

fanstuff

It's More Fun in the Game than on the Sidelines!

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Toward an Updated Insurgentism

The discussion of Insurgentism, begun in **fanstuff** #30, has generated a batch of questions. The phrasing varies, but the theme is the same: "What is Insurgentism?"

Continued on page 2

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Advice for Prospective Insurgents

Those without experience as Insurgents may benefit from some counsel. It may be worthless nonsense, but that's Fandom for you.

Everyone is not cut out to be an Insurgent. Just as there are humorists and those who appreciate humor, there are those who are Insurgents and those who sympathize with what Insurgents are saying.

Both roles are necessary. Every fan doesn't have to be an Insurgent, but it doesn't hurt to listen to those who are.

Pick your spots. By its nature, Insurgency is nearly always reactive and negative. Most often, the Insurgent is responding to something he or she thinks is wrong. Firing at too many targets in too short an interval generates too much negativity — and who wants to spend their fanning time surrounded by negativity?

Beware of the Law of Diminishing Returns. Like anything else, the effectiveness of Insurgency is inversely proportional to the frequency of its use.

Insurgents are humorists as well as polemicists. Bare-knuckled screeds aren't the only way to express Insurgency. Satire and parody often make the point more effectively than an essay. The humorous approach is almost invariably more entertaining to the readers.

Remember your goal. Your approach must be different if you are trying to help a good fan See the Light than if you are opposing Ultimate Evil like WSFS or the N3F. Flaying a fan friend with your most trenchant armor-piercing prose is a quick way to lose a friend.

Critique your friends in private and your enemies in public. If you have a bone to pick with a buddy, a private parley is more likely to produce a good result than a public pillorying.

Don't become a Cannibal. Sometimes, inexperienced Insurgents are so eager to Fight for Truth and Justice that they practice their Insurgency against other Insurgents, their most likely future allies.

Don't take any of this too seriously. Fandom is a hobby and we're all here to have fun.

That's a damn good question.

As so often happens with damn good question, it immediately led to another, equally intriguing, one: What is an Insurgent supposed to do?

The material in #30 was designed to introduce the subject and spark some discussion. It looked at Insurgency primarily from a fanhistorical perspective. I mentioned some of the main points in the fan philosophy of Insurgency, but I didn't go into sufficient detail.

I wanted to bring Insurgency back into the fannish conversation and **fanstuff #30** did that. It served as an introduction, a prelude to a more complete and relevant treatment of the subject.

Not that this is a definitive essay. The nature of Insurgency makes it unwise to speak for other Insurgents and unlikely that all other Insurgents will agree with what I write.

All I can tell you is how I see it. I hope and expect that other contemporary Insurgents will offer their interpretations in coming issues. Surely, there will be many points of agreement, but the essence of Insurgency is that each fan must decide what meaning, if any, Insurgency has for them. And let's not forget that even today's most vociferous Insurgents are also Trufannish.

Generations of Insurgents have refined the philosophy, but no one has bothered to explain that evolution. I doubt many 21st Century Insurgents would embrace Insurgency as propounded in *Ah, Sweet Idiocy!* None of us agrees with Laney's oft-repeated injunction: "Why don't you quit Fandom?"

I call this updated version "Insurgency 2.0." It's my attempt to abstract the principles of Insurgency as the philosophy exists today.

The Four Pillars of Insurgency are:

- **Fandom is a Meritocracy.** Fans gain respect and egoboo by the quality and quantity of their fanac. No one gets a free pass, because of their wealth, social position or whom they know.
- **Fans are responsible for what they say and do.** Writing or saying something to Fandom implies a willingness to discuss it. If the discussion changes the fan's opinion, they should own up to that, too.
- **Devotion to the Truth.** Insurgents try to write about things as they are rather than as some might like them to be.
- **Fans should stand up for their principles.**

Giving in to bullies and failing to uphold what you believe is right represents a character weakness.

The ramifications of these Four Pillars are the source of the other tenets of Insurgent philosophy as I see it today.

These subsidiary points include:

- **Anti-Bureaucracy.** The larger the bureaucracy, the more it frustrates meritocracy. It also substitutes empire-building and petty politics for actual creative activity. Bureaucracies also attract would-be bureaucrats and that's not exactly the fannish type.
- **Preference for organizations that have specific, limited goals.** Continuing organizations, especially those with no specific goals, are much more likely to generate bureaucracy than entities that dissolve once they serve their purpose.
 - This includes a preference for Special Funds over continuing ones and autonomous convention committees rather than uber-committees that retain power between cons.
- **Opposition to Commercialism in Fandom.** Aspirations to make a living in science fiction are fine, but Fandom itself is a hobby. Fanac should be a labor of love, not a means to profit.
- **Anti-Pretension.** Francis Towner Laney's "I Am a Great Big Man" still resonates. Laney created a boastful, gaudy autobiography and then demonstrated how he had blown up actual facts and modest achievements into a gaudy piece of puffery.
- **Rejection of Pseudo-Campbellism.** Fanzines and the fans who produce them should represent themselves and their productions as they are without resorting to the trappings of professional magazines. Putting a price on the cover and staging Big Prize Contests are examples of Pseudo-Campbellism.
- **Maintenance of Standards.** This pertains to fans' day-to-day conduct and qualifications for honors like TAFF.

A Few Words of Reassurance

This issue's cover essay and its associated sidebars aren't an attempt to substitute Insurgentism for Trufannishness. That would be a waste of time and a waste of Fandom.

Insurgentism can never be a dominant philosophy. An occasional dash spices up the subculture. We're all Trufans around here and no one wants to change that.

Consider the Four Pillars and the Secondary Principles of Insurgentism.

Nothing there menaces our Fandom. To the contrary, wouldn't Fandom be better with more Truth and less Bullshit? Wouldn't it be better with more creativity and less bureaucracy?

Insurgents like Bob Tucker, Art Widner, Charles Burbee, Francis Towner Laney, Elmer Purdue, Art Rapp, Ted White, Terry Carr, Bill Rotzler, Robert Lichtman and Joyce Katz have made mammoth contributions to Fandom. Even Forry Ackerman, Jack Speer and Walt Willis have carried the Insurgent banner when they felt Fandom needed it.

Fandom would benefit from an injection of Insurgentism. Meanwhile, we're just talking, a little four-dimensional mental crifanac.

What is the Current Fan Philosophical Consensus?

I've referred to the "fannish consensus" often enough in my writing that fans have asked for a more detailed description.

Without the opportunity to periodically survey fans, facts will remain in short supply. Pretty much everything that follows is no more than an educated guess.

The viewpoints of individual fans, weighted for respect, create the consensus.

Trufandom's consensus is an amalgam of the seven fan philosophies. What is constantly in flux is the strength of each of those philosophies.

Two philosophies dominate today's Trufandom: Trufannishness and Communicationism. The others are part of the equation, too, but they currently wield much less influence.

Insurgentism & Trufannishness Partners in Fannishness

A persistent misconception is that Trufannishness and Insurgentism are polar opposites, engaged in an endless tug-of-war for Fandom's hearts and minds.

That's simply not true.

Insurgentism and Trufannishness share common ancestry, a more nebulous earlier philosophy called "Fannishness." That gives them a lot of common ground.

Each of the seven fan philosophies provides a different way of seeing, and interacting with, Fandom. Conflicts exist, but each philosophy has its areas of special concern and applicability. Trufannishness focuses on the ties that bind us together as fans. Communicationism is concerned with interaction among fans. Insurgentism is mostly about the individuality of fans. They combine in varying proportions, along with other fan philosophies to create the ambience of our subculture at any point in time.

