



This is issue #8 of FLAG, a frequent fanzine published by Andy Hooper, from 11032 30th Ave. NE Seattle, WA 98125, email to fanmailaph@aol.com. Member fwa. This is a Drag Bunt Press Production. First copies were mailed on August 28th, 2013. FLAG appears only in printed form, and is available for trade, fannish cartoons or letters of comment. The next issue will be out in late September, 2013. Heading and Art Credits: Brad Foster: Page 5. Ray Nelson: Page 1. Ulrika O'Brien: Title. Marc Schirmeister: Page 7. Heroic U.K. Publisher: Mark Plummer. Sorry if your letter didn't make it in this time; it may yet still appear. And I know you may not like baseball so much, but I love you just the same.

Just allow the mystery gas to do its work

A SONG OF NERDS AND RABBIS:

A Grown-Up Editorial;

Parents, teachers and clergy all hold out hope that we will collectively “grow up” one day, leave aside our childish pastimes and acquire some kind of responsible, professional expertise that can be of use to society. But at this point, I begin to doubt that’s ever going to happen, to me or to most of my peers. There is a part of my brain that is forever directed toward self-indulgent amusements, hobbies and other nominal “wastes of time,” making any pretension toward genuinely responsible work, let alone a career, an extended exercise in self-delusion. But there aren’t any other grown-ups for us to appeal to. We’re all we’ve got. I hope you paid attention to those lectures involving important disciplines like engineering and chemistry and materials science, because you’re in charge now, and if you’re still playing *Tomb Raider* 10 hours a day, we really have no one to turn to.



Thoughts much like these were going through my mind as Carrie and I pulled up to the convalescent center where Stu Shiffman has been living this summer. He continues to make strides in his recovery from the stroke he suffered in June of 2012. And we gathered on the afternoon of July 18th to celebrate something truly remarkable. After 25 years in love, Stu Shiffman and Andi Shechter are going to get married. And they had invited their friends to gather for their version of a traditional Ashkenazi betrothal known as a *Tenaim*. We assembled in the garden-like courtyard of the center, where a dapper Stu and a trembling Andi were waiting to greet us. We munched on lovely hummus and other snacks as friends trickled in, everyone reveling in this summer’s spectacularly fine weather. It isn’t always easy to recognize one another without our layers of fleece and rain-proof nylon, so various longtime friends blinked and laughed as they suddenly recognized one another in their summer plumage.

The learned and lovely Rabbi Jessica K. Marshall (twice winner of the “Puget Sound’s Hottest Rabbi” poll) presided over the ceremony, explaining the history and function of the *Tenaim*. Not too surprisingly, the real heart of the ceremony is the signing of a contract to marry. In the past, of course, many such marriages were arranged when the parties were still young children. Clearly, Stuart and Andi had been resistant to those patriarchal assumptions, which explains why their “courtship” has now lasted a quarter-century. There was just a slightly bittersweet feeling to the event, because the four people who would have loved it the most, Andi and Stu’s parents, are no longer with us. But they were clearly very much on the betrothed’s minds as they explained their feelings and reasons for getting married. For Stu to speak to us requires coordination with a valve attached to his

[Continued on page 2]

Behold the awesome nonsense of nature!

A Key to the linos published in FLAG #7

Page 1: “And never was piping so sad, and never was piping so gay”

Page 8: “O’Driscoll scattered the cards/And out of his dream awoke.”

Lines from “The Host of the Air” by William Butler Yeats

Page 1: “FANVARIETY was rowdy, sloppy and completely loveable”

Harry Warner Jr. assesses Max Keasler’s late 1940s fanzine in *All Our Yesterdays*.

Page 2: “Nose bone into the brain! Skin him and wear him like a costume!”

Kristin Schaal as the blood-thirsty Louise Belcher, in the animated series *Bob’s Burgers*.

Page 3: “Don’t you Americans mix it with cherry pop or Monterey Jack cheese?”

Malcolm McDowell defends the sanctity of single-malt scotch in an episode of the NBC sitcom *Community*.

Page 4: “He even watches game tape of other players watching game tapes.”

Attributed to St. Louis Cardinal outfielder Carlos Beltran in an ESPN baseball promo.

Page 5: “The older gamers remember him as the King of Tecmo Bowl.”

An ESPN talker evokes both two-sport star athlete Bo Jackson and ancient video gaming history.

Page 6: “It’s hard to be gluten free in Nevada.”

Tom Berenger’s character Jack Raydor explains his return to Los Angeles on TNT’s *Major Crimes*.

Page 7: “Only Silverberg has the key, and it is for his exclusive use when he needs a retreat.”

Bob Tucker, “The Tucker Hotel, Part 2,” published in SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY #7, 1981.

A Song of Nerds and Rabbis

[continued from page one]

ventilator, and he has to wait for it to “reinflate” him between sentences. This is obviously frustrating to him, but hearing his voice again at all was like a miracle, and many of us were crying by the end of the ceremony. We also noticed how many of the staff had quietly come outside to watch the proceedings; clearly, working with Stu and Andi had made an impression on them as well.

