

fanstuff

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What's Fair for Fan Funds?

It's time to size up the elephant in the Fanlounge, to Brandonize a phrase. I've heard and read glancing references to it at Corflu and since, including in Joyce's piece about coming Corflu Crises.

An airing of opinions and subsequent discussion might yield some consensus guidelines that we all can follow. Clearly, no one wants to hurt any of the fan funds. They have greatly benefited Fandom and have caused very little harm. We all want the same thing: the right way to handle the some-

Continued on page 2_

fen den

Trial by Frequent Fanzine Part Two

People say things to me like, “You must be nuts” and “You’re really crazy!” all the time. Curiously, a lot of the folks who hold such opinions don’t even know that I am a slave to the weekly fanzine habit; they just think I’m out of my mind.

Let’s face it, wacko is wacko. Someone loony enough to produce a fanzine a week for 69 consecutive Fridays is likely to do other strange things.

I wouldn’t want fans to misconstrue pieces like “Trial by Frequent Fanzine, Part Two.” Appearances to the contrary, I’m not a masochistic freak who is trying to expiate his fannish sins through intensely bizarre suffering.

Hey, I don’t need to do fanzines just to get tortured. I have friends for that kind of stuff. I don’t write about moments of high stress and low slapstick because those are my favorite aspects of fanzine publishing.

I write about them, because they are colorful and unusual experiences, two powerful “selling points” for any article.

I hardly think a steady diet of essays about contemplative Thursday afternoons would be able to claim much of a readership. Even the imaginative fans who shine in “locer room” each week would be hard-pressed to get much mileage out of such snooze-worthy material.

I do **fanstuff** because I like the challenge, I enjoy the process (mostly) and I hope/think it may have a role to play in Fandom.

This is the eighth issue and I confess that I’m still learning how to do **fanstuff** (which is not much like *Glitter*) I hope you’ll continue to be patient as we evolve the format together.

times-conflicting interests of the fan funds.

There are currently five continuing fan funds – TAFF, DUFF, Corflu Fifty, GUFF and CUFF. (My apologies if I’ve missed any; let me know and I’ll print something next issue.) The question that comes up repeatedly is: What should be the relationship between these fine fannish charities?

Sometimes I write my opinions; sometimes I write in hopes that reading the ensuing discussion will help me make up my mind. This article falls into the latter category. All I want to do here is set up the discussion.

The questions begin, but don’t end, with the Corflu auction.

As someone who expects to never again chair a Corflu, I can speak candidly about finances. Auctions at the four Las Vegas Corflus averaged about \$1,500. Due to requests from fans who donated items and requests from existing funds resulted in a disbursement of half of that \$1,500 to the funds in the amounts printed in *Glitter #61*.

Corflu Glitter lost about \$1500, mostly attributable to the cost of renting and using audiovisual equipment and the sumptuous stocking of the consuite with food and drink.

That’s not a complaint, just a statement of fact. Joyce and I expected to lose roughly that amount and are glad to have been able to cover the short-fall. (We’d have spent more, gladly, if we had more. We are both largely retired.)

Some Trufans apparently feel that Corflu shouldn’t be asked to contribute to funds with which it has no involvement. They also point out that there’s no reciprocity; Corflu and the Corflu Fifty get no donations from any conventions.

Other fans point to the fanhistoric connection between our subculture and TAFF and DUFF. (The fanhistory of GUFF and CUFF is not well known to a benighted American fan like me, but a similar close association with our subculture is likely.)

They also point out that one of the features of The Corflu Fifty is that it does no fundraising outside its membership. It’s not surprising, they say, that other cons don’t donate to the Corflu Fifty.

Each of the four Vegas Corflus has given varying amounts to TAFF and DUFF. I don’t think we ever did it the same way twice, so there is no guidance, or even precedent, to be found there.

There are, of course, some specific issues to consider.

- Should Corflu give money to fan funds that don’t directly involve Corflu?
- Should the financial condition of the Corflu holding the auction be a factor or should the con consider donations to fan funds one of its expenses?
- If Corflu should contribute, how should the size of the donation be figured? (flat amount, percentage of auction receipts or receipts from the auction of items with funds earmarked by their donors)
- If you feel that Corflu should allot a percentage of auction receipts to the fan funds, what percentage should be set aside for the funds?

I want to emphasize yet again that I am trying to inspire discussion, not put across a point of view. Corflu Glitter split the auction revenue fifty-fifty with the fan funds. I don’t know if that’s the right amount, too little or too much.

I think a good discussion could help future Corflu chairmen do “the right thing.”

Maybe it wasn't Total Chaos. You Be the Judge.

My high spirits of earlier last week nosedived on Thursday when I got the twin shocks of Jim Young's death and Stu Shiffman's stroke. Jim Young and I were neofans together and Stu entered Fandom through the Brooklyn Insurgents.

A torrent of updates hit my computer. That's ordinarily a good thing, but one of the downloads evidently had a hidden stinger. It changed my home page, disrupted the media players and attached something called *Babylon Search* to everything it could find.

I removed the program, but that did nothing to fix the computer. Evidently, it had also taken up residence in the register. It wasn't until Saturday's Vegrants meeting, when James Taylor and John Harden tackled the mess, that my computer returned to normal.

I worked around the computer problems and was congratulating myself on fanstuff #7 almost a day ahead of the pace of the previous issue.

Thursday afternoon, the police arrived.

The two officers knocked at the front and back doors simultaneously. They announced they were seeking a fugitive from justice and had come to question the 18-year-old's mother, who is the female half of the couple that has been staying with us for some time.

I got it across to them that I didn't like the girl, didn't like her coming to the house even when she wasn't a fugitive and would certainly call them if I learned anything.

The mother was not home and could not be located. She had not spoken to her daughter in about 10 days, anyway, so she wouldn't have been much help.

The officers made clear their determination to close the case. They were polite, but threatening allusions to full-house searches and spin-off cases didn't exactly ease the tension. (They also claimed that the girl would get another shot at parole if they brought her in, but would go to prison if a patrol officer found her.)

My incipient paranoia was not lessened when I awoke at 6 AM Friday morning to find a helicopter low and stationary over my house. A surprising number of choppers pass over the Launch Pad every day, usually coming or going from observing traffic on nearby major roads and expressways. Maybe it was coincidence that they stopped right above our house and maybe it wasn't.

The two officers returned in the early afternoon. The mom is a very volatile person. The offices handled the interview with gentle firmness and did their best to keep the mom from a total flip-out.

Several hours had passed by the time the officers obtained as much knowledge as they were going to get and left to resume the hunt for the girl.

The distractions of Thursday and Friday had eaten up a lot of the time I would otherwise have spent on **fanstuff**. Thanks to the cushion, though, I was still safely on schedule for Friday night release.

