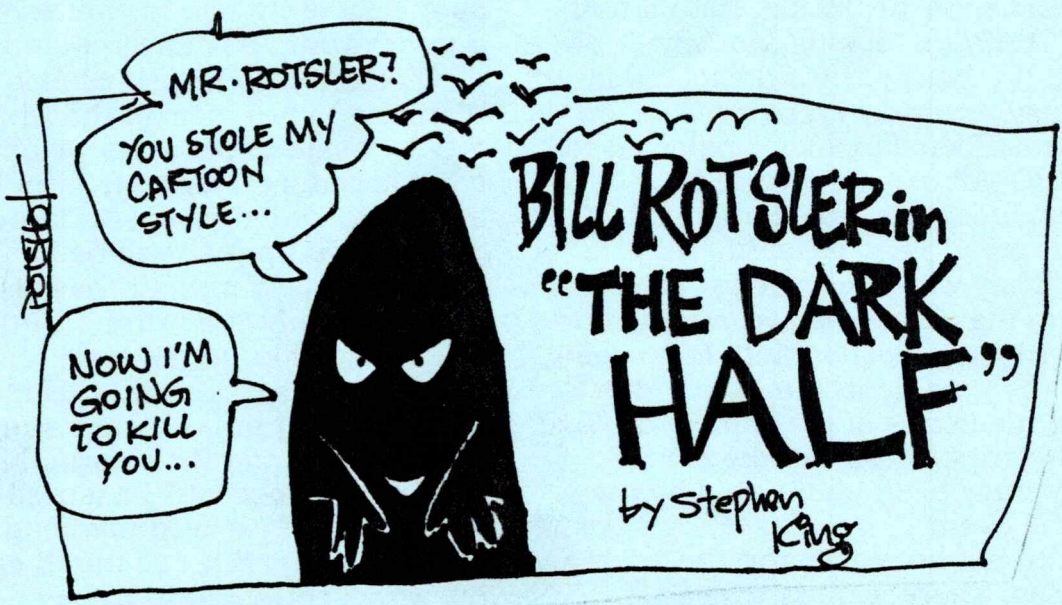


FAPA May 1994 GLITZ #12



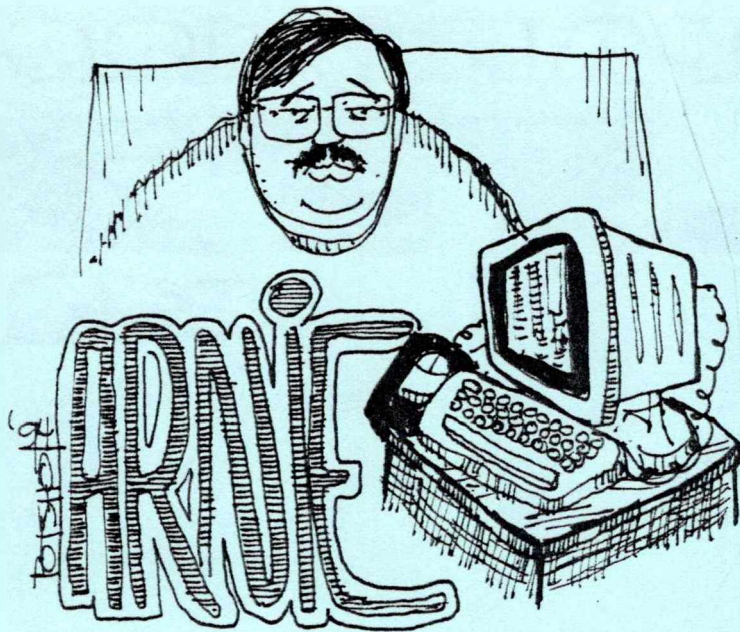
ROTSLER

MR. ROTSLER?
YOU STOLE MY
CARTOON
STYLE...

NOW I'M
GOING
TO KILL
YOU...

BILL ROTSLER in
"THE DARK
HALF"

by Stephen
King



Chatterboxing

Arnie talks about his life and times

And I had such good intentions for this mailing.

I did, I really did.

You should have heard me. With a half-dozen local FAPAns looking at me with awe, as I extolled the bounty I would soon deliver to the Fantasy Amateur Press Association.

I told them of the fanzines I expected to ship to Seth Goldberg, OE. And as I described each of them, my audience's appreciation grew. They cheered. They applauded. They wept. For several seconds, a few of them may have even regretted voting for Joyce in the last election and, in so doing, deposed me as President. (I mention this for those whose memories of the start of the Bad Times, as my supporters call the current regime, may have been obliterated by the trauma of the event.)