Fans can never act like grown-ups for too long, of course. After the prayers, and songs, and a few memories of Andi and Stu from friends who have known them the longest, we fell to chattering among ourselves as the *Tenaim* document was signed and witnessed. A conversation on memorable marriage ceremonies soon turned to the recently completed 3rd season of the TV adaptation of *Game of Thrones*, and the notorious “Red Wedding” of the Starks. People were generally over the shock now, and were metaphorically rubbing their hands in anticipation of the nuptials of the notorious King Joffrey Baratheon. People fairly cackled, speculating which character would be the next to take the big dirt nap. This group of skeezy, snickering fan boys and girls included a celebrated space scientist, a well-known book designer, some card-carrying systems wonks, and several more working writers, publishers and academics. Not one of them had on white socks or had repaired their glasses with adhesive tape, but if you closed your eyes, you could see all the trappings of our feculent subculture, down to the “Beam Me Up Scotty, There’s No Intelligent Life Down Here” T-shirt.

The truth is, we always associated adulthood, being “grown-up,” with the mundane. I think we all secretly hoped that by concentrating on fannish activities like reading science fiction, watching it on TV and in movies, publishing fanzines and organizing conventions, we would remain young ourselves, and avoid the limits of a life defined by such mundane details as work, family and reality. All we really succeeded in doing was redefining the fantastic as something mainstream. As Taral Wayne recently pointed out in his fanzine *BROKEN TOYS*, at one time fans were desperate to see Fandom grow – and we never anticipated how it would dilute the experience to share it with so many. Nerd culture is now everywhere. Does this then mean, by the perverse logic of cultural non-conformity, that nerds are actually uncool again?

It’s too late to turn back now. The background shared by George R.R. Martin and the two principle writers of the *Game of Thrones* TV show (and Jo Walton too, I believe) is that all three of them spent hundreds of hours creating and playing *Dungeons and Dragons* adventures while developing their voices as writers. That helped create an idiom which made George’s novels irresistible to his TV collaborators, and now has millions of readers and watchers hanging on the fate of characters like the Imp, the Hound, and the Dragon-Borne. I just hope that we can find a few minutes here and there to think about climate change and chronic poverty between debates on Dragons and the true parentage of John Snow. Just occasionally, it’s fun pretending to be a grown-up too.



The Super Serum of Summer Fantasy Baseball in a Science Fiction Age

I've been locked in a merciless fight with Hugo-winning SMOF Mike Glycer since April of this year, and I may finally be gaining the upper hand. Mike is the owner/manager of the Arcadia Feral Felines, a team in the 2013 Kung Fu Balboni Fantasy Baseball League, an organization I formed with the help of ESPN.com. Mike is one of two science fiction fans besides me involved in the league – the third is Karl Hailman, from Madison, Wisconsin, a fantasy-league player for over 20 years. The other 9 managers are random volunteers from around the country, who were looking for a league to join the afternoon I formed it. We have an active group of owners this season – everybody has kept their team current and competitive, with the possible exception of Karl, who tends to let his personnel play through a slump. Or a trip to the 60-day disabled list.

Anyway, Mike had a very good draft, and punched the league in its collective mouth for the first four months of the season. My team, the Madison Blues, also has some great players, particularly pitchers. Mike still beat me up good in head-to-head play at the beginning of the season and I've been scrambling to catch up ever since. He had an 11-game lead in the middle of July. But his players have faltered in August, and on Monday the 25th, I woke up with a one game lead in the standings. If things stand as they are now, I will face the 4th place team in the first round of the playoffs, with a strong chance to advance to the championship. Where, most likely, I'll find Mike and the Feral Felines waiting for me.

Like so many baseball seasons in recent memory, this summer has been further complicated by the effort to eliminate steroids and other “performance-enhancers” from the game. Several of the game's more prominent players have been suspended for their association with a medical enterprise in Florida that allegedly focused on slowing or reversing human aging, but which now appears to be a front for drug distribution. The players included two former winners of the Most Valuable Player award, and several who were playing critical roles on teams at the top of their divisions. I lost the services of outfielder Nelson Cruz, who was leading my team in home runs at the time. The only player who refused to accept their suspension and tacitly or openly admit their guilt was New York Yankee slugger Alex Rodriguez. He was accused of covering up his actions so egregiously that he is looking at a 211-game suspension, and the effective end of his career. And so he is appealing his punishment, and permitted to play for the Yankees while waiting for the case to be heard at the end of the season. The reason the story is so different from steroid scandals of the past is that other players now openly criticize their drug-using colleagues, to the extent that Boston pitcher Ryan Dempster threw bean balls at Rodriguez four times in a row before finally hitting him in a game last week. For some reason, Dempster was not ejected for this display, and Rodriguez hit a home run off him later in the game.

Players have not wanted to confront one another on this subject in the past, but the suspension of top players like Ryan Braun and Cruz is evidence that their “juicing” is having an effect on competitive balance in the game. The rhetoric against the suspended players is approaching McCarthy-like proportions – there is a sentiment for expunging their accomplishments completely from the record books because of drug use. Former players who gobbled handfuls of amphetamines before going on the field, and were forced to admit their cocaine use to a grand jury, now characterize steroid users as a “cancer,” and claim it makes them physically sick to see Rodriguez approach his 600th home run. After taking decades to accept the idea that the way you alter your own body is anyone's business but your own, baseball now seems ready to characterize any kind of unsanctioned therapy as cheating. Rodriguez in particular has been notorious for accepting platelet-enhanced transfusions in an effort to heal his injured hip, and there is some question how long that will be legal as well.

