



#18

June 2009

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Colophon

The Royal Swiss Navy Gazette #18 (June 2009) is the work of Garth Spencer, who goes on living in Vancouver, BC, Canada. Please send comments, subscriptions, suggestions, and/or submissions to Garth Spencer (the Editor), at garthspencer@shaw.ca or via P.O. Box 74122, Hillcrest Park, Vancouver, BC, CANADA V5V 3P0. *The Royal Swiss Navy Gazette* solicits electronic submissions, and black and white line illustrations in JPG or GIF format, and offers contributor's copies.

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Art Credits

Roy Pounds.....	Cover
Guess Who?	p. 3
Alan White	p. 9
Taral Wayne	pp. 10, 21

This Space to Let

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The Admiral Says

One thing I don't want to do is to be dull, or repetitive, or (horrors!) unoriginal. One thing that could have held up this issue is that I don't have new weird ideas to talk about. So I'm throwing the floor open: *anyone* can take the floor, who has suggestions for flaky things to do, or at least talk about doing, to send up social conventions and dysfunctional institutions.

I await your contributions.

Last May I had the pleasure of encountering Colin Upton, when we were both book-browsing. Colin Upton has been a practicing graphic artist in Vancouver for two or three decades, as Taral Wayne has been in Toronto. While Taral is a Guest of Honour at the upcoming Worldcon in Montreal, and has been nominated several times for a Hugo Award for his art, Colin has been known mostly in regional fandom, and locally for his self-published minicomics.

May & June happenings:

Millionaire Mind Intensive

In May one of my friends invited me to a Millionaire Mind Intensive program, which I might describe as a new-age-entrepreneurial-revivalist weekend. I say "New Age" because, like a somewhat life-changing seminar my brother invited me to a couple of times, the tenor and language are kind of New-Age-y. I say "entrepreneurial" because, like other things my friend David has been into, there's a strong air of "change your attitude – change your wealth".

I'm a little more cautious about implementing the Millionaire Mind program after the weekend, but I have taken this much away: the meagreness of my life is largely a result of decisions I made, and they haven't worked out. Even in the current economy, I can try to get a better handle on my life; start a small company, rather than merely looking for a job; make a real budget, not just a statement of my expenses; and figure out my priorities, instead of scrambling to keep up with all my chores and projects.

ConComCon 16

The very next weekend, Vancouver (BC) hosted ConComCon 16, the latest

in a series of small conventions for conrunners in the Pacific Northwest. For a lark I went to see what I could see.

It was a pretty small group – I thought it drew maybe 25, but one of the organizers said over 40 people – but there were informative panels and discussions. One contribution I made was a presentation about fanzines, although I didn't conclude by talking about fanzine rooms. (Another contribution was to circulate incomplete drafts of a nearly book-sized polemic, describing conrunning as I've seen it, and what I think is fundamentally wrong with it.)

Jobhunting

There haven't been a lot of office clerical jobs on the market, and it's been nine months since my last steady employment. But I keep putting in at least a token effort to find job leads, and keep calling temp agencies. Meanwhile I keep freelancing.

Preparing for Welfare

A Canadian out of work resorts first to Employment Insurance, offering a limited number of weeks of income about 2/3rds of his former earnings, and when that runs out, goes to Social Assistance, which isn't really enough to pay for necessities; but you can make some income by part-time and freelance work.

I just have to find some simple things, like my birth certificate and social insurance card, to finish an application.

A Fit of fanwriting: getting down to AoG and Wiki prepping

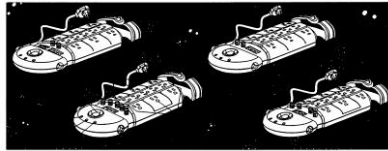
In June, for whatever reason, I found myself getting down to some online projects. I had undertaken to update the British Columbia Science Fiction Association website, which is now at <http://www.vcn.bc.ca/gartuan>. As yet I've only updated it with respect to some time-sensitive information, but in future I want to add more content and more current fan links. Later this summer I shall redirect the BCSFA.net domain name to point to this new site.

