

Editorial

Welcome to a new fanzine project. As most of the zine is self explanatory and written by me I will keep the editorial short. I like receiving zines, reading them and replying to them. I also like to send out my own zines to the fannish world, read the reviews, and hear comments made about them. It is a way of seeing yourself as others see you. It is also very satisfying to know that people enjoy what you do and actually take the time to tell you that.

As most of my fannish career to date hasn't been terribly fannish, and yet it is this aspect of fandom that I really enjoy, I thought that it was about time I got on the pot and started to piss. This zine has been a long time in gestation. I wanted to do something that reflects what I enjoy about fandom. I wanted to do a more frequent zine (i.e. more than one issue a year) which would be an enjoyable prospect, rather than a chore. I wanted to become a more active part of this community, more involved and giving back a little more than I take out.

However, at the end of the story, I wanted to review zines. I don't have an agenda here, no reason to do this and no 'goal' in mind. I don't have an over-arching plan for this zine, no three-year life span or ten issues and that's it. I have no model to base it upon, even though I know there were previous zines like this. It is a fanzine that reviews other fanzines. It's what I do in fandom, its where I want to be in fandom. It is what it is.

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I had hoped to have a 'truly authentic fannish feel' to this first issue by duplicating it via one of Eugene Doherty's 32 duplicators. Unfortunately, what with his busy life and none of the aforementioned duplicators actually working, we were unable to get together. Of course other facts, like the only local supplier of duplicator paper is based 10 miles away and charges £5 per ream, had nothing to do with it. Nor that photocopying facilities at work would prove somewhat too attractive. Regardless of presentation, I hope you don't hold these lapses against me.

Thanks to Mark McCann for his 'review'; more guest reviewers in the near future. Also thanks to Lesley Reece for the organisation of the US/Canada distribution. The rest of it is all my fault.

Trapdoor 18

Is Trapdoor the best fanzine this year? Well there is some very strong competition. Similar fannish genzines like Idea (which I reviewed in Victor Gonzalez's Squib 3) and Mimosa, which I have only seen on-line at the moment, are strong competition. There is also a bundle of various zines whose publishing schedule allows them more impact and a greater and wider appeal, Banana Wings and Plokta come to mind. And some of the ensmaller zines like crifanac, Squib and The Jezail also have frequency and quality to recommend them. I really do think this is the best fanzine that I have seen this year. Not that my opinion is of immense value, or one that will feature as a pull quote on Trapdoor 19 I know, but hey, this is a reviewing zine.

It is good to know, however, that I'm not alone in this opinion though. Andy Hooper in crifanac 3 notes: "What it [Trapdoor] does is reinforce the connections between the fans who read and contribute to it, and I feel this is a fine thing – perhaps the very best thing – for any fanzine to aspire to." Whilst I wouldn't entirely agree with Andy, the sentiment I wholeheartedly support. Trapdoor is a lynchpin in my idea of fandom. It does everything that Andy says it does and yet I think it does much more besides.

It looks good. Something which does not get enough attention in fanzines these days, mainly due to the rise of easily available DTP packages and good quality, cheap reproduction. But, as Gasworks showed us last year, there is more to production values than getting it legible. Trapdoor is laid out with a purpose and intentionality. The artwork is commissioned for each article, a rare and wonderful facility to have, and clearly evident is the enjoyment Steve Stiles gets out of this request. The two column layout for most of the text that follows isn't broken up by illustrations, drop text or pull quotes – it is just the written words for your enjoyment. I've never been happy in attempting to use illustrations in my fanzines, because I know that some of the wonderful pieces I receive I simply can't do justice to; either with placement or reproduction. Bob's use of Stiles, and others' work throughout Trapdoor illustrate why he continues to receive, in each issue, such high quality artwork.

This care and attention to detail is also shown in his selection of articles. None of the articles in this issue are breathtaking in their writing or execution, but are solidly written with an eye for subject. It is this which sets Trapdoor apart from similar zines.

