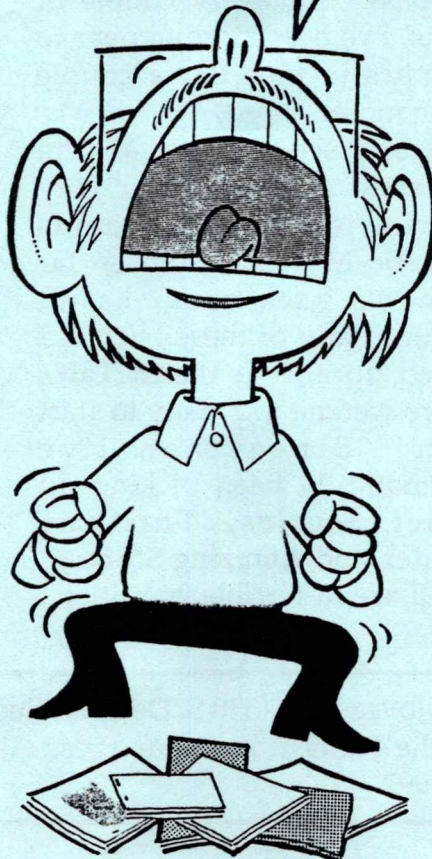


ISSUE #5

GLITZ

FAPA
May 1992

CRUD!



Joyce Katz's Carrying On...

Highspots and Sidelights of the Life of Joyce Worley Katz

I imagine some of you believe I spend my days playing electronic games and my nights leaning over the felt tables of the local casinos. I rather like the image this conjurs: a lurid glam, bathed in neon and surrounded by the sounds of jackpots, devoting her life to the laws of chance.

I certainly don't want to dispel totally my notorious vision, but I thought I'd devote my remarks this issue to a few of the things that fill those moments in my life when I'm not caught up in vice and play.

I've enjoyed a pleasantly sercon turn of events in the last couple of months. Frank Harwood, the local fan who most shares in my appreciation for old magazines, called to tell me that Grundy's Book Shop

acquired a large collection of sf prozines and was getting rid of them cheap. When I reached the store, I found that Mr. Grundy had at least four full cartons (and he keeps hinting about more unopened boxes "in the back"). At a buck apiece, I couldn't let this pass. So, every couple of weeks, I've been driving over to Grundy's to pick out a couple dozen more.

First I scooped up all the **Fantastic Adventures**. (My favorite is actually **Famous Fantastic Mysteries**, but so far Grundy's back room hasn't produced any of these.) Then I scarfed up all the **Weird Tales** ...there weren't too many to start with. Since then I've systematically been picking up **Planet Stories**, **Thrilling Wonder**, and **Amazing Stories**.

All are in terrible condition..

stiff and brittle, almost as if they had been through a flood. But, they're intact; the stories are complete, and the covers are still attached. The collection is from about 1947-48 to 1958, and not complete even for those years. But, still a treasure. And a most unusual find for out here in the middle of the desert. I keep hoping to see a name on one of them. I'm really curious to know who they belonged to.

It's sorta surprising how many stories have not been anthologized. You might make a case that all the best works have been reprinted, but certainly not all the good ones. Every time I browse through one of these magazines, I find something really enjoyable. And, the letter columns! It's like a trip into fanhistory to read the names of the letterhacks.

I enjoy the treasure hunt aspect of my finds. My heart actually pounds as I dig through Grundy's dusty old boxes. And, I have yet to be disappointed: each time I buy a few more. I find something thrilling. (For example, last week I picked up the Shaver Mystery edition of **Fantastic**.) I can't imagine that I will ever amass a truly great prozine collection, but I'm terribly pleased with the ones I do have.

Vegas is a veritable oasis, a bower of flowers during the Spring and Summer. There's been plenty of water; in fact, water conservation is only now

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becoming a concern--they say we have ten year's worth at current usage, and Steps Must Be Taken. Meanwhile, the city has almost as many pools and spas as it has houses, and most homes have automatic sprinkling systems that keep the lawns green year round.