There were big fanzines, and there were small fanzines. There were fanzines

crammed with text, and there were sumptuous art folios. There were fabulous fannish fanzines, and there were publications so unrelievedly sercon that even Langley Searles would have been bored by them.

"I've gotten so much egoboo just for planning to produce all that material for FAPA," I said to Joyce as we opened the congratulatory telegrams from fans too far away to pay their respects in person. "I wonder what praise will be heaped upon me when I actually pub all those ishes."

"It certainly is a wonderful thing," she said. She spoke, you understand, in the patois of Brooklyn Fandon, so this seemingly meaningless phrase meant so much more to me than it would for a normal human.

"I will be modest," I assured her. "Modest and humble." I bowed my head out of respect for my nobility. With so much egoboo heading my way, I could afford to be

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uncharacteristically self-effacing. I would mutely accept the accolades. I would not say things like "You are correct, sir" and "You have impeccable taste!" even though I would be thinking them.

"But Arnie," Joyce said, alarm edging her voice. "have you considered the consequences?"

"Consequences?"

"The consequences of all that fanzine production," she answered.

"Consequences?" Her you-is-my-Man look had been replaced by something less fawning. I was starting to get worried.

"Ken Forman will see that stack of run off pages, and he will disapprove," she said. It's fortunate that Joyce is ever-mindful of the needs of fanzine article and always identifies the people to whom she is referring by their full names. At least she does the first time they appear in a conversation.

"I know he's big on the environment, but I'm sure he understands that FAPA comes ahead of any merely planetary concerns."

"Well we *are* the cosmic ones," she acknowledged.

"Our needs take precedence," I agreed.

"Besides, Ken is only a tree-kisser." she said.

"Druid," I corrected.

"Tree-kisser," she insisted.

"That's not a nice way to refer to our deluded Wiccan and Druid friends," I admonished. I want **Glitz** to be the most politically correct fanzine in FAPA. Well, one of the 30 most politically correct fanzines in FAPA, maybe.

"What should I call them?" she wanted to know.

"Tree *huggers*," I instructed.

"The environment isn't the *9*only thing," Joyce said, resuming her plea.

"I should hope not," I said. "It's a little late in the day for fandom to start worrying about trees. Look what we've done to the Mohave Forest."

My head quivered with the effort of trying to send the straight line to her telepathically. Perhaps she just chose to ignore my psychic prompting.

"If saving the earth's ecology won't sway you from your destructive course," she said, "at least consider FAPA." She started to hum the "FAPA Anthem."

"It's FAPA I want to shower with the fruits of my fanac," I declared, as I reverently placed my hands over my stomach in the traditional FAPA salute.

"If you publish all those fanzines, however delightful they might be," she explained, "it could pose a deadly threat to the very existence of the organization which we both hold so dear."

I gasped. You would've, too.

"If you put all those zines in the May mailing," she said, "my calculations show that the postage cost will bankrupt the apa!"

I gasped again.

There was a lot more, of course, but I've given you the meat of the matter. Joyce and I quickly agreed that we couldn't let my publishing jiant proclivities imperil the group which Don Wolheim founded with such high hopes.

So I'm not going to publish all that stuff. Just this one scrawny issue of **Glitz** and nothing else. Well, maybe the Silvercon 2 cartoon jam portfolio, but nothing else.

Remember those large fanzines and small fanzines I told you about earlier in this article? Forget them. I will produce neither those fabulous fannish fanzines nor those sercon ones.

Not because I can't, you understand. I could do them. Conceptually, they're as good as done. All I have to do is set them up on the computer and run them off on the copier. Neofan power takes care of the rest.

But I won't.

I'm turning my back on all that egoboo for the Greater Good. I will save FAPA from that ruinous postage bill even if it means scrapping my plans to fill those padded envelops to the bursting point -- or even beyond.

As you read this fashionably svelte issue of **Glitz**, I hope you'll think about all those scintillation, unpublished fanzines I could've done, had every right to do, but didn't.

Remember, your thanks are my only reward for this selfless act.

I'm feeling very convention right now, an unusual, perhaps even unnatural state for this habitual fanzine fan. Corflu Nova is less than two weeks away, and Silvercon 3 in early April is still a recent memory.

And a fond one. At a convention with

approximately 225 people, almost two-dozen were well known out-of-town fans. The guest list included Greg (Pro GoH) and Joan Benford, Ted White (Fan GoH), Jack (Toastmaster) and Ruth Speer, Dan and Lynn Steffan, Andy Hooper, Don Fitch, Art Widner, Robert Lichtman, Lenny Bailes, Charlie and Cora Burbee, Bill Rotsler, John D. Berry, Eileen Gunn, Paul Williams and companion Cindy, Mark Karnes, rich brown, and Bill Donaho. Add a roughly equal number of local fanzine fans and you've got quite a nucleus for a weekend of fanac and partying.