The main article is by Charles Burbee and is an appreciation of Elmer Purdee. I don't think I would have liked Elmer. Burbee notes:

"Some months ago I recall a fellow studying the collection. He said to me: 'I've been looking and looking. I can't figure it out. What is he collecting?' 'All of them,' I said. The fellow looked shocked."

Elmer sounds like one of those fans who say little, hang around the dealers room waaay too long and end up as child molesters, or something. I exaggerate for effect.

Elmer, however, is dead and like so many people who have appeared as obits and in stories about them in recent Trapdoors, what is clear is that regardless of themselves they were part of that fandom we all inhabit. Burbee tells about his friend, he doesn't pretend he was something other than what he was, he make no bones about Elmer. Maybe if I had the chance...

Other articles are equally about people in fandom. Joe Kennedy's article on the SAPS founders reunion had little or nothing to do with that august organisation or, to stretch things a bit, those founders themselves. It illustrated the bonds that tie and the link in fandom that, even twenty-five years down the line, fandom is still a glue that holds people together.

One of the more attractive and entertaining articles in this issue is Ron Bennett's In Search Of Immortality. Essentially it is the search for the tombstone of Jules Verne whilst Ron was on a holiday in the area around Amiens, France. It soon descends into something more subtle and intriguing.

We all know who Jules Verne was. We could rhyme off a couple of his books at least, and I'm sure there are many reading this who could reel off a lot more. It may thus seem a little selfish to think that this hero of Science Fiction fans would obviously be an important person in his own home town. Alas, no.

"He didn't know of any Jules Verne. But he was sympathetic and tried to help.

'Perhaps, monsieur, you mean Charles Verne. The butcher. He died some fifteen years ago. His daughter married...'

No, Jules Verne."

And the struggle to find the last resting place continues and ends with Ron tripping over an ordinary headstone, in an ordinary plot in an ordinary graveyard; somewhere in France.

It used to be said that all knowledge is in fandom. I was never certain that was true, but one thing this fanzine has showed me is that fandom is full of shared experiences. In a remote graveyard on the outskirts of Havana I found the tombstone of a hero of mine, the first world Chess Champion, Capablanca. It had a four foot statue of a chess bishop atop it. I was pleased and had my photograph taken.

I've similarly known people like Elmer Perdue, been at a meeting where I met up with folks from 10 and fifteen years ago and written to many eulogies to people who had fire in their belly. Trapdoor is about these shared experiences, about the people who have them and how it makes us better to know these people.

The Hugos may be about the best fanzine of the year, but those of us who are involved in fanzine fandom know a good thing when we see it. I will be sorely disappointed if Trapdoor ever received a Hugo, it would illustrate a huge dumbing down of the zine. I prefer the challenge of Trapdoor, to partake in it through trade or locs (or reviews like this) and continue on the tradition of fandom – what Andy was saying and what I believe Bob Lichtman epitomises. This is fandom.

crifanac

This is a new fanzine from Las Vegas and although it is obviously modelled on the late lamented Apak it still retains the Las Vegran air. It is edited by Arnie Katz a powerhouse of fanzine and fan projects which, in true fannish tradition, hardly ever appear, and Ken Forman of whom I know little save his contributions to Wild Heirs. Its format is the standard American quarto, with eight to ten pages and it hopes to be published at least every month.

The comparisons with Apak are obvious, even to its editors. Here's Arnie in his introductory piece in issue one:

"We won't make incessant allusion to Andy Hooper. Although I'm sure he relishes every mention in Las Vegas fanzines, I vow that we won't be working Andy Hooper's name into every Crifanac." Steve Green, in the lettercol in issue two, gets straight to the point:

"Provided you can maintain the breakneck regularity demanded from those who seek the legacy of Apak, Crifanac should soon develop into quite a useful focal point for the tribes of fnz fandom."

In essence this is what Arnie and Ken are trying to do. Although two issues is hardly time to start asking questions of such a project, I don't think it was until issue 7 or 8 that Apak really got into the swing of things, there are immediately aspects of Crifanac screaming out for attention.