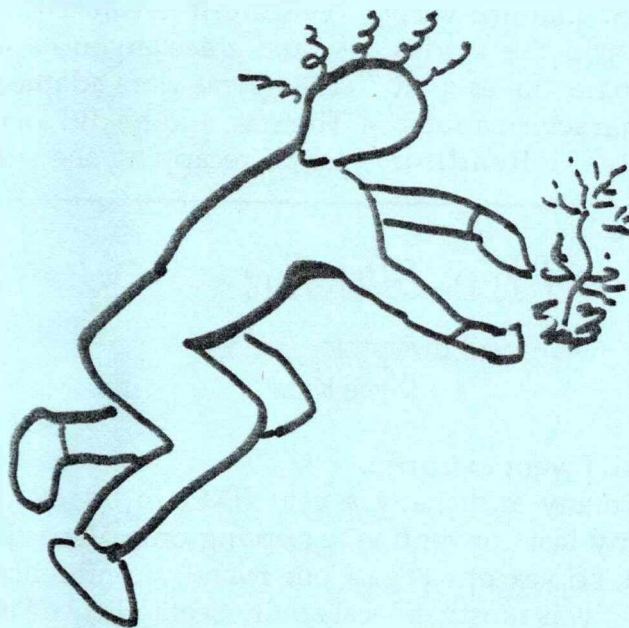
I've never lived in an area where the residents took gardening so seriously. It must be a psychological response to the surrounding wastelands, that causes the locals to plant and seed so relentlessly.

The results are a spectacular display of foliage and blossoms. And, of course, along with this comes pollen. The allergy clinics are crowded year round, and during early Spring, the sound of sneezing is heard throughout the land.

When I lived in St. Louis, I thought I suffered from stress headaches. Years later, a dentist glanced at an x-ray and casually mentioned that I had sinus problems. During the final season I lived in New York, I avoided outings in damp weather, dust storms, pollen forests, or anyplace else that seemed to set off attacks.

It wasn't until we had been in Vegas for several months that I snapped to the possibility that I had allergies. A scratch-test later, and I understood. I'm allergic to every natural thing that grows in the desert (cactus, tumbleweed, prairie grass, etc.) and also react to many cultivated botanicals, and a number of common foods such as carrots and garlic.

No more huge bouquets of roses, no more baskets of drying petals for potpourri. (No more gin, because of the juniper; no



Planting Tomatoes

more brandy; even wine is suspect.) As I gradually replaced most of the chemicals in my cabinets with hypo-allergenic solutions, I also replaced all living decor with artificial. Now the floral displays are made of silk. They not only look good without making me sneeze, they also last a lot longer.

Last weekend I planted the window box outside my office with silk. I admit that I felt rather foolish while doing so, but the results look great, and now I can have the window open without puffing up.

But, allergies be damned, I have bowed my knee (and bent my back) before the God of Gardening this year. I put in a

dozen cherry tomatoe plants in the area just outside the kitchen window, and intend to add a few pepper bushes as well. We also installed a large trellis and started three grape vines. This is tremendously exciting to me: I never had a garden before. Wish me good luck...perhaps by the next mailing, I'll be able to give you a report on my crops.

There is one hobby I've never particularly shared with Arnie. Comic books and me are like music and the deaf. I simply lack appreciation for most of them. Even if I may grunt a grudging approval of their looks, in general I don't like the stories.

It's the story line, therefore,

that attracts me to Classic Illustrated, and graphic treatments of well known books. Sometimes they are a waste. Most of the releases in the recent Classic Illustrated line are very shabby. They strip the stories down to such bare bones that there are no characterizations, no complexities. Reading

Dickens, for example, in such a format turns his masterpiece into trivia.

Yet there are jewels. *The Ring of the Nibelung* four-book treatment from DC Comics would grace anyone's collection. The operas were adapted by Roy Thomas, and he did an excellent job of recapping the story. The

Gil Kane art, colored by Jim Woodring, however, owes nothing to the traditional stagings of Wagner, and instead brings a fresh, action-filled vision to the epic. The format works well: the gods are super, and the earthlings are heroic.

Each panel is attractive, and some spreads are superlative. The scene where Wotan calls down fire to surround Brunhilde, for example, is both beautiful and dramatic. The entrance into Valhalla is evocative, as are the sparkling water scenes. (No, *Book One: The Rhinegold* does not start with 144 panels of rolling water.) Siegfried's funeral and Brunhilde's immolation may not cause the music to thunder through your ears, but the scenes could make your heart beat faster.

Reading the two recently released Lovecraft comic books is a more mixed experience. *The Lurking Fear* by Adventure Comics, adapted by Steve Jones and Cariello, is a mediocre attempt. The unspectacular art treatment looks scratchy and incomplete. The story's retelling, however, is the biggest shortcoming of the comic. The fear just doesn't lurk.

