

FLAG

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Sisyphus has nothing on this guy

The Land That Our Grandchildren Knew: A Book Report on Foolscap 2013/Potlatch 22

I believe the hybrid convention held over the first weekend in February was the first SF con other than Corflu that I've attended in four years. Potlatch 22 bolted its head, Ray Milland-like, onto the body of Foolscap 2013, and the two small reader-oriented conventions seemed to coexist perfectly. The two events draw on groups with multiple members in common, and even when combined, there can't have been more than 150 people actually there. But these included a bracing percentage of people I quite like to talk with, and I found myself enjoying the weekend in complete trufannish contentment, without a whisper of Insurgent skepticism or irony. By any standard, accommodations were comfortable: I tried to imagine myself as a teenage neofan in the 1970s, reacting to Foolscap's tradition of serving the convention *un fond du chocolat* on Friday night, and could only conclude that life has turned out pretty well.



The reason that I spent the weekend channeling my teen-aged self was that Potlatch chose to make Jo Walton's Hugo- and Nebula-winning novel *Among Others* the intellectual center of the weekend. This was the first time that the convention had ever chosen a work by a living author as its "Book of Honor," and it provoked a youthful buzz among veteran committee members, who agreed to "one last ride" with this half-step Potlatch. Walton's novel is a suburban fantasy set in England and Wales in 1979, and occasionally steps into the same path as many other Coming-of-Paranormal-Age sagas. But Walton's view of magic, and various fey and fairy folk who are associated with it, is subtle and profoundly satisfying; we might even call it "sober" or "mature" in comparison to the sparkly aerial wizardry that forms the industry standard. A panelist compared Walton's approach to John Crowley in *Little, Big*, and this elicited an appropriately tasteful murmur of assent from the audience.

Walton's protagonist, an admittedly ill-disguised version of her younger self, is a teen-aged girl with a gift for magic, forced by family tragedy to move to an unfamiliar home and school. Her ethical and physical struggle to stay in contact with magic in one of the least magical places imaginable (a toney, Tory English Girls' School) would make a good book by itself. But what makes *Among Others* speak so clearly to SF fans is that Mori Phelps-Markova chooses science fiction as her preferred vehicle to escape the manifold stresses of her life between two worlds. She is an impossibly prolific and voracious reader, in the way that only an adolescent in their personal golden age can approach. And her taste is strongly skewed toward American sf novels of the "New Wave" and the 1970s. Several of the book's most important intellectual themes are reflections of Mori's reading of works like Vonnegut's *Cat's Cradle*, Leguin's *The Dispossessed* and Delany's *Triton*. Her moral and emotional sensibilities are profoundly affected by her intense love of Tolkien, whose work offers a sort of classical mythology to her and her peers. It feels just deliciously *right* that even a person able to manipulate supernatural forces would long for the poetic clarity of *The Return of the King*.

[Continued on Page 2]

I thought your pseudonym was 'Gorgeous Randy Flamethrower'

And I put my hands up and said, ‘Demonic Raisins, I rebuke you!’

**The Land That Our Grandchildren Knew:
Potlatch 22 and Foolscap 2013, *Among Others***

[Continued from Page 1]

Mori is not just a science fiction lover; she craves the company of other people with a similar sensibility. She borrows the Bokonian concept of the “karass” from *Cat’s Cradle*, and uses it as a shorthand in searching for contact with fandom. She’s unusually focused on this search for friends, peers and a surrogate family to fill in the gaps in her own broken background. But it echoes things we have heard fans say a thousand times: “I was searching for something, but never knew just what it was until I discovered fandom.” And there is an additional complication to her story, because it turns out that Mori has succumbed to temptation and asked supernatural forces to help her find this friendship; and when it comes, she is haunted by the fear that it has only happened because of her intervention, without which no one would ever like her.