Perception and Action

Philosophy is about perception, not action. Everything I've written about Insurgentism and the other fan philosophies is about ways of looking at Fandom.

I feel that Insurgentism has largely dropped out of the fan philosophical mix in the last 20 years. I wanted to raise the level of awareness and understanding of it, so that our subculture might benefit from some of its perceptions.

If you see value in the Insurgent philosophy, you don't have to *do* anything. Insurgentism will now factor in your view of Fandom and, to the extent that you believe in it, help shape your actions.

- **Fannish Pride.** Fandom has intrinsic worth and is not merely the footstool of professional science fiction.
- **Rejection of Fannish Conceits and Delusions.** Claims that fans are super-normal or that fans are superior to others are a figment of overheated imagination. Fandom is a fine and nurturing subculture for people like us.
- **Distrust of Fan Politics.** Ad hoc, grassroots movements to achieve a desired goal can be useful, but fan politics aimed at securing power and authority are harmful to our Fandom. Attempts to gain by stealthy strategy and malicious maneuvering what is not earned with righteous fanac must be resisted and discouraged.
- **Bias against excessive regulation.** Complex rules and legalistic codes don't work nearly as well as friendly interaction among reasonable adults. When a club's constitution and/or Robert's Rules of Order become the end rather than the means to an end, trouble and inanity are never far behind..
- **Resistance to attempts by those outside our subculture to impose their views.** In today's Balkanized Fandom, each Special Fandom must respect the right of the other Special Fandoms to run their version of the hobby as they think best. We must also resist attempts of those outside our subculture to alter it to their liking.

That's the *philosophy* of Insurgentism 2.0. What, you may wonder, is the *agenda* of Insurgentism?

That's simple to answer: Insurgentism has no agenda. Insurgents try to be truthful and honest, support the Meritocracy and take responsibility for what they say and do.

Active Insurgentism is a response to a perceived wrong or problem. What, if anything, pushes your button is up to you. How you handle it when something *does* push your button is also up to you. -- Arnie

Coming Attractions

I've held this issue back a little to finesse around Corflu and give fans a chance to comment.

The next issue is the First Annish.

"Loccer room" will return in **fanstuff #37**, which ought to hit inboxes two-three weeks after you receive this one.

— Arnie

Katzenjammer Fan Philosophies

In Brief

Seven fan philosophies shape the attitudes of individual fans and the entire subculture. The seven are:

- **Serconism** is an interest in science fiction and fantasy.
- **Scientism** began with Gernsback's belief that every fan should aspire to be a scientific experimenter. Though that idea has waned, interest in cutting-edge science is also an expression of Scientism.
- **Trufannishness** represents the tribal aspect of our subculture and is closely linked with the history, literature, myths and customs of our group.
- **Professionalism** is the desire for a career involved with Science Fiction and Fantasy.
- **Commercialism** is the attempt to make money off the hobby of Fandom.
- **Communicationism** is the desire to exchange thoughts, opinions and information with other fans.
- **Insurgentism** seeks to get fans to live up to their professed standards, stand behind their opinions and generally keep things real.

Philosophies don't exist in pure form. Within each of us are elements of most, if not all, of these philosophies. The relative strength of each element and their interaction with each other guide our fannish words, thoughts and actions.

It's a dynamic, ever-changing blend. Our attitudes and behavior evolve as the various fan philosophies wax and wane within us. Introspection, experience and altered conditions keep the balance from freezing in one state.

The same process is at work in our subculture as a whole. The fannish consensus reflects the philosophical positions of individual fans.

Consensus isn't unanimity. Inner-directed fans seldom march in lockstep. Whatever Fandom's philosophical consensus may be at any point in time, you can be sure that many fans will hold varying beliefs, some far removed from that consensus.

— Arnie

An Overview Of the Fan Philosophies

**By
Arnie
Katz**

locker room annex

Tucker Awards

*Here's the
Full story,
Presented by
Fans with
First-hand
Knowledge*



By
Tim Bolgeo,
Toni Weiskopf
& Rich Zellich

Tim Bolgro

I am afraid that you are mistaken concerning the "Tucker Award", there is one. It is an old award that was given to fans throughout the 80's and 90's. The last time it was presented was in August of 2007 at the North American Science Fiction Convention chaired by Michelle Zellich. The Tuckers were given to two long term fans that the committee felt had contributed significantly to fandom.

The first to receiver the award at the convention was Toni Weiskopf, who is now the Publisher of Baen Books. In her case, I believe that the honor was well deserved. The second person, I believe, received it more for what he did *to* Fandom.

Toni Weiskopf

I'm pretty sure the Tucker had been going before I got mine. I knew enough to faunch for it!—Toni

Rich Zellich

A new award was instituted in 1985 to recognize the activities of that heretofore unsung group of people known as SF convention partiers. Every award must, of course, have a nickname; the official nickname of the Award for Excellence in Science Fiction Convention Partying is the "Tucker".

The first two years awards were sponsored and administered by the St. Louis in '88 worldcon Bid committee. Subsequent awards are administered by a related group. The awards will be nominated and voted on by members of Czarkon (St. Louis' "adult relaxicon") and the rest of SF party fandom via convention parties and any fanzines or SF Club newsletters willing to reprint the enclosed nomination form and/or the final ballot.

There are three awards: SF Professional (writer, editor or dealer), SF Artist and SF Fan. Couples or groups are eligible as a single nominee. Any SF convention partier over the age of 21 is eligible and nominees need not attend the presenting convention if they win as long as they are willing to have their award accepted by a proxy. Winners are not eligible for re-nomination in any category for a period of five years; losing nominees are eligible again the following year.

The design of the physical award is a full bottle of Beam's Choice bourbon mounted on a base. The base has a plaque with the year, award name, and the winner's name. An instant tradition was begun in 1985: the winners received their awards full, but took them home from the convention

Tucker Award Winners

1985 Grand Master: Wilson Tucker; SF Professional: Bob Cornett & Kevin Randle
SF Artist: David Lee Anderson; Fan: Glen Boettcher & Nancy Mildebrandt

1986 SF Professional: Glen Cook; SF Artist: Dell Harris; Fan: Dick Spelman; Pro-Fan-ity Award - Dick Spelman

1987 SF Professional: Nancy Edwards; SF Artist: Joan Hanke-Woods; Fan: Jack Jennings

1988 SF Professional: Ed Bryant; SF Artist: Alexis Gilliland; Fan: Ken Moore

1989 SF Professional: Robert Asprin; SF Artist: Jim Elmore; Fan: Rich Zellich

1990 SF Professional: Somtow Sucharitkul ; SF Artist: Robert "J.R." Daniels; Fan: Midge Reitan

1991 SF Professional: Bob Cornett; SF Artist: David Lee Anderson; Fan: Tom Meserole

2007 SF Professional: Toni Weiskopf; Fan: Jim Murray

empty. (many self-sacrificing volunteers helped empty the awards).

The award was given its name with the permission of Bob Tucker. Bob was also given a Grand Master Tucker Award the first year - his plaque had a larger bottle of Beam's on it than the other awards.

Dick Spelman had a lot of fun trying to get nominated, and win, in all three categories.

Toni Weiskopf

Can we get the complete chart of winners and this text? I'll submit it to the SFC Handbook website and see if we can include it up there as an addendum. It's not strictly a Southern award, but if Southern fans can win it.... And that way it'll up someplace searchable.

Rich Zellich

There were two one-offs later. One set presented by Nancy Edwards at the 1999 Czarkon. The other set was presented at the St. Louis NASFiC/TuckerCon, where you and Timmy received it.