That's pretty much what we did, too. We combined our annual pre-Silvercon bash with the monthly Social and drew a record crowd, about 100 people.

Friday night at the con, we hosted a more select gathering, the third annual Silvercon FAPA party. Yes, it was the largest one so far. A couple of dozen current, former, and future FAPAns filled our suite, the engagingly numbered 1812.

As some of you may know, I am writing one of my exhaustive, and exhausting, con reports. It's already pages and pages, and I'm still at the banquet. Since you'll be expected to read this epic in a week or so -- the exam is already scheduled, and there will be essay questions as well as multiple choice -- I'll leave further direct comments on the convention until then.

The Numbered Fandoms panel at Silvercon 3 helped make fanhistory an on-going conversational theme during the weekend. About 20 fans watched a group of high-calibre fanhistorians fail to either validate the Numbered Fandoms Theory or suggest any possible replacement.

Also during the convention, I showed rich brown an article, "Bones of Contention," I'd written in response to Andy Hooper's comments on feuding in **Apparachik**. My piece attempted to categorize feuds and delve into their cause.

At the end of the con, rich told me how much he'd enjoyed the article and asked if I'd like it passed along to Ted White. I told him to do so, and about a week after Silvercon, I received a four-page letter from Ted. One of several well-founded criticisms he made had to do with an incidental rehash of an

alternative view of fanzine fandom history I'd presented in an earlier essay.

Ted said fannish fanzine fandom was too narrow a focus, and that splitting fannish fanzine fandom into the philosophies of Insurgentism and Trufannishness didn't adequately describe the reality. He's right on both counts, I scrapped the theory contained in "The Two Schools of Fannishness" and developed a new concept. It isn't quite done yet, but I wanted to give you the gist of it as a preview.

Remember, you read it here first. Then forget it so you can read it with fresh ennui when I foist the Final Version on you.

I visualize fanzine fandom as a country, an industrious little nation on the continent of Fandom, bordering Storyville on one hand and across the bay from the Filkland Islands. (I carry this map in my head at all times, which is why I have trouble remembering if Maryland is East or West of Eastern)

This is a country of the mind without government or territory. That doesn't seem strange to me, since my ethnic heritage is the story of a people who wandered the world, yet stood apart from it, for thousands of years. (Are fanzine fans literally the Jews of Fandom? An interesting, if digressive question. This point is irrelevant to my thesis, but I couldn't help mentioning it. I wonder if tirades against "those fanzine snobs" are just fandom's version of the pogrom.)

As a citizen of the country of fanzine fandom, I want to know all about our culture, history, and legends. I want to read the great works of literature which my country's authors have written, and I want to see the drawings and paintings of our artists. I'm interested in those aspects of U.S. society, and I simply carry that into the mental country of fanzine Fandom.

If I'm going to spend so much time, energy, and money on fandom, which looks like the rest of my life, I think it'd be nice to understand the Big Picture here in the country of Fanzine Fandom, the context. That's one of several reasons why I like to discuss fanhistory. (Two others: It's fun to see the connection between us and our fancestors, and that old fanzines are filled with entertaining stuff.)

I still like the philosophical approach as an alternative to the pseudo-political structure of Numbered Fandoms. Thanks to Ted's prodding, I think I now have a version that describes fanzine fandom with much more fidelity.

Four major philosophies have emerged during the history of fanzine fandom. Or rather, four philosophies have remained viable throughout the history of fanzine fandom. Five fan philosophies have attained mass acceptance, but one ceased to be a major force before World War II. There may be other distinct philosophies, which await description in future fanarticles, but none have gained widespread popularity.

Although some took longer to flower, all five fan philosophies were present at the beginning of fandom, albeit in embryonic form. I've cover them in the approximate order in which they came to the fore.

Serious Constructivism, the first fanzine fan philosophy, consists of devotion to science fiction and fantasy. Sercon fans believe that fandom has a purpose, the discussion, glorification, and spread of science fiction. Serious constructivism sees fandom as a hierarchy, with professional science fiction editors and writers at the top.

The true sercon fan wants to make science fiction their life's work. Accordingly, the idea of making money from the interest is considered highly desirable, because professionalism conveys status.