It’s a lovely interpretation of universal adolescent misanthropy, and Mori’s doubts are so expertly rendered that many readers see it as indicative of a larger web of neuroses and delusion. For want of a better phrase, they think the magic is all in Mori’s head. The author, for what it’s worth, finds this comical. She acknowledges that many of the tragedies in Mori’s life parallel events in her own, but also intends the meticulously rendered fairies, ghosts and terrible magic to be as objectively real as her physical handicaps. Mori narrates the story herself; the book is putatively a diary, protectively written in a mirror-script to thwart an uninvited reader. Yet she writes directly to the reader when she invites us to consider her an unreliable narrator, and her diary “one of those memoirs that’s later discredited to everyone’s horror because the writer lied and is revealed to be a different colour, gender, class and creed from the way they’d made everybody think. I have the opposite problem. I have to keep fighting to stop making myself sound more normal. Fiction’s nice. Fiction lets you select and simplify. This isn’t a nice story, and this isn’t an easy story. But it is a story about fairies, so feel free to think of it as a fairy story. It’s not like you’d believe it anyway.” (p. 16)

In contrast, Mori’s contact with science fiction fandom grows more concrete throughout the novel. An encounter with a sympathetic librarian leads her to an active and enthusiastic book club. One member of this group is touched with a tiny spark of the same talents that Mori possesses, and of course he assumes the role of her first boyfriend. But his ability to see the fairies is not as important as the fact that he is a veteran of the 1979 Worldcon in Brighton, where he met writers including Robert Silverberg and Vonda McIntyre – the latter of whom was in the audience as we discussed the book on Saturday afternoon. The sense of familiarity grows as Mori discovers fanzines through the example of ANSIBLE, and counts herself among Langford’s legion of admirers. My comment upon finishing the novel was that I was sorry it ended before I began publishing fanzines in the early 1980s, because I would surely have added Mori to my mailing list!

The Albacon Club

My approach to *Among Others* was unusual, because I had agreed to create some kind of dramatic adaptation to perform on Saturday night at Potlatch, before ever reading the book. It quickly became apparent that I had no hope of even summarizing the book’s narrative in the hour-long space open to me, and began thinking of a kind of faux-documentary expose on fairies and sympathetic magic circa 1980, presented by David Frost. That went nowhere. Rather than reacting to the story, I found I wanted to extend it, and insert people and events that I knew were Mori’s contemporaries. I was particularly tantalized by the suggestion that Mori and her boyfriend Wim planned to attend Albacon, the 1980 Eastercon, in Glasgow. I knew that fan writers had documented the convention in sufficient detail that I could present specific incidents from the real historical event to parallel a fictional account of Mori’s part in it.

The script that resulted is titled “The Albacon Club.” It is dominated by Mori’s voice, as she is the narrator of the play just as she is of the novel. The text is ostensibly another series of journal entries leading up to Easter weekend of 1980, but it devolves into actual dialogue in all but one or two entries. Other characters from the novel included Keith, Mark and Wim from the Book Club, several popular girls from the school, and possibly the specter of Mori’s sorcerous mother, who may or may not be behind a series of night terrors. To these I added several of my own choice, including a wartime comrade of Mori’s grandfather Sam, Prospero, the former Duke of Milan, and British SF fans Dave Langford, Roy Kettle and Jimmy Robertson. In Langford’s case I was able to quote lines from his report on the convention in ANSIBLE, but I freely admit

the other two are pale caricatures of their real counterparts. I portray Kettle as some sort of book-hauling **huckster**, although the introduction to Indian food that he provides to Mori and Wim was based on a very real meal.

I tried to be as true to Mori's voice as possible, but of course, I drew on incidents I recall from my own life in that same era. Mori is perhaps a year and half younger than I; trying to conjure her image, I kept thinking of Lynne Morse, a younger classmate in high school who invited me to my first convention in 1977. It's in her honor that I included a significant musical interlude, as the assembled cast belted out "39," a song from Queen's famous album *A Night At The Opera*. Written by guitarist/astronomer Brian May, it clearly evokes the painful dilemma of relativistic travel. The narrator leaves Earth to explore a distant star, and returns only one year older, but is greeted by his descendants, to whom centuries have passed. Lynne brought a cassette copy over to my house in about 1979 and we played it on a cheap deck in my basement. She was partial to John Deacon's composition "You're My Best Friend," but "39" followed it on the album, and that was the song that really caught my attention. It was **science fiction**, man. I bought my own copy –on vinyl – a week later.