Well, I was, until I heard a thundering boom and the power went out. A transformer blew and plunged the entire block into darkness. As Joyce and I talked by the sputtering light of a candle, I made the comment about distributing **fanstuff** on Saturday. (As things turned out, I was so stressed that I stupidly mislabeled Eric Mayer's loc with Mike Meara's name. Then I compounded the error with a sloppy mix that I had to correct on Saturday morning.)

When it eventually returned, I found that the abrupt shut down had lost a number of "in-progress" items for **fanstuff**.

I kept at it, though. With Joyce's invaluable help, I finally sent out the fanzine at about 10:30 PM. Then I curled into the fetal position and slept.

— Arnie

Trial

by

Frequent

Fanzine



The Guide to Doom

Arnie
Katz

What Has Gone Before

THE COLLATOR has a story to tell about DOUGLAS Runterman. From the moment he arrives at the convention with his wife BONNIE, everything goes wrong for Douglas.

BONNIE disappears within minutes of getting the room. When Douglas sees her next, it is a shocking encounter at the elevator bank. When the door opens, Douglas sees Bonnie and CHRIS ZIMMER passionately snogging as prelude to a loud and frenzied sex session on the elevator stopped between floors.

When Douglas tries for some revenge the next night, the plan backfires. The woman he approaches, RONA, laughs in his face, which causes the mortified Douglas Runterman to flee to his room.

Sunday, after another fruitless, time-killing tour of the huckster room, Douglas meets Bart Cosgrove. The stranger offers to show Douglas a genuine fannish relic.

It turns out to be a lettering guide which, used a special way, has the power to grant its owner three wishes, Cosgrove has had his and, as he explains, must give away the lettering guide or suffer unspeakable consequences.

Douglas Runterman accepts the gift as well as a lightscope, a stylus, a drawing plate and several mimeograph stencils.

Now it is time for Douglas Runterman to venture into the unknown.

“All right, Bart, tell me what to do.”

He started directing you step by step and you followed each instruction to the... letter, didn't you, Douglas? You became Cosgrove's remote control robot

You plug in the light scope and turn on its light in response to Cosgrove's commands. Next, you slip the holes in the stencil header over pegs near the top of the lightscope.

Douglas looked up from the lightscope. “What's next?” he asked with a voice that cracked strangely.

“Now that the stencil is anchored on the lightscope, you can inscribe your wish on the stencil, using the lettering guide and the stylus.

Impulsively, Douglas grabbed the lettering guide, laid it on the blue expanse of the stencil and picked up the stylus.

Cosgrove's horrified gasp stopped him. “No-no-no!” the former owner shouted, the first time he had raised his voice. “You must turn the lettering guide over and letter from right to left.”

“I-I didn't know,” Douglass offered. He wasn't expected such vehemence from the listless Cosgrove.

“Fine, fine,” Cosgrove said, brushing aside the crisis of a minute earlier. “Letter from the reverse side and from right to left,” he repeated.

Douglas worked carefully, but rapidly. “I kept it short, only eight words,” he announced as he put down the stylus.

“That's it, then,” Cosgrove said with a gusty sigh. “You are the new owner and you have made your wish.”

“I don't have to do anything else?” Douglas asked.

“Did you put a period at the end of the sentence?” Bart said. “It’s final once you do that.”

Douglas looked at the stencil and, with a word, positioned the guide with one hand as he picked up the stylus again with the other.

Douglas took a deep breath. “No sense waiting,” he said as he added the necessary punctuation.

“Your wish is now in force,” Bart Cosgrove declared. Then, more quietly, he asked, “What did you letter, Douglas, if that is not too personal? I assure you it won’t affect your wish.”

“You said this gizmo has a sense of humor, so I hope you’re right.” said Douglas. “I etched ‘I want to be Fandom’s greatest living humorist’.”

“That may not have been wise, Douglas,” said Cosgrove. “I think we should visit the consuite.”

“The consuite?” He couldn’t fathom Cosgrove’s sudden urge to go to the Dead Dog Party. “I was thinking about making my second wish.”

“I would earnestly recommend that you wait for the outcome of your first wish before venturing another,” Cosgrove advised.

“OK, ok,” Douglas snapped. “Shouldn’t I take all this stuff to my room first?”

“We will return here after we see how things stand in the consuite,” said Cosgrove. “You can leave your recent acquisitions here.”

“The stuff will be safe?” Douglas didn’t want anyone taking the letter guide away before he was done with it.

“No one else has a key to this room,” Cosgrove explained. We can put everything out of sight, if that will ease your worry.”

“Yes, let’s do that,” Douglas agreed,

“It would be wise to hurry,” Cosgrove said.

Hey put everything into a dresser drawer and headed to the consuite.

The mood in the consuite shocks you, doesn’t it, Douglas? You feel the chill when you walk in the door. Something is terribly, terribly wrong.

The consuite’s usual uproar had quieted to the insistent buzz of muttering. Most of the fans were clustered around Harvey Bennett at the computer. The faces Douglas could see, the fans slumped on sofas and chairs, were drawn and the sheen of water showed that some had been crying.

Douglas and Bart pushed closer to the computer station. “Has something happened, Harvey?” Bart asked, keeping his voice low.

Harvey Bennett glanced up. “Yeah, something’s wrong.”

“Everyone seems so... stunned,” Cosgrove persisted.

“Nothing like this has ever happened in Fandom,” Harvey replied.

“But what happened,” Douglas interjected. He was afraid to know, but he was also afraid not to know.

“It’s the Day of the Jackpot!” Harvey Bennett said. “It’s the f’n Day of the Jackpot!” He turned back to the computer. He opened the latest email and an involuntary sob shook his body. “Matt Borden is dead. Drunk Driver cut him down two blocks from his house.”

A Tale of the Uncanny Collator



“Day of the Jackpot”? What’s that?” Douglas wanted to know.

“My friend is not a fanhistorian,” Cosgrove pronounced.

“All of a sudden, fans are dying,” Harvey explained. “It started about a half-hour ago. The toll is 10 and climbing.”

“Did most of them die in something like a plane crash or a fire?” asked Bart Cosgrove. “That is a tragic number of fatalities, a hard loss for Fandom.”

“And their families,” Harvey muttered. Then, louder, he said, “No two of them seem to be connected. I told you about Matt. Jessie Willard fell down an elevator shaft. George Fargo had a heart attack. Pete Hardy succumbed to some kind of mysterious infection.” Harvey suddenly found words coming hard. “Maybe you guys should just sign on and get the info yourselves.”

Douglas Runterman grew more agitated with each name.

“Perhaps I should help my friend to my room so we can sign online,” Bart said. “As you can see, he is overcome by the tragedy.”

