

fanstuff

R Lichtman

DB Williams

R Jackson

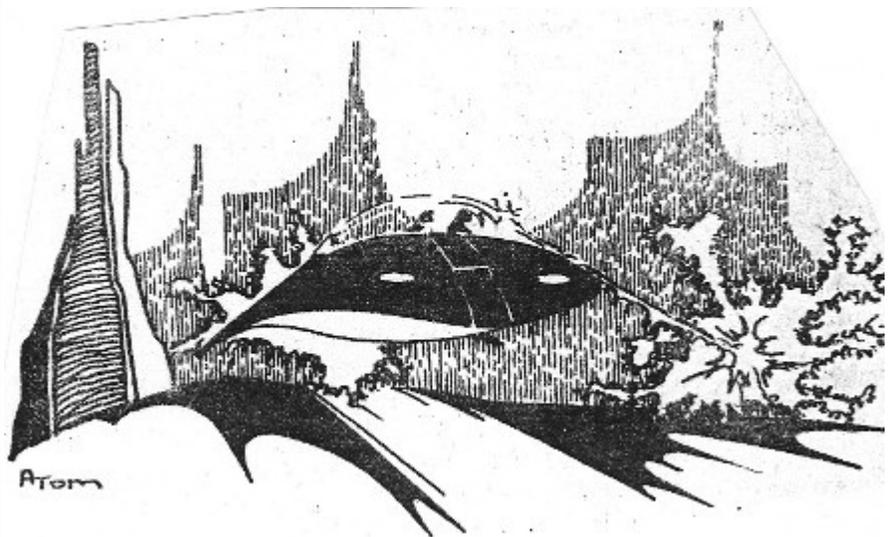
T Kemp

J Kinney

C Garcia

R Hansen

Arnie Katz



Is This Still Science Fiction FANDOM?

[NOTE: This essay isn't a proposal, but solely a topic for philosophical discussion. Though it's a sensitive area, I'm sure we can keep the discussion reasonable.]

"That's why they call it Science Fiction Fandom," says a character in Taral Wayne's story "Why They Race Horses."

Continued on page 2_

fen den

Meet Arnie Katz, Science Fiction Lover

I love science fiction.

My interests have changed over the years, but my liking for SF has endured. I'd rather talk about SF than write about it, so it may not be obvious, but I can hardly recall a time when SF wasn't one of my significant interests.

I guess I began as a media fan. I must've been four or five years old when, while waiting for mom to call us for dinner, I turned on the TV set. I've never forgotten that first visual image of Tom Corbett and his fellow Space Cadets sitting on the hull of their scout ship, which had crashed on an asteroid.

My second exposure to SF was also electronic. I was in bed with a high fever, waiting for the family doctor.

I'd never paid much attention to radio, but it was all I had as I lay there, alternately sweating and shivering. Television had pretty much destroyed network radio by then, but there were still some programs in prime time. The one I heard was "Captain Astro", an SF adventure serial aimed at a young audience.

I became a voracious SF reader. After I tore through the school library's meager selection, I became a regular at the nearest branch of the public library. I kept running into another kid from my block as we went back and forth to the library with stacks of book

He read a lot of SF, too. Lenny Bailes and I became close friends. We shared many interests, but science fiction was always right up there.

I've read, watched and listened to SF nearly my whole life. We have about 15,000 SF magazines and books, a collection of TV and movie SF and many old time radio programs. I've designed a number of science fiction computer and video games, even including a *Star Trek* adventure (*First Contact* from Simon & Shuster). Most of my pro work has been outside the SF field, but I was Associate Editor of *Amazing* and *Fantastic*, edited a bunch of reprint titles for Ultimate and a little copyediting for book publishers.

So, I wouldn't want to banish SF from Trufandom or dissolve our connection to the SF Community. (AK)

That bought me up short, right in the middle of Taral's charming faan fiction. I put musings about that statement aside and continued through to the twist ending.

The line stuck in my mind. I don't know who the hypothetical "they" are, though I'm sure they're thoroughly nice folks and sincere lovers of Science Fiction (or Scientifiction or Sci-Fi). What I *do* know is that I haven't referred to our subculture ("Us," as Robert Lichtman and David B Williams have termed it) as "Science Fiction Fandom" in a very long time.

Come to that, I don't hear or read Trufans using that name very often in recent years, either. When we mean our subculture, we usually call it "Fandom." We are more likely to use "SF Fandom" when we mean Fandom as a whole rather than just our subculture.

It's still an accurate name for Mass Fandom. Yet I wonder if one consequence of the evolution of fanzines is that SD isn't nearly as important to Trufandom in 2012 as it was in 1940.

Maybe what seems to be a growing preference for the term "Fandom" to describe our bunch is an unconscious acknowledgement that things have changed.

The mere suggestion that Trufandom doesn't orbit the sun of Science Fiction probably has driven some fans into shock and others to their keyboards to write scorching letters of comment. Please restrain your wrath at least long enough to read my disclaimers and the actual discussion that follows it.

This isn't a Call to Action or even a suggestion that Something Must Be Done. The only sequel to this Cover Essay is a discussion of our subculture's *current and future* relation to SF. I think I detect a process underway and I want to know if you see it, too.

Nothing in this essay is likely to affect anything weightier than the spiel some of us give interesting people who contact Trufandom.

Fanzines have changed a lot since Ray Palmer edited that issue of *Cosmology* in 1930.

Science Fiction gave birth to Science Fiction Fandom in the late 1920's. The earliest fanzines stuck close to SF, concentrating on news about forthcoming magazines' line-ups and books, reviews and interviews.