It's all rather science-fictional, isn't it? Didn't sickly Steve Rogers become the muscular Captain America after he was given an injection of Super-Serum from its inventor, Dr. Reinstein? In the intervening 70 years, we have gone from fantasies of pharmaceutically-induced super soldiers to a nightmare populated by enormous, enraged golems with bulging foreheads and shrinking testicles. But medicine has already left that cliché in the dust – the only external evidence that Braun and Cruz and others were juicing was the excessive distance of their home runs. The day is on the horizon when players will take sanctioned hormones and supplements specified by owners and their own union in collective bargaining. The campaign against steroid use is having a very measurable effect on the game – batting averages and home run rates are both going down. For now, everyone is willing to characterize the issue in moral terms, when it is really a purely medical and scientific issue – how can humans develop and perform their best, with only the most benign effects on their immediate and long-term health? How can they play contact sports without becoming crippled vegetables later in life? No finger-wagging from bilious old sportswriters should be allowed to slow that search.

I don't like this game – no one likes this game. Even the kids on the box look bored.

R is one of the most menacing sounds. That's why they call it "murder" instead of "muckduck."

COLOR PARTY:

Readers' Letters to FLAG

[Given that I have not published any "new" mail since the end of June, you can imagine the 32-page backlog of letters that has built up in that time. Much of the mail addresses the second iteration of the Katz-Hooper Fanzine-centered Chronology of Fandom in #6. There was so much of this and so many more suggestions that I now entertain thoughts of a third edition, submitted to some online-based fanzine that doesn't have to pay for the pages it will consume, and could insert hyperlinks from the table to the footnotes. Much of that has been held back, therefore, to keep this column to 5 pages. Your letters are presented in Georgia, like this, while my comments, enigmatically, are executed in Estrangelo Edessa, like this.]

Jay Kinney

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Many thanks for sending along the paper issues of FLAG. I've continued to enjoy the zine with each succeeding issue, some more than others as our interests diverge, but it is definitely readable and always welcoming. One thing that has been vaguely digging at me, however, is your running the keys to the linos in the issue following the one in which the linos run. Why not just run them in the same issue as the linos? This seems like a case of unnecessary suspense (or Blue Balls, as we call it down south).

On the Revised Chronology front, I'll merely quibble with olde pal Dan Steffan over nuances in his comments re Youth Culture and Fandom on page 5 of FLAG #6. Dan wrote: "The hippies/counter-culture generation probably brought the biggest surge of people into fandom in all its history. From those folks came movements like comics fandom and Star Trek fandom, and more interest in our fandom than at any other time. There was a huge influx of artists and writers who were looking for a form of expression and found it in fandom and fanzines."

I won't argue with most of Dan's observations - I think they are largely true - but as someone who joined comics fandom c. 1961-2 and was active there until my jump to SF fandom c. 1967-8, I'd disagree that comics fandom derived from hippie/counter-cultural fans in SF fandom. Comics fandom as we know it (post-EC fandom and post-satire fandom) was jump-started around 1961 by Jerry Bails, Roy Thomas, Ronn Foss, and other Golden Age comics fans who were decidedly not inclined towards the counterculture and, in any event, the main comics fandom growth happened before the counterculture took off in any widespread manner.

I suspect that Dan's take on comics fandom is influenced by his viewing it in hindsight via his friendship with Vaughn Bode, who is perhaps the main link between comics fandom and the counterculture. (I could get into minutia regarding the linkage between satire fandom and underground comix, but most of that happened outside of comics fandom, per se.)

[To me, the riddle of a lino is the fun part of the exercise - patting the key in the same issue would take away your opportunity to search out their meaning for yourself. It's the silliest thing in the fanzine, I know, but I always warm up by copying last issue's linos into the new issue's key. Keeps me from staring a blank column to start.]

Taral Wayne

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There is a curious footnote to the FAAn awards sculpted by Randy Bathurst. After a few years, the committee had the felicitous notion to thank Randy for his work. Mike Glicksohn talked to me about the idea of sculpting an award for Randy. I said that I could do it ... and in fact *I did* it! I made a reasonable likeness of Randy into a bheer can, perched on a simplified mimeograph, in obvious imitation of his own creations.

Unfortunately, native ability will only take you so far. I didn't know the first thing about sculpting, so it was too big, and was not reinforced with any sort of armature to hold it together. The bheer can figure of Randy (complete with bheer belly) was almost six inches tall. It fell apart if you were too noisy making eye tracks in the next room. Secondly, I had *heard* of *Sculpee* but didn't know where to buy it. I bought another kind of clay that the lying clerk said would harden in the oven ... and it didn't. By then, I was stuck with a sculpture in a useless medium. I ended up storing the pieces in a Melita Coffee can for years, now and then peeking in to see how much further they had broken down. Finally, I just threw the bits away. It's too bad because I could probably have worked out a way to fix it, or at least retrieve some of the effort. I know a number of people who sculpt who might have made rubber molds of the parts, for example, and we might have cast the Bathurst award. Of course, we never needed more than one.

Curt Phillips

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It's heartening to learn that the CHUNGA braintrust marks the completion of a new issue with a gathering and a barbeque. That's a ritual at once both fannish and civilized. When I completed the most recent mailing of FAPA and had entrusted it to its postal caretakers, I celebrated by mowing the yard and then giving the dog a bath. Your way seems much more satisfying on so many levels.