One thing clear from the outset is the tone. Apak had a strict tone, a newsheet with short articles, crisp and to the point. It was very clear that Apak had a strong editorial presence, that articles were to be concise and to the demands of the zine and not the writer. Crifanac is a lot looser; there is a certain rambling nature to some of the articles, Ken's article in issue two for example. This may just be a matter of taste, a matter of style or just a deliberate attempt on the editor's part to be a bit more relaxed. Personally I'm not sure that it works.

One of the main functions of the fanzine, according to Arnie's opening article, is to publish change of addresses. Whilst I agree with Arnie that this is essential to the fanzine fandom's continued existence and communication – as the driving force behind a fanzine project? I do think that, even if self evident, a statement that there was something more than that going on would entice a few more readers into taking the thing more seriously. 'Oh, another Crifanac, let's see who has moved recently.' is not what I would like to see happen with the zine.

As to the contents themselves, they belie everything that has gone before. The first issue contains, as promised an article from each of the co-editors, fannish news and (in issue two) the start of a letter column that looks set to become quite lively. Arnie's opening salvo deals with the origins of the zine ("So we're going to do a fanzine called Crifanac,' I said cautiously. 'What's it going to be like?' Ken rattled off the general specifications: '8 ½ x 11, simple layout, fannish and funny,' he said. 'Well I'm not sure how funny it will actually be.'). He then goes on to state what the fanzine will not be about, with a few sideswipes at some of my favourite fanzine people and closing off with another reprise of Rotsler.

Ken's article is a lot more fannish. He deals with the continual human problem of family relations, after his mother died and re-union is organised a year later to celebrate her life.

The conclusion to the article is that Ken sees his family more in terms of non-blood relations: "The social group I consider my family consists mainly of friends (mainly fannish) whom I associated with." Whilst I emphasise with a lot of his problems with family relations I still wouldn't even begin to think of friends, fandom or any other social group replacing my family, warts and all. My family and other animals may be my oft-repeated sentiment but I wouldn't give them up for the world.

This obviously influences my reaction to the rest of his piece, where he proposes developing a fannish tree with each person listing their fannish parents, those people who introduced them to fandom at large, and finishing off on a slightly sentimental note about the joys of being in fandom. Now I have an awful lot of debt to acknowledge in my involvement with fandom and consider, in Ken's definition, that Uncle Ian Sorenson, and Uncle Walt Willis would be my 'fannish uncles'. However to put these relationships and influences in terms of family, whilst a handy metaphor, is not something I'm inclined to do. I mean, Sorenson, as an Uncle? Jesus!

On the whole the first issue lives up to its credentials, it states its case and then argues it out. Issue two generally follows on from issue one. Ken's article is a rambling anecdote of why people are involved in fandom. It poses some answers: egoboo, obsession, creative output to name a few, but then wanders off the topic somewhat. He fires some egoboo around in his article but doesn't develop on any of the topics, and some of the egoboo seems quite over the top: "What do you say we all give Harry [Warner Jr.] a round of applause for his efforts. Put the 'zine down and give Harry the clap he so richly deserves. ***** There, now don't you feel better. I'm sure he does." No harm to Ken but if I had a round of the clap I wouldn't be feeling too chipper to be honest. It was here that I started to unfavourably compare Crifanac to Apak. This piece would have been re-written and edited to make it more tightly focussed, there would have been a hook at the end to invite comment, and these comments would have been further explored in later issues. Maybe it is a bit early to judge Crifanac like this, but with 80 odd issues of Apak to compare it with the differences are startling.