Bart Cosgrove piloted Douglas out the door and back to his room. He tried to keep the larger fan from weaving too much, but unsteady legs made for an erratic course.

“What is the difficulty, Douglas? Did you know some of them?” As he spoke, Cosgrove got the lettering guide out of the drawer and put it on the table.

“I know every one of them,” Douglas said. “It’s worse than that. I killed them!”

“You?”

“My wish killed them and all the others,” Douglas blurted. “They’re all fan humorists! The lettering guide is killing all of them who are funnier than me so I can be the best one alive!”

You bury your face in your hands and tears come easily when you think of the appalling carnage just to gratify your ego.

Douglas didn’t know how long he had sat there, head buried in his hands. He slowly became aware that Bart Cosgrove was speaking to him.

“You mustn’t feel guilty, Douglas,” Bart soothed. “It was the hand of fate and, of course, the whimsy of the lettering guide.”

“Maybe I should break it into a hundred pieces,” Douglas said.

“That would be most unwise,” Bart said. “The repercussions would be catastrophic.”

“Can I undo a wish?” Douglas asked hopefully.

“You could reverse your first wish with a second one,” said Bart. “It would be very tricky and it very well might not work.”

“I want to make another wish right now,” Douglas declared. His voice sounded low and distorted.

“Are you sure you want to spend your second wish attempting to undo the first?”

“I’m going to postpone that possibility until I do this second wish,” Douglas answered.

“I assume you remember the procedure,” Cosgrove asked.

“Yes, Douglas replied, “but I’d like you to watch me and stop me if you

think I'm about to screw up."

"That is acceptable," agreed Bart.

The process was much easier this time, even though you tried to shut out everything else while you worked the lettering guide and your wish took form on the stencil.

Douglas looked at the stencil. He nodded, aligned the guide and added the period.

"What did you write, Douglas?"

"My wish says "I don't want Bonnie to see Chris Zimmer any more."

"I see," said Cosgrove. "He has become a rival for her affections?"

"I think I may have a lot of rivals, but Chris and Bonnie threw it in my face and humiliated me in front of fans."

"I see you feel strongly about this," Bart Cosgrove commented.

"I think it's time for me to pack it in for the night," Douglas told his companion. "I won't decide about the third wish until I get some sleep."

"That sounds like a good idea." Bart unplugged the lightscope and wound the cord around it. He handed Douglas the stylus and drawing plate. Then he wrapped the lettering guide in its original wrapper and handed that over, too.

"Good night, Douglas," Bart Cosgrove said as Runterman left with his arms wrapped tightly around the lettering guide and its accessories.

The click of the room door closes behind you brings rush of relief. Yet all too soon, you realize that the solitude is an illusion. You thoughts pursue you.

Your resolution to get some sleep leaves you fidgeting uncomfortably as the noisy clock on the nightstand reminds you with its ticking and lighted dial.

When you do somehow slide into sleep, that's even worse.

Douglas Runterman tried to scream, but he couldn't make more than a pitiful squeak. The fans his wish had murdered, now transformed into slavering ghouls, chased him at a slow but steady pace.

They did not stop. They didn't alter their pace, but they didn't stop. He ran, but he couldn't get up any speed and he felt his energy ebb as the ghouls shortened the distance with their relentless advance.

Cold hands clutched at him. He tried again and again to scream. Finally, as icy hands reached for his neck, Douglas Runterman burst through the barrier that held him mute and loosed a full-throated scream of terror!

Douglas Runterman sat up in bed, sweat pouring down his face. He hoped no one had heard his scream or he might have to deal with the house detective.

He waited, silently, for a knock at the door. When it hadn't come in 15 minutes, he guessed that the scream had been only in his nightmare.

He looked at the clock. He was wide awake and it wasn't even 6 AM!

More sleep was out of the question. He didn't think he could and he was sure he didn't want to risk returning to that dream.



That's when he noticed the message light on the telephone. It took him a minute to figure out how to access the message. He pressed the right sequence of buttons and discovered a message from Bonnie.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this way, Douglas, but something terrible and something wonderful happened to me Sunday night.

"I tripped, fell and hit my head on the corner of the bed in Chris' room. I lost consciousness. When I regained consciousness, I was completely blind.

"My sight is gone, maybe forever.

"Yet something good has come about because of my blindness. Chris stayed by my side and helped me through the night. He says he loves me and I know he can take care of me. We will probably be on our way to Chris' home by the time you get this message.

"Again, I'm sorry I couldn't tell you this face to face, but things are happening so fast. Good-bye, Douglas. Good luck in your future life."

Bonnie wouldn't see Chris Zimmer again, but she had left the convention with him. Now she was gone.

So were all those fine fans.

He hated the lettering guide. He would've shattered the infernal device if Cosgrove hadn't warned him so strongly.

Douglas Runterman knew what he had to do.

With fumbling fingers, he set up the lightscope, affixed the stencil and began to letter his third and final wish.

He had it on the stencil quickly.

Once again, Douglas paused before adding the decisive period. He hesitated, thinking he should wait to get advice from Cosgrove.

It was so early and the strange little man might leave for home without seeing him.

He had lost Bonnie and he had caused the deaths of... how many? The pain, the shame and the guilt rose up within him and could not be denied.

He read the wish one last time: "I want to go back in time to before I agreed to accept the lettering guide." That would wipe out his two disastrous wishes and he would be no worse off than he had been before he owned the lettering guide.

He lined up the guide. One stab of the stylus completed the wish.

Your world dissolves into a black infinity. When you became aware of your surroundings again, you and Bonnie are unpacking in your room at the start of the convention.

They all happen again, all the things that drove you to desperation. You go through the weekend oblivious to the fact that you are walking a road you have already traveled.

And when you meet Brad Cosgrove, you naturally accept his kind offer to show you a fannish relic in his room.

Soon you are making wishes, the very same wishes.

Douglas Runterman's life has shrunk to a three-day cycle. It always ends the same way, with him wish to go back in time, where he repeats his mistakes.

I am the Collator. I hold the balance that weighs the cost when evil meets tufannishness.

steffanac

Corlu XXX: The Origin Story

The idea for a Portland Corflu started in a moment of self pity. It happened while I was in the middle of packing boxes for our move to Oregon in 2005. I was lamenting that the move meant the end of an era and the loss of proximity to several of my very best friends, like Ted White and Frank Lunney. Ted lived 15 minutes away and Frank used to regularly come down from Pennsylvania for weekend visits. That loss was the worst part about moving so far away. They'd been my close friends for more than 30 years and I knew that cross-country visits were going to be few and far between. It was the nature of the thing.