In the performance, I played the song on CD, but had the entire cast bellow the lyrics at the top of their lungs, quite drowning out Freddie Mercury's sweet vocals. It must have made for a tense three minutes in the Foolscap evening program going on in the adjacent room, but we were good neighbors otherwise. It was a big cast – a dozen characters plus sound cues, although Hal O'Brien doubled as Keith and Prospero, and one of the popular girls decided her part was too small and dropped out twenty minutes before rehearsal. Ulrika O'Brien stepped up to read both Jimmy Robertson and Candace Hendsleigh-Parkinson, which helped to save on chairs.

How was it received? I think the audience were very familiar with *Among Others*, and receptive to the idea of seeing Mori continue on to her first convention. But the inclusion of real British fans and convention activities from 1980 was less familiar stuff, and I doubt if even the majority of the cast knew that we were talking about real people. Certainly Jerry Kaufman did, and the O'Briens, and I could hear Spike laughing heartily in the back of the room. Poor Carrie knew it backwards and forwards after listening to me chew at the script for two weeks. I did find myself wishing that there might have been even *one* British fan in the room. On the other hand, I had a remarkable volunteer cast, highlighted by local SF writer Cat Rambo, who read the hundreds and hundreds of words in Mori's narration without a single hitch. She is well accustomed to reading her own work aloud, and she lives less than a mile from the hotel in Redmond. If you're looking for someone to give a professional reading on the strength of a single chaotic rehearsal, Cat is my only recommendation.

It was a convivial weekend – compliments to both committees. I also attended an enthusiastic panel on contemporary space opera, and chatted with visitors like Lise Eisenberg, Tom Becker and David Levine. The experience was apparently good enough to convince us to buy attending memberships in Loncon 3, and that has me fantasizing about performing "The Albacon Club" again at the Worldcon. That may be, however, a rather high profile event at which to openly trumpet my plagiarism. But I'm confident there will be ample diversions on offer regardless. It may vex some fan philosophers to read it, but fandom shows no real sign of moving beyond science fiction as they suggest we should. Bunch of damn nerds.

A Key to the linos published in FLAG #1

Page 1: "You went to my tailor. That's the cut Reagan was wearing the day he got shot."

Alec Baldwin offers sartorial advice as Jack Donaghee on the now-lamented *30 Rock*.

Page 1: "The President is choking on my gas bladder! What an honor!"

A *Futurama* moment: A vivisected Dr. John Zoidberg encounters Harry Truman at Roswell, New Mexico in 1947.

Page 2: "We're just here for moral support while you come to grips with what a despicable thing you've done."

Miyam Bialik as the perpetually unfiltered Dr. Amy Farrah Fowler on *The Big Bang Theory*.

Page 4: "Please, 'Mr. Lewis' was my father. Call me 'Chocolate Dinosaur.'"

Kevin Michael Richardson as Brian Lewis, the eccentric Principal of Pearl Bailey High School on *American Dad*.

Page 5: "Ooh, a lesson in not changing history from Mister I'm-my-own-Grampa!"

Billy West as Professor Hubert J. Farnsworth lectures Philip J. Fry (also Billy West) during *Futurama's* trip to Roswell.

Page 6: "What, if anything, have Neanderthals ever done for us?"

Question posed in an episode of the PBS science series *NOVA*.

Page 7: "I learned in my early days of fandom that industry and energy can sometimes compensate for consistent talent." Alan Dorey discovers a fannish truism in his review of *Banana Wings* #51, from *Gross Encounters* #22.

We're *all* the Peace Faction, you prick.