Art Widner certainly has seen and done some amazing things in his life, and as a WWII history buff I got a kick out of reading that he saw the USS LEXINGTON sailing off to its sea trials. I first thought that Art must have confused the *old* "Lady Lex" (CV-2) which was commissioned in 1927 with the later USS LEXINGTON (CV-16) which sailed off for its sea trials in 1943, but then realized that yes, a young Art Widner might indeed have been there when the CV-2 first set sail. And on that same day, he might have stopped on the way home to buy a copy of Gernsback's new magazine AMAZING STORIES, then only a few months old. It fascinates me to think of such things in historical context.

The Revised Chronology of Science Fiction Fan History is a fascinating thing to read, mostly – I think – for the many points of additional research it suggests. The story of Kent Moomaw is an example of what I'm talking about. I've read *of* Kent Moomaw for decades and his "tragic death" (suicide at a very young age) which evidently rocked the young fandom of that day to its core, Senseless death always does that (and really, it always should) and it's understandable that *this* senseless death suddenly thrust the short life of Kent Moomaw into a spotlight where everything he'd ever written was re-examined in an effort to find some kind of sense in what had happened. As far as I've ever read, all that anyone ever found was a lingering sense that something had gone terribly with Kent Moomaw; that bright young fan who'd been connected to fandom, who was well liked, and who seemed to have had a future filled with promise. As is all too often the case with teenage suicide, there was no clear answer as to why he'd done what he did. None that answered

anyone's questions, anyway. It would be a very good thing, I think, if someone who knew him or who at least was active in Fandom at the same time and knew him that way could take a fresh look at Kent Moomaw's life and his writings and write about him for today's fandom.

[Carrie was kind enough to help me remember that Art said he had taken off work to see the ship, so he saw the 2nd USS Lexington on her way to sea trials in 1943. Since both ships were built at the Fore River Shipyard in Quincy, Massachusetts, Art could actually have seen both ships on their way. The Essex-class Lexington (CV-16) had been laid down with the name Cadet, but when word of the original "Lady Lex's" loss at the Coral Sea reached the States, she was renamed Lexington. The Essex-class ships were a LOT bigger than the converted battle cruiser on which CV-2 was built, so Art's recollection that the bridges had to be rebuilt to let this ship downstream suggests it was the later ship that he saw. The "Blue Ghost," as CV-16 was known, had one of the longest careers of any aircraft carrier, serving as a training carrier until decommissioned in 1991.]

Brad Foster

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I think other faneds in the past have talked about liking, and even -loving-, to get locs. But your line here about how you "still have a crush on the letters of comment that you sent me last month.." takes that to a whole 'nother level in my mind. Just be careful that cute lil' crush doesn't turn into some sort of creepy loc-stalking behavior.



Look out, Terry Wogan, Jim Barker is after your job

The world is full of incident, and nearly void of understanding.

Interesting conversations this issue, though the part that jumped out for me was from Taral, regarding how few fanzine reviewers are apparently left out there. I trust I will not be the only one to back up your own advice that he should, indeed, turn his hand to reviewing fanzines as well. I think it is the rare Taral article that is not something interesting to read, in both style and content. (There have been a few where I had no idea what he was talking about, but that was just because I was unaware of his subject myself.) I'd love to see Taral review fanzines! Just as when I'm researching anything, it's nice to have multiple views of an item to get a sense of it.

William Breiding

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FLAG #6 arrived yesterday. I spent a fun hour going through the Revised Chronology. I appreciate all the effort you've put into this. I was so taken by Kent Moomaw when I read A Wealth of Fable that I can still see that photo of him clearly. And wonder who he really was. Alas, I have never seen 90% of the fanzines listed, though I've heard of them all.

I liked the qualifier that Jerry Kaufman put on TITLE as a focal point fanzine. It's true that Donn Brazier extended his hand to neos. But that wasn't his only focus. TITLE was nearly a letterzine, reader driven. It was one of the early photocopyzines. Donn would cut letters up into subject discussions.

Don D'Amassa is not mentioned. He was sercon but omnipresent, first as a contributor and then with his fanzine MYTHOLOGIES. (Trufan/Great War).

I know you are focusing on fanzines here, but Gary Mattingly brings up an important point about fans-at-conventions. In the 70s and 80s, the Midwestern social scene, that axis of partying, was influential. Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, Madison, Minneapolis ... amazing things of universe-altering consequence happened at these conventions and parties.

[If I undertake the next contemplated expansion, I'll be adding all sorts of elements, and Midwestern Fandom would surely warrant a line. But which era should I put it in? I need to distinguish between Midwescon fandom, which goes back to the early 1950s, and Midwest fandom, which had some apotheosis in the Great War Era. They represent different principles at different times.]

Charles Levi

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As I write you this letter I am listening to Adam Fromm singing "88 Lines About 44 Fangirls" from his website adamfromm.bandcamp.com. It's a real song and yes it can be searched on Google. I couldn't make this stuff up. Hope introduced me to the Nails song, which I somehow missed in the 1980s, and when I searched for it the Fromm song showed up. There is also a wonderful riff on the same song entitled "88 Lines About 42 Presidents," which was produced by the venerable (now deceased) blog "Brunching Shuttlecocks" years ago.

As an archivist by profession, I refer people to Google a lot. An endless source of unrelated, crazy links. We archivists also like chronologies a lot.

In any case, while I am on the subject of Filk and chronologies, there is a complete absence of Filk in the "Hooper-Katz" Chronology as published in FLAG #6. Is it not some sort of "evolutionary milestone"? Or have I got the definition of "Evolutionary" wrong?