Fanzine content gradually shifted from rating stories to discussion of the ideas in the stories. Articles about how several stories handled the same idea led to articles about ideas that seemed science fictional or futuristic, even if they weren't derived from any specific SF story.

Bob Tucker and the LA Insurgents put more emphasis on Fandom than SF in their fanzines. The *Quandry* Era of the early 1950's further widened the range of fanzine subject matter as did the "jazz and sports cars" period that hit a few years later.

The evolution of fanzines didn't stop in 1958 or 1988 or 2008. The variety of material in fanzines (and allied media) *within the context of Fandom* is remarkable. Bill Burns' posting announcement for **fanstuff**

#21 also included the announcement of a new issue of *Fadaway*, a fanzine devoted to old time radio.

It would be ridiculous to claim that content about science fiction and fantasy isn't important in fanzines. It would be equally silly to claim that SF constitutes the totality, or even the majority, of fanzine content in 2012.

SF *might* be the most popular fanzine topic, but Fandom itself has to be close. Whether your favorite subject is taxicabs or taxidermy, you're likely to find other Trufans who share your interest – and a greater number of fans who are willing to read a well-done article about it.

Fandom used Science Fiction as an effective filter. In the 1930-1965 period, people who liked SF tended to be unusual, word-oriented, imaginative, inner-directed and the object of ridicule. If you were very enthusiastic about SF during those years, you could count on the disdain and derision of parents, teachers, librarians and people who mind other people's business.

Now? *Everybody* likes SF. Even as science fiction declines as a genre, it is diffusing throughout our mass culture.

Liking SF is no longer an act of rebellion; it's just going along with what's popular. Young folks who are similar to us flock to Fandoms built on stuff their parents don't like.

There's another aspect of "SF-as-filter" that I think is worth considering. For most people these days, "science fiction" means science fiction movies.

Literature is based on thought, while movies are primarily about action. I'm not knocking either approach, but one is more apt to attract people who might also enjoy our brand of fanac.

Since the turn of the century, I've modified what I say about Trufandom when I meet people who seem like folks we'd like to have in our merry band.

I describe Fandom's historic connection with SF, but I also explain how fanzines have widened their content to include many, many subjects.

I tell them not to worry about "that science fiction stuff." Sometimes, they're still leery of too much SF, but sometimes they ride their interest in writing, communicating and publishing into a successful run as an actifan.

The funny thing is, most of those neos actually know as much or more about science fiction as most of the people who show up at conventions because they like blockbuster action movie.

-- Arnie

My Favorite Fannish Pros

Joyce and I got talking about our favorite fannish pros, past and present. We restricted it to people who remained active fans while they derived most of their income from writing, drawing and editing in the SF field.

Even with that limitation, I couldn't narrow it down to a "top ten," much less a "top five." Here are my favorites:

The Fanoclasts of the late 1960's, including alumni, constituted a citadel of outstanding fannish prodrom. These worthies included Alexei Panshin, Lee Hoffman, Terry Carr, Dick Lupoff, Bob Silverberg and Jack Gaughan.

And, of course, the fannish pros' fannish pro, Ted White. Even in that illustrious company, he stood out as a pro who never forgot he's a fan. I understand, though I regret, when a fannish pro gaffiates in the belief that it will help them professionally. Ted always casts his lot with Fandom.

Bob Tucker, whom Ted White cited to me as *his* role model among fannish pros, set an enviable standard for Trufannishness, even when he was selling a lot and winning prestigious awards. When Bob went to a convention, what he wanted most was to be treated like a fan.

Hugo-winning author Bob Shaw was such a terrific fannish pro that I almost forgot him! Except when called upon to speak at cons in his guise as a pro, BoSh always acted like the outstanding fan he was. He could've high-hatted the lot of us, but he never did.

Greg Benford hasn't been hyperactive in the last few years, but his fan and pro careers largely overlap. Greg acts like a name SF writer and physicist when the situation calls for that — and he still a former *Void* Bhoys when it's fanac time.

My favorite fannish pro among the somewhat younger science fiction writers is John DeChancie. Of all those I've met in the last decade or so, John most fully embodies the traits I associate with the finest fannish pros of yesteryear.

John DeChancie has done a tremendous amount of fanac on behalf of LASFS, including a fair share of drudgery. And when he visits the Vegnants, he's definitely a fan.

Who are your favorite fannish pros — and why? What do you expect from pros in your fan group? (AK)

Now it's your turn.

I hope you'll join the discussion. There are a lot of facets and I'm eager to read your opinions about as many of them as you'd like to address in your letter of comment.

The Eternal Quadrangle

By
Arnie
Katz

I am the Collator.

I fan by night and see into the hearts of fans who have ventured into the shadow world, the dark domain ruled by violent emotions and things that Fans Were Not Meant to Know.

My stories may give you a thrill, a chill or a chuckle, but do not treat them lightly. Heed them, for you may someday profit from the example of other fans' losses.

Challenge the unknown if you dare, survive if the fannish fates permit.

Now I shall tell you the story of three fans locked together by their conflicting desires. When Fate adds a fourth side, the danger becomes acute.

"Come with us." The whispered order came from a bulky stranger who had sidled up to him while he waited for the valet to fetch his rented Sonata.

"Do like he tells you, Jeffery," said another, even larger man who now hemmed him in from the other side. He pronounced "Jeffery" as a three-syllable word, drawing out each sound to his own amusement.

"How do you know my name?" Neither stranger bothered to answer. They half-dragged and half-shoved him into the back seat of a glossy black Lincoln. Jeff Foster didn't cry out; the front entrance of the convention hotel was deserted.