The Curious Market of Doctor Corflu

For better or worse, I've become a part-time fanzine huckster. I've sold several thousand dollars' worth of fanzines on eBay over the past decade, donating almost all the money to TAFF, and the operating budgets of Corflu Zed and Corflu XXX. Over that period, the online market has gawn, in spite of the worldwide economic contraction that took place at the same time. When I began listing fanzines to support Victor Gonzalez' tenure as TAFF supremo, fanzines from the 1940s and 1950s were strong sellers, but interest waned the closer your publication date came to the present day. 1970's fanzines were often a tough sell. Now, one or more compulsive collectors will snap up about 90% of all the fanzines I list, and even fanzines from the 1980s and 1990s have elicited some enthusiastic bidding from younger fans, and those trying to fill holes in their collections. And my prices don't even approach those asked by some online sellers, who feel that a small press run automatically makes every fanzine a \$20 item.

I've been talking about auctions at Corflu XXX with Dan Steffan for weeks now, trying to convince him to take a year's break from the usual live auction. It's getting sort of wearying to beat money out of the same mostly underemployed fans every year, and it gets harder to pretend that I remember the particulars of so many fanzines published before I ever entered fandom. If Corflu requires a significant amount of money beyond the income provided by memberships, it needs to raise that money in advance of the event, so that we don't have to spend time on it at the convention, and beg our friends to keep us from going into the hole.

I'm all for the practice of distributing old fanzines and other treasures at Corflu, but less crazy about asking people to spend a lot of money for something that the editor would give them for free. It also used to be a fairly common practice for fans to liquidate and/or redistribute their fanzine collections during the Corflu weekend, but we began to actively discourage people from doing it, to avoid competition with the auction and the convention's efforts to pay for itself. Still, I have fond memories of looking through parts of Alex and Cory Panshin's collection at Corflu 10, and buying back my own fanzines from Richard Brandt for fifty cents each at Corflu Blackjack in Las Vegas. I envision a kind of "flea market for fanzines," at which fans would rent tables from the convention for a nominal sum, and use them to lay out their own fanzines for sale – stuff they published themselves, and stuff that came in the mail, and stuff they bought at other sales and auctions. Every fan would be responsible for collecting their own money and watching their own stock – although that necessity could be limited by having the market open for just a specific part of Saturday afternoon and early evening. Who knows what kind of stuff we might see -- I can easily imagine the same seller might put out an issue of HYPHEN for \$40 and a box of random zines from the 1970s and 1980's for 25 cents each.

Dan's main objection to my idea was that he **wanted** to have a "regular" auction at Corflu XXX, and had already begun picking out cool stuff that he wanted to sell. I countered with the suggestion that we have a "table auction," similar to the one we put together for Corflu Badger ten (!) years ago. Fans will be invited to record their bids for each lot on a corresponding sheet; items with fully "blacked out" bid forms would require a final sealed bid from the interested parties; the high bidder would be called on to exceed the next highest bid by \$1.00, or \$5.00 if the bid was greater than \$100. When Dan decided he liked the potential for added conversation that this plan offered, I suggested that he could fill up about half the room with tables for his auction items, and let me fill the other half with tables reserved for other fans to display and sell whatever they want to bring. Dan thinks it unlikely that many fans would want to schlep bags or boxes full of fanzines to Corflu, but I end up doing it for free just about every year.

These "Fanzine Market" tables also represent an opportunity for the current fan fund administrators or their agents to sell material for the benefit of TAFF, DUFF and GUFF at Corflu. The current plan is for the proceeds of the Corflu XXX auction to go entirely to the convention's treasury with any highly improbable profits to be passed on to next year's Corflu committee. I would love to hear from anyone interested in having a table in the flea market, so I can reserve you a space and prove to Dan that there will be genuine interest in our "temporary huckster room" at Corflu XXX. You're sure to see more profit than your heirs will when they recycle your collection after you join the big Fanoclast Party in the sky.



Color Party:

Readers' Letters to FLAG

[The chief reason for publishing a fanzine is to stimulate correspondence, with the presumption that at least some significant portion of it will be printed in subsequent issues. This presents a dilemma to the publisher of the ensmalled fanzine, because the ease of replying to a bite-sized title means that it will receive far more text than can be printed within its limited page count. But email makes it easy to send at least a brief reply to most correspondents; and my comments here are often only excerpts as well. YOUR letters are presented in 10-point Georgia, like this, while my comments, Ghu help me, are executed in Poor Richard, like this.]