Scientism held that the aim of every science fiction fan should be to construct a home lab and blaze the frontiers of scientific investigation. It contended with serious constructivism at the dawn of fandom, but fanzine fandom was heavily sercon.

Scientism, exemplified by such fans as Will Sykora, co-chairman of the first worldcon, is now a minor philosophy in fandom as a whole, and hardly noticeable in fanzine fandom.

Trufannishness, invented by Tucker and refined by the **Quandry** circle, emphasizes the fellowship of fandom. It is an essentially egalitarian philosophy.

It is also non-judgmental. Some fans are more entertaining than others, but they extend the fellowship of fandom to anyone who makes a similar social commitment (and

sometimes to many who don't. See the passages about Filking in "Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator.") Entertainment is the watchword, and there is a reverence for fanhistory as a repository of tradition and legend.

Insurgentism, also introduced by Tucker and then perfected by the LA Insurgents, is primarily concerned with truth and analysis. Insurgents believe that maintaining standards within fanzine fandom is worth bruising the egos of those who don't uphold those standards. Insurgentism is a hierarchical philosophy. (One of the great insurgents wrote that fandom is a meritocracy.)

Communicationism, (name subject to change without notice) first appeared in the late '30s and burst into full prominence during the post-Boondoggle *anomie*. Among its expressions are: Michelism, FAPA, the

Willis Plays Vegas

A fan novel by
Arnie Katz
\$10

o o o

Luck of the Fannish

A Fan Novel by
Arnie Katz
\$5

o o o

Fanzine Dreams

An Original Anthology by
Arnie Katz
\$10

o o o

The Incompleat Burbee

35th Anniversary Edition
\$10

Live Right -- Buy 'Em All!

Cult, circa-1960 **Warhoon**, and chapter one **Habbakuk**. Cross it with Serious Constructivism and you get 1960s-era **Psychotic**; Cross it with some Insurgentism and Trufannishness you've got **Blat!**..

Communicationists view fandom as a filter which sifts interesting people out of the general population. They enjoy presenting opinions to this audience and getting reactions. Knowledge is the touchstone. The philosophy is ahistorical, because communicationists don't see the past as relevant to the current exchange of opinions. It is essential egalitarian, because it stresses the act of communication and the informational contact above writing quality.

These belief systems don't exist in pure form. Each fanzine fan incorporates all four philosophies, though one or more is dominant.

Each philosophy shares some attributes with others. Trufannishness and Insurgentism both consider fandom an end in itself and appreciate the history and customs of the hobby. Trufans and Communicationists are both egalitarian.

There are also basic differences. For example, Communicationists see nothing wrong in getting some real-world advantage through fandom, since they see it as a means rather than an end, like the Trufans and Insurgents.

I believe that the character of fanzine fandom at any specific point in time depends on a megatrend, the ebb and flow of the popularity of these philosophies.

The weakness of the Numbered Fandoms Theory, as you said in your letter, is that when we spin a pretty tale about Sixth Fandom, we do so only by ignoring concurrent aspects of fanzine fandom that don't fit. (If Joe Kennedy had returned to fandom in the mid-1950s and stayed active, would **Vampire** have retroactively replaced the letter column of a prozine as the focal point of Fourth Fandom?)

The strength of my philosophical approach, I think, is that it recognizes the pluralistic nature of fanzine fandom. Yet I think charting the ever-changing philosophical ferment can offer some insights into the way fandom has developed.

Another topic much-discussed at

Silvercon was the recruitment of new fanzine fans. Ted White believes we should focus on the prozines, Joyce feels there's merit in Barnaby Rappoport's practice of propagandizing conventions, and I want to proselytize in an entirely new direction. I want to go after people who have already discovered the joys of publishing fanzines and participating in a fandom.

"One thing sort of bothers me about fandom, something I've noticed since I came back," Bill Kunkel said to me just this afternoon. "It's the way some people think it all comes down to science fiction." Bill not only speaks for a small, but violent wing of fanzine fandom, but also for the many who might join us if it weren't for the quixotic insistence that science fiction is a rite of passage for all prospective fans.

Especially in FAPA, where there are so many long-time fans, this may sound like heresy. I don't want to destroy fanzine fandom or turn away from its heritage. Just the opposite. I want to preserve and perpetuate as much of the essence of fanzine fandom as possible. I may be wrong, but I think we have to adjust to a changing reality to do that. There may be better ways, but I think there's some solid reasons to think this particular way would be fruitful.

Why can't we stick with science fiction as a filter? Two reasons: fanzine fandom has virtually no access to the science fiction media, and science fiction no longer holds the same place it occupied in society.