Stimulated by this effort, I guess, I've gone on to prepare content for the Art of Garthness website, which has been in planning for, like, years. As many years as the number of weeks it will take to put it up.

I'm even getting serious about prepping some fanhistory for a new Wikispaces account.

My brother's party

My brother Syd had rather an impressive 50th birthday party in June. The impressive thing was how many friends he has, who showed up to celebrate. It felt like there might have been over 100 people, at one point, which is impossible because almost all of us crammed into Syd's TV lounge to see his wife's photo bio, followed by a mock Jeopardy game on the "How well do you know Syd?" theme.



Locs

Brad Foster, brfoster@juno.com, April 28, 2009

Greetings Garth ~

Ack, got the new issue of RSNG and felt bad that I hadn't managed to contribute anything more than that feeble loc. I was still thinking you had a couple of pieces of mine to use, as mentioned in the loc. But looking in the records I see you used those over in *BCSFAzine*. That's the problem with sending stuff to editors who do multiple zines, I've got to keep track of where all this stuff goes.

So, to make up for not keeping my file up to date there, attached here you should find -three- brand new pieces that I hope you will be able to make use of in RSNG down the line.

Interesting history of furry fandom there from Taral. I think the man has had a hand in about a half a million things the past few decades, and now with all the new articles he is putting out in zines, we're getting to enjoy these mini history lessons he takes the time to put together and share with the rest of us.

Liked the "Drake Equation" toon on page 4, but couldn't find any credit line for that. Did I just miss it somewhere in the issue? Who did that? Very funny.

stay happy~ Brad

Ben Indick, 428 Sagamore Avenue, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666, Tel. 201-836-0211, Email: BenIndick@aol.com, April 29, 2009

Taral made a nice cover for you. Indeed, the issue of RSNG is very nice in general, even if it is mostly locs. I was taken by my old friend Ed Meskys. We took in many cons. He was still slightly sighted, it was so long ago. I am now 85. And Ed? Ask him yourself! And here is Brad but where are his two cartoons? I shall send some old apazines -- nothing special. Age laid me low but I am trying to come back. There really is no gafiation.

Eric Mayer, maywrite2@epix.net, May 4, 2009

I'm sorry I'm late in responding. Just reading about all those events the Royal Swiss Navy planned wore me out. It's great to see such an ambitious schedule, such drive, such determination. There's no success like grandiose failure!

I agree with Lloyd Penney that some people seem to draw arbitrary lines around what is fannish writing and what is not and appoint themselves arbiters of fannishness. I don't want to say "Core Fandom" or anything. I'm certainly not in Core Fandom. Most of the zines I read probably aren't either. I don't think RSNG is. Maybe fans outside the core need an organization. How about Outer ActiFen. Or O.A.F. Oh wait...

Well, I have to thank Sue Thomason for reminding me that 58 is old. Particularly as I am now 59. Yes, thank you very very much! So, no, I won't be thinking of emulating Isaac Asimov any longer. That's true. When I was about 15 I figured I would follow in his footsteps and get published by the time I was 16. Once I was a famous sf pro they wouldn't make me take gym, would they? But that didn't work out. And I broke my leg in gym, just as I predicted. The bastards! But what's 59? Okay. No dreams of being another Mozart, or Asimov. I'm thinking now more in terms of Grandma Moses.

Jane Sibley's Loc about runes was fascinating. I don't know enough about the subject to say anything useful but I enjoyed her explanations.

Taral's article on furies was also interesting, to me as a glimpse of alien culture. I doubt I could ever really "get into" that sort of thing, but then I

can't get into Italian opera or Proust either. Although I may likely someday try to read Proust again. The chances of my buying an opera ticket, on the other hand, are small, and the possibility of me going to a hotel to dress in a fuzzy bunny suit are more or less nonexistent. Except maybe to meet Omaha the Cat Dancer. I know there is more involved in Furry Fandom of course. Heck, I don't even go to sf cons so what am I talking about?