I'd suggest that the subtlety of Lovecraft doesn't lend itself to such graphic renderings, except that the second comic has made such a good stab at *The Whisperer In Darkness*. Millennium's *Cthulhu #1*, adapted by Terry Collins and Mark Ellis (pencils by Darryl Banks, inking by Robert Lewis, and painting by Deirdre DeLay), maintains interest by a careful telling of the story. The art is evocative of an older date, stylized but

The Gush:

A Corflu Appreciation

by Joyce Katz

Last weekend, I went to Corflu.

It had been many and many a year (D.C. in '74, if memory serves) since my last convention, excepting only VegasCon last Autumn. And, I do except VegasCon; friendly confluence of fen though it was, it was mostly a local affair. Seeing Bruce Peltz and Fred Hollander and Larry Niven had reminded me of just how nice it was to be with old friends; a sort of hors d'oeuvre of fanac before the real meal.

I admit to some trepidations before we reached L.A. "Perhaps no one will know me." Or, worse: "Perhaps they'll know me but hate me. They may spit on me, or call me names, or tread on my toes."

Any doubts and dreads were forgotten the moment I arrived; it was all so terribly familiar, like a family reunion after a long separation. It felt so good to be there, it made me wonder "How could I have stayed away so long?"

Corflu was wonderful. Arrangements were so smooth, thanks to the hosting committee, that the convention hours sped by effortlessly. Hospitality was lavish -- Don Fitch managed the convention suites with a flair that went beyond competence into grace. The minimal programming was interesting. It was the most seamless, trouble-free gathering I've ever attended.

I was as happy as a neofan at her first con, but with an old fan's recognition of what a rare and wonderful thing this gathering really was. The smallest convention I have ever attended, it rated as the very best. Just a handful of people, really--yet virtually all of them were people I knew, or wanted to know.

The glow of heart-warm still hasn't completely faded. The assembly of old friends made me feel more that I was in the right place with the right people than I had felt for many years. It made me realize how happy I am to be back in fandom, and to believe those folk who've told me that once a gafiote returns, they can never leave again.



nonetheless attractive. A certain amount of the story is, by needs, told through talking heads and thought balloons, but in this case, it seems to work to build some of the suspense Lovecraft intended.

The Summer Consumer Electronic Show is, as always, in Chicago. This year the convention is early; we will return from the show on May 31. (Most sCES shows have been held during June.) I've already made travel arrangements for Arnie, Bill Kunkel and me to go and do our thing: our journalistic careers rotate around the two CES shows, and this is also the place where we lay the ground for our design and consulting contracts.

This show will be particularly interesting. For the first time ever, the public will be admitted during the last two days of the Show, on Saturday and Sunday. Now, this particular fact has the electronic industry in a tizzy, and it's easy to understand why. I heard one

exec from a major videogame exhibitor say that they expected to endure over \$100,000 in loss, due to theft from and damages to their booth. Some companies are simply backing out of the show, unwilling to face the public.

I have mixed feelings. On the one hand, I certainly think the gamers should get a chance to see the wares, listen to panels, meet the pros, and enjoy the show in the same way that fans enjoy the WorldCon. After all, the consumers drive the business, and no company should be that afraid of meeting their own customers face to face.

On the other hand, I can empathise with the execs-in-turmoil. Security will be a problem. The mobs of people may well be more than the booth personnel can handle. From my own point of view, I know that I must do my journalistic stuff in the first two days of the show. Instead of the traditionally empty halls of the last day, the aisles may well be packed with curious consumers who'll make

it difficult to get our jobs done. And the public relations personnel will almost certainly be over-burdened, perhaps even cranky from the effort these throngs of people will cost. I think it is unlikely that any future CES will be open to the public, at least for several years to come. That's a pity; with a little better planning this could have been a very gala event that could have brought fun, profit, and endless promotional opportunities to everyone involved.

The April 25th Social marked our 21st wedding anniversary. Twenty-one is a Significant Number. It's a coming-of-age. What new vistas, one wonders, will passing this milestone open? They say that some couples who stay together a long time start to think alike and have an almost-telepathic connection. That might be interesting. I see a potential problem, though. What if we wrote the same thing for *Glitz*?

Naaaahhhhhhh

Until next time, just keep on carrying on.

Willis Plays Vegas

A fan novel by
Arnie Katz
\$10

Luck of the Fannish

A Fan Novel by
Arnie Katz
\$5

Live Right -- Buy Both



Chatterboxing

Arnie talks about his life and times

I owe everyone in fandom a letter. No, that's not true. I don't owe everyone in fandom a letter. I owe some fans at least *two* letters.