The first point is self-evident, but the second needs some elaboration. Science fiction is now so accepted that an interest in it no longer stamps a person the way it might've in the 1920-1960 era. Also, the shift in emphasis from literature to electronic media means that the natural affection for the printed word that sf fans once shared is not necessarily present, either. Those whose like science fiction in movie and TV form are more likely to be interested in roleplaying, costuming, or even amateur theatricals than producing printed publications like that ones that have filled so many hours for fans like us.

Don't look for fantasy to pick up the slack, either. The thesis of my article, "The Fantasy Revolution," was that fantasy appeals to a different type of individual than those who favor science fiction. I won't recapitulating

that earlier piece, but it seems clear that the low ideation content of most modern fantasy does not attract independent-minded introverts the way the concept-heavy sf of the past did.

Trawling the prozines and distributing entry-level fanzines at cons may well be good ways to unearth new fanzine fans. We've never relied on huge numbers, so adding just a few would surely enliven our hobby. Still, I think we could get more fanzine fans with less effort by courting people who share the love of personal publishing with us.

Wonder where all those enthusiastic young neofans with their bright new fanzines are? Desktop technology has made fanzine publishing cool, but many of those young people are doing fanzines for other fandoms.

Electronic gaming fandom, the one I know best, generates about 50 genzines a month. Most faneds are 15-25, with high schoolers the most numerous. These kids feel the same rush about their zines that we do. And when they aren't jabbering about **Super Street Fight 2**, they seem a whole lot like us at their age.

There are two types of fanzines produced outside our fandom: those which are unaffiliated with any fandom, and those which are published within the context of another fandom (comics, monster, wrestling, electronic gaming, etc.). Editors of the former aren't good candidates, because they haven't shown any willingness to connect to a fandom. Usually, such fanzines are the hubs of their own little universe of readers.

As in our fandom, every fanzine in each of the other fandoms is somewhere between 100% sercon about the subject of that fandom and totally fannish. If anyone had liked my Fanzine Rating System, last year, I could now quantify the fannishness of fanzines in other fandoms. I would expect no less from such forward-looking people as the members of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. (You've escaped this time, but keep watching the skies.)

Let's just say that most fanzines in other fandoms are fairly sercon, and many are completely so. Yet a fannish spirit akin to our own is visible in other fandoms. In electronic gaming fandom, several zines have veered toward fannishness, and there have ever

been a few that concentrated solely on fan-related topics. Topics like animé, alternative rock and ice hockey (!) get major space in eg fanzines these days. That shows receptivity to things outside the sercon basis of that fandom.

Imagine you're an electronic gaming fan. First of all, 90% of them publish regularly, and most of the rest are closely connected to one or more regular titles. (The lone exception is Russ Perry, Jr., eg fandom's only letterhack.) So you're publishing **Video Gaming Rhapsody** bimonthly, and you've got six 20-page issues under your belt.

A couple of things are happening. You're getting tired of talking about video games so damn much, and you're growing up. You're finding new interests, having major new experiences. You like producing your own little fanzine, but you'd feel funny putting all this new stuff in **Video Gaming Rhapsody**.

Then you hear about another fanzine fandom. They call it science fiction fanzine fandom, which is mildly dweebish, but they hardly talk about the stuff anyway. They seem to write about everything, even personal things. They do all the things you liked about eg fandom and more.

You study a few fanzines and come to some conclusions. The zines are better, which is a little deflating, but they are also a bit inspiring. They've got a bunch of cartoonist your fanzine could sure use, and the letter columns are bigger and better than anything you've seen. The sf fanzine fans you've encounter speak of getting 50 or more letters, and you've been overjoyed with a half-dozen terse notes. They're older guys, but they have women.

All right, you're all recalled to the comforting bosom of our beloved fandom. Can you see how it might be attractive to the person I've just described? Theory aside, it is actually happening. Ed Finkler has produced a couple of issues of **Mosh, Baby Mosh** for our fandom, and I've recently run into a fellow who could become a major publisher.

Greg Bemis (56 Glenview Dr., San Francisco, CA 94131) and co-editor Jonah Jackson publish **High Density**, a well-done bi-monthly eg fanzine with some help from Greg's lady companion Tara. All three are in their mid-twenties. He recently wrote me a

letter which said all the right things, so I sent him a batch of fanzines. He and his sidekicks are reading through them now, and they seem to like what they read. I hope you'll all send Greg some fanzines, so he can see more than my stuff. (He deserves a break.)

But don't bother Greg, Tara and Jonah (or Ed Finkler, for that matter) about science fiction. They're not hostile to it, just uninterested. The same way most of you would be about video games. They recognize that, too.