Gorgeously drawn cover by Taral, however. He sure has a way with figures, furry or otherwise.

Hope things are looking up at your end. We're finishing up a new Byzantine mystery, which has been what's totally occupied me the past few weeks. I try to squeeze in time here and there between the legal writing which pays the bills, and it will be back to that in a few days. However, I do find time for other enjoyable things such as perusing RSNG.

*Lloyd & Yvonne Penney, 1706-24 Eva Rd., Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B2,
penneys@allstream.net, May 11, 2009*

Many thanks for another *Royal Swiss Navy Gazette*, issue 17 this time around. Another skunk from Taral...they're cute as long as they're not startled.

The RSN had great plans for the year. Looks like none of them were truly accomplished, but hey, it's the thought that counts.

((That was the basis of the joke.))

If there's any place those alternative parties could work, it's BC.

The loccol...the random acts of kindness aren't usually done because they aren't usually noticed by the general population. A random act of vandalism gets lots of press, though. People have enough ego in that if they perform some kindness, they want some attention or buzz because of what they've done.

I have found politics plays a big role in some editing jobs I've had. I have worked for legal book firms as well, and in one case, I followed the directions given in my editorial work, and had my supervisor follow my efforts, and I did my work with his approval. When the author of the book in question found out what was happening, he was furious, and demanded some kind of satisfaction. They gave it to him by summarily letting me go, with some harsh words. I was angry, but then thought that if this company wouldn't give me any support, seeing that the editorial style I employed was the one they wanted, then I wouldn't want to work for that company anyway. I am trying to reinvent myself, too...I hope to become a

professional voice actor, and am currently working towards that. Maybe this is my way of handling a mid-life crisis, but it works for me.

(I'm going to have to dig up my dictionary and find out what people mean when they say "politics"; I'm never quite sure.)

My loc...SGS let me go at the end of February because of a lack of work. They know I'd come back if there was more work, so I remain hopeful, but the resumes stream out, nevertheless. The staff reductions on the part of CTVglobemedia and *The Globe and Mail* have not affected me, but then, as far as I can tell, I may be the only one there who knows how to do the work I do.

I am tired of losing jobs often due to political reasons, and I am also sick to death of job hunting. I dutifully do it, and I do send out my resumes, but life would be greatly relieved if I didn't have to look.

The science of forensics attracts many fans because of puzzle-solving they like. However, forensics are the victim of shows like *CSI* which appear to be science fiction shows, using technology beyond the modern day, and certainly beyond the budgets of even big-city CSI departments. And then we get idiots like David Caruso who make the shows look cheesy, and the public has a totally unrealistic idea of what CSI is all about. The University of Ontario Institute of Technology in Oshawa, east of Toronto, has a forensics department, plus a degree course in CSI.

(Also they don't time-stamp the scenes, so you can realize how long things actually take to get done.)

Allan D. Burrows, 320 Maple Grove Avenue, Mississauga, ON L5A 1Y2, April 30, 2009

Thank you for sending RSNG #17. While as a gaffiated fan, I no longer believe that I will emerge from the pyre of my zines un-locxed with my robes unsinged, I feel compelled to reply.

Your position paper #157 is interesting, but rather unlikely, as the hotheads are the ones in charge in the Middle East. For instance, **my own position paper AB23A** is a perfectly good way to resolve the fate of Jerusalem. Simply make of it a city-state, like Vatican City in Rome. It would be governed under its constitution by two independent bodies: an elected "city hall" whose mandate would be the day-to-day governance of municipal matters, like keeping the roads paved; and a "senate" appointed by Jewish, Christian and Islamic heads, whose mandate would be to protect and enhance as possible religious sites and rites in the city. This would put

Jerusalem beyond the control of any state or religion and guarantee access to any adherents who need to conduct a rite there.