The situation is so dire that I've contemplated following in the footsteps of Chuch Harris with a letter substitute to forestall a revolt among my correspondents. Then I tremble at the thought of what would happen if it wandered off its schedule. The accumulation of guilt would be unbearable.

Desktop Publishing gear makes a letter substitute so seductive. Fortunately, I *know* what would happen if I took this seemingly commonsensical solution. First, I'd start fussing with the writing, slicking it up. Then I'd try to be entertaining in the inimitable style readers have come to know and shun. Within two issues, my utilitarian letter

substitute would be exactly like "Katzenjammer" in *Folly*, and I'd be saddled with two frequent genzines. I don't think fanzine fandom is sufficiently robust to endure this onslaught of frenetic Katzian fanpubbing.

When I studied English, one of my teachers told me his theory that there are two types of writers: the writer of product and the writer of process. He defined "product" writers as those who present fully worked out ideas in a highly polished literary structure. The process writers, in his view, work out their ideas as they create the artistic work.

That's sufficiently murky to require an example. A "process" work would detail how the author came to the conclusions, beliefs, or understanding that is the kernel of the piece. The

same topic, treated as literature of product, would present the ideas and surround it with reader-convincing arguments.

I've always known into which category I fit. I present fully finished, digested, and "artified" -- down, Speer! -- articles and stories. I'm the same way in fandom and my professional output. The spelling may be down the flusher, but the conception is subordinate to the conclusion. (The previous sentence is brought to you in memory of Stephen Pickering.)

My literary tendencies do my genzine no harm but I sometimes wonder if it hampers my apa participation. Apas are bastions of the literature of process. (Doesn't that sound better than "composing on stencil against the deadline"?)

I worry that my prose comes

across as too self-contained. I fear that people read my little essays that vainly try to pass for mailing comments and don't see enough hooks for their responses.

So I've resolved to give this literature of process stuff a tryout. This section of "Chat", everything since the last skipped line, is "thinking out loud." If it draws enough reaction, I may go for *two* sections next time.

Several members expressed distress about Harry's Warner's lamentation on the lack of response in FAPA. I don't think a quantitative analysis is the best way to test the truth of Harry's assertion. Fanzine fandom has seldom used sheer numbers as a yardstick of merit. If it did, no one would spend so much time and money on a mailing list of a couple of hundred.

At the risk of putting words in Harry's typewriter, I think his remarks address the *quality* of the feedback. I believe FAPA is better now than a year ago in this regard, but the group could be a richer medium of communication if more people hit every mailing and wrote more extensive mailing comments.

Seen in that light, is Harry's allegation so controversial? Or is there someone in the house who *doesn't* think he or she could participate more fully?

An avalanche of work has contributed to my poor performance as a correspondent. Bill Kunkel spent most of the winter working on a new Batman computer game, so I had to structure KKW's work assignments to give him time to

do this extremely large specifications document.

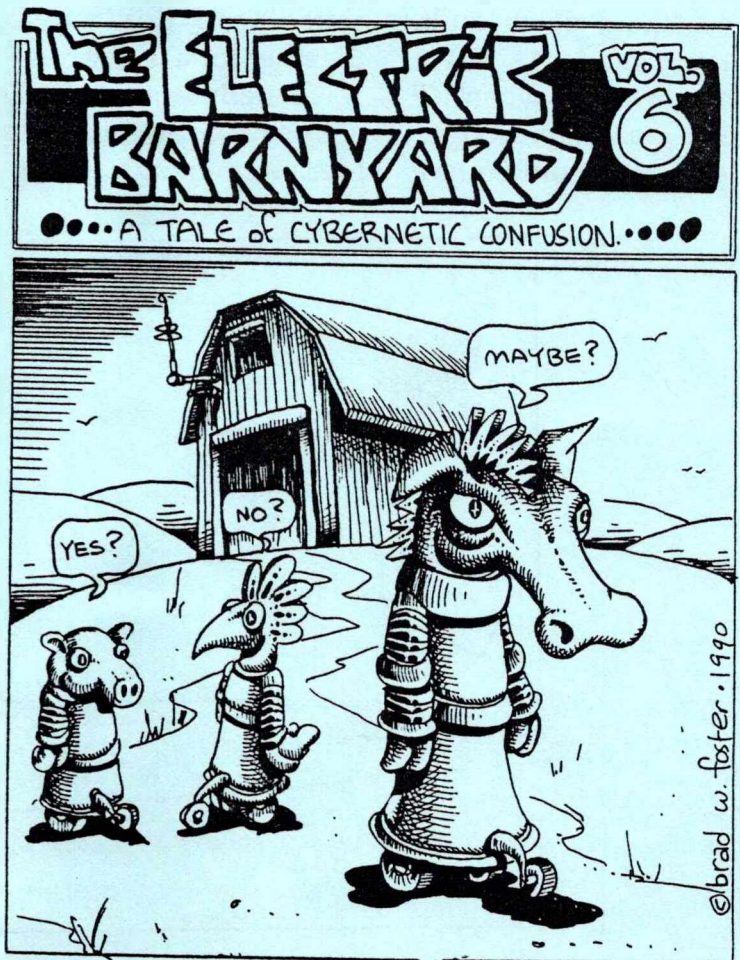
I've put in time on a new Simpsons video game and a boxing title, both for the super Nintendo Entertainment System. We're also consultants for a new trade show, and that has taken up days, too. Going to meetings for Electronic Games Expo '92 has generated some out-of-town trips, my first solo excursions in some years. My post-cataract vision presents a few problems for the traveller, mostly reading forms in microscopic print, but I got around without incident due to my improved distance vision.

