzine periodicals also compete for my attention, and I confess that I am a month or more behind at almost all times. Yes, "judicious choice of which fanzines you read" is a partial solution to the *problem*, but like you I'd rather encourage activity and then make my choices rather than stifle it so as to correspond with my time and ability to encompass it all. To those reading this who might freak out and think that I'm throwing away some fanzines unstapled and unread, much as Ed Wood used to boast he did with HYPHEN, rest assured that *everything* gets scanned at minimum, and what I don't keep gets passed along to willing recipients. But of course I don't necessarily read in order of receipt, and I have my favorites that jump to the head of the line. Don't we all?

I never misread "SF" as standing for Sexual Freedom, and at

times I have found myself having to type out the name of Andy Porter's newszine and the Bay Area's leading newspaper at times in order to avoid confusion. But I've always loved it more than "sci-fi," even though I don't really cringe all that much anymore after having heard it hundreds, perhaps thousands of times over the decades since the former No. 1 Fan Face coined it — and I agree with you that "the world made its choice many decades ago."

Was this November the first Native American Month, or is this something that I've been unaware of for years, even decades? I hope the former, because I'd hate to think that something so important has gone insufficiently publicized. (And I hope that our first Airhead President and his cronies won't undo this event.) The centerpiece display you put on your table sounds nice, and I would hope that perhaps next year you'll photograph it and run it in SMOKIN'ROCKETS.

Joyce: Not the first, just poorly publicized. In fact, 1998 was the first time I had heard of it, and then only because of noting the cards at Hallmark.

Regarding "the blandonization of fandom," I haven't noticed an "unassailable calm" having descended over electronic fandom. The last time I checked, the usual suspects were still having at one another over various and sundry subjects, although in recent days (no doubt it will have changed by the time these words see print, if you don't edit them out) the slinging of invective has moved over to Timebinders. Several people have pointed out that it's not "on topic" for that list, but that's barely put a dent in the exchanges. Of course, tomorrow morning Timebinders may well have fallen silent again. However, I'm quite sure that something will pop up eventually on Trufen or perhaps Memory Hole to replace it. In print fanzines, the Gene Stewart semi-flap has surfaced in the first issue of Nic Farey's NICHEVO, which arrived in today's mail. Elsewhere in that issue, Jae Leslie Adams criticizes the 1993 Rick Sneary memorial volume, BUTTON TACK, by saying she "found the number of obituaries included a bit wearing." As one of the many contributors to that volume — and counting Rick as one of my earliest in-person fannish influences — that rubbed me, but just slightly, the wrong way. (But then, I'm the editor and publisher of what some have characterized in recent years as an "obitazine.")

What a beautiful heading Alan did for this issue's "Entropy Reprints"! I noticed one problem in translating the text I sent you to print: the dual hyphens I inserted in the text that *should* have been changed to emdashes instead became single hyphens. The first noticeable instance of this is in the first full paragraph of the second column on the first page: "house my activities-a fantastic melange" and later in the same paragraph, "concrete structure-a small factory building." I know that most readers will quickly figure out what's happened, but it's aesthetically displeasing and I hope something can be done to rectify it in future issues. Of course, before too long I'll have a new computer with the ability to produce emdashes (which this 1987 software doesn't support — the dashes in TRAPDOOR have always been the result of overlapping three hyphens) and the issue will go away. But in the meantime....

Bill Kunkel's article on Majid and his circle was, well, rambling but entertaining reading. But what more can I say?

Regarding the various comments in the letter column about the desire/"problem" of

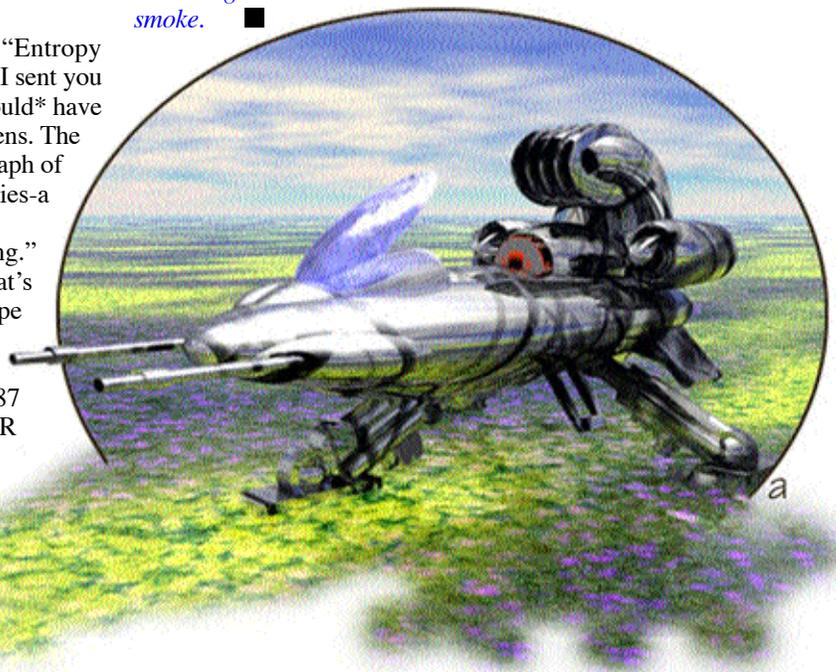
having Corflu in the United States, Australia and England, I agree with your observation that "the fear of 'giving up' Corflu to foreign shores is merely a reflection of how badly fans want to see each other, at least once a year. The fear of not being able to do that makes some fans want to keep Corflu forever stateside." It seems to me that Corflu could be restricted to the North American continent, thus leaving open the possibility of one happening in Canada, but that Corflu-like conventions could be held in other places that wish to have such events. There's a natural and obvious title for one held in the British Isles: ObliterCon, after "obliterine," the ancient Britfan term for corflu. According to FANCYCLOPEDIA II at page 116, this was once an Australian brand of corflu. (In fact, at page 37 under "corflu," only the word "obliterine" appears.) However, despite its origins in the southern hemisphere and its popularization by Ackerman (per FANCY II), it's a term that was more in use in '50s British fandom than in America. Well, no doubt this is more woolgathering on this subject than it warrants....