It would never fly, for several reasons. First, Jerusalem is currently under Israel's control, and there's no advantage whatsoever to Israel in this plan. Israel is slowly crowding Muslims out of Jerusalem, and once that's done, they'll be free to tear down Islamic sites – like the Dome of the Rock – and replace them with the 3rd Jerusalem Temple and Israel's new Parliament buildings. Allowing Jerusalem to become a nation unto itself would be a giant step backwards for them. Besides, the war in the Middle East isn't about Jerusalem, it's about Israel as a whole even being plunked down in what was an exclusively Islamic region, until about 50 years ago.

((I'm not convinced that anyone proposes to build a third temple, apart from some American fundamentalists. And I have an idea there were always some Jews in Palestine, Diaspora or no Diaspora. But your main points stand. That is why I thought the Baba'is should be put in charge; or maybe Israel should federate with Canada, and we would tie up everybody in royal commissions and federal-provincial quibbles until the sun grew cold.))

Thus **my position paper AB23B**, which is a foolproof way to sort out the Middle East. Simply bombard the entire region with neutron bombs! In the words of Arnaud the Crusader, "Kill them all, God will know his own." Once the radiation has settled, give the land to the Gypsies, they've been without a homeland long enough and they couldn't possibly do worse than the current inhabitants. But as for Jerusalem, I'd use tactical nukes on that, lots of them. I'd turn that satanic "holy city" into a hole in the ground so that nobody could wage war over it again; then fill up the hole with sand so that nobody could wage war over the hole; then let off neutron bombs over the sand until it glowed in the dark, and keep it glowing forever, so that nobody could wage war over the sand.

((Check out Taral's "New Ten Commandments" later this issue; the problem with nuking the lot is that nobody learns to behave. And another thing – who gets to make the rubble bounce? And if anybody could do that to Jerusalem, why not to Belfast, the Vatican, or "holy" places the world over?

((While I think of it – what the hell does "holy" mean, anyway? Another reason to dig out my dictionary ... if it has any bearing on the way people use words.))

"Under what conditions will we establish regular commercial freight traffic to and from orbital space?" There would need to be a place for commercial traffic to ship freight to and from. There would also need to be *much* cheaper technology for lifting loads to orbit. It might also be good to be able to

drop loads from space with a bit more control; the methods we use now (aero braking to parachute speeds, then parachutes to crashdown or splashdown), are reliable but a tad rough. And it would be good if there was a cheap way to get people to and from orbit. You can't do everything with waldoes, not yet.

“Under what conditions will we establish manufacturing centres in orbit? Or shift our manufacturing there from Earth’s surface?” There are already good reasons to do so; processes that cannot be done in Earth’s gravity, free access to solar energy, no environment to pollute, etc. The main drawback, again, is the cost of lifting payloads to orbit and the harsh environment imposed by getting them back down. Some raw materials could be mined from the moon, I guess; mining asteroids would involve problems with transportation, and comets are either incoming missiles, or much farther out. Another problem would be convincing corporations to operate under regulations to protect the Earth below them, and establishing a body to enforce them. Corporations prefer to do whatever they please, and let somebody else clean up after them so as to minimize their costs. Real people don't like having megatonne space stations falling on them, or chlorine spills falling into the ozone layer and making big holes, or space mirrors randomly focusing intense sunlight on their houses. But corporations don't want to have to care about the needs of real people. They want to make as much money as they can at as little cost as possible. Who enforces industrial safety in orbit is not a positive factor in establishing orbital manufacturing centres, but it is an important consideration.

(We're in little danger from falling objects, now or in the future – only from the largest masses in the least stable orbits. The best move is to put megatonne space stations in geostationary or higher orbits; if they drifted anywhere, it would be to outer space. Nor am I convinced the problem with corporations is going to be the negligence of people on Earth's surface; the first problem is convincing them there is any desirable profit margin in orbital investment. The problem of holding them to labour conditions in orbit is as yet hypothetical.)