I found a list of potential nominees for the 1999 Czarkon, but no winner's list. At a guess it might have been another special award to Bob Tucker, one to Roger Tener, one to Ray VanTilburg, and one to me (or me and Michelle). There were probably more, as Nancy had to purchase a full case of Beam's Choice, and handed them all out, one way or another.

I know Ray and I ended up with personal bottles, but am not sure if they were Tucker Awards, or just part of "the rest of the case."

In 1985, the first year, there was also a Special Ballot-Stuffing Award given to Glen Boettcher. It was a mini "airline"-size bottle on a miniature base. It turned out Glen hadn't stuffed the ballot box, and it was probably the result of a mass action taken at an SF club meeting in his home town.

— RZ, TW and TB

The Tucker Awards: In the Beginning

When we were pushing the Award, we sent letters and nominating forms, and letters and ballot forms, to a list of about 70 fanzines around the country, plus several of the larger SF clubs. IIRC, only two of them ever responded and said they ran the nomination and ballot forms; a few more may have run them without letting us know. Anyway, at least the 'zine editors knew about the awards.

The first 2-3 years, we were running a Worldcon bid, so we got to a lot of cons - we left stacks of nominating or voting forms on the freebie tables at every one, and also sent them to cons in a 500-mile radius from St. Louis, in the package with the Archon PR flyers I was in charge of mailing to other cons back then. Of course, we also had a stack of the forms in our party rooms and many got picked up there.

We received returns from a really wide variety of locations over the years so, apparently, some of the 'zines, clubs, and cons were making the forms available. The variety of nominee names showed the nomination forms were not coming just from the cons at which we threw bid parties. Interestingly, the nominees were so widely known that there were very few I had never heard of, despite never having actually run across many of them in person.

The original idea, arrived at by watching the people in our first bid parties, and attending other bid and non-bid parties at those cons, was that the various SF & Fantasy groups - authors, fan writers, artists and fan artists, media creators, etc., all had one or more major awards of their own, but there was one group of people that worked really hard at what they did and got no official recognition whatsoever. That group, of course, was the SF convention partiers. Naming the awards for Bob Tucker's efforts over the decades was an obvious thing to do and, knowing Bob personally, we explained the idea to him and asked permission to use his name and "trademark" Beam's Choice bottle. Bob being Bob, he graciously gave his permission; I think he was kind of tickled at the idea.

— Rich Zellich

Arnie Notes

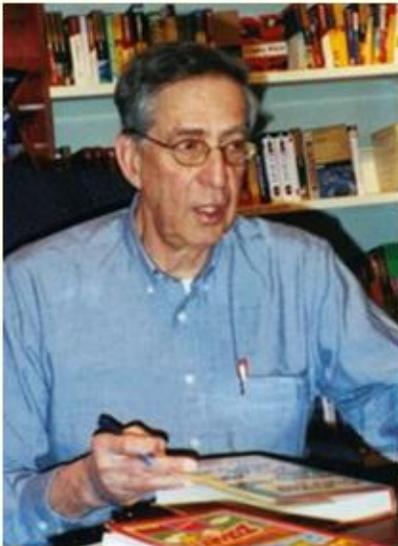
This unique article is the result of the cooperation and hard work of Toni Weiskopf, Tim Bolgeo and Rich Zellich. The trio responded to the discussion of a Tucker Award with the revelation (at least to me) that another group of fans had already established an award to honor Tucker.

The material arrived as cc'd emails of their conversation. I stayed a spectator as they piled up facts, stats and personal reminiscences.

After they finished and I'd thanked them, I edited the text to reduce duplication and digression. I'll withhold my comments until the next "locer room." — Arnie

Them Daze

'Nother Grandma



Well, the Irish Newsboys were great, the food was cheap and hearty, the beverages were excellent if a trifle pricey, and a good time was had by all. Best part, of course, was the music. Loud, jolly, more than a little ragged but who was counting? That was Friday night. Saturday I finished that short story. Title is “Sisoh Promatem,” and the most backward of readers will have no trouble understanding it. Saturday night Beloved Spouse and I played doting grandparents, mainly watching Batman cartoons with soon-to-be-eight-years-old Ethan. After Batman he crawled into bed with a copy of *The Lord of the Rings* and fell asleep hugging the book.

And today, against a background of emerald and azure aka avocado leaves and sparkling March skies, it’s back to Them Daze and recollections of my maternal grandmother.

When I was a small child we lived in an extended family situation, including my maternal grandmother, Clara, who was known simply as Grandma. My paternal grandmother, Rebekkah, lived in Coney Island and was known as 'Nother Grandma.

Clara had been born in Austria. I remember her telling me the name of the town where she lived, but it would take a major mind probe to retrieve that bit of information. Apparently it was little more than an agricultural village. Clara did speak of her childhood as a farm girl.

A male cousin – again, I’m sure she told me his name, and it, too, escapes me – was the first member of the family to come to America. He got a job, saved his money, and sent carfare back to his Cousin Clara in Austria. Nine gold dollars.

With those nine gold dollars Clara made her way across Europe to England, boarded a transatlantic steamer (in steerage, of course) and sailed off to America, the land where the streets were paved with gold.

When the ship arrived in New York there was pandemonium on the docks. People were running around, waving their arms and shouting. They were shouting in English, of course, and neither Clara nor any of her fellow immigrants spoke the language.

When they were permitted to leave the ship Clara was met by her cousin. She asked him what the excitement was all about, and he told her that the Presi-

By Dick Lupoff

dent had been shot. That would have been William McKinley, shot by Leon Czolgosz on September 6, 1901. My Grandma, then Clara Hirsch, was sixteen years of age.

She married young. Her husband was a construction worker named Feldman. They had three children, Morris, Sylvia, and Marion. Sylvia was my mother. Clara's husband was working on a construction project when a scaffold collapsed, throwing workers to the ground far below. Clara's husband was killed.

Somehow she was able to raise her three children. All grew up and married and had children of their own: my cousins Eleanor, Stephen, and Franklin; my brother, Jerry, and Yours Truly.

Clara's English was totally fluent and marked only by the very slight, very soft accent of "low German," not at all like the harsh "movie German" accent that was heard in so many of the wartime films that I saw as a child. Decades later, when I was making movies myself, my first cameraman (and mentor) was an Austrian immigrant, Joe Boehmer. His English sounded exactly like my Grandma's, and I loved hearing him speak. Obviously, Clara had learned English after arriving in America. She also knew German and Yiddish. When the State of Israel was founded in 1948 and it was announced that its official language would be Hebrew, Grandma expressed her annoyance. She felt that Hebrew was a highfalutin language while Yiddish was more for the common people. By the time I was aware of Grandma, she was thoroughly American. When she got her citizenship papers she was very proud. But she carried some of the Old World with her, as well. When I asked her about her childhood home she told me that it was now in Poland, but that she was not Polish, she was Austrian. I got the impression that the Austrians regarded the Poles as roughnecks, hillbillies. While they, the Austrians, were cultured, educated, sophisticated. Even an Austrian farm girl knew that!

I imagine that Poles felt differently.