I don't enjoy going on the road for business much. The novelty of strange airports has worn thin, and business trips

often have a frustrating element. I hate going to a city where I have friends and not getting time enough for even a brief "hello".

Bill and Joyce's illnesses have made the time-crunch even worse. Joyce is suffering with allergies, but she's taking her medication regularly and doesn't seem quite as sick as at this time last year. Bill virtually collapsed at the end of February, but he, too, is vastly improved in recent days.

Another barrier to timely correspondence is my recent prolific fanwriting. Every time I sit down at the word processor, the next article or the next fanzine shoves in ahead of the next personal letter. I'm pleased at



how much fanstuff I've written lately, but I do worry about letting those important personal relationships suffer for it. Possibly the fact that I am telling you this in a fanzine instead of a letter is a Bad Sign.

One of the things I've written is the First Draft of a special publication called *The Trufan's Advisor*. Surrounded by 50 neofen, as Joyce and I are here in Las Vegas, I am constantly aware of how many questions they have about fandom -- and how little they know. I wanted to do something to help.

Tucker's *Neofan's Guide* was a great job when it debuted in the mid-1950s, but fandom has changed a lot since then. Those who revised *TNG* did the best they could, but the last edition (in 1983) looks like a road that has had so many spot repairs that it looks like a patch quilt. No one's fault; fandom's just a lot different now than when BT framed the original manuscript.

I decided to try from Square

One, partly because I don't have the guts to extensively rewrite Tucker, and partly because I thought it was time to try another approach. *The Trufan's Advisor* only attempts to explain fanzine fandom -- and only to American fans. I think that's a big enough subject for me to tackle. I'd like to see other subfandoms publish its own guides (Filksinging now has such a publication, *Filking 101*). Perhaps some of the material in *TTA* could be adapted into a *British Edition*. Oh, Roooobbbbbbb.....

I wouldn't want you to think that fan articles and stories pour from my laser printer in a ceaseless torrent. "Torment" is closer to the truth. I love to write, but I don't think the process is easier for me than for those who don't put words together for a living.

Sometimes, though, I get into a groove. I can't write down the ideas fast enough. I talk articles

to Joyce that evaporate before I can record the key lines. But I don't worry about those, because suddenly, there's a little pile of manuscripts beside the computer.