The man who liked his name took the wheel while his more articulate buddy strapped Jeff into a passenger seat. "There's no reason for alarm, Mr. Foster," his seat-mate said. "Just do as you're told and everything will go well."

"Yeah," the other called over his shoulder without taking his eyes off the road. "Hey, Fred, I'm thinking Jeffery here thinks we're takin' him for one of them one-way rides like in the movies." He laughed.

"Please relax," said the man next to him.

*You have no choice, do you, Jeff? You try to think about something pleasant so your hands will stop shaking
And what could be more pleasant than thoughts of your first meeting with Val Reese?*

He was pawing through a carton of fanzines in the huckster room when he saw her at the next table going through the used paperbacks.

The carton of fairly recent fanzines interested Jeff Foster much less than the femmefan with the long dark blonde hair that framed her delicate face and flowed over her shoulders in shiny waves.

Jeff picked out two issues of *Askance* and an early *Banana Wings*, paid the pudgy girl behind the table and edged over next to the girl. He recalled the depths of her green eyes when she first looked up and saw him. Jeff was sure Val Reese felt something, too. Jeff in-

vited her to the hotel bar, where they spent nearly two hours in a corner booth. They ignored the waitress' attempt to turn their table and nursed their drinks. Her manner, sincere yet flirtatious, somehow made it easy for him to talk to her. The more he tried to find out about her, the more he told her about himself.

The sweet memories sour when you recall how Pat Martino swaggered up to the table and led her away. She didn't say a protesting word. But that didn't stop you, did it, Jeff? You didn't care that Val Reese left with Martino without a protesting word. You don't care that she was with someone, especially when that someone was Pat Martino.

You were close friends for a long time. That friendship died, destroyed by arguments that got louder as they grew more frequent. That information could ruin you both in an open feud, but hatred burned behind your forced smiles. If Pat Martino stands between you and Val Reese, that is jus one more reason to hate him.

You chased her for the rest of the convention, didn't you, Jeff? You couldn't quiet break them up, but she didn't push you away, either.

"Hey, Jeffery, you dozin' back there?" the driver asked.

"Just thinking," Jeff said, groping his way back from the daydream.

"We've arrived," Jeff's seat mate told him. "I'm sure he will answer all your questions."

Who is he?" Jeff asked before he thought better of it.

"Haw! Haw!" The driver, now standing beside the car, put a beefy hand on the roof to steady himself while his body shook with laughter. "Dat's one of the questions you get answered by comin' with us. Ya see, Jeffery?"

Jeff did as ordered. They hadn't hurt him, so it seemed like the right move. If they'd wanted to kill him, they wouldn't have walked him to the front door of a fancy apartment house.

The doorman's uniform, Napoleonic in its grandeur, didn't fit with the minimalist glass and metal door he guarded. The artistic dissonance didn't seem to trouble him, possibly because he had already drunk enough that day to make it hard to stand, much less ponder aesthetic questions.

The doorman opened he door without leaving his stool and waved the trio into the lobby with a sweeping gesture that nearly made him fall off the stool. He mumbled something that none of the three could've understood even if they had heard it.

Jeff's captors marched him to a waiting elevator. He felt the acceleration as the car rocketed straight to the top floor.

They walked Jeff to the only door. A musical chime summoned the tuxedoed butler.

The butler dismissed the two men with a quick nod. "Please come with me, sir," he said. "Your host expects you."

Another Tale Of the Uncanny Collator



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Jeff almost asked for his host's name. *Why bother*, he scolded himself and kept silent. The servant led him down a short hall, through open double doors and into a high-ceilinged room.

And what a room it was! Built-in polished oak bookshelves covered every wall from floor to ceiling. The strategically played ladders gave the only access to the top shelves.

Jeff Foster stood in the middle of the room, alone, waiting for something to happen. He slowly turned in a circle as he took in the size of this collection.

The lights started to strobe. The flickering disoriented Jeff and, for a moment, he had to use all of his willpower to keep from vomiting on the pale gray carpet. He closed his eyes to shut out the light. When Jeff opened them again, the lights had stopped blinking and he was no longer alone.

A massive man stood in front of the library table. He was as big as an NFL linebacker, but a decade too old for the rigors of pro football.

Jeff didn't have to guess his host's favorite color; his entire outfit was a rich, flaming red.

He wore a red cape with red satin lining over his red suit. A red enamel pin held his red ascot in place and Jeff felt sure that it covered the collar of a red dress shirt. From under the red brim of his red hat, his eyes drilled into his guest.

Jeff felt light-headed. Those penetrating eyes were red.

"Who are you?" Jeff asked in an unexpectedly shaky voice.

"My name would mean nothing to you," he said in a deep, resonant voice. "I am... the Gafiator. Welcome to my home, Mr. Foster," said the Fan in Red as he sat down on the high-backed red leather chair behind the table.

"You know my name!" Now he knew for certain that The Gafiator had planned to capture him and bring him to this room. "You can pretend I'm your guest, but you had me brought here against my will."

"I hope they were polite," replied the behemoth.

"It's not polite to kidnap someone," Jeff countered. "Why me?"

"It is vital that we meet now, at this time and in this place," his host replied. "I hope Alex and Paulie did nothing to dismay you."

"Oh, no, *Mister* Gafiator, they were perfect gentlemen when they snatched me from in front of my hotel, forced me into a car and forced me to come here."

"I fear that the methods of my minions have offended you," said the Gafiator. "I apologize for any... excess."

"Terrific," Jeff said with just the right lack of enthusiasm. "Now, put me in a car and send me back to my hotel and we'll call it even."

"No, no, no, Mr. Foster, that is impossible until we have concluded our business," the Gafiator insisted. "I feel your chagrin at what you consider ill treatment, but first we must accomplish my purpose. Only then can I return you, safe and unharmed, to your hotel."