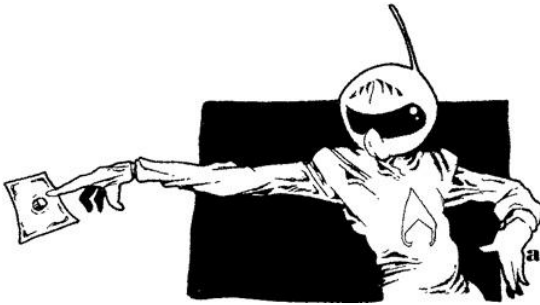
“Under what conditions will we find it necessary and preferable to clean up floating garbage from the ocean?” This has already been established. The question rather is who will actually do it? Since it's a non-national problem, the United Nations is in a good position to take on the challenge. It's not much of a challenge, really. First, get somebody to assess the full extent of the necessary clean-up; the US National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration has the resources. Once we know what's needed, it's then just a matter of soliciting tenders and hiring the lowest bidder. The UN

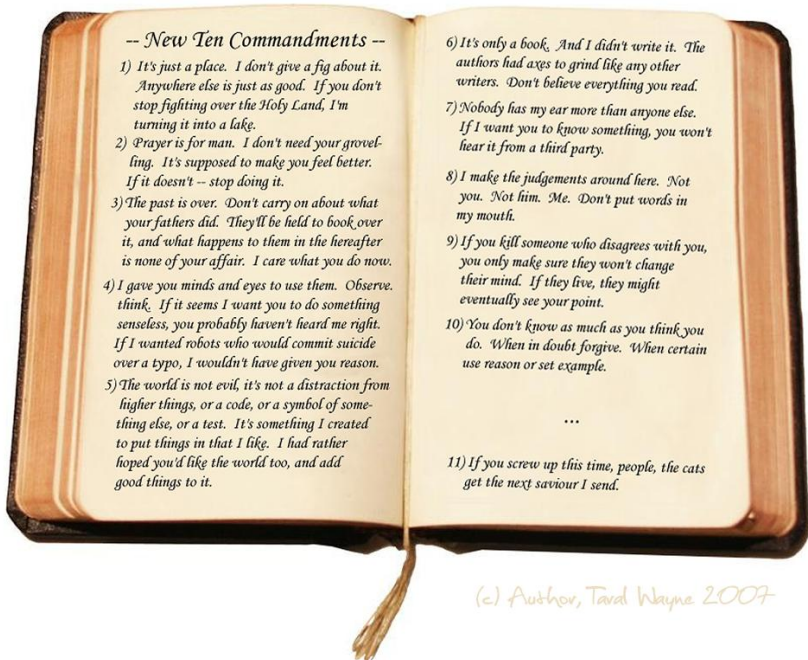
really should then recruit one of its member states to do two extra assays of the problem: one before the clean-up to verify that it hasn't been done yet ("before" pictures), and one after to verify that has. If the company hired hasn't done an adequate job, then obviously the UN will sue them for breach of contract instead of paying them.

"How many commercial and industrial uses are there for non-recyclable, non-biodegradable industrial and municipal waste products?" None. Otherwise, some bright light would be (1) charging industries and municipalities to haul their wastes away; (2) allowing church groups and school groups and workfare slaves and convicted criminals with hours of public service to process the waste into a useful product; (3) then selling it for as much as the market would bear. (I read a couple of months ago about a fertilizer company somewhere in Canada doing exactly that.) ...

(I would have thought that by now, someone would be attempting to produce a highly durable, chemically inert substance that would preserve important texts for millennia – something that, unlike modern paper, would not burn, rot, or chemically digest itself.)