Arnie's piece in issue two is one of those analysis pieces which, I'm sorry to say Arnie, just don't grab me. "I write not to bury the Internet nor to praise it. The Internet is neither fandom's saviour nor its damnation. It's a tool, a means to an end. This article evaluates the efficacy of this tool and suggests ways to make it better serve our end..." With an introduction like that I'm immediately checking the local TV listings. Arnie then goes on to define fanzine fandom and then claims: "That's who 'we' are, so what do we want?" Even granted the nebulousness of the 'we', fandom is not something that has a goal. It just is and just continues to be because of the people doing their own thing. The only thing we can be certain of in fandom's life is its past. It could all end over the next few years. As more and more people die off, get swiped into the Net or just lose interest because of one or two members of fandom spoiling it then there is nothing 'we' can do to stop that. It will just happen. Arnie's idea of a web ring of sites is a good one; just not the be all and end all to any of fandom's alleged decline, or sublimation under the guise of the net.

Crifanac is a good idea, as was Apak. I'm really happy to welcome it along for the ride and look forward to the news and COAs. After that I'm not sure.

Saliromania 12

(By Mark McCann.)

Coming back on the train from a meeting in Dublin a few weeks ago I found in my bag two items of post which I'd earlier stuffed in there. One envelope contained 'anti-Hun' paper aeroplanes from Alison Freebairn and the other was a copy of Saliromania 12 from Michael Ashley. I vaguely remembered that Tommy had asked me to review Ashley's zine for Kerles and so I took it out to read.

It's a long journey from Dublin back to Belfast, even when the line isn't being bombed, but luckily Patricia, who I was travelling with, had had the foresight before we boarded to call into an off-license next to the station and buy sixteen cans of Carlsberg Special Brew. We had a lot of Irish punts left over from our day-trip and this purchase seemed the best thing to do with them.

It had been a depressing day in Dublin as we'd spent the morning in the offices of Combat Poverty reading research reports on the city's heroin addicts and AIDS babies. So, as soon as we left the meeting, we began a five hour pub crawl to pass the time until the train home. (There were earlier trains of course but it isn't wise to rush these things. Anyway, it was either a pub crawl or go and look at stuffed cats in the national museum.)

Along the way we stopped in Davey Byrne's crappy Joycean pub where I marvelled at the sight of rows of women sitting alone with half finished glasses of Guinness and frothed lips reading battered copies of Ulysses. "In Dublin there's reputed to be five women to every man under the age of 35," Patricia informed me.

In the nearly empty carriage of the train we popped our tins of Special Brew and, as I tried to read Saliromania, Patricia told me stories about being a hippie in Cornwall and how she used to live in a hole. Whether it was due to the swaying of the train, or the effects of the drink, or the distracting details of life in a caftan, I found it hard to focus on the text.

After a bit I went to the toilet which was some kind of hi-tech affair with infra red sensors. The whole cubicle was made of aluminium and impressively futuristic with lots of flashing lights. It was kind of like peeing in a William Gibson story.

Unfortunately, because my vision was starting to get blurry, I'd difficulty reading the instructions on how to get out again so I was trapped there for a while. But I wasn't anxious. Far from it - I felt quite relaxed and happy – almost as relaxed and happy as I'd been at Corflu. Not that I'm implying that being trapped in the toilet of a speeding train with a copy of Saliromania while pissed is comparable to the authentic Corflu experience. Although, having said that, this might have been true for Michael Ashley.

After a bit the door opened of its own accord and I went back to my seat where I found Patricia throwing Alison's paper aeroplanes at a businessman. We both agreed Venus in Furs was pretty crap.

Blip 1

"Blip 1: does exactly what it says on the cover."

This is a blip in publishing schedules for Hazel Ashworth, a fanzine between Lips as it were. Since the last Lip, number seven, appeared in 1991, you can assured that this filler will contain up to the minute information on what has been happening in Hazel's life in the past seven years or so. What is a Blip if not a temporary interruption?

And Blip delivers. Most of the zine is taken up by a trip report to Australia, to visit family. A sporadic report, with details and snippets thrown in here and there, it revolves around Hazel's mother's illness on the trip. But this snapshot version of events seems to work. Australia for three weeks, or anywhere really, for a couple of weeks is just too big to encompass fully in any one article. Hazel allows us into the vicissitudes of her extended family, whilst also treating us to a case of arachnophobia, and some visiting Japanese tourists. It isn't brilliant and there is hardly a fannish reference amongst it, yet it works. A blip version of the trip.