High Density rates about a 5-6 out of 10. They want to publish a fanzine, if they find a congenial context, and I think our fandom would be enriched if we got it across to them that our fanzine fandom is it.

I don't deny the relationship between our fanzine fandom and science fiction fandom. We are an outgrowth of what First Fandom, sercon to the core, began almost 65 years ago. Yet how important is science fiction in our fanzines? For many of us, the answer is that it plays a minor or even insignificant role. It is a popular topic in contemporary fanzines, but so is feminism, so is fanhistory, so is prostate.

Corflu, not the worldcon, has become the year's top event for fanzine fans. This bows to the reality that fanzine fandom is now a tiny enclave of science fiction fandom. Fanzine fans started Corflu because they decided the substance of a con is more important than the trappings. Corflu fits fanzine fandom's idea of a convention better than the worldcon.

I propose that we recognize another reality: science fiction isn't producing many fanzine fans. I think we should consider changing with the times so that we do not become a sterile backwater like ayjay.

I'll be looking forward to comments in the next mailing. Please be gentle. I even watch "Babylon 5."

Knowing me as well as you do, I'm sure you've surmised that self-sacrifice is not the only possible explanation for this reasonably Katz-free mailing. Much as I hate to recite an alibi, the truth is that career demands are cutting 'way into fanac time. Despite noble intentions with regard to FAPA, my limited stock of free time just wasn't equal to the task. I'll comfort myself with the thought that at least I've hit the mailing, and with a larger contribution than in February..

Electronic Games is doing very well, and we are hoping to make it do even better in the coming months. My boss, previously somewhat resistant to my editorial approach, has suddenly converted to my viewpoint. Now that he's more catholic than the pope, I've having to put in a lot of extra hours making my smartmouth promises into actual performance.

The biggest change is that EG is, for the first time, close to the adult interactive electronic entertainment magazine I originally envisioned. We're a long way from the kiddie game mags these days, and Joyce and Bill have written some of the best investigative reports ever done about this field.

Katz Kunkel Worley, Inc., which has still not deposed me as president, has added a Book Division and a Documentation Division, both under the aegis of new employee Ed Dille. So now there's a KKW East, located in West Virginia, with Ed and his assistant John Withers.

I'm currently working on a book, aided by Laurie Yates, on the subject of electronic game design. Bill Kunkel, with help from Andy Hooper, is writing a guide to a forthcoming electronic baseball game. I'd say we're likely to do about a dozen books this year, though I don't expect to do much on more than a couple of them.

We're also trying to get into cyberspace. Bill and I started a monthly on line forum back in 1985, and I still do it on America On Line, the second Tuesday of the Month, 6 pm, Pacific time. What we'd like now are proprietorship of a couple of on line areas. Surprisingly, we seem to be close to getting both. Of course, deals are like that. They all look like sure things until they fall through. I hope to have more information on that by the next mailing.

As a result of our expansion, both JoHn Hardin and Laurie Yates have advanced to full time employment as editor/writers. I'm afraid that may affect their participation in FAPA, at least for the short term, but it is really exciting to me to see the way they get better and better every month.

Speaking of participation, I'd better cut this off now if I want to be in the May mailing. See you all in three months! -- Arnie

Carrying On

This chapter of Carrying On is by Joyce Worley Katz. I want to call to all of your attention that thus far I have kept my campaign promises, and done Nothing At All. I have kept watching the skies, except during the recent eclipse, and continue to stand ready to represent FAPA should the Aliens appear. Much to my surprise, they haven't landed yet.

Silvercon Memories

Thursday morning dawned clear and bright; nothing could dampen my high spirits. The roses were in bloom, the house was (reasonably) tidy, and in no time I had the two turkeys in the oven, one for our party, and the second for the consuite. Arnie, John and Ross took care of business while I did some last minute shopping. By noon, everyone powered down to go into party mode.

When Arnie and I go to conventions, he takes copious notes. In case of Silvercon 3, he started several days in advance of the actual event, and had already filled dozens of pages in his Byzantine scrawl before the first guest arrived. I myself do not take notes. It's too bad, or I could carefully sequence the arrival of the fans.

I know that Art Widner was among the early arrivals, even though we hadn't expected him til late. He helped us finish getting ready, and as people began to drift in, a fine conversational group formed in the living room, spread through the house, and nestled on the slopes of the back yard, in and around the pool.

We were mixing it up pretty good in the kitchen as well, and thanks to all the good fellowship and competent help, we got

dinner on the table around six.