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In your breakdown of the “eras” of fandom, I came in at the beginning of The Trufan Rebellion, 1971-1983. I think that’s a good name for the era. As a neo I had no contact with either the focal point fans or fanzines cited.

I was, instead, plunged into another track of trufannishness in a focal point fanzine that neither you nor Arnie list: Donn Brazier’s *Title*. This was a small monthly fanzine bursting with kinetic energy, edited by one of the coolest fans to every grace the subculture. Donn was GoH at one of the Autoclaves, the original fanzine fan convention, held in Detroit, back in the mid-seventies. He should not be forgotten.

Your “Fanzine Countdown” had my inner fan salivating. That was quite a list for only one month. At some point I’m really going to have to decide to take on the financial burden of an ISP at home. It’s the only way I will be able to stay abreast of what’s happening in fanzine fandom these days. Like I’ve ever done that!

[That was a really good month of fanzines at the turn of the year, wasn’t it? And I even left off something that I’m mentioning in the countdown for FLAG #2. A lot of fans seem to put on a major push to publish before the end of the year. I think TITLE is probably the most noted omission from Arnie’s chronology (although LE ZOMBIE is close behind), and several correspondents have mentioned it.]

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Re the Ages of Fandom table – I love the fact it actually does take in the modern world. One of the key frustrations I have about the fan-history thing, I guess, is that it always seems to run out exactly where I came in – like you, only a few years earlier, ie the early 80s. Of course I realise people are less willing to commit scurrilous things to paper about people who are still (a) alive and (b) even possibly around at cons. But for someone like me, who was always basically in fandom for the gossip, it makes it all a bit pointless.

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It would be nice to see a trend toward ensmalled fanzines. I confess that I’m not always in a mood to sit down with a fanzine and read for two straight hours. Perhaps fanzine fandom has been dominated by big extravaganza zines for a little too long and the time for a swing in the other direction is overdue.

“The problem now is convincing people to actually read your fanzine, opening the attachment to your e-mail, or following the link to your page at efanzines.com.”
Verily. In the old days, you only responded to zines you read, and only read those you liked. Not so with e-zines – you can download as many as you want. The problem is that, without opening an envelope and browsing an unfamiliar zine – as we used to – we don’t have any idea what we’re downloading ... and most likely don’t bother to click on it. Fans not used to fanzines at all may have favourite blogs and online groups, but have no reason to go to eFanzines to begin with, and have no “teaser” to get them to discover fanzines. Despite the ease of publishing today, the odds actually seem to have become subtly stacked against fanzine fandom’s long term survival.

[Fanzine distribution methods and customs have evolved steadily across the lifespan of the subculture. I can remember some fans opining that the transition from asking for subscription money to simply expecting “the usual” (LoCs, contributions and trades) would eventually kill fanzines, because it would eliminate the opportunity to read and enjoy fanzines without revealing your own ignorance or ineptitude.]

Get my tub of chalk. I’m going to write swear words on the driveway, blow off some steam.

Like most ethnic foods, our desserts are disappointing

I think it's one of many factors that have whittled away our numbers, and made bulk mailing permits a thing of the past. Online fanzines need something to help create the habit of looking at them. You've gotten me to open up a dozen issues of BROKEN TOYS through ancillary correspondence that has me watching for your byline now. Effective, but a lot of work.]

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I see that *Mimosa* is listed as a focal point fanzine for "The Great War" era of 1983-1990, but that was pretty early in the run -- 21 of the 30 issues were published post-1990. I see that the next era is titled as "The Desktop Publishing Era", which more or less describes how every issue of *Mimosa*, except for the very first one, was produced.

One other thing about the Chronology -- it list many fanzines as being focal point, but all of the fanzines listed are those that Arnie Katz and you would consider as meritorious in one way or another. This seems to me biased, as you and I both know (and Arnie does too, for that matter) that there were other less well-edited fanzines that were nevertheless extremely popular, especially in their letters columns. I don't see that you've attempted a hard definition of "focal point", but you do seem to equate it with popular support across fandom. I think a more even-handed approach to this Chronology would result in a more credible product.