The Gafiator's eyes bored into him again. "I cannot, in good conscience, do otherwise.

"I am The Gafiator and this is my duty."

Jeff took a deep breath and throttled his urge to argue. His quickest way out was to let the strangely costumed colossus say whatever he thought was so important.

“Please sit down, Mr. Foster,” the Gafiator said. Jeff took the only other chair in the library.

“Take this!” The Gafiator ordered. He extended his red-gloved hand. Jeff glanced at the red manila envelope and saw his name.

“Don’t open it yet,” The Gafiator said before Jeff could do exactly that. “We must talk first.”

“This is your picnic,” Jeff said. “I didn’t ask for an invitation.”

“I have brought you here, because a fan has summoned me,” said the Gafiator.

“Summoned you?” Jeff asked. “Why would a fan summon you?”

“The open door policy has served Fandom very well on many occasions,” said the Gafiator. “Fandom is a haven for the artistic pariahs who cannot find satisfaction in the Mundane World.”

“Every neofan knows that,” Jeff said. “What has this got to do with me?”

“Everything, Mr. Foster, I’m sorry to say,” the Gafiator replied. “Fandom’s open door has welcomed many fine fans, but it sometimes allows someone to enter who is like us only in that they do not fit in MUNDANIA.”

“Every healthy organism must have a way to eliminate its wastes.” The Gafiator rose from his chair and crossed his brawny arms across his barrel chest. “I am The Way. I am The Gafiator!”

“You want me to gafiater?” Jeff exclaimed. “I’ve been a fan since high school and I have no intention of gafiating.”

“I have been summoned and given your name.” said the Gafiator, ignoring Jeff’s outburst. “Now you must gafiater.”

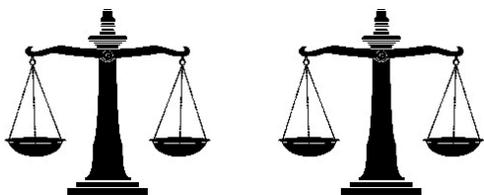
“The hell I will!” Jeff shouted. “No one is gonna run me out of Fandom!”

“Now would be the appropriate time for you to open the envelope,” The Gafiator said calmly. “The contents will interest you.”

Jeff pulled a red manila folder out of the envelope. He removed a sheaf of papers from the folder and started to read.

Jeff Foster groaned.

Tears rolled down his sensitive fannish face.



End of Part One

Come back next week for the Chilling Conclusion of
“The Eternal Quadrangle”



Pick Your Corflu

All-Time Guest List

If you could wave one of the Spirit of Trufandom’s magic wands to summon great fans of the past to a Corflu, whom would you choose?

Each of us can submit a guest list of up to 20 fans we’d like to have at Corflu. Your hypothetical invitees must have Passed On to the Enchanted Convention. (They’re dead.)

List your choices in any order, though alphabetical by last name is appreciated. You can pick up to the 20-fan maximum.

Individual Guest Lists will not be revealed unless you include them within your loc (as Robert Lichtman did in **fanstuff #17**). It’s ok to send your Guest List in the same email as your loc, just put it after the end of the letter of comment.

Appearing on a Guest List is worth once point when I total them. This will filter out idiosyncratic selections and give us a consensus Guest List for Corflu Imagine.

Here’s my list: Bob Bloch, rich brown, Burbee, FM Busby, TCarr, Norm Clarke, Vincent Clarke, Calvin Demmon, Ron Ellik, Jack Gaughan, Chuch Harris, Lee Hoffman, Francis Towner Laney, Thom Perry, Boyd Raeburn, Bill Rotsler, Bob Shaw, Bob Tucker, Dave Van Arnam, Walt Willis.

Now, it’s *your* turn. Make a list of up to 20 fans and send it here.

The Loccer Room House Rules

“Loccer room” aspires to be a fair, open and unfettered discussion forum.

Here in brief, are the rules designed to keep the column up to the needed standard.

The “loccer room” is an “equal opportunity” forum. I print all substantial locs; the fans in “WAHF” have sent simple acknowledgements or communications not intended for publication.

Locs appear in approximately the same order as received. It would be unusual for any loc to be printed out of order, though the possibility exists.

Letters are never interrupted by editorial comments. My comments are off to the side, in the narrow columns.

When a writer addresses a topic the full text is always printed. It’s like posting to an e-list, except it’s easier to read and won’t bury your contributions at the end of a seemingly endless thread.

No ambushes. No one will ‘respond’ to your loc in the same issue, except me.

Apologies for disagreeing with me are 100% unnecessary. I don’t care *what* you write as long as you write intelligently. Fact is, I don’t even *have* a firm opinion on many subjects raised in **fanstuff**.

To David B. Williams

Response to Numbered Fandoms

As Robert Lichtman’s loc in the last issue suggested, fanhistorical theory is not a popular topic. Think of it, rather, as the exotic addiction of sophisticated connoisseurs (like you and me).

We Slaves of Fanhistorical Truth must have faith. We must cling to the hope that Ted White, Robert Silverberg and Andy Hooper are even now fulminating about our theories and will soon write to enlighten us.

We must believe that among **fanstuff**’s readership, a few fans have succumbed to the siren call.

I may have hurt overall response to recent issues with a flood of harder-to-comment-on content. I also don’t feel like the discussion is done.

loccer room

David B. Williams

I was disappointed, even a little astonished, that no one chose to produce a substantive response to my Ages of Fandom essays. Robert Lichtman thought my elimination of Transitions might be a mistake but otherwise expressed disinterest, which is fair enough.