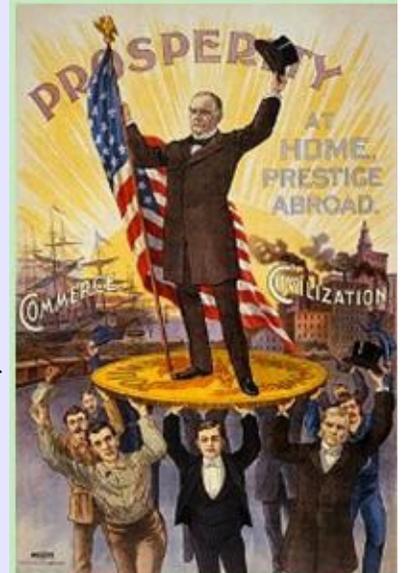
When Jerry started school and learned to read he spent many hours reading comic books. On Sunday mornings we would also lie side-by-side on the living room rug, the Sunday comic section spread in front of us, while a voice from the radio – at one time, during a labor dispute, it was the voice of Mayor LaGuardia – read "the funnies." My favorites were *Flash Gordon* with its marvelous Alex Raymond renderings, and a short-lived strip called *Aladdin, Jr.* about a modern kid who finds the legendary lamp. This was created by William Meade Prince, and I would dearly love to have a compilation of episodes.

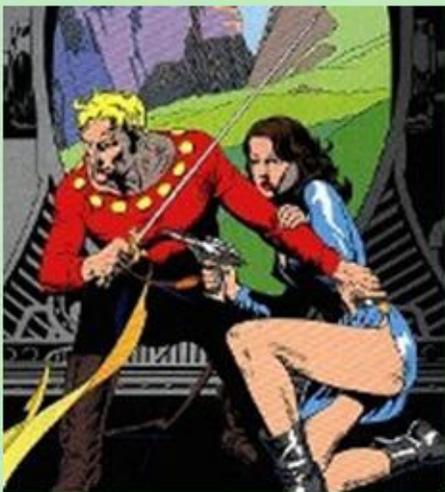
But Jerry could read the speech balloons and narrative panels in the comics, and I could not, and this very nearly drove me mad with jealousy. I lobbied everyone in the family to teach me to read, and the answer I got repeatedly was, "When you're older you'll go to school and then you'll learn to read." But I couldn't wait. Never in my life, never before and never since, have I wanted anything so desperately and so urgently. Finally Grandma relented. She agreed to teach me to read. I have a powerful memory of sitting with her while she showed me the letters of the alphabet and demonstrated their sounds and showed me how they fit together to make words. By dinner time that night I was reading.

Some people have told that my recollection is faulty, that it's impossible to learn a complex skill like reading in so short a time. But other friends had described similar experiences in their own childhoods, or even remembering teaching themselves to read. I believe it can be done, at least learning in an afternoon. Listen, I've done it.

Jerry and I shared a bedroom. Our house was situated on a slight rise and our bedroom was on the second storey. As a result, the headlights of passing automobiles would shine on the ceiling of our bedroom, and I would watch them sweep across the ceiling, above my bed, as I fell asleep. Grandma had a bedroom next to ours, and on rare occasions she would let me sleep in her bed.

One day in the spring of 1941 my mother was standing in front of a screen door. The screen was torn and rusted, and my mother suffered a scratch on her shoulder. This





seemed like the most trivial of injuries, but the scratch became infected, the infection developed into septicemia, and in a few weeks she died.

For the next two years my father tried to keep the family intact and in our home, but his business required frequent and extended business trips and in 1943 he gave up and sold the house and moved to a residential hotel in Manhattan. My grandmother, Aunt Marion, and Marion’s husband Sam, took an apartment in Flushing, Queens. Jerry and I were packed off to military school from September to June of each year, and to summer camp each July and August. We were to spend our brief vacations and the gaps between camp and school, and between school and camp, at Grandma’s.

She became the most important person in my life, and remained so for years to come. She was a pragmatist. I remember her in her kitchen, preparing food, making noodles from scratch. She had a little wooden radio that stood on a chair, and she listened to Kate Smith and Mary Margaret McBride, to soap operas like *Our Girl Sunday* and *The Romance of Helen Trent*. Later in the day if I was in residence I would get to hear the fifteen-minute strip shows from 5:00 to 6:00 o’clock. *Superman*, *Terry and the Pirates*, *Buck Rogers*, *Sergeant Preston of the Yukon*, *Captain Midnight*.

When Grandma’s radio proved unreliable – as she put it, “went on the fritz” – she would steady it with one hand and wallop it with the other, and invariably it would resume functioning properly.

Occasionally I would hear her muttering about “the poor old man.” Sometimes she would expand on that. “The poor old man, the poor old man, why couldn’t they leave him alone?”

“What old man?” I asked.

“The Emperor.”

That left me baffled, until I learned about Franz Josef, the Emperor of Austria-Hungary during Clara’s childhood. He did indeed live a tragic life, and even a humble Jewish farm girl – and Jews were not well treated in Austria – loved and almost worshipped the Emperor.

In due course I went off to college. My father had remarried and he and his second wife moved to Florida where I attended the University of Miami. After that, a couple of years in the army, and by the time I returned to civilian life Pat and I were engaged to be married.

I took her to meet Grandma, and it was mutual love at first sight. For years Grandma had kept me supplied with fudge brownies and cookies. The cookies in particular were wonderful. Flat disks a little more than an inch in diameter, they were made of spiraling vanilla and chocolate cookie dough. They were a delight to the eye and a joy to the palate.

I’d described them to Pat, and when she and Grandma met I reminded them both of the wonderful cookies that Grandma had made, using an old family recipe that she’d brought with her from Austria.

“That wasn’t an old family recipe,” Grandma said, “I got it out of a cookbook from Macy’s.”

In 1991 the Berkeley-Oakland hills fire took place. Pat and I stood on our front lawn, watching the flames creep down the hill behind the old Claremont Hotel. One of our sons phoned and warned us to get ready to flee. We got our dogs and cats in the car. Was there anything else we needed to take?

Our son offered some advice: “There’s still time to download your important computer files onto disks” – we were still using floppies – “and take them with you.” I did that and grabbed one other thing: a photo of my Grandma as a young woman.

I still miss her. -- Dick Lupoff

loccer room

Lloyd Penney

The Easter weekend is coming to an end, and there's a little time to write another letter of comment, taking it from the top of the e-heap. Fanstuff 33 is there, so here's what's next.

Where is the handicapped? We're all around, part of an accepting group like fandom. We don't need little signs here and there to point us out; we need opportunities to show that we are part of the crowd. No one really wants these differences pointed out, and they shouldn't need to be pointed out. I've had poor vision all my life, and in May, I will have a cataract removed, so I understand what it's like to have that poor vision. (One thing I've wondered...why aren't there any fannish opticians? He'd do a fantastic business at a Worldcon, especially for the Harry Potter style...)

Wish I had one or two of the NYC subway tokens for the collection. I have some of the MARTA tokens from Atlanta, the one SF writer Marta Randall loved so much...

1977 was the year I finally found a way into fandom, through a Star Trek club in Victoria, British Columbia, not far from Andy Hooper's location. My initial fanzine activity didn't come about until around 1982, and there's a number of zines I wish I'd been able to get. To go back to that time, with a Rotsler in the locol, I found my hidden stash of Rotsler cartoons as I was cleaning my office. They were so well hidden, I couldn't find them and had forgotten about them, until now.

Greetings once again to Wolf von Witting...I am pleased that I played a small role in your continuance to publish fanzines. We all want some egoboo, and we want to feel that our contributions to this fandom are positive ones.

Now that it is April, the spring is nigh, and the temperatures do rise, and for most of around the Toronto area, the snow is about gone. Yvonne and I will want to go out for some fresh air and outdoor warmth, so I am planning to get caught up again as just recently the fanzines come rushing in via eFanzines, not to mention those I get directly via e-mail. That's the plan, anyway. Many thanks for this fanstuff, and I am sure more will be coming shortly.