Following on from this is a cut out and keep guide to Yorkshire – Blip being a one-off for Corflu UK this year. It is really nothing; a space filler of cutout cartoons and stories that just happen to mention someone called Ashley. A few captions on otherwise unfunny visual jokes and that is it. Like the rest of the zine, it shouldn't really work, but it does.

Blip finishes off with an article from Mal. A strange tale of etiquette in male toilets. At once every single man, who does not have a shy bladder and does use the urinals, will empathise with- just what, if anything, do you do or say to the man in the urinal next to you?

"Then I heard footsteps and another guy joined me. I shuffled up a little to make room for him to get into position and as he started to do his thing I said, conversationally, 'It's rather small isn't it?' He sort of snorted. I left."

Now I obviously have no idea of the protocols in England, or the north of England for that matter, but here in Belfast the art of toilet conversation never has the word 'small' (or indeed 'large', for that matter) anywhere in the conversation. This inevitably leads to a good kicking or an invitation, both of which most people tend to avoid. However there are other differences. Men here do tend to strike up conversations more readily than I have experienced anywhere is in the world. Most times it is on the par with 'Right?' to which an acceptable response is, "Yeah." Or, as Mal points out earlier in the article, something along the lines of "Oh arr," or, "Urr warg," allowing for dialect, obviously.

A strangely fascinating article, which I think deserves more research. Having a head start, as it were, on the rest of us I think that Mal should pursue this thread further.

Sort of what I thought about the zine in general. A blip that has appeared, sparked some interest and deserves more research. I look forward to the next Lip and wonder if my letter is one of the LOCs she mentions:

"Small fragments of Lip 6 are finally unearthed: a cover, the artwork, page 62(!) and the locs... I do feel quite smug about finding the locs."

Barmaid 1

I really wanted, when starting to think about this project at the start of the summer, to be able to review a new fanzine in the opening issue. However, the closer I got to publishing I found myself digging through the back selection of material and looking at zines who were in double figures, and well known.

Getting down, in late July as it is now, to putting together the final selection of reviews I see that I have two new zines to review. Crifanac, I've already written about; it is already in its fourth issue. Barmaid 1 is the other zine.

First fanzines. I bet that phrase brings back a mixture of horror and pleasure to a lot of minds. Personally, it was of high hopes, illegibility and barely understandable use of the English language. For others I know it was slightly better, though not much. Today, I set off on a new fanzine project, but at least, if not readable, it is legible. Barmaid 1 is an excellent start. "I got a new fanzine today, Tommy, its over there under the Camus..." Mark McCann pretentiously announced. First looks are important. A4, 10 pages, two column simple layout, clear text and sparing use of illustrations. All good signs, I hope you will agree.

The contents then. Well, quite good actually. All of the main articles are short and snappy, running to just over a page, setting out their stall quite well and leaving the reader with enough of a hook to want to reply. The best article in this issue is Storage Solutions; inevitably about storing books. A quintessential fannish topic if ever there was one, here it is given no spin, no weird perspective; nether is it done with a clever knowiness: "I know this is old hat, but look at how smart I'm being with the metaphors." Yvonne just details her system, if it can be called such, in a way that we can all relate to:

"I have a chair in the living room. If I'm sitting in that chair when I finish a book I put it on the windowsill, on the floor or on the 'table for putting stuff on' next to my chair. The book will eventually get put away."

I know most of the people reading this review will 'have a chair,' and will also have a 'table for putting stuff on' in their home somewhere. This typifies the writing throughout the zine: fannish. It is about us, the kind of people we are and how we got there. Later Yvonne considers other fannish faves as well: 'Normal?' and 'What Will People Think?' with the same straightforward writing that engages us simply because she writes about us.