You mentioned something about MidAmericaCon 1976 as some kind of historical turning point but did not explain or elaborate. Then in Fanstuff 21, you outlined your own Epoch Theory without reference to any of my propositions.

I do appreciate your comment, “You scored direct hits with several complaints about Number Fandoms.” Your Epoch Theory also seems to support my thinking, that much broader historical periods are needed. In fact, I am emboldened by your 40-year Fanzine Epoch and feel less hesitant to declare the Second Age of fandom to begin in 1946 and continue for the next 25 years or so.

I also agree, it’s nearly impossible to bring any Numbered Fandom system up to the present date because it’s hard to see the forest for all the trees. But using broader eras, I do think we are safe in declaring that we are currently in the Internet Age. It began some time ago, and the trend is strengthening.

With regard to my own proposals, I was hoping for a more collaborative response from my fellow Fanstuffians, since I don’t consider myself expert enough to answer the questions I raised – which, of course, is why I asked them. Oh well. In the absence of any other critical remarks, I will offer a couple of my own.

First, I believe I placed too much emphasis on the first hints of a new trend in delimiting the various Ages. For example, the broadcast of the first episode of Star Trek in 1966 is surely too early to mark the start of Media Fandom. Likewise, the first sustained Internet discussion list is too soon to declare the beginning of the Cyberfandom Age.

Second, there’s a real glitch involving 1939-1941. While The Interregnum began in Britain in September 1939, the United States avoided engagement until December 1941, more than two full years. During that time, fandom kept chugging along with new fanzines, two more Worldcons, etc.

In the New World, the Second Age of Fandom began in 1939 and was then interrupted 1942-45 by The Interregnum of World War II. Then, I presume, the Second Age resumed. The Brits handled things much more conveniently, entering the war right after the first Worldcon. I find it very frustrating when history does not conform to my imposed categories.

I had one illuminating thought since writing my Ages of Fandom ex-

position. Really, all fandom can be divided into just two grand periods, the Fanzine Age and the Convention Age. This thinking seems to be supported by your Epoch Theory, which includes just those two categories with the Eo-Fandom and Digital Epochs tacked on before and after.

While the Internet has changed how we produce and distribute fanzines (and created digital alternatives to fanzines) and how we communicate with each other, I think that conventions are still the defining aspect of modern fandom and the primary focus of fanac for the vast majority of fans.

Which leaves the question I raised in my own thesis: how do we set the dividing line between the Fanzine Age and the Convention Age?

With regard to your two questions, “1. Useful to whom? 2. Useful for what?” I would say useful to the fan historian, and useful in the writing and learning of fanhistory. Human beings think in categories. That's how we organize our thoughts, and that's how we organize our historical narratives.

Rob Jackson

I have a scary little tale for you, about something which was nearly lost.

If you had still been on an e-list which you have now left – the leaving of which has probably given you enough time to write and edit Fanstuff – you might have read a post from me about an ancient box of fanish memorabilia which was up in the infamous Jackson attic, the repository of much that is ancient and worth keeping. Or maybe not. A month or so ago, Coral came back downstairs from the attic and said:

“That box of Seacon stuff has got to be burnt!”

“Why?”

“It's got rat droppings on it. You'll get Weil's disease from it.”

The box contained about two feet of wallet files and A4 or US quarto envelopes full of Seventies fannish correspondence, about UK Eastercons, Worldcons (one where I was on the committee, one I attended as a bidder – Suncon, and various which I joined as a supporter) as well as Novacons, Silicons and other stuff. The idea of ditching such a motherlode of fannish history gave me the heebie-jeebies even more than the idea of catching leptospirosis. If you don't want to go and look that up, it's a bacterium that is present in rat urine, which can start off with symptoms like flu and gradually and insidiously develop into jaundice, meningitis and kidney failure, occasionally proving fatal. Cheerful stuff.

But I knew the box she was talking about. All the valuable stuff was protected inside the files or envelopes. I had a little moan online about the idea of losing such treasure trove to the cause of global warming in a bonfire. No-one responded by telling me I should burn it, and the one person on the e-list who particularly rode to my rescue was the sainted Ted White, who said I should rescue the contents even if I was very careful about infection. Which was what I wanted to do anyway.

So this last Saturday when you were working on Fanstuff 22 and Coral was out all day at a sewing and felting weekend, I thought that while she wasn't around to worry, I would sort it out. On Saturday morn-

More to David B. Williams You Can Never Bring History Up-to-Date

Subjectivity and lack of perspective make it impossible to bring *any* fanhistorical theory up to the present day. In fact, I'd say that it was even truer for a small subculture like Trufandom. Personal involvement rouses strong feelings that are great for writing memoirs, but not for fanhistorical analysis.

Still More to David B. Williams Different Theories, Different Uses

What I was trying to say, and evidently saying badly, is that each fanhistorical theory can be useful *in the right situation*.

Something like the Epochal Theory — yours or mine, take your pick — might be useful for someone writing a history in which Fandom plays a peripheral role, like in a history of the science fiction community. Numbered Fandoms might be overkill for that purpose, but it could prove handy for someone who wanted a brief, but detailed, outline of Fandom's history. The Epochal Theory of Fanhistory doesn't have enough specificity and detail for that use.

Yet Still More to David B. Williams The Spirit of Fannish Cooperation

Fanhistorians cooperate/collaborate, but the methodology isn't the same as in Mundania. Fanhistorians have far more freedom of action than their non-fan counterparts.

All historians, fan and non-fan alike, search for the truth. Mundane historians must operate in an academic environment that encourages analysts with similar theories to make common cause against other cliques of historians with antithetical ideas.