I was flabbergasted by your neo-ironic overquoting of my letter in #7. I said more in FLAG #7 than I have ever uttered in any con suite, or combination of con suites, in the last ten years.

The long conversation about boardgames in #7 was amusing. I was a hex boardgamer 25 years ago, still have a bunch of them around, but the transition to current Eurogaming was pretty seamless. And in Toronto, the boardgame scene is thriving, with four boardgame cafes in operation, of varying quality.

You can see we are well beyond the envelope now. Who knows what lies ahead?

Pat Charnock

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Thanks for sending me Flags. I've been way behind in reading fanzines though. When I started working on the last Raucous Caucus, I found it really distracting to read anyone else's fanzines. I'd read something great, and think "I can't write that well". I was convinced my fanzine would never look as good or be as colourful as the ones I'd been sent. And, discouraged, I'd down tools for a week. So I declared a moratorium until after publication, and I'm now working my way through a pile of really good fanzines, including Flags 4 to 7.

I'm not a fan historian, so I don't feel I can argue about your Chronology with any real basis of scholarship. But when I was growing up in UK fandom in the 70s, the Gannets, Rats and Limpwrist were some of the big name fan groups; D. West was promoting the Astral League; and Roy Kettle was being, well, Roy Kettle. And I can't find a mention of Peter Roberts and his orange suit.

I really appreciate your fanzine reviews. I'm coming back to publishing after many years in the void, and still trying to get a mailing list together, trying to work out who might "get" my fanzine. So it's helpful to find out what people are publishing and what their focus is.

I really liked the idea of Flag #7. Very entertaining. And thanks for the namecheck. I'm not into egoscanning, but I'll read through a zine and be really pleased if I find a mention. But it does still worry me that people think of Raucous Caucus as a personal zine. It's a genzine. It's got ace contributions from other writers. I just stick my head above the parapet to fill space and have the occasional self-indulgent rant.

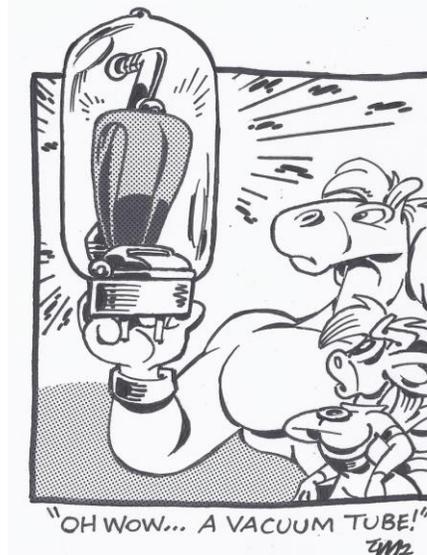
[I'd love to see a book titled "Gannets, Rats and Limpwrist: A History of British Fandom in the 1970s." Peter Roberts was represented by his fanzine CHECKPOINT; this happened to a number of individuals, who were omitted because of the finite space available in each box. Most of the people you mention are represented in the table.

I'm not sure how the perception that RAUCOUS CAUCUS is anything other than a genzine has come about, and I'm sorry for doing anything to perpetuate it. One would hope that your contributors would have something to say about this as well. When the FAAn awards come around again, in just five months from now, I'll be sure to make your preference known to voters.

Greg Benford

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Your list of fmz eras...feels kinda odd to be in a historical ranking, but good idea to center it on the focal fmz. That's kinda how I think of fandom too. Some of my longest friendships are in fandom! I'd put FRAP (Lichtman) as a major fmz in the New



Wave Era--plenty of California humor there, my major outlet while I was in grad school. After that I was a postdoc with Edward Teller and then staff physicist at Livermore Rad Lab, and my fanac was social--especially the wondrous Baycon worldcon, maybe the best I've ever seen, of some dozens (except for the hog trunks circulating in the halls and felling many less scrupulous). Great times. I couldn't take part in the Trufan Rebellion because I was an Assistant Prof at UCI, but after getting tenure by 1974 did at least LOC on Boonfark, Focal Point, Outworlds, SFCommentary, Energumen...a fine era, and maybe Ted White's influence set the tone then. He's been very influential; I wish he'd write his fan memoirs--there's so much he saw & did.

[Greg -It's true that your level of participation waned a bit as your professional obligations increased, but one can't really accuse you of having gaffiated. The fanzines to which you wrote were contemporary to my entry in fandom, so when it came to me to create a mailing list of my own, yours was always a name I recognized.

[I would also treasure the opportunity to read Ted's fannish and professional memoirs. However detailed he chose to be, his perspective would be unique.]

Steve Bieler

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The Revised Chronology of Science Fiction Fan History in FLAG 6.0 was a real show-stopper (or deal-breaker, which many people seem to believe is

They built a Lazy Susan for your nuclear car. That's something they consider conversation-worthy.

John Platypus soon became a familiar sight tooling down the thoroughfares of Hobart

the same thing). I'm amazed that fandom has such a long, recoverable history. I wonder what happened before your chart begins in 1927? Were there 19th-century readers of Jules Verne's novels or Mark Twain's fantasies, or people who read the stories profiled in Sam Moskowitz's *Science Fiction By Gaslight*, who somehow found each other and shared their interests? Or were they lost and isolated? There's even a skiffy story about this, Frederik Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth's "Mute Inglorious Tam."