All afternoon, fans shuttled back and forth between the airport, the hotel and our house, gathering guests for ghu. At some point, while John and Arnie were returning from the airport run to pick up Len Bailes and rich brown, my car got crumpled by a passing drunk on the freeway, but the damage was slight, and no one was hurt. At this late date, although culpability has been admitted, the car has been Looked At, and his insurance company has agreed to pay, it's still crumpled. The check, the Coronet Ins. Co. tells me, Is In The Mail.

I never really got the feeling that the house was overfull, but the food vanished, and others

I wandered into the consuite to see what was going on. Raven and Ron were holding court with a small group, and we fell into conversation. "And, how long have you been in fandom?" I asked the charming senior and his lady sitting to my left. They both smiled and nayed me, saying they were only here for their son, though they'd attended several such events as they accompanied him to conventions. "Sounds to me like you both are fans, no matter what you say: you attend conventions, and you hang out in con suites talking to fans." A little prodding, and the lady warmed to her audience. She recounted a long-standing affection for science fiction, and told us about writing a story when she was in the third grade. "I wrote about a group of aliens living on Jupiter, kept warm under the blanket of gas." Unfortunately, her creative career was nipped in the bud when the teacher reprimanded and ridiculed her in front of her class.

estimated we had over 80 fans. Quite a few of the Vegans swam, but not many of the Outsiders. Ted White, at one point, said he had known we had the pool, but it was so early in April, he'd never considered the possibility. Next

We marched down the long hall, Andy Hooper leading, Arnie and John Berry to his left and right, and the rest of the fanzine fans clustered in their mighty wake. Toward us marched a medieval army, captained by their Big Man. As the two groups neared each other, the armored knight sized us up, and knew his troop was both outmanned and underpowered. He announced his title and station to Andy and paid him the courtesy. Ghu smiled.

time, I'll try to let them know-- and have more spare swimsuits to accommodate visitors.

Friday morning we packed up the goodies, headed for the airport to pick up Bill Rotsler, and managed to get checked in shortly after 1 p.m. Registration was already underway; I could see through the open doorway that the hucksters were arriving and setting up their wares, and Karl was getting ready for the beginning of the gaming weekend. The fanzine lounge looked lovely, with the zines on display and for giveaway down one side of the

room, and two or three round tables for conversation. There was even a water setup. Nice going.

The hospitality suite was similarly well decked. The party and the con were ready to begin.

Silvercon's are a curious amalgamation of club members, fanzine fans, filkers, and gamers, held together by nothing more than the common thread of science fiction. This old-fashioned formula still works here in Nevada; no group gets on the others' nerves too much. It's not exactly Harmony, but it's not too discordant, either.

It didn't take long for the clutch of fanzine fans toglom on to each other. And, what a clutch it was! White, Steffan, Benford, Lichtman, Rotsler, Donaho, Berry, Brown, Hooper, Bailes, Speer, Widner, Fitch, Burbee, Williams...I feel that list isn't complete, but it's a good start. Add to that our local contingent, and it was a pretty fair-sized gathering.

I spread our room number about freely: we lucked into 1812, a simple one to remember. (Yes, there were oft-repeated humorous overtures about that which no doubt will be entered into fandom's canon.)

I wish I kept notes. I don't, and my short term memory didn't keep pace. The weekend was a perfectly delightful visit with good friends, remembered as seen through a haze.

Friday night's FAPA party must have had the most FAPAns gathered in one spot in several years, counting former members and waitlisters. There was some talk about Quorems and Mutiny and Constitution-Changing, but you all should know that **Your President** stood fast and brooked no nonsense. Besides, Jack Speer would have never let me get by with it.

Saturday there were a trio of fannish program items, lead off by a 4-way cartoon jam. Kunkel, Stefan, Rotsler and Chamberlain produced a sheaf of humorous

combo-toons, much to the merriment and amazement of the dozen or so fans who clustered around their table, watching the work develop.

This made the second cartoon jam in Vegas: Silvercon II had matched Chamberlain Rotsler and Kunkel. This year, that set of drawings were

I ran into a certain gaming fan several times during the course of the weekend, and each time we'd exchange pleasantries. On Sunday, I saw him again and asked him how it had been: "Did you have fun?" He allowed he had, but said he had one complaint: there were so few people there. But, he had a solution: he smiled enthusiastically, and said, "I can help you, and I will! Next year I'm going to bring you 15,000 comicbook fans!"

published into a zine called **Three Ring Circus**, as a give-away for the con, and the original art was offered up for auction. (In fact, I got it, by cleverly outbidding

Arnie at the last minute.)