Fanhistorians are essentially unaffected by such career-based considerations. Fanhistorians don't need to compromise to achieve a common defensive front.

Fanhistorians gain little or nothing from that strategy. Instead, each of us promulgates our theories and picks up ideas from each other to be incorporated into the fanhistorian's *next* essay.



ing I donned old clothes and thick rubber gloves and a nuisance mask, and carted the boxes out onto the patio where the fresh air on a fine but windy day would carry any nasty germs away up to Guildford or somewhere. And I had some nice clean new cardboard boxes fresh from delivering wine and a mitre saw, and about three dozen new wallet files. And I ended up sorting out not one but two boxes of fannish memorabilia, mostly from the late 70s/early 80s First Katz Gafiation era.

The ancient and rather mucky wallet files and somewhat torn cardboard boxes all went into a wheelbarrow then up to our bonfire site at the top of the garden, where one match and some tending of the fire with a garden fork eventually did for the lot. But (after I'd had a shower and changed into proper clothing) it was the contents that really grabbed me. They were actually quite clean and in perfectly good nick, and I had completely forgotten about an envelope which I must have filed in the mid 80s some-

time after giving up on fanediting a few years after Inca 1. I had labelled the envelope "Spare Artwork for Distribution to Faneds."

And it contained some absolute gems. There was one piece in particular which I had completely forgotten about, which I would really feel wrong about using myself, as its natural home is totally in Fanstuff, and this is attached. I think you can see why. Particularly appropriate is that it is by Bill Kunkel, whom you have already been remembering in Fanstuff.

What scares me (even more than the Weil's disease I might be incubating as a result of my selfless act of fannish archaeology) is that it was drawn in the late 70s, and already describes you as a Famous Fan of Yesteryear....

Chris Garcia

Just a brief note saying good stuff, as always, and that it's great to hear that Rob Hansen's gonna be at CorFlu. Yet another reason I'll be so bummed to not be there!

The Four Epoch theory of Fanzines is just about perfect! A year here or there, but it's never clear-cut in these things.

Jay Kinney

I like your list of departed Guests for Corflu Imagine. I don't think I'd quibble with any of them. Still, I'd add a few more:

Catherine Jackson, Terry Hughes, Lou Stathis, Susan Palermo, Dave Van Ronk, Dick & Pat Ellington, Red Boggs, Ted Pauls, John Berry

Again More to David B. Williams Is This Now the Convention Epoch?

I still think you may be underestimating the impact of the Internet. However, your reasonable argument did convince me of one thing: It's too soon to proclaim a new Epoch of Fandom.

It hadn't previously occurred to me that the time scale of the Epoch Theory of Fanhistory requires a longer wait than for the Numbered Fandoms Theory to attain the needed critical distance. I think I'm right, but it may take another half-decade to confirm it.

To Rob Jackson Welcome and Thank You

That's quite a way to make a splashy debut in fanstuff! Thank you so much for sharing the story about discovering this fine specimen of Kunkel cartooning. And you can double that gratitude for your generous gesture of sending Bill's piece to me.

Atom, Bill Kunkel
and the list could go on.

Terry Kemp
Ode to *Fanstuff*

Where o where in the world is my *Fanstuff* I pray?
As every day I wait until delivery at three.
Could it be? Yes, it is! It came here today.
With eager delight I looked for my loc,
Reading the ish from bottom to top.
Nowhere, nothing, o where can it be?

Dashed, crushed, I send you this plea.
Did I say something untoward in my letter that day?
No egoboo at all you say nothing to me!
Not a word, not a shout out!
I'm tempted to pout...
Even though it's not like I have nothing to say.

So, I end my prayer and my plea with this,
If you publish my poem, then nothings amiss.
I'll be in fan heaven again, filled with bliss,
Having carved out my simple arcane niche.
But if all's in vain, I have no one to blame,
Just the writer or poet of this,
A friend who's always one and the same.

Rob Hansen

You wrote:

"If mentioning someone in fanstuff can coax them into writing or visiting, this might be an appropriate place to mention Ted White, Frank Lunney, Steve Stiles, Sandra Bond, Rob Hansen and Lula Salazar."

Nah, that stunt never works. When FANSTUFF first appeared and I became aware of it via Bill Burns' regular announcement of additions to this fine efanazines website, I was a bit taken aback since, of course, this is also the title of my own website.

I claim no proprietary ownership of "FANSTUFF," of course, but it did make me wonder. "Does Arnie even know my website exists?" is what I wondered. Surely he must, I reasoned, for it's been linked to all over the place (even 'boing boing') and is dedicated to the sort of deep fanhistory that such a connoisseur of fannish culture would appreciate. So it goes.

Actually, apart from writing the occasional fanhistorical article for Peter Weston's RELAPSE, most of my fanac these days consists of fannish archaeology for my website (link in sig - click on Then:The

To Chris Garcia

No Apology Is Needed

You've supported **fantuff** from its inception, Chris, so you have a lot of credit stored up around here. Honestly, I think it was really nice of you to send what you did instead of just blowing off the fanzine for the week.

Let me reiterate that, though I have to be here every week or **fanstuff** won't be, but circumstances sometimes interfere with the intention of "perfect attendance."

More to Chris Garcia

A Small Correction

You may've accidentally introduced a bit of confusion, Chris. The Epochal Theory of Fanhistory applies to Fandom as a whole, not just the part of it called Core Fandom or Trufandom.

A Brief Guide

To the Narrow Columns

The basic layout of a **fanstuff** page has two columns. The wide one has articles, letters of comment and the news. Sometimes, there's "Poesy Coroner," but you've already survived that.