We also heard from: carl juarez; Taral Wayne; Steve Stiles; David Malinski, who asked to be removed from the distribution list





-- *New Ten Commandments* --

- 1) It's just a place. I don't give a fig about it. Anywhere else is just as good. If you don't stop fighting over the Holy Land, I'm turning it into a lake.
 - 2) Prayer is for man. I don't need your groveling. It's supposed to make you feel better. If it doesn't -- stop doing it.
 - 3) The past is over. Don't carry on about what your fathers did. They'll be held to book over it, and what happens to them in the hereafter is none of your affair. I care what you do now.
 - 4) I gave you minds and eyes to use them. Observe, think. If it seems I want you to do something senseless, you probably haven't heard me right. If I wanted robots who would commit suicide over a typo, I wouldn't have given you reason.
 - 5) The world is not evil, it's not a distraction from higher things, or a code, or a symbol of something else, or a test. It's something I created to put things in that I like. I had rather hoped you'd like the world too, and add good things to it.
 - 6) It's only a book. And I didn't write it. The authors had axes to grind like any other writers. Don't believe everything you read.
 - 7) Nobody has my ear more than anyone else. If I want you to know something, you won't hear it from a third party.
 - 8) I make the judgements around here. Not you. Not him. Me. Don't put words in my mouth.
 - 9) If you kill someone who disagrees with you, you only make sure they won't change their mind. If they live, they might eventually see your point.
 - 10) You don't know as much as you think you do. When in doubt forgive. When certain use reason or set example.
- ...
- 11) If you screw up this time, people, the cats get the next saviour I send.

(c) Author, Tard Wayne 2007

With this issue I'm publishing some draft filksongs I've been working on for a long time, which we may consider for our male chorus. I need your help to put these filks into final form. And to submit more filks, to make up a decent songbook.

NOTE: I have attended exactly one Norwescon, in 1990. Conceivably the following filk has to be *completely* rewritten, to reflect Norwescon's actual history. Your suggestions are welcome.

The Norwescon Song

(for male quartet to the tune of "Northwest Passage" by Stan Rogers)

Chorus:

**Ah, for just one time I would make it to Norwescon
and hear the voice of Suryan bawling out the volunteers;
Tracing one warm line through a land so mild and savage
And make it to Norwescon by the sea.**

Due south from the Peace Arch gate, 'tis there 'twas said to lie
the greatest con in Puget for which so many vied;
Seeking gold and glory, leaving crumbled, broken scones
And long-forgotten used-up microphones.

Thirty years thereafter, I take passage overland
In the footsteps of brave Steven Barnes, where his workshops began
Watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink again
This tardiest explorer, driving hard across the plain.

And through the night, behind the wheel, the mileage clicking north
I think of Robert Runte and the others who went forth
Who cracked the Promo Barrier and did show a path for me
To race the other concons to the sea.

How then am I so different from the first fen through this way?
Like them, I left a mundane life, I threw it all away.
To go to great Norwescon and promote for many fen
The cons that we will hold back home again.

(with apologies to the estate of Stan Rogers)

With this issue I am also presenting names and faces of Royal Swiss Navy members, as included on the RSN Facebook group that Ryan Hawe set up. Biographies and superpowers and masked crimefighter identities are for you to make up at will; I just made up placeholders to give you the idea.

Officers and Members on the RSN Facebook Group



Michael R. Barrick, Theoretician

This is the man who solved Fermat's last theorem in less than 25 lines, but was persuaded that publishing it would end the sidereal universe.



Michael John Bertrand, Last of Fowler's Volunteers

"Fruvous", as he is also known, is convinced that any sentence ending in "pants" is inherently funny. Ask him about "theory of mind" sometime.



Jason Brandt, Privateer Recruiting

I once asked him what his secret was, but he regretted to say that he would have to kill me if he told.



Todd Bussey, Left Honourable Irascibly Incurable Captain of the RSN *Gothic Lollipop*

Who am I to judge this person?



Richard Graeme Cameron, Lorekeeper

I sometimes think Graeme is one of the Nine Secret Masters of Fandom. On other days I think he was smuggled into fandom by a sinister cabal of history faculties.



Nessa Coady

Age cannot wither nor custom stale
her infinite variety.



Adriana Devai, Major, Special
Operations Division

You try holding that pose.



Jennifer Gibson

Her secret superpower has
something to do with her impending
nuptials.