JoHn Hardin

I've been AWOL lately what with work and being a single parent, so I thought I'd comment on Fanstuff # 33, if for no other reason than to provide proof of life. Ok, to provide proof of life AND impart a little deserving egoboo.

The 'Loccer Room' House Rules

"Loccer room" aspires to be a fair, open and unfettered discussion forum.. Here in brief are the rules.

The "loccer room" is an "equal opportunity" forum. I print all 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 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.

There Are No Ambushes. No one will 'respond' to your loc in the same issue, except me. Everyone else can air their views in the next issue.

Apologies for disagreeing with me are 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 Lloyd Penney

Fandom and the Handicapped

Trufandom's acceptance of individual differences is certainly one of its strengths. Fanhistorically, the attitude is founded on the harassment early fans experienced, because they read a lot and wore thick glasses.

Opportunity *is* the crucial factor. Yet there must be realization that individual limitations are individual problems. For instance, it would be unreasonable for me to expect fans who do paper fanzines to use 16-point type, about the smallest I can read. On the other hand, I appreciate the kindness of faneds who send me digital files. And I hope fanzine editors will extend this courtesy to blind trufans.

More to Lloyd Penney

A Token of Our Affection

If I'd come West with a few souvenir tokens, I'd be glad to add them to your collection. So let's ask the readers. Anyone got a NYC subway token or two for our Lloyd?

To JoHn Hardin

Handicaps and Disabilities

I realize that some people don't like the term "handicap," but others feel the same way about the term "disability."

I want to be judged by my results, not by how hard it was for me to achieve them. To me, "disability" implies that my physical limitation (bad vision) means that I'm not able. A "handicap," to me, is something that makes achieving the desired results harder, but not impossible.

More to JoHn Hardin

Looking Back at Corflu Glitter

No, Corflu Glitter wasn't as pleasant for Joyce and me. A fugghead gave us 15 months of hell with his attempts to harm the con and divide the Vegrants. It hurt that our fan friends didn't have the courage to stand up to this bully.

Fans seemed to enjoy Corflu Glitter and, in the long run, that's what's important to Joyce and me.

It's all fanhistory now, so let's look forward instead of back.

To Jim Mowatt

Congratulations!

Congratulations on your TAFF victory. Vegas Fandom will be looking forward to your post-worldcon visit.

Congratulations are also due the administrators (Jaq Monahan and John Coxon) and the other candidate (Theresa Derwin) for making it such a lively and entertaining race.

More to Jim Mowatt

A Gray and Wrinkled Future

I see that Joyce's landmark proposal to turn the state of Mississippi over to elephants has generated a surprising amount of support. Of course, the present residents of the state have not yet made known their feelings on what is likely to be a sensitive issue.

I've know some very interesting Mississippians, so I can't give Joyce's plan wholehearted support. Still, those elephants are damned interesting, too.

I feel I can't add much to your comments on fandom and it's accepting attitude towards people with disabilities. You may get letters taking you to task for using the word "handicap" as I seem to recall, from a discussion on Facebook, certain fans dislike the term.

I loved Dick Lupoff's brief tale of finding help from an unlikely, happy, source. I smiled too at the end.

Andy Hooper's time capsule fanzine reviews were penetrating and insightful, as usual. Sometimes I wish he would make more jokes but I always learn something from him. I was, indeed, touched by the excerpt of Moshe Feder's editorial but what really hit me was Andy's comment and the notion that someone might actually consider James Bacon a founding father of fandom. "Ye gods and little fishes," as my grandmother used to exclaim when hearing of a calamity.

I'm sorry to hear that Corflu was such an unhappy experience for you and Joyce, and I feel bad because I had no idea. I was wrapped up in technical and personal issues all weekend, so it doesn't surprise me that I had no idea, but still.... It was a great pleasure to read Joyce's loc; I thought it was one of the highlights of the issue. She got a laugh out of me with her noble plan for Mississippi, and she's got my vote when time comes to elect Dictator of the World.

I also liked Wolf Von Whiting's letter. I got a laugh out of his late discovery that there was an actual photo of Walt Willis in his copy of Warhoon 28. With Wolf and Joyce plus Lloyd and Robert, and Greg Benford, I think Fanstuff has the best lettercol in fandom right now, but I'm doing my part to louse it up.

Jim Mowatt

A nice little piece from Dick Lupoff about his interaction with a disabled person on the New York Subway system. It's all too easy to focus on the disabilities and forget the abilities isn't it.

I kind of agree with Joyce that re-introducing elephants is a splendid idea. As with Tropical Fish they are wonderfully relaxing to watch. Now there's an idea. The time for Tropical Fish is past. If you need to relax, then elephant watching is the thing. Not sure about putting them in tanks though. I don't even think they can drive.

Bill Plott

My word you are prolific! I haven't gotten around to #33 yet. Will try to LOC both in the next few days.

Congratulations on 50 years of fanpubbing. That's quite an accomplishment. I figure I've been at it for 55 or 56 years. Of course, I'm deliberately ignoring the 50 years or so I was fafia/gafia. It has been a truly rewarding experience to ease back into fandom. So much has changed in SF mainstream acceptability and technology, but fans have not changed. They are still bright, witty, curious people who are fun to hang with, whether in person, online or in a printed publication. *fanstuff* is a good example of what I'm talking about. It's a fun read.

Interesting piece on handicapped fans. You may recall that Alfred McCoy (Al) Andrews, one of the SFPA founders, had muscular dystro-

phy. His ability to travel and, at times, even type, was difficult. Yet, he fit all of those fan qualities above. He was a great, generous friend for a naïve young fan to have. Larry Montgomery and I are hoping to get a one-shot tribute to Al out sometime later this year.

Always fun to read Shelby Vick and Dick Lupoff. Shelby and his wife Suzy were among the first fans I ever met. Not sure if Lupoff and I had any personal contact but I loved his *All in Color for a Dime*. Andy Hooper's piece brings home just how much of fandom I missed out on during my long hiatus.

I have decided to retract my objection to your side-by-side response format. I like it, but there is the problem of my eyes being drawn to the response before I ever read the original comment. Also, as long as *fanstuff* remains in roughly the 6-20 page range, it's no problem for me to print it out. I'm now doing so in color, anyway, because my b&w printer died.

Now, on to #34...

I think your assessment of attitudes toward homosexuals in the '50s is pretty much spot on. Very few people really knew what a homosexual was. Certainly, there was damn little understanding of the fact that people are simply the way God made 'em. I resent the ignoramuses that keep referring to homosexuality as a "lifestyle." Back in the serious days of my youth – when we sat around talking about such issues as who would win if Superman and Captain Marvel had a fight – one of my neighborhood buddies said, "A queer is somebody who farts in the bath tub and eats the bubbles." That was the true definition as far as any of us knew.

I was never homophobic but – being ignorant – thought homo jokes were funny at one time in my life. That was before I moved to this small college community where a number of gays and lesbians were prevalent and eventually became some of our best friends. Our daughter The Social Worker was mentored by a lesbian who had been with her life partner for many years. Another partnership made extraordinary contributions to education and youth activities in this community. The really great thing is that Montevallo seems to have accepted gays for decades without a great deal of eyebrow raising or prejudice.

None of that, of course, deals with Laney. I didn't know him or his writing, but I am now anxious to read Robert Lichtman's *Ah! Sweet Laney*, which someone gave me at DSC50.

Mike Glycer

Actually, Kramer *isn't* a convicted child molester. He's managed to stave off the trial since charges were leveled in 2000.

When arrested in Connecticut he was only charged with child endangerment. But that arrest made Gwinnett County (GA) authorities aware that he had violated terms of his *bond*, posted in Georgia to assure his availability for trial once he was let out of jail. They got a judge to revoke Kramer's bond and after contested extradition proceedings he was returned to jail in Georgia.