"Christ," I thought to myself, "I may have to put on a Corflu just to get these guys to come and visit."

Frank came for a visit during that first year. It was really great to take him to restaurants and show him Portland, but his leaving came too fast. Fortunately, proximity to Seattle helped make our first year or two on the west coast a very pleasant time. We went up for a Potlatch and again for a Vanguard anniversary party and in return had visits from folks like John D. Berry and Eileen Gunn, Victor Gonzalez, and Seattle mystery man Carl Juarez. It was great to have such good friends to help fill the Frank Lunney-sized hole in our social calendar, but it still wasn't the same.

We traveled down to California a few times and managed to squeeze in a short visit with Robert Lichtman and Carol Carr on one of them, and Art Widner began staying with us on his frequent trips back and forth to Seattle to see his family and show off his car, but it wasn't the same. We still missed Ted and Frank. Ted would say, "Well, we've always got Corflu" -- which was true, but only if we were able to get to them. We hadn't been to a Corflu since the one in Madison in 2003 and didn't, I'm sad to say, make it to another one until 2008.

That's about the time the idea for a Portland Corflu became a joke. I was talking to Frank on the phone one day, complaining about our not being able to get to the Austin Corflu and about the fact that he didn't think he'd be able to visit us that coming summer. He asked me if Ted had come to visit. I told him that he hadn't. Then he asked me if I thought Ted would *ever* come to visit. I expressed my doubts and then, before I knew it, it came outta my mouth.

"Christ," I said to Frank, "I may have to put on a Corflu just to get you guys to come and visit." He laughed.

Two years later, it was in fact a Corflu that finally brought Ted to Portland for a visit. We'd arranged for him to fly into town before the 2009 Corflu to hang out with us for a few days and then we all drove up to the Seattle con together -- it was kind of like the old days when Ted

CORFLU XXX

CORFLU XXX

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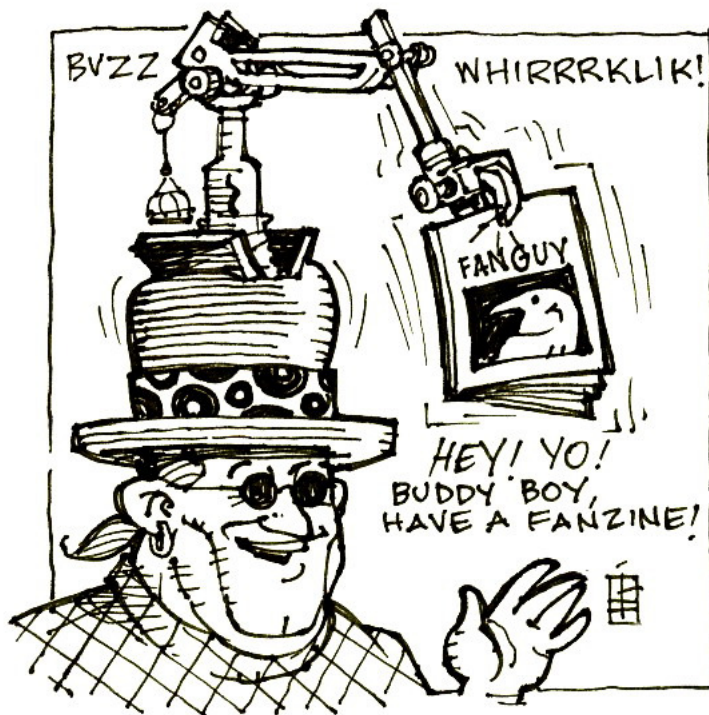
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and I used to take Prankster-inspired trips to various conventions around the country, but without the hallucinations.

And that's about the time the idea of a Portland Corflu became an inevitability. We'd enjoyed our all too brief visit with Ted and at some point before we headed to the airport I asked him if he thought he would be able to come and see us again any time soon. It didn't look likely, he explained. The Bush Recession was already in full swing by then and everybody's finances were looking tighter than Laney's sphincter. I told him that Frank was in the same boat and wouldn't be coming again, either. "Well," he said sympathetically, "we've always got Corflu."

"Christ," I said to The Godfather, "I may have to put on a Corflu just to get you guys to come back and visit." He thought that was a fine idea.

I knew I had a few years to really make up my mind. I knew that the next two Corflus had already been spoken for by the Brits and by Fred Flintstone's hyperactive nephew, so there was no rush. I padded my bet by adding another year to my projection, making it at least 2013 before I'd have to step up. Having just returned from the Corflu in Seattle, that seemed a long, long, ways away. It meant I had *three years* to decide just how much I really wanted Ted White to come and visit us again.

The answer to that question became a lot easier over the next couple of years. My mother took sick that same summer, so I actually got to see Ted again briefly during a trip back East before her death, and then again when we buried her. It was an emotional time

and I appreciated having a good friend around to ease the weirdness of the whole affair. We had a good chat while I was there and that helped a lot, too.

The next autumn we returned to Virginia to pack up and drive a truckload of stuff that we'd left in storage out to Oregon and once again we enjoyed Ted's company immensely, but it was all too brief. "Well, we've always got Corflu," Ted said. But after that trip the economy just stayed in the crapper and Lynn and I weren't able to attend the next couple of Corflus and Ted's encouraging reunion motto seemed to be quite unobtainable.

And *that's* probably about the time the idea of a Portland Corflu became a reality. Actually, it all finally fell into place when the 2012 convention was suddenly up for grabs after it's theoretical host -- one of fandom's most respected nurse/disc jockey/hucksters -- was forced to withdraw from consideration. Of course, I had by this time made more than a few remarks about my flirtation with being a potential Corflu host and, in the face of the imminent void, all eyes turned to me.

I freaked a little. Yike! Who me? I was supposed to have *years* in which to make up my mind. Didn't they know that I was bad under pressure? I mean, I like spontaneity as much as the next man, but *not* without a whole lot of preparation. I was like a fat deer in the headlights. I replied that I just couldn't take on the job on such **ahem** short notice. 2012 was just too damned soon for my delicate sensibilities, I squirmed. Fortunately, before I could have a stroke or drown in my own adrenaline, Arnie and Joyce Katz -- of the Nevada Katzes -- stepped forward and volunteered to take the reins of the 2012 convention, saving everybody -- including myself -- from the horror of never having to set foot in Las Vegas ever again. With that kind of a sterling example of proactive fannishness on display I did the only thing I could do, I manned up.

"Christ," I said to my lovely, understanding, and patient wife, "It looks like I'm gonna have to put on a Corflu in Portland in 2013." She agreed.