These articles illustrate what Yvonne is currently thinking about, the topics that occupy her mind when she is not doing other stuff. And the rest of the zine is full of this other stuff. A frequent criticism of fans is 'get a life!' but Yvonne shows us in sidebars and linos that she already has one of those (I quote in full):

"Whilst writing the above I had to listen to what happened in 'The Werewolf of Fever Swamp', I had to go off and give birth to a litter of two puppies (I was pretending, OK?) and I had to make up a cheese sauce. The cheese sauce burnt to the bottom of the pan, the article was less than coherent, I didn't really listen to the werewolf plot but I managed the giving birth to the satisfaction of my daughter."

Not my idea of an wonderful life, I must admit, but the fanzine comes close to my idea of an wonderful fanzine. And this is issue one, there's more where this came from.

Kerles 1- The List

This is a list of fanzines received, to date, in 1998 (roughly). It is not comprehensive, nor exclusive and there may be wonderful zines out there I don't know about (Robert Lichtman, for example, received 195 zines in 1997). It is not in any order, other than the pile beside my desk, although this may change. There is no real detail on the zines (they are all available for the usual, except where stated), again this may change. Listing does not preclude a future review, though this will probably not change. Nice to see a bunch of first issues out there.

Standing in the Shadows. Simon Ounsley, 25 Park Villa Court, Leeds, LS8 1EB. UK A one-off for Corflu UK

MimeMeow: The Sting of the Green Hornet. Bill Bridget, 4126 Mountain Creek Road, Apt #6, Chattanooga TN 37415. USA Lots of colour, sporadic organisation and some dodgy copyright issues

Zighn 1 & Alphabet-Obsession 68. From: Jae Leslie Adams, 621 Spruce street, Madison, Wisconsin 53715. USA Including details of her UK & Corflu trip. Zighn is more personal in nature.

Foxe's Den. Various Toronto fans (rotating editorship). c/o Lloyd and Yvonne Penney, 1706-24 Eva Road, Etobicoke, Toronto, On. M9L 2B2. Canada Newsletter of the monthly fannish pub meeting in Toronto.

Saliromania 12. Michael Ashley, 15 Howgill Green, Woodside, Bradford, BD6 2SE. UK More acerbic with from Michael, mainly on Corflu UK. A must.(Review)

Squiggledy Hoy 3. Bridget Bradshaw (nee Hardcastle), Currently: 19 Wedgewood Road, Hitchin, Herts, SG4 0EX. UK Another in the continuing series of zines between Obsessions.

Odds, sods and Hogwash. Ken Cheslin, 29 Kestrel Road, Halesowen, West Midlands, B63 2PH. UK I'm still confused about this stuff: glorious wonderful, or just silly?

Hits, Cons and Errors. George Flynn, PO Box 426069, Kendall Sq. Stn., Cambridge, MA 02142. USA A lettersub from WorldCon business meetings supremo.

Crifanac 1, 2 & 3. Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107. USA) and Ken Forman (7215 Nordic Lights Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89119. USA) Apak's successor? (Reviewed)

The Monocle Vol3 issues 5-8. Eugene Doherty, 110 North Parade, Belfast, BT7 2GJ, Northern Ireland. UK The man just doesn't know when to stop, thank God...

Trapdoor 18. Robert Lichtman, PO Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442. USA Usual or \$4/issue Fandom's most favoured zine? (Reviewed)

Pogonophobia 5. Alison Freebairn, 41 Kendal Road, Newlandsmuir, East Kilbride, G75 8QT. UK One of the UK's best fanwriters, and this shows why.

Did I Say That Out Loud? Debbi Kerr, 38 Bankfield Terrace, Burley, Leeds, LS4 2RE. UK Another Corflu UK special. Someone once said: "When I grow up I want to be Debbi Kerr," and why not? Perzine.

Squib 2 & 3. Victor Gonzalez, 905 N.E. 45th St., #106, Seattle, WA 98105. USA Another zine that augers well for the Apak crew. Victor has started off a good zine that has the potential to be great.