The narrow columns present shorter pieces and, in "locer room," my responses to letters of comment. I write everything in the narrow column, unless otherwise credited. Text in an outlined box is always complete.

My responses to each loc-writer are grouped by color. The name of the fan whose loc sparked the comment is always in bold on the top line.

To Jay Kinney

The List *Does* Go On and On

You are so right, Mr. Kinney! Every list I see reminds me of fans I didn't put in my "Top 20," whom I would be delighted to see at Corflu.

I hope others will send lists so we can compile the results. I have a feeling the results may include 40-50 consensus choices)arranged in alphabetical order).

**To Terry Kemp
For Shame, Terry Kemp, for Shame!**

An Ode to Terry Kemp

Sometimes an accident of name
Keeps a noble fan from fame
Unless you plan to grow some hemp
It's hard to find a Rhyme for "kemp!"

The loc you sent did not get here
My ISP's to blame, I fear
I'd never leave your letter out
Is something you should never doubt

With great regret I'm forced to say,
"I think that loc has gone astray!"
Re-send it now, today, to me
Then check in **fanstuff 23**

To Rob Hansen

**Two Great Minds on a Single Track
Repeatedly Colliding with EachOther**

It's a good thing neither of us minds
sharing an occasional name, because we
have a propensity for liking, and there-
fore choosing, the same ones.

You may've missed Robert Licht-
man's revelation in an early issue that
I'd published a different fanzine called
Fanstuff shortly after the turn of the
century.

Noticing your email address, did you
know that Joyce and I co-edited a fan-
zine called "FIAWOL" in the mid
1970's?

In fact, Joyce and I appear to have
published two *different* fanzines called
"FIAWOL" in the mid 1970's

**More to Rob Hansen
Just a Thought
That Just Came to Me**

I sympathize with your comments
about the difficulty of turning thoughts
into discreet topics for articles. Perhaps
the anticipation of your Corflu XXX trip
will help you overcome that obstacle.

Say, you know what else might help?
There's this fanzine that's loaded with
fan historical discussions, most of
which seem more or less in your wheel-
house.

Maybe you could ease into it by re-
sponding to some of the topics. We'd all
love to have you participate.

Archive) and posting on a couple of old fart yahoo groups. I don't seem to have any of the discrete, whimsical pieces I've written in the past in me at the moment. Perhaps one day....

Robert Lichtman

You open *Fanstuff* #21 with, "Reasons for publishing fanzines are as numerous as the fans who produce them. In fact, since most faneds have more than one motivation, there are a lot more reasons than there are fanzine editors." It would be interesting if—similar to your request for readers to send in names for the Corflu All-Time Guest List—the fanzine editors in our midst offered up their reasons. I'll start. My original reason back in 1958, when I was sixteen years old and first began receiving fanzines, was the thought that "I could do that, too. It looks like fun." I picked up a coeditor among my high school whose father just happened to be a paper salesman with a room liberally strewn with piles of samples *and* a functioning ditto machine, and before long I put out the typically tentative first issue. Some of its recipients saw that inscrutable *something* in it, and by the time I did the next issue I had Actual Contributors of words and art and it was said that I "showed promise."

The next reason to surface was that having one's fanzine was a handy way to get others' fanzines in trade. That still works well, but there's still another reason. Over the years I've found that I *enjoy* the many-faceted dance of putting out a fanzine: asking for and/or being surprised by contributions, working with the contributors regarding any editing of their offerings, laying out the fanzine (which includes determining the "playing order" of the articles), editing the letter column, and even the minor gruntwork of mailing it out. (Reproduction in these e-fete latter days is, of course, all done by my faithful Krishna Copy, even including folding and stapling.)

The aftermath of receiving letters of comment is pretty cool, too!

In your list of what you've "learned (that I haven't already forgotten)," I take a certain exception to this one: "Robert Lichtman, Joyce and I are the leaders of something called the Inner Cabal dedicated to the destruction of all that is Good, True and Semi-professional." I'd noticed but studiously ignored your sidebar in #20 about the Inner Cabal because, well, it seemed silly. I know what you're referring to here; however, I'm not a joiner in this particular regard—preferring to have my activities in that area remain 100% freelance.

Your sidebar, "The Epoch Theory of Fanhistory," seems to me to have it more or less right. One could, as you say, quibble about the dividing lines, but why bother? It's my view that other than Eo-Fandom all the other primary activities continue to exist. There are still fanzines and there are definitely still conventions. That much of the communication about conventions happens on-line instead of (or in addition to, depending on the con) printed progress reports tells me that convention and digital fandom pretty much coexist.

Taral's story was entertaining reading, although I guessed the end before I arrived there.

I continue to disagree with David B. Williams about numbered

Transitions—or Interregnums, as Speer and later Bob Silverberg called them. He writes that he’s “never seen mundane historians discussing a Fourth Transition (Paleolithic, First Transition, Mesolithic, Second Transition, Neolithic, Third Transition, Bronze Age, Fourth Transition) ...” But in fact I would guess that even though those historians don’t use the term there *were* periods between the named eras in which vestiges and practices of the earlier one were still in use before they phased out altogether in favor of the new and improved.

Since Neil Jamieson-Williams became involved in fandom during a period when my activity was first minimal and then nearly non-existent and exited from a corner of fandom of which I had no knowledge during the first five years of my own reactivation, I confess to never having heard of him before. But in answer to his first question, “Was I at one time ever a fan,” based on his description of his activity I would say yes without hesitation.