Ange Gordon, Farscrier and Wielder
of the Vorpall Blade

She has not decided whether to use
her university degree for good or for
evil.



Ashton Green, High Marshal of
Transport Division, Red Army
Liaison

He already decided.



Ryan Glenn Hawe, Line Captain in charge of Web Salvage

Host of BCSFA's long-running Friday-night pub gathering, and founder of RSN's Facebook group.



Michael George Horn (Nanaimo)

I've got to meet this guy.



Amena Khan

Oh, I have *got* to meet this woman.



Kirstin Morrell (Calgary),
Ambassador to Alberta

Currently still bound to the service of Con-Version.



Tila Pelletier (author of Pepper)
The picture says it all.



Stephen Samuel
Our man in FreeGeek.



Garth Spencer, Grand Admiral
Hey, it was a Christmas picture, OK?



Cindy Turner
Convention hostess and filker
extraordinaire.



Felicity Pamela Walker

The reason BCSFA still has a
BCSFAzine.

Fowler's Volunteers

(for male quartet, to the tune of "Barrett's Volunteers" by Stan Rogers)

Oh the year was 1988
(How I wish I was in Fairfield now!)
A request to bid came from Anaheim
To the raggedest crew of partners in crime

(Chorus)

God damn them all!

**I was told we'd hold a con for American gold
We'd lose no points - shed no tears
Now I'm a broken fan on a False Creek pier
The last of Fowler's volunteers**

Oh, Frances Skene cried Vancouver town
(How I wish I was in Oak Bay now!)
For forty brave fen all con vets, who
would make for her a con com true

(Chorus)

The bidding group was a naive crew
(How I wish I was in Kamloops now!)
The vets stayed home and the neos came who
were the only ones to follow through

(Chorus)

On Dominion Day we placed our bid

(How I wish I was in James Bay now!)
We went a whole year up to Anaheim
Plugging like madmen all the time

(Chorus)

In '89 we won our bid
(How I wish I was in Sechelt now!)
When a bloody great Trade Act hove in sight
With our fannish press we tried to fight

(Chorus)

At length we stood a year away
(How I wish I was in Saanich now!)
Our cracked con chair ...
*

The Yankees stayed down south with gold
(How I wish I was in * now!)
*
*

(Chorus)

(with apologies to the estate of Stan Rogers)

The Web of Jophan

(after Kipling's "The Explorer")

There's no sense in going further -- it's the end of publication,"
So they said, and I believed it -- broke my mimeo, sold my stock --
Built my life and took my buses in the little conurbation
Tucked away below skyscrapers where careers run out and stop:

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes
On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated -- so:
"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind Web pages --

"Something lost behind the fanfic. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

So I went, worn out of patience; never told my nearest neighbours --
Stole away with pen and notebook -- left 'em drinking in the pub;
And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem to help my labours
As I faced the Web directories, leading down and leading up.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning flames and dodging spammers,
Hurried on in hope of fandom, headed back when my hopes died;
Till I camped above the newsgroups -- drifting email and listservers --
Found a link where least expected -- knew I'd found where fans would hide.

"Thought to name it for the finder: but that night the blackout found me --
Froze and killed my aged PC, so I named the date Despair
(It's Discovery Day to-day, though). Then my Whisper waked to hound me:

--

"Something lost behind the Pages. Over yonder! Go you there!"

Then I knew, the while I doubted -- knew Jophan was looking o'er me.
Still -- it might be self-delusion -- scores of better fen had died --
I could reach Mundania sober, but... He knows what terror tore me...
But I didn't... but I didn't. I crossed to the Other Side.

Till the bleakness flowered in fan prose, and the email turned to conreps,
And the conreps turned to essays and a zinefans' list sprung up;
But the cons became Creation, and the fanac fell to gaming,
And I fell to desolation -- so much flame I near hung up....