As Lilian Edwards writes in the new *Chunga*, how does "a fandom built loosely around a literature of the future [seem] in recent years to have become obsessed with excavating and cataloging its past"?

Fandom as represented in this history is overwhelmingly white, male (at least until recently), and based on the former British Empire. Why do you suppose we're so white and male? Don't ask me, I qualify as both. Do fans in France and Sweden excavate and catalog their past?

[I wonder about our contemporary predisposition to look backwards as well. Arguments about the future have no immediate solution, while a certain amount of evidence can be presented in an argument about the past. Given that most of the fans I correspond with are in their 50s or 60s, it's possible that they/we have seen enough future; the world is somewhat weirder than most imagined, and imagining even more changes begins to seem like overkill. Another point is that it has become increasingly clear that we need to be careful what we wish for, as even the most outrageous speculation can have unintentionally inspirational effects. With virtually all the world now industrialized or exposed to the effects of industry in some significant way, I have a strong sense of slow motion collapse, of unsustainable processes that are, very gradually grinding to a halt. At the moment, the ambitions of the 20th Century start to seem a bit deranged, like everything is all equally steampunk and fanciful and who can believe that Detroit was once a city of 2 million people, the home of four-wheel freedom and the arsenal of Democracy? But while it makes our heads swim, humanity is still faced with long-term choices between adaptation or extinction that make speculation on the future both irresistible and necessary for people who are likely to live it.]

John Hertz

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Hurrah for the Ulrika O'Brien drawing that starts FLAG 7. She's a gifted fan artist. Now and then we're enriched with the triple-crowned who write and draw and publish. Terry Jeeves did this long and well. Sue Jones has, although her latest word is that there will be no more TORTOISES. I'd welcome another WIDENING GYRE from Ulrika. I can't tell an artist what to do, only what I'd like to see.

I was at Magicon, the Orlando Worldcon in 1992. I remember Geri Sullivan's inspired Fanzine Lounge, where I met Walter Willis in person. He became a regular VANAMONDE correspondent. Your report of a party in the Fanzine Lounge by night, which you begin by quoting Dick Lupoff about FLAG, is up to your usual. Not long ago you almost had me believing there was an apa called "Bag of Doughnuts" which I'd heard of somewhere but couldn't quite place. But disciplines? We have disciplines?

Only Silverberg has the key. But Jerry Kaufman has always been there.

Other Correspondence Received From:

Jim Caughran (New Address: 500 Duplex Ave Apt 3310, Toronto Ontario M4R 1V6 Canada), **Paul DiFilippo** (FLAG #7 was innovative and lively. I truly felt I was @ a party!), **Marlin Frenzel** (Calvin Demmon was dismayed that Harlan said he had heard of me..."He didn't say that to me!" Calvin wailed.), **Steve Green** (Have to say I'm rather chuffed that *Critical Wave* made it into your list of potential focal point fanzines.), **John Nielsen Hall** (The quotes from Fanzines of the Past on the back page were better still), **Rob Hansen** (And somewhat to my surprise I find I have no major quibbles.), **Margaret Hooper Lofton** (I don't remember Orlando exactly the way you do, apparently.), **Steve Jeffery** (I also watched the recent adaptation of *Coriolanus*, but this has AK47s and tanks rather than spears and sandals.), **Bob Jennings** (I sure hope this is the year Steve Stiles finally gets his Hugo award.), **Jerry Kaufman** (I think you need to add Feminist Fandom to the Trufan Rebellion Era.), **Roy Kettle** (Plenty of American fans have pointed out that they had little idea what was going on here at the time and perhaps Arnie even less so.), **Hope Leibowitz** (I miss the days when I sat, entranced, by "Yang the Nauseating") **Robert Lichtman** (I reject the notion that *Sticky Quarters* was ever a potential focal point fanzine or that its editor was an important fan!), **Murray Moore** (Art Widner is our U.S.S. Lexington, with the important difference that Art remains above water.), **Ray Nelson** (Art), **Joseph Nicholas** (The embedded references come so thick and fast that it's a struggle to parse them all.), **Ulrika O'Brien** (Art), **Lloyd Penney** (I was at the 1992 Worldcon in Orlando, but don't recall much fanzinish other than the great fanzine lounge where I met Arnie Katz for the first time, I think. I met Roger Weddall and Walt Willis for the only time there, too.), **Paul Skelton** (Not to put too fine a point on it, I have never been an 'Important Fan'.), **Milt Stevens** (I wonder if there is such a thing as dialectical fannishness?), and **Howard Waldrop** (Thanks for FLAG #7, the existential party issue - the verbal equivalent of Craig Ferguson's WEEKEND PARTY AT ELTON JOHN'S HOUSE.)

1.) RAUCOUS CAUCUS #2, Pat Charnock, 45 Kimberly Gardens, Harringay, London N4 1LD United Kingdom Email to PatCharnock@gmail.com I'll take full credit for the appearance of this High Performance All-Weather Genzine; when I typed words lamenting its absence in FLAG #7, it was already on the way to my mailbox. Thickly forested with material related to the Charnock family expedition to the Northwest for Corflu XXX. Graham apparently found this an anxious process; I would like to reassure him that his sweet-natured granddaughter Eloise was one of the best behaved fans at the convention, and a better conversationalist than many. Includes Claire Brialey's lovely playing-card based GoH speech from Corflu Glitter, decorated with bright red hearts – one of the best points in a very handsome layout. Fine pieces by John Brosnan and Chris Evans, and a well-tempered letter column fill out the 40 pages. But I was most involved in a memoir of the early 1990s by Rich Coad ("The Ratfan who lives in America"), focusing on Austin, Texas singers/songwriters who are some of my favorites, too. D. West's back cover was truly funny – Graham serenaded me in much the same manner at Corflu XXX.