Next, the DA is going to have him examined to determine his fitness

To Bill Plott The Pace of Fandom

The Internet has speeded up Fandom. Once geared to quarterly apas and genzines, it now moves to the beat of e-lists and websites. Digital fanzines are often smaller and more frequent than printed ones. I want **fanstuff** to be a forum for fannish discussion, so I try to publish often enough to make "loccer room" a reasonable option.

Actually, you caught me in a bit of a lull. I'm feeling fannishly frisky now, so more frequent issues are likely.

More to Bill Plott There Have Been Some Changes

Fans who center their activity on the subculture once known as "fanzine fandom" are pretty much the same types of people who were fans when you and I found Fandom. Yet the fan population is orders of magnitude greater in a diverse, Balkanized Fandom. Special interests have become SubFandoms, each with its own culture, traditions and rules. Fans cross the "borders" between SubFandoms as easily as we cross the borders between states. Traditional Fandom is no longer the only game in town, though it is the only one that has my heart.

Still More to Bill Plott Ignorance is Rarely Bliss

You demonstrate how an intelligent person gathers facts to replace ignorance, evaluates the information and comes to a more informed opinion. It always surprises me when people express prejudice against groups with whom they have had little or no actual contact.

One of the things that troubles me about current mainstream society is the rampant belief that the best thing to do with facts that are uncomfortable is hide them, and pretend they don't exist.

I find it especially distasteful that parents are encouraged to lie to their kids about important things. Once a youngster realizes that their parents are handing them a line, it becomes a lot harder for mom and dad to impart any true, genuine information.

To Mike Glycer

Clarifications on the Kramer Case

You did a great job of straightening out the facts of the Ed Kramer case. Even though, as you say, it doesn't affect my argument, it's always better to get the facts right.

This seems an ideal spot to plug file770.com.

File770.com features news of all segments of Fandom, including Trufandom. **Fanstuff** usually has news capsules and/or commentary, but bookmark Mike's site if you want extensive reportage of fannish doings practically as they happen.

To Chris Garcia

A Foggy Postscript

The only cure for the loss is the arrival of a new feline resident at the Launch Pad. Long-time Vegrants member Don Miller, who lavishes an astounding amount of care on not only his pets but the tribe that lives in his backyard, has spent the last six weeks caring for a new litter and it looks like there's a little ball of yellow fur that is nearly ready to come home with us.

More to Chris Garcia

That's Why They Call Laney The Stormy Petrel

We'll agree to disagree and hope for mutual understanding. You've explained how you arrived at your opinion, so it's my turn to reciprocate.

Laney is no more perfect than any of us, but I feel he helped revolutionize fanwriting. The Insurgents were instrumental in helping fanwriting grow from shallow press agency to honest, naturalistic prose that deals with reality instead of glossing over it.

Laney could be harsh, but I note that the fans whom I respect who knew him mostly had a very positive opinion of him. In fairness, though, I must admit that Walt Willis hated FTL. His dislike was so strong that he planned to pick a feud with him — very uncharacteristic of WAW — but Laney gaffed before Walt could implement his resolution.

Maybe Burbee, Rotsler or Carr's approach is more to your taste. Have you read *The Incomplete Burbee*?

for standing trial.

None of these corrections is a bar to making the rest of your arguments, just wanted to give you a head's-up.

Chris Garcia

First off, sorry to hear of the death of Foggy. Dumb cats (like The Lovely & Talented Linda's Saba) are sometimes the most exciting because they do things that are entertainingly dumb!

Opening with Laney is interesting, but I've basically decided he's not worth studying. Yes, he was a strong writer, but really, ASI is a piece of writing that's among the most hateful in the history of fandom. And that's saying something! What you call sweetness-and-light I call civility, and I certainly would not want to be a part of any fandom that could produce, and perhaps even applaud, Ah Sweet Idiocy. That's the problem of looking into history: it's often far uglier than we want to believe it is. There is no question in my mind that FTL was homophobic, and while it certainly wasn't a solo opinion at the time, it was terrible. If you look at the LASFSans at the time, and yes there may well have been pedophiles among them, it was a society that had a more open set of opinions. Hell, Forry even helped the Daughters of Bilitis produce *The Ladder!* To say that Laney's attitude was 'of the time' ignores that there were many who certainly saw the world more like we do today and helped form the way we see homosexuality and its interaction with fandom. To me, Laney was just another bigot, and he was involved in Public Relations of the worst type with ASI.

I will admit, though, that his writings about Jazz are some of the best I've ever read, but that doesn't make ASI any less offensive.

I can not wait to read ShelVy's bounty hunter book! In many ways, it sounds like his way of producing stuff comes up along the way I do things.

The Dargon*Con boycott is the only way I can see for individuals to make any sort of difference in the Kramer situation. Forcing Kramer out appears to be impossible (partly because of the way he set-up the corporation, and partly because he, or his lawyers, are REALLY smart and sneaky!) So how can there be any difference made? The fact is that Dragon*Con pays out to Kramer. I'm not 100% certain, but it's been said that it's his primary form of income. With the way the laws of Georgia are written about legal actions, there's no way to force him out. Smartest thing would be for the corporation to not hold Dragon*Con for a few years, let the legal proceedings happen and starve him out. That would be asking a lot of the stockholders, so it's not terribly realistic, and to be honest, they've tried to buy him out over and over again, so they've done their due diligence. Still, it would be the best way. Fandom wants to make its voice heard, wants to make it known that they don't approve of Kramer making a living off of their participation. That makes sense to me, and while it will be injurious, it will lessen the amount Kramer gets, which will likely help convince him to sell. Of course, if he is actually convicted, it's likely that the shareholders will have more options of ways to get rid of him, so there's hope. Still, I

wouldn't spend a dollar on Dragon*Con if I knew even a penny went into Kramer's pocket. Of course, this also brings up the concept of the for-profit convention, but that's a whole other kettle of worms...

There's a bar softball team in Santa Clara called The Lefty O'Douls that is known for throwing wild parties *before* games. My buddy Dennis played for 'em for a year, but 'retired' at the ripe old age of 32 "before any serious liver damage set in" he told me once. He was one of the biggest names in the history of Baseball, Mr. O'Doul, and of the San Francisco-born Legends of Baseball (the DiMaggios, O'Doul, Joe Cronin), he was probably the most colorful.

Good, thought-provoking issue!

David B. Williams

Congratulations upon your 50 years of fanzine production. A chronic condition, apparently.

It may be premature to label my Fanstuff contributions "My Column" or "DBW's Column" regardless of the fact that I have burdened many recent issues with my thoughts and musings. A column implies a certain repetition if not regularity. But I'm not sure I have much more to write about. My manic state has subsided. I am calm, and have no burning topics to keep me at the keyboard.

I would like to thank all those who had kind words for my two Fan-nish Reproduction articles in Fanstuffs 31 and 32. But let me respond specifically to questions.

To Taral Wayne: No, I was not aware of your 2002 article on "The Fanzine Tool Kit." As you say, it would be hard to find a topic in a recent fanzine that hadn't been dealt with at some point in the previous 80 years. Haha, I recently read a book on Napoleon in which the author spent most of a three-page introduction apologizing for adding another volume to the 14,000 already extant.

To Robert Lichtman: I did not intend to "put down Ditto machines" or express "apparent dismissal, or is it disdain" for spirit duplication. I used Ditto for a number of mundane newsletters I produced. It was a great improvement on hectography, though based on the same principles.