So now there's no turning back. The dates for Corflu XXX -- yes, this is the thirtieth one of these damned things -- are set for the May 3rd through the 5th of next year. We've picked a great hotel -- The Red Lion Hotel Portland - Convention Center -- and we want to invite *everybody* who loves fanzines and the fans that create them, read them, and enjoy their history (both real and imagined) to join us next Spring for a tribal family reunion in the Rose City along the Willamette River in Portland, Oregon.

And yes, your Uncle Frank and the Godfather will be there, too. So how about you? Isn't it about time you said, "Christ, I have to go to a Corflu in Portland in 2013!"

-- Dan Steffan



Welcome to The Letter Column

This is where I outline the rules for “locker room.” Joyce chided me for using boilerplate, so you can look forward to me trying to find new ways to say the Same Old Thing.

The layout is intended to help achieve its mission of proving an open and uncensored forum for the discussion of fannish subjects.

Your letters of comment fill the wide columns. They’re heel to toe, separated by a skipped line. Each letter has a name in **bold**; almost always the right one.

I promise to print your comments on a topic without abridgement or editorial interruption. Everybody gets a full say.

I try to print every loc in the first available issue and haven’t carried over any letters for the last four or five issues.

I write the skinny columns on each page of “locer room.” Most of it consists of replies to letters, usually including some short essays inspired by your locs.

To Chris Garcia Distinctions Make a Difference

Yes, all of the sub-groups you mention (and many others) are fans. When I write about “Fandom,” except in a fan-historical or fanthropological article, I mean to include all fans.

The purpose of such articles is illumination through analysis. In other words, the aim is to find, describe and interpret meaningful distinctions.

The diversity of today’s Fandom makes aspects of it attractive to people who have differing needs, desires and talents.

Fandom was once small and homogenous, like a virtual ghetto. Now Fandom resembles a cluster of diverse neighborhoods.

There’s no reason we can’t be friends with the neighbors, especially those who share one or more of your interests. You can be friends with someone of different ethnic heritage without either of you surrendering their ethnic heritage.

Let’s not be afraid of differences and distinctions, but rather enjoy the benefits of such variety.

loccer room

Chris Garcia

Really good issue, as always.

As I was never fully comfortable with Core Fandom, I’m not fully comfortable with trufandom either. We’re just fandom. And con-runners are fandom. And the folks who Cosplay are fandom. I know, it’s imprecise, but it’s what we are. We are fandom, all of us. When we start calling ourselves something outside of fandom, we’re creating a distance, which to me is a negative. We’re all a part of the same thing, even if they/us/others don’t want to admit it!

The passing of Ray Bradbury was a major event. Folks around work all came by me to ask if I knew him (I met him a couple of times) and one of our donors, a robotics guy, was a close friend of his and was kind enough to chat about his memories. I’m trying to get him to write them up for The Drink Tank.

And how I love *X Minus One*!

The thing about the Nalini thing that bugs me the most is that I like **Dark Matter** quite a bit. It’s long, it’s focused on the field of SF/F a lot more than I usually prefer, but the interviews are good, I enjoy much of the art she uses, and her reviews tend to be along the lines of my own. I do see what y’all are saying about the feeling that she’s doing a Semi-Pro, kinda a lighter touch, and more fanzine-like, version of Locus. Yeah, she asks for donations, and she can do that, and her readers can read her and say ‘Nah, I’m not gonna give anything’ or they can reach in and donate. It’s up to them. Now, a password-protected zine, that’s different.

Lan was a money-fame-power guy? I never picked that up from **Lan’s Lantern**, but I was pretty young when I read them.

I do see a divide though, though I’m not sure where the dividing line is. It’s a Serious (not necessarily SerCon) vs. Fun (again, not necessarily Fannish) concept. You can look at a zine like Banana Wings and one like The Drink Tank and see the difference there. Maybe it’s light v. heavy, I dunno. It’s not topics or content, it’s a feeling. There are ‘serious’ zines that are funny (I’d put most of the stuff from Uncle Johnny and Graham Charnock in that category), and fun zines that are serious (Banana Wings does that for me)

Good stuff leading to good thinking, it’s what I love about your zines!

Mike Meara

Many thanks for sending #7.

I was especially pleased to see the letter from me - especially, because I didn’t write it! It’s nothing to do with me. As far as I know I’m still alive, so it’s not ghost-written or anything like that.

I’m sure that the true author would be pleased if you would fix this little glitch.

Terry Kemp

Wow, Arnie, I just looked at the calendar and not one, but two weeks have slipped by...somehow.

So, with some apologies for not keeping up, here are a few, brief comments on #6.

First off I suspect that I will never hear the full story behind such titles as the High Priestess of Fandom and especially behind the Sweetheart of Fanac Falls or about the newly nicknamed "Joyce" except by following your outlined procedure for getting a Drunken Old Coot to tell more than just two stories. I would add one addendum, that is to include a small, hidden tape recorder, to ensure accuracy in quoting.

"A Tale of the Uncanny Collator" brought a grin of humor as I breezed through the too brief piece. All I can do is ask for more, please!

I see that I am not alone as one who is getting behind, but in fine company reading one of Lloyd Penney's always entertaining letters of comment.

Now, being new to some of the ongoing aspects of current fandom, I find myself glued to the discussion about Nalini Haynes, and can't wait to read what Taral writes next in *Broken Toys*. Both sides of the debate are incredibly engrossing to the point I wonder where Nalini would fit on the Claude Degler Scale? Above or below Cal Beck?

Reading further, the ever enlightening comments from Robert Lichtman further captivated my attention with the incredible antics of the charming Nalini. And she is indeed charming, or how else did she manage to receive so much input from so many?

Being so impressed with an unknown (to me) faned, I borrowed back my golden kazoo from Harlan Ellison (who uses it to hum Wagnerian Operas while he is writing his brand of "science" fiction) and tried out a few bars of "Ode to a Faned." However, I find it still needs work. I will continue my work in syncopation as I go from bar to bar, hoping for that ever illusive "third tale."

Hoping to keep my comments brief, I will conclude here and go on to the next zine.

Steve Jeffery

Sorry Arnie, I really don't like the nomenclature 'Trufandom' because of the inherent implication that everything else is somehow false or fake fandom. Yes, there are a lot of fandoms about, in and outside SF and fanzine fandom, and many sf and or fanzine fans belong to more than one. (Sometimes I think it the element of fannishness, of being interested and involved enough to be an active participant in a hobby, that draws us, as much as the subject itself.)

I understand you're harking back to a use of that term in the past in order to emphasise a form of historical continuity with those activities and values, but I strongly suspect the origin the term also carried, for its proponents, exactly that exclusive value judgment about what was 'real' and 'fake' fandom, even before Eastercons started featuring bondage workshops for knitted toys.