2.) PAWZ #87, Edd Vick, 1505 SW Alaska St., Seattle, WA 98106-1510
An utterly delightful contribution to the "funny-animal" apa ROWRBAZZLE, from one of Seattle fandom's many secret geniuses. Edd reviews a 1950 Jimmy Durante comic fantasy about a dancing squirrel, *The Great Rupert*, and his editorial covers his surprisingly entertaining experience at a *My Little Pony* Convention. The ubiquitous Taral Wayne counts down his ten favorite digital animated films to date – material that Taral can really make a meal of, and his voice is excellent here, critical but bright. The real treasure is a previously unpublished *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle* story starring Donatello, written by Edd and drawn by Jim Thompson, about 27 years ago. Edd says it relies quite a bit on events in the *Donatello* TMNT one-shot of the same era, and I happen to have that one in my collection....

3.) LITTLEBROOK #9, Jerry Kaufman & Suzle Tompkins, P.O. Box , Seattle, WA 98165
They are among the first fan-editors I ever met from outside my original circle in Madison, and I still find their editorial personalities remarkably inviting. Jerry talks about Stu Shiffman's stroke and ongoing recovery, Stu and Andi Shechter's plans to marry, and the issue has two fine pieces of Stu's art on the front and back covers. A piece of lost ephemera also inspires memories of Jerry's trip to Australia, which was, ahem, 30 years ago. Suzle's sweet editorial ambles from experiences in Reno and San Antonio to the memories evoked by digging the Christmas decorations out every November. The centerpiece is the late Jim Young's last article on cinema history, covering the career of the brilliant Buster Keaton. And when was the last time you got a fanzine with an article by Sandra Miesel? Jerry threatens to end LITTLEBROOK and invent something new again a year

or two down the line, but I don't see the necessity – this fanzine is fine and worth sustaining.

4.) FADEAWAY #36, Robert Jennings, 29 Whiting Rd. Oxford, MA 01540-2035 Email to fabfichbks@aol.com. Literate, decent, hard-working fanzine with a fan's broad range of interests, and working to a rock-steady schedule. Interesting variety of books and comics reviewed by Bob, memories of Roger Ebert from David B. Williams, Dwight Decker on some early 20th Century speculations on Pluto and the outer planetoids, and I contributed an article on the surprising origins of an American novelty song. The only thing that just seems out of place is the THIRD installment of Louis Desy's report on the decline of the national gaming convention, which offers important facts like the presence of a Subway sandwich shop in the food court of a recent venue. I would trim this, as well as the letter column, but I don't think about how I'd fix a *bad* fanzine, you know?

5.) BROKEN TOYS #19 & #20, Taral Wayne, 243 Dunn Ave. Apt. 211, Toronto, Ontario M6K 1S6 CANADA, email to taral@teksavvy.com.
Every time I think I'm writing too much, or too frequently, I take a look over at Taral, and feel like a punk again. BT #19 was quite good, with a lot of interesting musing on what Taral would like to get from fandom, with some examples of the kind of interactions that we enter fandom to find. The usual good stuff. But #20 is a 32-page variety pack that is, by Taral's standards, a flaming brand of fannish zeal. Taral talks about an early encounter with the late, great Bob Tucker, covers current TAFF delegate Jim Mowatt's first stop in North America, offers an obituary for animator Lou Scarborough, who died earlier this year, writes an intricate defense of the big-eared *Star Trek* aliens known as the Ferengi, and even manages to make a *dream* about characters from *Fraggle Rock* seem fascinating. The lettercol has built up the kind of momentum that Taral wanted. One might think the next step would be to involve submissions from other contributors – but if I were capable of filling up as many pages as artistically as Taral can, I might not involve anyone else either.

6.) GEEK GIRL CRAFTS PODZINE#4, edited by Jade Falcon & España Sherrif, c/o eFanzines.com.
I really wish I'd had the space to review the third issue of this online zine, which was about gaming – this one covers podcasting and scrap-booking, plus the mathematical underpinnings of yarn arts like knitting and crochet. Check out the 4 issues posted to date, then send them some response – that's the only element needed to make this into a fanzine as sf fans generally think of them.

7.) ORPHEUM #3, Alan White, c/o smellthefandom.com, or eFanzines.com, email to podmogul@cox.net.
Alan and his pals have devised a name for their new fan group: The West Side Insurgents. I'm not sure they embrace the definition of Insurgency put forth by fellow

Las Vegas resident Arnie Katz. Alan has always been an unapologetic worshipper of beauty and celebrity, so the zine is full of West Coast conventionish events and sightings of personalities like Don Glut and P.J. Soles. So elaborate it is hard to imagine actually printing it, no matter how good a printer might be available. But Alan's art still kicks seven kinds of ass before breakfast. Also, Jacq Monahan continues her TAFF reportage, sharing her encounters with fandom in London.