I moderated a debate between Benford and White, on the subject of Critics vs Writers. It went along with competence and professionalism, but little fire; I was disappointed that not even a few sparks flew. Yet, intellectually, I enjoyed the discussion, as we discussed the critics role in evolvment of literature, and the writers response to outside influences.

Next Benford and White and Vivien Schilling discussed the flow of ideas into paperback. I missed it but reports were good.

Arnie was the auctioneer; he's done this a couple of years now, and really seems to have a flair for it. He wrung an appreciable amount of the money out of the small group, while providing a fair amount of entertainment value as well.

The banquet on Saturday night was one high spot among the many of the weekend. It was , small, like everything at

Silvercon (except the good spirits).. only a few over 30. The food was mediocre, but the gathering had the feeling of a fine family reunion. Jack Speer officiated, like a great patriarch, leading his flock in holiday festivities.

It was Burbee's 79th birthday: all day he had been saying to people, "Did you know today is my birthday?" and receiving only brief, cursory congratulations. At the banquet, he was presented with a hand-made card autographed by all the fans at the con, while everyone sang their greetings. It was a good moment.

Greg and Ted both gave outstanding speeches. Both spoke, in their own way, about their love for fandom. I felt my face stretched into a beam of joy, and couldn't contain the fine feeling they aroused in my heart.

On Sunday, Arnie, White, Hooper, Speer and Brown pretty well put the numbered theory of fandom to rest in an animated discussion that agreed only on one thing: fandom now is different from fandom then, and the traditional theories no longer apply.

It's been years since I've seen fans sitting in a circle, toe to toe and eye to eye with a guest of honor, freely exchanging ideas. Greg Benford and Ted White were outstanding; both made themselves available over and over to convention members in panels, speeches, autograph signings, and just good conversation groups in the consuite.

Arnie and I kept Room 1812 Sunday night, for one last party. But, alas, it had to end. At first I thought I'd be making an airport run on Monday

morning, giving me one more hour with Ted and a couple of the others. But Ken offered, and I knew I really had to get back to work.

We said our last goodbys and crept home in the middle of the night. The only thing that kept tears from flowing was the knowledge that Corflu was near, and we'd all gather again soon.

It may never be this good again, but this was a fine con.

Fandom as Religion

by Joyce Katz

It's been revealed to me that fandom is like unto a religion, and fanac is like unto a mission.

Certainly, it's escaped no one's notice that fans study their own history with holy zeal, and spread their fan philosophies like missionaries distribute pamphlets.

Trufandom is like the holy orders, and Insurgency is like the Jesuit priesthood. If The Enchanted Duplicator is the Gospel, then Ah Sweet Idiocy! is surely analgous to the letters of Paul.

Redd Boggs may be the prophet crying in the wilderness, and Harry Warner may be the chronicler of all our begats...but instead of begattings, it's publications, and instead of the tribes of Israel, it's the scribes of trivial.

"Women shouldn't enter the temple without covering their heads," taught Paul. "Zines shouldn't ship into the fannish ether without a colophon," say we all. One set of rules gets exchanged for another, but the message stays the same: a priesthood of elders interprets holy writings, and tells us that we must crown our bodies with emblems of our station.

Go out into the highways and byways and teach the word, says one set of dictums. The other says, publish your ish and spread trufandom's word.

While some adopt the veil, others adopt the beanie. While some revere the holy paintings of Rembrandt's Madonna, others value the holy drawings of Rotsler. Some study the writings of Josephus; others the writings of Jophans.

Now that the holy fannish light of truth has shined on me, it seems clear that my way has been pointed: I must spread the verbs and teach the blurbs that make up our fannish dictum.

I am inspired: I am surely wholly appointed to this mission.

And if Peter is the rock on which The Holy Church is built, then surely this stoney valley can be the host of the next divine fannish revelation to all trufen who believe.

Now, just as the early Christians were occasionally guilty of too much zeal, perhaps it is possible for trufandom to be over anxious for all fandom to worship the same great white light. We see how insurgents struggle to mold fandom into a strait jacket of high motive; just

as the patriarchs of the church insisted everyone follow the straight ways of the votive. The early church members sought a vocation; do we not all desire a vacation?

Conversion by example is the goal, but failing this, would we not choose conversion by forced baptism into our trufannish literature? Is this not our goal when we pass around the writings of our own great prophets, Shaw, Willis, Burbee, White and Carr. While one group adopts the crucifix as its talisman, has not the other taken on the pocket protector and ballpoint pen?

Further fannish wisdom will be imparted to you as soon as I receive it. Personally, I'm going to kneel and face Ireland in hopes for a fannish revival.