Then I look at Robert Lichtman's letter in response to your "How We can Improve Fannish Education" and I start



More to Chris Garcia A Fanzine Field Divided

If Fandom's fanzine field is splitting into two divisions, I'm pretty sure it won't be along sercon/fannish lines.

Many fanzines that might be part of a new fanzine field are about science fiction and none relate to Fandom as a social group rather than an audience.

That reflects the fact that most of those "fan-eds" don't know much about Fandom and, therefore don't care much about it. I would expect that such fanzine publishers will clique together, develop relationships and, eventually, at least some brand of fannish interest *about their fanzine field*.

There are plenty of serious fanzines done within the context of our subculture. *SF Commentary* is just as much a part of our subculture as **fanstuff**.

One reason for paying attention to the Lichtman-Haynes argument is that each articulates positions that may well end up defining the differences between these two fanzine fields.

This has happened with other types of fanac. Our Fannish Song Parodists and Filkers love music, but each group has its own standards and practices. Fans who put on Corflu generally have a far different concept of con-running than the fans who are con-runners.

To Mike Meara Proxyboo, Ltd, Returns!

Thank you for helping us beta test the revived Proxyboo Limited. We on the Proxyboo Board of Directors are pleased that you feel Proxyboo Agent Eric Mayer did a good job providing you with a reasonable letter of comment for **fanstuff**

The test proved so successful that we are ready to launch Proxyboo, Ltd, as a commercial service for Fandom. When the history of this remarkable company is written, I am sure your contribution to the effort will be fully and justly recognized.

(Sorry, Mike. Thanks for being a good sport.)

**To Terry Kemp
The High Priestess of Fandom**

Joyce acquired the nickname "The High Priestess of Fandom" in the early 1970's. For reasons unknown Ted Pauls attacked Joyce out of the blue, intimating that she had orchestrated a conspiracy to kill science fiction and ruin fandom.

Terry Carr and I, both columnists in her fanzine *Potlatch*, each fired back with articles in the next issue. Both pieces made humor out of the idea that Joyce was such a secret power.

By the time the dust settled, Ted Pauls issued a public, printed apology to Joyce, and she had become known as the High Priestess of Fandom.

"Sweetheart of Fanac Falls" was a spur-of-the-moment coinage by me for the anthology of Joyce's fanwriting. It's not really her nickname, but I've noticed that it has become an allusion to her.

**More to Terry Kemp
Tales of the Uncanny Collator**

This issue contains the final chapter of the second Tale, "A Guide to Doom." Hope you liked it.

I'm working on another one and have some ideas percolating. That doesn't mean they'll get written, but this is new territory for my faan fiction and I am enjoying writing the stories.

To Steve Jeffery

Never mind the boloks, here's the Sex Pistls. Or to put it plainer, my harried proofreader didn't get quite as much time as she needed last week.

My fault.

BTW, the Harry Warner books belong in every fan's library, too.

to get worried that we'll soon be introducing reading assignment lists and entrance exams. Er, isn't this supposed to be a hobby? Or is treating fandom as a hobby one of the signs of non-Trufannishness?

On a lighter note, in the side bar to Rob's letter, is his comment "Thanks for the tip about NESFA Press. The Harry Warner boioks, despite some limitations, belong in every Trufan's library."

The trouble with letting boioks loose in your library is that they will crease the corners of pages, scribble in the end papers and constantly put books back on the shelves in the wrong places. Perhaps Harry's were better trained.

Eric Mayer

First I have to say that I agree with everything Mike Meara says in the locol. I could have written that letter myself. In fact... well... I did. Of course it is possible that Mike and I just happened independently to write exactly the same letter. I can't help thinking of the Borges story about the man who set out to write Don Quixote without actually reading it. But I doubt that Mike decided to see if he could write the letter Eric Mayer was going to write to Arnie Katz about Fanstuff #6. If he did my hat's off to him. He nailed it. He's even better than I thought.

While I know that the chances are against such a coincidence, the chances of letters from me being misattributed by two different faneds within a few weeks would also seem to be low, yet in the last issue of Procrastinations John Coxon put Mike Glycer's name on my loc to the previous issue.

What can this mean? Am I writing too many locs? Are faneds thinking, oh no, Mayer again. If only Mike Glycer or Mike Meara would write instead?

Mind you, I am flattered that faneds mistake my letters for those from such excellent writers, although I am not sure how those two Mikes feel about it. Maybe they are just pleased to have written. (Hmmm, Mike, Mike, Mayer? Is this something to do with it?)

Come to think of it, if I can write locs good enough to be attributed to those gentleman maybe I should go into business. We know ezines don't receive many locs. If I'm going to write locs anyway, perhaps I should set up a paypal account and charge fans who are too busy to loc to put their names on the things. Don't tell Nalini Haynes though. I don't want her to get any more ideas.

Terry Kemp

Well, I tried to find a tactful way to say it, but such a manner escapes me. Sir, I think your Big Prize Contest was rigged. However, before exploring all the reasons why I didn't win (as I *should* have), even though both winning entries were much better than mine (I always wish I could be the one to come up with the really clever quip), I figured out the reason for myself. When you go really big-time, you don't want to split the profits with anyone...

Waxing philosophical I concluded all's well that ended well, except with this one caveat...it is my understanding that there are some faneds (whose-names-need-not-be-mentioned-once-again-ad-nauseum) who might take your practical wisdom and apply it to their already too intricate publishing plans.

Finding two cents in my threadbare pocket, I thought I'd toss 'em, as well as a few comments into the "name the name" debate.

Core Fandom does not work for me, never will. I will always associate such structured, ill-fitting circumlocutions with politically correct language. In other words, forced and constrained to placate an ill-informed associate body.

Trufandom is by far a much, much better choice, bringing with it the question...why is there a question?

If the stigmata lies in the application of the meaning true, as in "tru", then the problem does not lie in the choice of word but in the interpreter.

There will never be one single word that will appease the judgmental critic. So why bother!

Up the Revolution! Trufandom for Trufans! Vote Early and Often!

So, Arnie, I'm hooked on your cliffhanger. I know already that I want my own magic stencil guide.

It was truly a delight to read a letter from Dick Lupoff. He reminds me of the on-going debate that Rog Phillips and Ed Wood carried on for several years in The Club House from 1950 to 1953.

Ed once challenged Rog on his obviously too soft position boosting every fanzine that came to his attention, without any apparent discernment of the merits of quality over the merits of mere production. Rog made it clear that as a reviewer for *Amazing* his position was that easy one of boosting all, of welcoming all into the fandom fold.

But something, some part of Ed's pithy comments stuck with Rog. Years later he was still harping on it, fishing for more reasons to support his position after years of wading through reviews of the one-shot zines from wannabe pros.