[Your suggestion that MIMOSA belongs in the Desktop Publishing Era, rather than in The Great War, is an illustration of the fact that focal point fanzines straddle different eras of fannish thought and interaction, and act as catalysts for transitions between them. MIMOSA was one of the fanzines that pointed a way to peace in the insoluble round of personal conflicts that had characterized the middle 1980s. By recruiting a group of writers that were split between contemporary fans with no profile in the conflict, and fans from earlier eras who were invited to write about happier times, you created a new focus that then let many participating fans find a haven from bickering. That is where MIMOSA made its real achievement, and that's why I would list it as being part of the Great War as well as in the DTP era.]

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FLAG arrived a couple of days ago. I recognized it at once -- one of those personal, frequent, printed-on-paper, ensmallled fanzines I used to see a lot of. I immediately went to Aconymfinder.com to figure out what *FLAG* stands for. This produced three good leads - am I close? :

Fight Like a Girl
Federation of Live-Action Gamers
Friends of Lesbians and Gays

I was hooked by your fannish timeline. I entered fandom at the end of the Trufan Rebellion and left at the end of the Great War. What were the Trufans rebelling against? And don't say "What do you got?"

[I hate disappointing you, but there was no acronym intended in the title FLAG. The best fanzine titles -- which does not necessarily mean that they are the best fanzines -- are very short, yet still memorable and potentially descriptive: VOID, GRUE, WIZ, PONG and QUIP are all good examples. They stick to your brain, and take only a fraction of a line to type.

As for trying to define the "Trufan Rebellion," I'm hesitant to speak for Arnie, but I think he would identify the increasingly sercon and academic content of many fanzines and the influx of thousands of young fans of Star Trek and other SF media into fandom as being trends that "trufans" tried to resist.]

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I am of course delighted to see something of this kind spreading amongst us again. Seeing that back page 'Fanzine Countdown' I experienced a brief John Carter-esque transportation albeit through time rather than space, back to the 1990s and a world before efanzines and Chris Garcia, a world where we would all periodically wonder whatever happened to Pat Charnock, Alan Dorey and Peter Weston? It didn't last of course, this mental transportation, not least because I later saw the newly revived online *Amazing Stories* complete with Leah Zeldes's 'The Clubhouse' column and now I realise that we are back in the 1970s which does at least explain the fanzines from Pat Charnock, Alan Dorey and Peter Weston. If we are truly hurtling back through the ages and up through page 3 of Flag #1, I wonder whether our paths will next cross at Corflu XXX or the '39 Worldcon?

[Thanks for your help in distributing FLAG#1 to U.K. readers, Mark. As to the seemingly nostalgic qualities of The Fanzine Countdown, I would think that the cyclical nature of fandom would

have become commonly accepted by now – and while no one typically announces that they are about to take a 14-year hiatus from publishing, it seems to befall the most ardent of us. In that context, taking 16 years between Fanzine Countdown columns is hardly remarkable, is it?]

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I'm definitely in agreement that *Fanac* was not the sole focal point of the January 1958 to October 1963 period. I would add both *Void* and *Cry of the Nameless*, which were very different fanzines in some important ways from one another but both of which rallied huge followings and published some excellent material. And I would further make the case that *Fanac*-as-focal-point faded and then disappeared after Walter Breen assumed its editorship in the spring of 1961 and its formerly frequent schedule became more and more erratic.

I also agree with your closing statement that “a genuinely complete and inclusive catalog of focal point fanzines would be remarkably illustrative of where we've been and why we went there,” but it would be a rather large job—and because it would appeal to a limited audience, it would have to be a total labor of love. But then, that's what fanzine publishing is all about, isn't it?

[Research that consists of reading and talking about fanzines doesn't really feel a lot like “work” to me. I'm going to take the various suggestions I receive and plug them into my little table, which should balloon up to two pages in short order. I'll preface the Focal Point Fanzine column with “possible,” and we'll be off. This won't be presented in FLAG, but maybe it will find a home in CHUNGA or another title.]