8.) THE DRINK TANK #347 - 352, Chris Garcia, c/o efanazines.com, email to Garcia @computerhistory.org TDT has really bloomed again this year, with a large cast of contributors writing on sundry stfnal subjects. #347 featured reviews of this year's Hugo-nominated SF novels (I'm betting on Kim Stanley Robinson), while #351 is a tribute to the late Iain Banks. Very good, sometimes deserves the praise it has received.

9.) TARDUM FLUMEN #0 - 7, edited by Tom Becker, et al, for Westercon 66

Tom Becker is a fabulous creature. His faneditorial skills have evolved so that he is perfectly adapted to publishing daily convention newsletters that are worth reading at the event, and saving for future entertainment. Jamming here with Randy Byers, Chris Garcia, Craig Glassner, Al Megas and Chuck Serface, the room is perfect for that West Coast Sound. I regret profoundly not making time to attend Westercon 66 in Sacramento on July 4th weekend – what TARDUM FLUMEN describes quite clearly is an inter-generational, interdisciplinary fandom with numerous active and enthusiastic members under 40 years of age, reasonably cognizant of the many pleasures of fannish tradition, but committed to creating their own evolutionary milestones as well. I mean – I don't mind other guys dancing with my girl. That's fine, I know them all pretty well. But I know sometimes I must get out in the light. Better leave her behind with the kids, they're alright. The kids are all right.

10.) SPARTACUS #1, Guy Lillian III, 5915 River Road, Shreveport, LA 71105. Email to GHLIII@yahoo.com Guy wants to do something good here, so one ought to give him credit for that. But his rambling explanation of why he does not oppose same-sex marriage – calling his remarks “support” would be a stretch – reveals a fundamental homophobia that can't elicit any positive response. One impulse behind the fanzine is to reclaim the name “Spartacus” from its recent use as the title of a popular gay travel guide. I still associate the name with the Spartacus Youth League, the first Trotskyist student organization in the US, and a source of endless rhetorical

entertainment. If reading white men's objections to “political correctness” is your idea of fun, this is your Huckleberry. Otherwise, you might join me in standing up to Guy and proclaiming “No, I am Spartacus!”

Also Received or Released:

- ALEXIAD #69**, Joseph T. & Lisa Major, 1409 Christy Ave. Louisville, KY 40204-4020, email to jtmajor@iglou.com
- ANSIBLE #312**, Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU United Kingdom, or ansible.co.uk
- ASKEW #4**, John Purcell, 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station, TX 77845, Email to j_purcell54@yahoo.com
- BCSFA ZINE #483**, edited by Felicity Walker for the BCSFA, c/o efanazines.com, email to Felicity4711@gmail.com
- COUNTER-CLOCK #15**, Wolf von Wittig, Via Dei Banduzzi 6/4, 33050 Bagnaria Arsi (Ud), Italy, email to wolfram1764@yahoo.se
- DITKOMANIA #91**, Rob Imes, 13510 Cambridge #307, Southgate, MI 48195, email to robimes@yahoo.com
- FADEAWAY #36**, Robert Jennings, 29 Whiting Rd. Oxford, MA 01540-2035 Email to fabficbks@aol.com.
- THE FANATICAL FANACTIVIST #11**, R. Graeme Cameron, 13315 104th Ave. Surrey, British Columbia V3T 1V5 Canada, email to rgraeme@shaw.ca
- FANSTUFF #38**, Arnie Katz, 909 Eugene Cernan, Las Vegas, NV 89145, available at efanazines.com, email to Crossfire4@cox.net.
- THE FFIX #31 & #32**, Steve Green, 33 Scott Road, Olton, Solihull B92 7LQ UK, email to stevegreen@livejournal.com
- LIFE OF RODNEY #3 & #4**, Rodney Leighton, 11 Branch Road, RR #3, Tatamagouche, NS B0K 1V0 Canada
- NICE DISTINCTIONS #24**, Arthur Hlavaty, 206 Valntine St., Yonkers, NY 10704-1814 Email to Hlavaty@panix.com
- NUMBER ONE #20**, Mike McInerney, 83 Shakespeare St., Daly City, CA 94014
Email to ELANDEM@ATT.Net
- OPUNTIA #260-263, 266** Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7
- PIPS x**, Jim Mowatt, 273 The Rowans, Milton, Cambridge CB24 6ZA United Kingdom Email to Jim@umor.co.uk
- PRIME MATERIAL #3 & #4**, Rogers Cadenhead, 135 Jenkins St., Suite 105B, @224, St, Augustine, FL 32086, email to Cadenhead@gmail.com
- THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS #94**, Tom Sadler, 305 Gill Branch Road, Owenton, KY 40359, email to tomfamulus@hughes.net
- SCIENCE FICTION SAN FRANCISCO #142 & 143**, Jean Martin, et al, c/o efanazines.com, email to SFinSF@gmail.com
- SWORDBERSON #1**, Rogers Cadenhead, 135 Jenkins St., Suite 105B, @224, St, Augustine, FL 32086, email to Cadenhead@gmail.com
- TETRAGRAMMATON FRAGMENTS #229**, Rob Imes, 13510 Cambridge #307, Southgate, MI 48195, email to robimes@yahoo.com
- TIGHTBEAM #266**, David Speakman, c/o eFanzines.com, email to cabal@n3fmail.com
- VANAMONDE #913-917 (2011), #1045**, John Hertz, 236 Coronado St. #409, Los Angeles, CA 90057