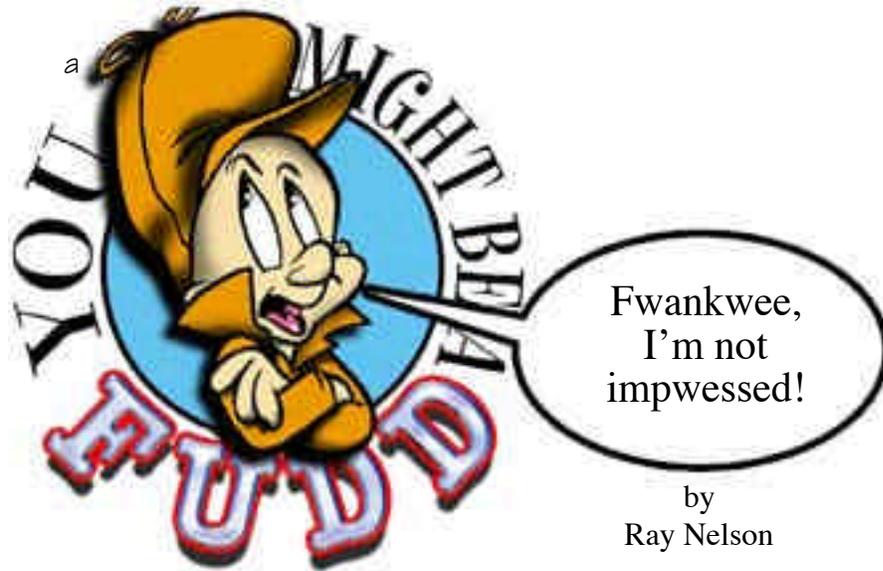
Ross Chamberlain raises a good point when he mentions that I should have noted that Sam Moskowitz is dead and "wouldn't be attempting any further additions to THE IMMORTAL STORM." However, in fact Sam did produce some additional work towards bringing his history up to his originally planned stopping point: the beginning of World War 2. This appears in four parts spread over as many issues of A. Langley Searles' FANTASY COMMENTATOR, and I would suspect Langley might still have copies available.

And yes, all those typos in Fred Chappell's mock chapter of THE IMMORTAL STORM are there On Purpose.

Joyce: There's no doubt that fandom and fanzines are going through a period of change. But then, perhaps it has always been that way. It seems to me that fandom has been in upheaval from the day I joined; only the reasons change.

I also heard from Ned Brooks, Dave Locke, Billy Pettit, Marisol Ramos-Lum, and Sean-Paul Smith. Thanks to everyone for your kind words and support. Remember, where there's smoke there's fire, and if we fan up enough heat, those rockets will be blasting into space. 'Til next time, keep on rocketing that smoke. ■





Pushed to the back pages of the newspapers by the force of world events, an insidious new disease has appeared and, all unnoticed, spread to epidemic proportions. This is the dread Elmer Fudd's Disease, otherwise known as Fuddism or, in its terminal stages, Hyperfuddism.

Some of our readers, especially those with known Fudds in their family trees, have turned to us for help in the recognition of the early stages of its development. Fortunately its symptoms are well-known enough to permit self-diagnosis, and cures are common if treatment is applied in time. A simple checklist will tell you if you are a Fudd, and how far the malady has advanced (the more questions you answer in the affirmative, the deeper in trouble you are).

- If you own a sport utility vehicle which is rightside up, you might be a Fudd.
- If you own a gun which does not squirt water, you might be a Fudd.
- If you wear a necktie voluntarily, you might be a Fudd.
- If you care which team wins a ballgame, you might be a Fudd.
- If you actually buy things advertised on television, you might be a Fudd.
- If you buy books because their bindings match your drapes, you might be a Fudd.
- If all your favorite songs were popular on or before your nineteenth birthday, you might be a Fudd.
- If you go to church to make contacts, you might be a Fudd.
- If you think winning isn't the most important thing; winning is the only thing, you might be a Fudd.
- If you used to play an instrument but gave it up, you might be a Fudd.
- If you studied a foreign language but can't speak it, you might be a Fudd.
- If you could have written a book but didn't, you might be a Fudd.
- If you think someday your perfect mate may come along, you may be a Fudd.
- If you are certain of your sexual orientation, you may be a Fudd.
- If you hate the same groups of people your parents hated, you might be a Fudd.
- If you read self-improvement books but never improve, you might be a Fudd.
- If you care what celebrities do in bed, you might be a Fudd.
- If you watch reruns of shows you didn't like the first time around, you might be a Fudd.
- If you prefer the movies with the loudest explosions, you might be a Fudd.
- If fudds are the cause of all your problems, you might be a Fudd.
- If you think you're the only one in your circle who isn't a Fudd, you probably are a Fudd!