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In the beginning I started with a crayon, graduating to pencils and ballpoints, but eventually I too had a typewriter. The first one was an early Underwood that I acquired when I was in high school. I don't remember much about it other than George Scithers once fixed it for me. Sadly I never really gave a rat's ass for the old clunker other than it was a great improvement over my handwriting. I am amazed that there are still businesses that specialize in supplying Underwood parts for models

1 – 6, but the typewriter I truly liked was my old Olympia portable. Aside from providing that tactile sensation and clatter that my present computer keyboard lacks, my Olympia was also a fine old fannish heirloom; it first belonged to Avram Davidson when he and Grania lived on 110th street in Manhattan, the same typewriter that he no doubt used to edit F&SF, as well as creating 1962's *Joyleg* with Ward Moore, not to mention announcement of the birth of their son, Ethan, which I illustrated (sadly I no longer have the latter, but I seem to remember the cliché of a stork wearing a helicopter beanie).

Later Andy “You betchum' Red Ryder” Main bem acquired it, and when Andy left for California he sold it to me. This was in the era when spirit duplicators were second in popularity to mimeographs, and since Andy and I both had dittoed fanzines (his *Bhismi'lāh* and my *SAM*, both now largely illegible), by the time I got rid of it, it had acquired a fine purple patina.

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I think the rebellion symbolized by the Brooklyn Insurgents and fannish fandom and swinging LA fandom and even Ratfandom is much broader than “The Trufan Rebellion Era” can encapsulate. Thus is the problem of trying to break all this history down into little chunks when it was, probably, really more like a stew.

Or maybe fandom is a river. It flows, it never stops -- though it does occasionally get rerouted into some backwater areas that get stagnant and ugly. Regardless, the current running from Lovecraft to Tucker to Wollheim to Laney to Willis to Bob Leman to Calvin Demmon to Gary Hubbard and Roy Kettle and on down to you and I is still coming from the original spring that birthed the river and it will continue to flow until they build a dam or something else to stop it. And no matter how hard we may try, you can't point to a series of bottles of water samples from the last 100 years and claim it is the river itself.

[And on those poetic thoughts we close. I also received replies from Greg Benford, Ned Brooks, Jack Calvert, R. Graeme Cameron, Paul DiFilippo, Brad Foster, Alexis Gilliland, Arthur Hlavaty, Gary Hunnewell, Bob Jennings, Jerry Kaufman, Jay Kinney, Murray Moore, Jim Mowatt, Ray Nelson, Lloyd Penney, John Purcell, and David B. Williams. I'm swimming in egobool!]

Tonight's Episode: 'Sweet Home Al-Jazeera'

FANZINE COUNTDOWN, January 11th, 2013 to February 14th, 2013

1.) **FANSTUFF #28 & #30**, Arnie Katz, 909 Eugene Cernan, Las Vegas, NV 89145, available at efanzines.com, email to Crossfire4@cox.net. Arnie seems to have completely adopted the role of fan philosopher in recent issues of this frequent webzine, with an ongoing mission to explain fandom in terms consistent with his experience and values. In #30, he offers his definition of Insurgentism, traces its place in the history and culture of fandom, and fails to explain how their diffident view of science fiction makes an Insurgent something more than a garden variety fakefan. But I was pleased by the sidebar that makes the point that the possession of Insurgent Standards is no excuse for fuggheaded behavior, a point well worth reinforcing in a subculture prone to fantasies of intellectual and technical supremacy.

2.) **CORFLU XXX PROGRESS REPORT #1**, Randy Byers, John D. Berry, Dan Steffan, et al, c/o www.corflu.org. Another conflict of interest case for me. Useful Corflu XXX information, and gimcrack fanwriting by Berry, Byers, Charnock, Hooper, Lichtman and especially Dan Steffan, who is madly in love with his adopted Oregon home. Design is by Berry, so you know you're going to look.