BOB 14. Ian Sorenson, 7 Woodside Walk, Hamilton, ML3 7HY. UK Where would we be without Ian Sorenson and Jim Barker? Answers on a postcard. only.

Snufkin's Bum 3. Maureen Kincaid Speller, 60 Bournemouth Road, Folkestone, Kent, CT19 5AZ. UK Taff winner lets the Americans know what they are in for.

Banana Wings 9 & 10. Claire Brialey, 26 Northampton Road, Croydon, Surrey, CR0 7HA. UK & Mark Plummer, 14 Northway Road, Croydon, Surrey, CR0 6JE. UK Nova award winning fanzine, fully deserved, though I still have reservations about some of the writing.

The Wrong Leggings 4. Lilian Edwards, 39 Viewforth, Edinburgh, EH10 4JE. UK Lilian lets forth on fanzines, people and life. Pub-Thumping, the lead article, is a truly inspired piece of fan writing: witty, entertaining and extremely moving.

Plokta Vol. 3, no 1. Steve Davies, 52 Westbourne Terrace, Reading, Berks, RG30 2RP. UK & Alison Scott, 42 Tower Hamlets Road, Walthamstow, London, E17 4RH. UK. More of the same from the Plokta crew. Come on people, it is time they got their Nova...

Wild Heirs 20. Las Vegas Fandom, c/o Arnie & Joyce Katz, 330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107, USA. More goings on in the eventful lives of Las Vegas fans.

International Revolutionary Gardner 1. Judith Hanna & Joseph Nicholas, 15 Jansons Road, South Tottenham, London, N15 4JU, UK. The new one from the UKs most socially conscious fans. It is also a bloody good read.

The Jezail 4. Andy Hooper, The Starliter Building, 4228 Francis Ave., N. #103, Seattle WA 98103. USA The other Apak follow-on zine shows how the editorship differed on their views on content and zine production. This one is all Andy.

Optunia 34 & 34.1. Dale Spiers, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, T2P 2E7. Canada

Space Cadet #9. R. Graeme Cameron, 1855 West 2nd Avenue, Apt #110, Vancouver, V6J 1J1. Canada Two very specifically Canadian zines. I don't know, they just seem to be lacking that buzz.

The Floating Fan 3. Pamela J. Boal, 4 Westfield Way, Wantage, Oxon, OX12 7EW. UK A lettersub for the holidays from Pamela.

The Knarley Knews 69 & 70. Henry L & Letha R. Welch, 1525 16th Ave., Grafton, WI 53024-2017. USA Genzine with a sad, yet amazing, list of 80 credit cards the editors have been offered over the year, with a combined credit total of, get this, over \$2 million! One company actually offered a loan, with cheque enclosed; encashment meant acceptance of the 29.95% interest rate. Land of the free (credit), home of the brave (fools who think so).

Blip 1. Hazel Ashworth, 16 Rockville Drive, Embsay, Skipton, North Yorks, BD23 6NX. UK
Another Corflu UK revival. (Reviewed)

Taff Tales, 1955 Transatlantic Fan Fund Trip Report by H. Ken Bulmer. £5.00, post paid,
from Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU. UK. Another
contribution to Taff from SciFi Foundation. Good work that man.

Have bag... Will Travel. MartinTudor's 1996 Taff trip report. £5 (£8 equivalent outside UK)
post paid, from 24 Ravensbourne Grove, off Willenhall, West Midlands, WV13 1HX. UK.

Xtreme 7. Arnie Katz, 330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107, USA. FAPA zine,
with a little wider distribution.

QUANt Suff 7. Joyce Worley Katz, 330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107, USA.
Another FAPA zine, another 'Katz zine' another challenge for you archivers out there.

Cloud Chamber 83, 85. Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU.
UK. Seems to be an Apazine, so check for availability.

Barmaid 1. Yvonne Rowse, Evergreen, Halls Farm Lane, Trimpey, Worcs, DY12 1NP. UK
(Review)