I remember starting fanfeuds; I remember sitting by 'em;
I remember seeing faces, hearing voices, turned to smoke;
I remember they were fakefans -- for I wrote Fanspeak to try 'em.
"Something lost behind the Pages" was the only word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I knew it
When I saw myself silly-walking in con videos I saw.
Very full of dreams, my 'surfing, but my fingers walked me through it...
And I used to watch 'em moving with the nails all black and raw.

But at last the 'pages altered -- TruFan's country past disputing --
Rolling prose and open sources, with a hint of Art behind --
There I found me food for thinking, and I lay a week recruiting.
Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey -- chose my Web links, named and
wrote 'em --
Week by week I pried and sampled -- week by week my findings grew.
Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by Ghod he found a kingdom!
But by Jo, who sent His Whisper, I had struck the worth of two!

Up along the hostile genzines, where the hair-poised Revoo shivers --
Down and through malarial anime cons where virgin naifs lie,
Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of undiscovered writers,
And beyond the nameless fanart saw subjects as wide as the sky!

'Plotted sites of future societies, traced the easy grades between 'em;
Watched unharnessed faneds wasting fifty thousand words an hour;
Counted leagues of water-frontage through the axe-ripe woods that screen
'em --
Saw the plant to feed a people -- up and waiting for the power!

Well, I know who'll take the credit -- all the clever chaps that followed --
Came, a dozen men together -- never knew my desert-fears;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water-holes I hollowed.
They'll go back and do the talking. They'll be called the Pioneers!

They will find my sites of townships -- not the cities that I set there.
They will rediscover rivers -- not my rivers heard at night.
By my own old marks and bearings they will show me how to get there,
By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my feet aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one single acre?
Have I kept one single nugget -- (barring samples)? No, not I!
Because my price was paid me ten times over by my Mener.
But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water-transit sure and steady
(That should keep the railway rates down), coal and iron at your doors.
Joe took care to hide that country till He judged His faneds ready,

Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've found it, and it's yours!

Yes, your "Never-never country" -- yes, your "end of publication"
And "no sense in going further" -- till I browsed the Web to see.
Joe forgive me! No, I didn't. It's Joe's present to our Nation.
Anybody might have found it, but -- His Whisper came to Me!

RSN Intelligence Branch

Open Investigation Files:

CASE WARNER BARBERA
(Furry Fandom)

Addendum 4/30/2009, ADB:

... I'd like to address [TW]'s article "Essential Refurance." It's nice of him to recycle, but this article is well out of date. Obviously I won't question the historical information; [TW] was publishing pictures of Saara Maar when I was still reading *Mars and Miss Pickere!* But much has happened since December of 1992. Hold-and-forward networks like Fidonet (on which Furnet and Purmet used to "piggyback") have gone the way of the mastodon, at least in North America. They have been replaced by Internet BBSes. Furry examples include FurAffinity, Playmouse and FurNation, as well as furry subsections of places like Yahoo Groups. For local examples in Canada, try Ontario Furry, Capital Furs, MonFur, VanFur, Fur4U and others too numerous to mention. Furry email lists helped keep furries sorted by "special interests", such as local events or particular furry activities, through the late '90s and early 2000s. Now interest in them seems to be fading in favour of BBSes. I haven't been able to verify whether any furry newsgroups still exist; if so, then probably not much has changed about them. Internet Relay Chat is still a popular way for furries to communicate, although I'm not fond of it myself. Social stimulations are, if anything, even more popular than ever; FurryMuck is still around, others of the type have come and some have gone. A more sophisticated, graphic "MUD" named Furcadia is also still around, but Furrey sections in Second Life have claimed some of its popularity. ...

Fanzines Received (or seen at eFanzines)

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Why You Got This

- ___ You are a member of the Royal Swiss Navy.
- ___ You trade with me.
- ___ You are mentioned.
- ___ Punch buggy!
- ___ You wrote to me.
- ___ A suffusion of yellow.
- ___ I forget.
- ___ The linden trees quiver.
- ___ You forget.
- ___ A naughty in the bushes.
- ___ Your intelligence report is late.
- ___ You and your group did better pranks than I think up.