3.) **ORPHEUM #1**, Alan White, c/o smellthefandom.com, email to podmogul@cox.net. A kind of personal fannish yearbook, heavily illustrated with photographs of dozens of fans. Alan used to do a big fanzine called DELINEATOR when he lived in Los Angeles; ORPHEUM is much like it, but even more impressive, with full color throughout. All manner of conventions and other events are detailed, with a strong supporting role played by Jacq Monohan, sitting TAFF administrator and all-around dynamo. It looks like they had quite a heap of desperate fun in 2012.

4.) **OUTLIER #1**, for FAPA #301, Earl Terry Kemp, P.O. Box 6642, Kingman AZ 86402. Terry released this with the November FAPA mailing, but I lost track of it while I was putting together FLAG #1. He leads with an article completed by Bill Rotsler very shortly before his death, a piece Terry purchased in the Corflu Glitter auction. It details a visit to a porn set in August of 1997; Terry has annotated the article with photographs and footnotes identifying the performers present. I was also interested in the transcript of some radio interviews (Good old WBBM!) with the elder Earl Kemp, then serving as Chairman of Chicon III, the 1962 Worldcon.

5.) **SCIENCE FICTION SAN FRANCISCO #137**, Jean Martin, et al, c/o efanzines.com, email to SFinSF@gmail.com. A true clubzine, with a brace of editors and contributors and

photo subjects from busy, busy Bay Area fandom. My favorite fanzine feature of the month is Tom Becker's review of the Stanford Savoyards' production of *HMS Pinafore: The Next Generation*, a delightful mash-up of Gilbert and Sullivan and Roddenberry. Everyone in San Francisco seems to have such great costumes....

6.) **ANDROMEDA'S OFFSPRING #6**, Theresa Derwin, www.theresa-derwin.co.uk. This month's bonus selection is a sercon web fanzine created by professional writer and current TAFF candidate Theresa Derwin. This issue is a Steampunk Special, a-heh – yes, she's late to the dance, but I was interested by the variety of new and older Steampunk novels reviewed and discussed. It's a good introduction, and I liked K.W. Jeter's latter-day reflection on having coined the term "Steampunk." Nice job, but no postal mailing address means I may have a problem mailing her a copy of this review.

Also Released:

A MEARA FOR OBSERVERS #14, Mike Meara, c/o efanzines.com, email to Meara810@virginmedia.com
BCSFA ZINE #475, c/o efanzines.com, email to Felicity4711@gmail.com

BROKEN TOYS #12, Taral Wayne, 243 Dunn Ave. Apt. 211, Toronto, Ontario M6K 1S6 CANADA, email to taral@teksavvy.com

THE DRINK TANK #336 & #337, Chris Garcia, c/o efanzines.com, email to Garcia@computerhistory.org
FADEAWAY #33, Robert Jennings, 29 Whiting Rd. Oxford, MA 01540-2035 Email to fabficbks@aol.com

INTERSTELLAR RAMJET SCOOP, February, 2013, Bill Wright, Unit 4, 1 Park Street, St. Kilda West, Victoria 3182 AUSTRALIA

THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS #91, Tom Sadler, 305 Gill Branch Road, Owenton, KY 40359, email to tomfamulus@hughes.net

SPACE CADET GAZETTE #21, R. Graeme Cameron, 13315 104th Ave. Surrey, British Columbia V3T 1V5 Canada, email to rgraeme@shaw.ca

TETRAGRAMMATON FRAGMENTS #225 & #226, Rob Imes, 13510 Cambridge #307, Southfield, MI 48195

THERESA FOR TAFF NEWSLETTER #1 - #3, Theresa Derwin, c/o www.theresa-derwin.co.uk

TIGHTBEAM #264, David Speakman for the NFFF, c/o [eFanzines.com](http://efanzines.com), email to cabal@n3fmail.com

TINY TAFFZINE #2 & #3, Jim Mowatt, c/o efanzines.com, email to jim@umor.co.uk

VANAMONDE #1013 #1018, John Hertz, 236 Coronado St. #409, Los Angeles, CA 90057