To Joyce Katz: Sorry, we did not meet at St. Louiscon. I don't think I met anyone, except Tucker who I said "hi" to. Had to do it, since we were from the same hometown and I blamed him for introducing me to fanzines. Other than that, I pretty much kept in the background. You know, one of those "quiet loners" we hear so much about.

Moving on issue 34, you do a lot of dodging and weaving to explain or partially excuse F. T. Laney. The question "Is Francis Towner Laney homophobic" is easy to answer. Of course he was. It was the 1940s, and all genteel people were opposed to and offended by homosexuality. The shrinks classed it as a mental disorder, and nonspecialists just considered it a loathsome perversion. Gays hid in the closet for excellent reasons, like keeping jobs and avoiding assaults and murder. I, too, have a gay proposition story, perhaps a little more amusing than yours. Back when I was young and beautiful, I was in a Chicago laundromat one evening. As I was leaving, I had to pass this drunk with a strong British accent who

Yet More to Chris Garcia Fandom vs. Kramer

How much damage to how many innocent bystanders is appropriate when taking extra-legal action against an unconvicted (and therefore presumed innocent) person?

The ultimate goal of any protest is to effect a change. Since no protest against Dragoncon can force Ed Kramer to sell his stock, why descend into this cesspool of vigilante justice and collateral damage? The pressure of protest would have to be focused on Ed Kramer to accomplish anything.

Leaving aside the specific case, I'm also troubled by selective enforcement. Wouldn't it be logical and fair for Fandom to target *all* those who have done what Kramer is alleged to have done? Will you boycott all LASFS events and conventions until they remove the name of EE Evans from the Big Heart Award? Tripoli was a convicted child molester, so we should keep his name from being honored by this award, right? (At least LASFS, unlike Dragoncon, could actually do something.)

A famous science fiction writer molested an underage girl at a worldcon party. Would you advocate a boycott of all publishers of his books to deny the income?

A past winner of the "Best Fanzine" Hugo was an alleged child molester. Will you boycott the World Science Fiction Convention until they rescind the Hugo?

I'll let the cops and courts handle criminals and spend my fanning time on more on activities for which I'm better suited.

He's Wright
For DUFF!

**To David B. Williams
Talkin' about Columns**

My presumption in slapping a column title on your most recent **fanstuff** contribution is a symptom of my enduring love of columns.

The lessons of youth often become the motivations in maturity. I hadn't been an active fan very long when I acquired several issues of Gregg Calkins' *Oopsla!*. It featured an impressive array of columns, topped by Walt Willis' "The Harp that Once or Twice."

Most of my genzines since then have included a strong line-up of columns.

My friendship with Chuch Harris really began when I "drafted" him as a columnist. Chuch liked the title I put on it, "Charrissma," so much that he continued it until his death.

**More to David B. Williams
The Topic Is... Topics**

Multiple articles on the same topic are not just permissible in Fandom; they are one of the great joys of our subculture. If I gave each **fanstuff** contributor a topic (and I could get you all to play this little game), each would produce a piece with a unique perspective. Earl Kemp's "Who Killed Science Fiction" and "Why a Fan" (as well as my "Why A Fan?" sequel about 40 years later) are practical examples of this principle.

**Still More to David B. Williams
Laney's Homophobia**

I wasn't trying to argue about Laney's homophobia, but rather to place it in its appropriate context and offer some perspective. My goal was to provide an accurate picture, not excuse his behavior.

There's no doubt that if we look at Laney as a 2013 fan, he said and wrote things that are unacceptable.

But he isn't here in 2013. He's about 70 years back and living in a very different world. Prejudice is never right, but it doesn't hurt to understand how FTL came to those erroneous views.

was sitting by the door. As I passed, he asked, "Would you lie with me?" He was so inebriated and his accent was so strong that I thought he was accusing me of stating a falsehood to him. I was totally confused, since I hadn't spoken a word to him. So I said "What?" and he repeated himself to no better effect, and I said "Huh?" and he repeated his question, and this went on for several more cycles.

Finally the light went on and I realized he was speaking British English rather than American and the import of his query became clear to me. I said "No thanks" and continued out the door at speed. Thus I missed the chance to discover my gay side. But this fellow was such a drunken, pudgy, unshaven slob that I would have declined his invitation even if I was inclined that way.

I totally agree with your anti-boycott position regarding Dragoncon. Such an action makes no sense and just allows fans to express their disapproval of one individual by damaging a con enjoyed by thousands who are in no way involved in that individual's transgressions.

Great minds think alike. Like Shelby V., I too am a fractional cigarette smoker. It occurred to me several years ago that I was only enjoying the first few drags on each cigarette and I was only finishing the damned things because I hate to waste anything. Clean your plate! Smoke your weeds down to the filter! So now I keep a spare pair of scissors handy. When I get the urge I can step outside, or into my heated garage when it's raining or freezing, light up, enjoy five or six puffs, then snip off the ember. Thus I get two or three smokes out of each cigarette. This has cut my monthly expense in half.

My doctor wants me to quit. But he also wants me to get more exercise. So I explain: "Smoking is the only exercise I get!"

Robert Lichtman

Some fifty-five years after his death from bone cancer somewhere in the heartland of America—as reported in the nineteenth issue of *Fanac* from third-hand information ("originally from Laney's wife to Forry Ackerman, who told our informants, Alex Bratmon, Miriam Dyches, and Charles Burbee")—I doubt that there's still anyone who spends much, if any, time wondering whether or not Laney *really* hated gays—or was blind to their presence among his friends—or was simply a product of his time who wasn't immune to feelings of revulsion when he saw "the outrageous transvestites and drag queens who lived in and around the rooming house near the LASFS Bixel Street club house." Even then that was a near-downtown neighborhood in decline with cheap rents and landlords who would look the other way in order to fill their vacancies, so it was a natural venue both for gays and for fans.

More interesting is your sidebar about that marathon reading session you had at DisCon in 1963 where you read *The Enchanted Duplicator*, *The Eighth Stage of Fandom* and *A Sense of FAPA* until the wee hours. The latter, of course, contained Eney's reprint from the original 1947/48 stencils of Laney's magnum opus and surely was a slap in your sensitive neofannish face that punctured your idealistic bubble about fandom. (I'd been in fandom a few years longer than you when a copy of the original

edition of *Ah! Sweet Idiocy!* came my way—and I recall being more tantalized by the series of teaser questions about Certain Fans on the final few pages than by the bloviating about gays in the chapters before that.)

I had my own experience somewhat parallel to your encounter with the man who “wore his dyed, bright red hair in a modified beehive and had on full make-up. When he spoke, he had a trilling lisp. He looked at me the same way I looked at Sylvia Dees.” But mine was a year or more *before* I got involved in fandom. I was sitting on a stool in a Hollywood bookstore that had a huge wall full of vintage pulps and was reading one of the “Club House” columns in a 1948 issue of *Amazing* when a short elderly man sidled up alongside me and tried to start a conversation about science fiction. I paid him minimal attention to his dulcet tones (but no lisp) until he put one of his hands on my shoulder—and then I quickly got up and moved to another part of the store. Happily, he didn’t pursue the matter further and I was able in a few minutes to return to my reading of fanzines in 1948.

Sympathies to you and Joyce for the loss of Foggy.

Shelby’s and Dick’s articles were entertaining reading, especially the part in Dick’s where he wrote of his grandmother Rebekkah’s playing the “concessions” game in Brooklyn because of extreme poverty. As for your piece on Ed Kramer, DragonCon and the boycott, I confess that I haven’t kept up with this story and am thus at a loss for its current turns of events regarding Kramer’s DragonCon stock, etc.