As for his second question “rooted to the problem of classification and creation of categories,” I followed the link he provided to the *Swill* Website and looked first at his most recent issue (http://swill.uldunemedia.ca/swill_14.pdf) and specifically his article, “Thrashing Trufen: Cri de Coeur,” in which he offers definitions of SF-oriented individuals in three categories: “genre consumers,” “fans” and “traditional fans.” He makes it clear that the first-named “do not identify themselves as SF fans.” He goes on, however, to present nearly identical definitions for the other two categories, using conditional language to make a case that “fans” may be somehow less passionately involved than “traditional fans.”

And he concludes with “Let the screaming and gnashing of teeth, begin.” Sorry, Neil, none of that here. I notice that in the previous issue you offer somewhat different definitions and add one for “active fan.” I find that you have a certain amount of what’s best called “attitude” about fans who’ve been around the subculture a long time and that it leaks into your articles. And I would argue that despite your publishing what for all intents and purposes *looks* like a fanzine that you’re actually not one these days, but instead a researcher with fandom as his subject and that in the interests of furthering your “project” you’re doing a certain amount of gentle shit-stirring and getting some not unexpected reactions.

(As a side note, Neil, I suggest that your fanzine would be *much* more readable if you used a font other than what appears to be “Mom’s Typewriter” with its faux filled-in letters in your response to letters of comment.)

Thanks to Earl Kemp for illuminating the more customary practices of Ed Wood concerning his disposal of the fanzines he received. How cool for you that because of this you were getting to read “current issues of top-quality fanzines” when new to fandom!

Arnie, about my failure to complete my TAFF report you write that it was “a humanizing element that makes fans appreciate your publishing achievements that much more.” That may be so, but I’d be surprised if any (or many) make that nexus. My own thoughts at the time

To Robert Lichtman Another Terrific Idea!

I love your proposal that we ask faneds to tell why they publish. Although “Why a Fan?” has had lots of discussion — plus Earl Kemp’s terrific anthology of that name and my sequel — but no comparable focus on reasons for fanzine publishing.

I include myself among the fanzine editors who can muster a multitude of reasons. In fact, it’s likely that you’ve inspired my next cover essay. Between your exposition in this issue and mine in **fanstuff #23**, I think we can entice some of today’s other active fanzine publishers to follow suit.

More to Robert Lichtman The Inner Cabal

I think it would be best if we didn’t talk further about the Inner Cabal in this very public forum, though I greatly admire your facility for misdirection. You know how touchy some members get at the meetings when talk turns to security breaches.

The ad, having accomplished its purpose, will not be repeated. We’re gonna need a *lot* more chairs.

Still More to Robert Lichtman Whatever Happened To the Fourth Transition?

That’s a good question, but an even better one might be: How come so many smart fanhistorians have accepted the definition of Fourth Fandom introduced by Agberg and copied by many (including me).

Saying that a prozine letter column was the focal point of Fandom is like saying that the Chicago Bears are the best team in college football. Some people who later became fans undoubtedly have warm memories of letterhacking a prozine, but there were fans publishing excellent fanzines like *Vampire*. Joe Kennedy’s monthly has a much stronger claim to being the focal point of that era.

As I wrote last week, I think David has something when he says Transitions are not necessary to the Numbered Fandoms Theory.

Cover Essay

Is It Still

Science Fiction Fandom?

Arnie/1

Fen Den:

Meet Arnie Katz, Science Fiction Lover

Arnie/2

My Favorite Fannish Pros

Arnie/3

Faan Fiction

The Eternal Quadrangle

Arnie/4

Pick Your All-Time Corflu Guest List

Arnie/7

loccer room

YOU & me/8

Fanews

Arnie/14

and subsequently were that I could be of more service to fandom, particularly the fanzine-publishing and -reading portion, by continuing with my normal activities rather than divert my energies at any time into producing a report. I think that's worked out well.

WAHF: Taral Wayne, Dick Lupoff, Rob Jackson, Kat Templeton

fanews

EBay Fanzine Auctions Aid Corflu

Andy Hooper has taken on the job of raising money to help Corflu XXX by auctioning fanzines for the benefit of the con on EBay.

Here's what Andy wrote in his Facebook post:

I've finally begun listing items for auction on eBay in order to raise money for Corflu XXX next May. Search for items with the phrase [Corflu 30] in the title. Right now I have 18 lots listed, almost all of them fanzines published some time in the past 30 years. To me, the prizes of the group are 9 issues of Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins' fanzine MAINSTREAM, all in one lot for a minimum bid of \$4.99. I've intentionally started with common fanzines and less valuable items, in the assumption that we'll build momentum as I gather more donations from generous friends of Corflu.

Hacker Attack Strikes Fans!

Guy Lillian and Judy Bemis have reported that their computers have been hacked. Effective counter-measures have been taken and both should have fully restored service within days.

Fandom is on the Move!

Well, at least some fans are in the midst of moving. Louisiana fan Dean Sweatman says he'll be pretty quiet on the Internet for about a week until he gets settled.

John Hardin should be pretty much finished with his move. His two sons are going to be living with him, so he needed a bigger place.

Jason Walker and Jennifer Grutzmacher, who became members of the Vegrants several months ago, are in process of moving to a much nicer and more centrally located place than the apartment they grabbed when they returned to Las Vegas from Austin, TX, earlier this year.

That's All, Trufans!

I'll be back in a week. Meanwhile — keep fanning!

— Arnie

fanstuff #22, September 29, 2012, is a frequent fanzine from Arnie Katz(crossfire4@cox.net).

It's available at efanzines.com, thanks to kindly Mr. Burns. Published: 9/29/12

Re Cover illustration: Arthur Thomson (ATom)

Reporters this issue: Joyce Katz, Rob Jackson, Andy Hooper, and me.

Member: fwa

Supporter: AFAL