At the end, throughout his last half dozen review columns, Rog not quite, but almost entirely stopped reviewing the new fanzines, sticking with the tried and true edited by people he knew well.

Sadly enough, after trying to stick to his principles for over five years by reviewing the mediocre and obscure, Rog found, when all was said and done, that it was endurance and persistence of vision that won out at the end.

Ambition was never enough. Without discerning quality, as Ed Wood pointed out, even publishers can (and often do) select mediocrity and then fail by doing so.

A word to Mike Meara: The subject of clarity in regards to accuracy in historical fandom troubles me deeply. Not only, as you so clearly pointed out, do so many of these accounts stem from memoirs, I have also encountered an even more insidious form of data corruption.

First-hand accounts that I have documented from my own experience have been called into question by some outsider who was not there but who has derived some third-hand affinity for one or more of the participants (who they also do not know) and based on this false derivation judge my account (remember...from first-hand) as wrong.

It's almost as equally intriguing as dealing with the author of these "memoirs" and pointing out that the author has told the same story from four different points of view, with four different heroes, and all four accounts can't be accurate. And then facing an adamant wall of scathing anger while the author rants that all four of these accounts (even though each contradicts the other) are all somehow simultaneously word-for-unalterable-word true.

Thus, the state of historical accuracy in fandom.

Thanks for the tip from Robert Lichtman. When you buy *All Our Yesterdays* from the NESFA site, you're actually buying it from Advent:Publishers (However AOY is no longer available!). There are a number of titles (not all of them), still from their first print run, so they are all true first editions, that you can still buy directly from George Price and Advent.

I always get a big chuckle whenever I see one of the three-volume sets of the Tuck Hugo-Award winning *Encyclopedia* going for some big money on eBay, and I know you can still buy it from George, at a bargain.

To Terry Kemp The Big Prize Contest

Isn't it a pity that we live in such a suspicious society that it has even penetrated to the sacred precincts of Fandom?

It's one thing for people to doubt the Moon Landing or the NBA Draft, but to cast aspersions on **fanstuff's** Big Prize Contest makes my blood simmer.

I'd flip out and sue you if it wasn't true.

More to Terry Kemp Helping Hands

In the matter of Fannish Education and Socialization, nothing beats personal mentoring from a more experienced fan.

The hitch is that process has two key elements and can't work without them. You need a fan with knowledge and a willingness to impart it (the mentor) and a fan who is receptive to learning.

As I mentioned previously, I greatly benefited from that kind of help. That's why I have so often tried to help promising new fans.

More to Terry Kemp Talkin' 'bout Trufandom

You're right that there will never be a single word to describe our subculture that will win the approval of everyone inside and outside the subculture. It is unlikely that a diverse conglomeration like Fandom will ever reach unanimity on any question.

Fortunately, such unanimity, even within Trufandom, is unnecessary. Other writers may even come up with their own nomenclature, labels that better suit their needs.

For my purposes as a fanhistorian and fanthropologist, I need generally understood ways to identify various entities within Fandom. "Trufandom" has fanhistoric resonance for our subculture. And, of course, other subcultures within Fandom that have a use for this label can give it any meaning that makes sense to that subculture.

To Robert Lichtman We Know Who We Are

I'm not sure that I agree with your assertion that, "We Know Who We Are," even if Father Tucker said it. My observation is that such agreement comes much easier when things are stated vaguely. Politicians use the technique all the time.

Honestly, I can see where you have very little use for such nomenclature, because you don't often write in that vein. Even leaving aside the whiff of paranoia that "us" and "them" implies, it's not always clear which "us" and which "them" is meant.

I know this academic discussion is not of much interest to you, Meyer, and that's no problem to me. There are lots of other topics on which you can exercise your Fine Mind.

Got a Topic on Your Cosmic Mind?

The letter column is open to any fan who cares to participate. That's fine for topics already initiated.

If you've been thinking about something Fandom-related, this is an invitation to use **fanstuff** as your podium. I don't care if I agree with you or not, as long as you advance your point of view in a reasonably adult manner.

Your piece can be as short or long as you require to present your point.

The deal is simple: No content edits, no interruptions by the editor, no "instant replies," plenty of discussion in the next issue.

I know a lot of you pretty well, so I'm certain there are theories, observations and opinions just waiting for an audience. I hope you'll give **fanstuff** the honor of providing that opportunity.

If you haven't read it, let me recommend *Heinlein's Children*, by Joseph Major. Still available in a first edition from Advent. A great book!

A little information can go a long way.

Go explore the NESFA site and buy all the Advent books you can...while you still can. Word to the wise...Nuff said!

As a side note to Robert about Harry Warner. I too have a warm (or is it soft) spot for Harry. [Thus the importance of either careful reading or the need for a tape recorder, whichever, as I misquote Arnie--TK] Even though Harry hardly ever mentioned my father (or Advent, or Chicago fandom) in either title, he did verify an old family story. When writing about Wisconsin fandom during the late '40, Harry mentions that Bob Bloch used to hang out with Bill Neumann, a local Wisconsin fan and fanzine editor, who worked in a mental hospital and gave Bloch the idea for *Psycho*. Bill Neumann was my maternal grandfather. So, I guess it makes me third-generation fandom. I have Harry to thank for making it official.

Robert Lichtman

About your lead piece, "Why I've Switched to Using the term 'Trufandom,'" my eyes roll and my head spins at the prospect of another round of putting a name on "us." The bottom line for me is "we know who we are." As Tucker used to say, "I have spoke."

I'm saving your new "Collator" story until the next issue, when I'll read both installments together. But I was intrigued by the lettering guide you reproduced twice on its pages. It sent me to the Terry Carr Letterguide Collection, which lives in a cigar box tucked away in one of the storage nooks in my bureau. There I found an almost identical guide, but instead of being a Pickett it's a Du-All. And in addition to the capital letters and numbers on each row it also has an ampersand. Visiting Terry's lettering guides—as well as his extensive set of styli, shading wheels and shading plates—is always guaranteed to summon nostalgic images of the fanzines he published in which they loomed large (well, actually, various sizes). I used some of them in early issues of *Trap Door*, having discovered that a "fine" Pilot Razor Point had a narrow enough point.

It was good to see a return to LoC-writing by Dick Lupoff, and flattering to be referred to by him as "a Superfan Emeritus of the Olde School." He's certainly right that over the years many have viewed fandom as a stepping stone to a professional career in science fiction. But unlike Nalini Haynes, everyone he names was a fan first, deeply involved in fannish matters, and evolved into sfnal employment of one sort or another—and that's a big difference. As Dick writes, she may well achieve prodom; but I think grasping for it the way she's doing is somehow unseemly.