Regarding your now-moot question to Bill Burns about the “best fanzine cover” FAAn award, it was my impression that it was the artist being honored, not the editor of the fanzine on which the cover appeared. At least that’s how I based my votes in that category, although in at least one case there was an overlap with my votes for “best genzine.”

Your mention of Ted White producing the multi-color covers of *Stellar* by running each color through a separate mimeograph reminds me that those covers are certainly among the most fully realized *ever* for a mimeographed fanzine. Just a few months earlier, he also did a few issues of his FAPazine, *Null-F*, with the same fine results. I don’t know if those were done with color changes on the same mimeograph or if they were a dress rehearsal for the *Stellar* covers. Whatever the case, if there was ever a retro-FAAn award for best covers those would definitely be in the running.

In a sidebar to me, you write: “I still remember those anxious moments when rich brown and I hovered over the dinky scale, meticulously weighing the new issue of *Focal Point*. We’d hardly speak until we knew whether minute variations in paper thickness and ink coverage could stay within the one-stamp limit. We made it, unless we planned a two-stamp issue, but we sometimes had to sacrifice one of the staples.” When I first conceived of *Trap Door*, it was as a fairly frequent fanzine that would go out for a single stamp. My inspiration was Dick Bergeron’s *Wiz*; about half of its 13-issue run was ten legal-length pages (on five sheets of paper) folded and mailed with no envelope. So *Trap Door* #1 was the same physical size, although it was twenty half-legal pages. It was the only

**To Robert Lichtman
Additional Thoughts on ASI**

Inquires from two fans, at least one of whom is gay, inspired my Laney article.

Towner Laney is an enigma to many current fans. His prose fascinates, but his prejudices repel. I wanted to put his most obvious negative, his homophobia, in a context. My goal is not to deny his flaw, but to make it more understandable.

The last few pages of *ASI* jolted me, too. It seemed so gratuitous and spiteful. Maybe all of those solitary evenings built up the pressure until Laney blew.

My favorite parts of *ASI* are Laney’s accounts of how he discovered fantasy and Fandom and his accounts of crifanac, 1940’s style.

**More to Robert Lichtman
The Night I Read the Classics**

Laney’s prose *was* a bombshell, but I wasn’t entirely taken by surprise. My six months in the N3F prior to the Discon had already made a good start on my disillusionment.

The N3F had some good fans, but the likes of Seth Johnson, Alma Hill, Art Hayes and Ray C. Higgs made me understand the fanspeak term “fugghead” before I ever saw *ASI*.

**Still More to Robert Lichtman
More Coverage of Covers**

Your explanation of the “Best Fanzine Cover” FAAn Award makes sense, but I’m not sure it’s the right way to handle it. To cite an extreme example, the best cover might be a terrific piece of graphic design that incorporates a stock photograph.

**Yet More to Robert Lichtman
A Salute to *Stellar***

My favorite *Stellar* cover (I disremember the issue number) was the one in which Ted evoked the look of a watercolor painting.

He executed the artwork using only shading plates. It contains no lines drawn with a stylus.

Bill of Fare

Cover Essay

Toward an Updated Insurgentism

Arnie/1

Fen Den

Advice for Prospective Insurgents

Arnie/2

A Few Words of Reassur- ance

Arnie/3

What's the Current Fan \ Philosophical Consensus?

Arnie/3

Coming Attractions

Arnie/4

Katzenjammer

Fan Philosophies in Brief

Arnie/5

Loccer room annex

Tucker Awards

Bolgeo, Weiskopf
& Zellich/6

Them Daze

'Nother Grandma

Dick Lupoff/8

loccer room

YOU & me/11

Next Deadline

5/30/13

issue produced on a mimeograph as well as the only one not to have white interior pages. But when I took the printed pages home, collated and stapled a copy, and put it on a scale, I was dismayed to see that it weighed in an eighth-ounce over. There was nothing to do for it but to suck it up and pay the extra postage.

WAHF: Dick Lupoff, Taral Wayne, Woody Bernardi, Tom Johnson, Claire Brialey, Mike Meara, Jenn Grutzmacher

2013 FAAn Awards

Top Finishers

Best Genzine or:

Chunga – Byers/Hooper/
Juarez: 101
Banana Wings – Brialey/
Plummer: 92
Trap Door – R Lichtman: 68
Beam – N Farey/J Mowatt - 50
Sense of Wonder – R Coad: 34
Fanstuff – Arnie Katz: 31
SF Commentary – Gillespie: 24
Relapse – Peter Weston: 20
Askance – John Purcell: 15
Challenger – Guy Lillian: 7
Raucous Caucus – P Charnock:
7
The Drink Tank – Bacon/ Gar
cia: 5

Best Fan Writer:

Andy Hooper - 84
Mark Plummer – 70
Claire Brialey – 52
Roy Kettle – 35
Arnie Katz – 33
Robert Lichtman – 23
Taral Wayne – 21
Bruce Gillespie – 18
Mike Meara – 17
Jacq Monahan – 15

Best Fan Artist:

Dan Steffan – 113
Steve Stiles – 96
Brad Foster – 54
D. West – 52
Harry Bell – 39
Ross Chamberlain - 23
Taral Wayne – 21
Ditmar - 14
Alan White – 10
Mo Starkey – 9

Best Personal Fanzine:

A Meara for Observers – Mike
Meara - 130
Broken Toys – Taral Wayne: 54
All Jacq'ed Up – J Monahan: 17
Nice Distinctions – Arthur
Hlavaty – 16
Random Jottings – M Dobson: 16
Fanstuff – Arnie Katz: 14
Flag – Andy Hooper: 13
Scratchpad – Bruce Gillespie: 11
Fadeaway – Bob Jennings: 10
Melodiye Beatleyi '68 – Andy
Hooper: 10
The Fortnightly Fix – Steve
Green: 9
Revenant – Eric Mayer: 9

Best Single Issue:

Trap Door #29 – R Lichtman: 42
Beam #5 – Farey/Mowatt: 28
Raucous Caucus #1 – P Char
nock: 27
Banana Wings #50 - Brialey/
Plummer – 21
Banana Wings #51 - Brialey/
Plummer – 21
Sense of Wonder Stores #6 – Rich
Coad - 21

Best Fan Website:

eFanzines.com – Bill Burns: 182
File 770.org – Mike Glycer: 40
Cartiledge world.com – Graham
Charnock - 22
Fiawol.org.uk – Rob Hansen: 21
Corflu.org – Bill Burns: 15
Ansible.co.uk – Dave Langford:
13

Harry Warner Jr. Memo- rial Award:

Robert Lichtman- 116
Lloyd Penny – 44
Paul Skelton - 27
Mark Plummer – 24
Andy Hooper - 22
Taral Wayne – 21
Eric Mayer – 14
J Kaufman, R. Lupoff – 12
Mike Meara – 11
John Purcell -9
Brad Foster – 8

Number-One Fan Face:

1. Dan Steffan
2. Andy Hooper
3. Robert Lichtman
4. Mark Plummer
5. Bill Burns
6. Claire Brialey
7. Mike Meara
8. Randy Byers
9. Taral Wayne
10. Steve Stiles

Congratulations!

A tip of the Imaginary Hat to all those worthy fans who placed among the top finishers in this year's poll categories,

Thank you, also, to all those who supported **fanstuff**, this fanzine's wonderful contributors and me with your votes.

I'm profoundly grateful. (AK)

fanstuff #35, May 20, 2013, is a frequent fanzine from Arnie Katz (crossfire4@cox.net).

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Member: fwa Supporter: AFAL