Oh, and by the way, Dick, you remembered right: that little fanzine you remembered was called *Cosmag/Science Fiction Digest* (they spell it out), co-edited by Henry W. Burwell Jr. and Ian Macauley. I have two issues in my file, and they are lovely jewel-like affairs with a stellar list of contributors: J. T. Oliver, Fred Chappell, Jerry Burge, Lee Hoffman, Wilkie Conner, Rich Elsberry, Peter Ridley, Hannes Bok, Shelby Vick, Len Carter, Walt Willis, W. Paul Ganley, Lemuel Craig, Terry Carr, Bob Silverberg and Vernon L. McCain. But at least with these two, they weren't "Ace Double type" affairs. Instead, one title led off the zine followed by the other, and in these consecutive issues the order switched from one to the next.

If you want to see them, I'd be happy to bring 'em around one of these days.

Regarding your sidebar, "Is the Fanzine Field Getting Ready to Divide?" in my view it's been bi- or even trifurcated for many years. Who among us, for

instance, hasn't gone into a convention huckster room and seen tables piled high with special-interest fiction zines (Star Trek, Dr. Who, etc.) none of which appear to be available for "the usual."

You write about the interaction (such as it is) between me and Nalini: "I don't see it as a simple 'spat,' though I'm sure mutual personal dislike is creeping into the situation as they continue to irritate each other." At least on my side of the virtual table, there's no dislike. She publishes a very large fanzine with contents in which I have almost zero interest, but that's certainly her right. What caused me to comment on it is not that, but her belief that somehow she should be supported monetarily in her quest for new software—and in the latest issue her musings about "going semi-professional" with visions of an income stream dancing in her head.

I also agree with Eric Mayer and with you that "digitizing a complete run of a specific fanzine may not be the best strategy." Even the best fanzines have their weak points when an entire run is examined. For instance, *Quandry* was not that great in its early issues—and even some of the later ones have their weak entries. (I could say the same about my own fanzine, for that matter.)

And speaking (as you were) of reprint fanzines, I did one of those back in 1997 on the occasion of the 60th anniversary FAPA mailing and the 50th anniversary SAPS mailing. I revived my original genzine title, *Psi-Phi*, last published in 1963, and reprinted a selection of my own writing from the FAPA and SAPS zines I published in my earlier spell in fandom. In addition to running them through the mailings I sent out a bunch to people on my mailing list who weren't in either.

In your comments to me on the Warner fanhistory books, you note that for many years you ran Harry Warner Jr.'s "All Our Yesterdays" columns in your fanzines, and wrote: "A reprint of the columns came out many years ago and would be a great candidate for digitalization." Actually, that was done some years ago. The collection is available in HTML format at <http://efanzines.com/AOY/index.htm>, and please note that there's a link on that page to a 127-page printable PDF. If you visit and find yourself drawn in to Harry's writing, you'll find that you often run across sections that seem familiar. That's because Harry edited and recycled some of these columns into the *All Our Yesterdays* book.

Regarding your note to me about SaM and *The Immortal Storm*, I like your characterization of it as a memoir. That it certainly is, with Sam's attitudes and opinions leaking out from his purple prose. For those reading it for the first time, I recommend also reading Jack Speer's pioneering fanhistory, *Up To Now*, also available on-line: <http://efanzines.com/UpToNow/index.htm>. Jack has his opinions, too, but on the whole his take on the history of fandom's first decade is more even-handed than Sam's.

And I'm with you on your "favorite memoir" in fandom. Perhaps it's time to get out the electronic version that was promised so many years ago, and publish your long introductory essay along with it.

That's all for this installment of "locker room." I've used all the substantial letters and, except for an apology to Robert for my scanty comments, have provided quite a bit of feedback.

Thanks to all the writers. I hope more of you will give it a try in upcoming issues.

The Corflu Glitter Logo Store

The Café Press Corflu Glitter store is a prime source for both Corflu Glitter logo merchandise and the "Famous Fan Artists" collection.

The genial proprietor Don Miller has assembled a very nice array of items, including coffee mugs, caps and golf shirts.

The URL is: www.cafepress.com/CorfluGlitter.com

There's Still Time to Discuss The FAAn Awards

Andy Hooper, 2013 FAAn Awards Administrator, as announced a couple of issues back, wants your opinion about the next set of awards, which will be presented at Corflu XXX in Portland, OR, next May.

Are there categories you'd drop? Ones that should be added? Ideas for increasing participation? Tell us.

**Send fanstuff
Your Fanews**

Help me help brings fans the latest news about what's happening in our subculture.

Fanstuff needs some fan reporters. It's not necessary for anyone (except me) to do a mammoth amount of work, but a small amount of help would make a big difference.

So if you find out something interesting, I'd greatly appreciate you passing it along to me for **fanstuff**.

fanews

Richard Lynch Rumor Debunked

Good news for those fans who have heard or read a decidedly negative story about Richard Lynch.

Despite an erroneous report that circulated earlier this week, Fandom's Richard Lynch remains hale and hearty. Apparently an obit for a non-fan of similar name raised fears that the fanhistorian and co-editor of *Mimosa* had booked a room at the Enchanted Convention.

Ian McCauley Passes

Ian McCauley, whose fan career peaked during the 1950's as a member of ASFO (Atlanta Science Fiction Organization, died in a Las Vegas, NV, hospital on June 3, 2012.

His greatest claim to fannish fame is his involvement in the ASFO project that resulted in the hardback publication of *The Immortal Storm*.

Credit Card Alert

Lenny Bailes recently discovered that someone has made free with a credit card. He has taken all necessary steps to secure his funds, but there's one bit of due diligence that may be more easily accomplished through **fanstuff**

Has anyone who attended Corflu Glitter experienced a similar problem with the card they used to pay the hotel? There's absolutely no reason to believe that Lenny's problem is in anyway related to the con, but it only seemed right to check.

It's Closing Time

Time to shut it down until next week.

Meanwhile, keep fanning! — Arnie Katz

Why I've Switched What's Fair for Fan Funds?

Arnie — page 1

fen den:

Arnie — page 2

Tfial by Frequent Fanzine Part Two

Arnie — page 3

A Guide to Doom Part Tso

Arnie — page 4

Sfsffanac< Corflu XXX: The Oeigin Story

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You Fine Folks — page 9

Fanews

Arnie — page 18

fanstuff #6, June 22, 2012, is a frequent fanzine from Arnie Katz (cross-fire4@cox.net), who is apparently under a geas to put out a fanzine every Friday, at least for the present.

Fanstuff is sent free and without strings to my emailing list. It is also available at efanzines.com, thanks to kindly Mr. Burns.

Fanstuff 6/22/12

Reporters this issue: Joyce Katz, Gary Mattingly, John Purcell and me.

Member fwa Supporter AFAL