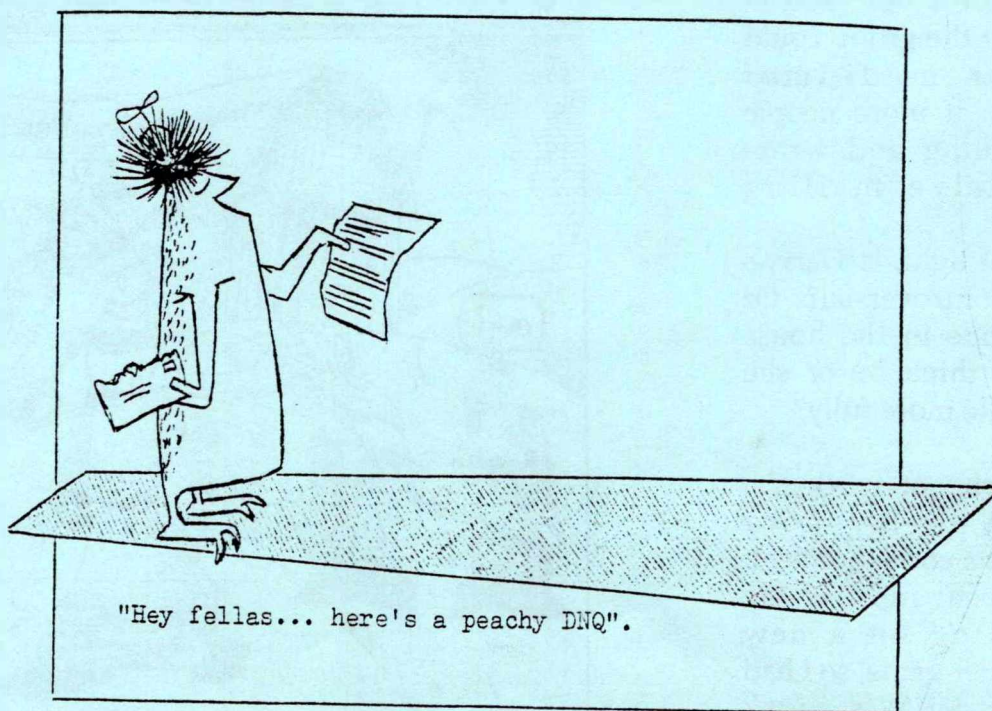
Oh, if only I could stay at that level! I'd become faanish fandom's answer to George Laskowski, producer of prodigious publications. But they don't last. Two weeks later, I'm struggling again.

Even the hot streaks themselves are a mixed blessing. When I'm in a prolific period, I get grandiose. In the words of the Air Force commercials, I Aim High.

And as everyone except me knows, the bigger the project, the less likely it is to be completed. I finish most of my Grand Designs, but sometimes they unravel. Then the Disk of Lost Egoboo.

That disk directory makes sad reading for me.

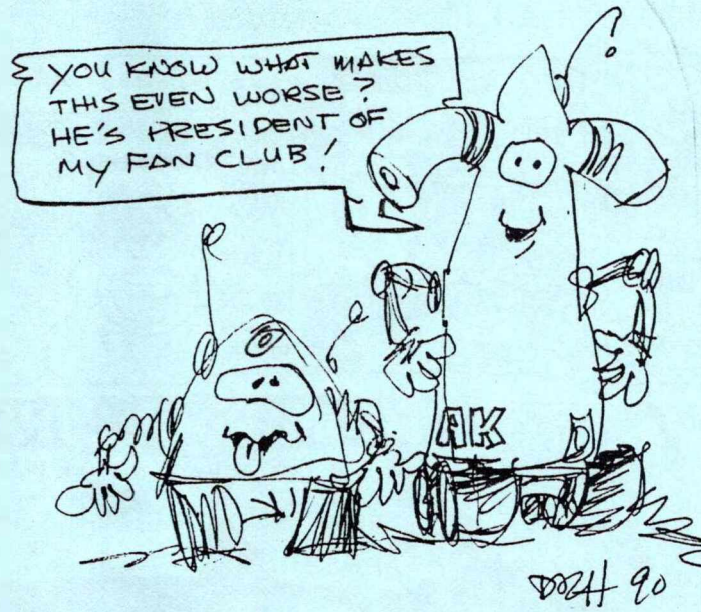
Joyce and I, accompanied by



new FAPAns Woody Bernardi and Laurie Yastes, went to our first out of town convention since returning to fandom, Corflu 9. We drove to the Los Angeles site over Leap Year Day Weekend. Joyce and I had some trepidation about plunging back into this kind of in-person fanac, but the results couldn't have been more pleasing. Everyone was so damn friendly, it again made me wish I had ended those years of estrangement much sooner.

FAPA was well-represented among the attendees. Besides the Vegas foursome, Lichtman, Widner, Pelz, Bowen, Richards, Brandt, Rike, Hooper, Fitch, Bratman, and Lindsay held the banner aloft. I coaxed Janice Gelb onto the waitlist, but had not such success with attempts to enlist Geri Sullivan and Len Bailes -- or reenlist Rotsler, White, Grennell, and Benford.

Corflu had many first meetings for Joyce and I. I'd been especially anxious to meet Geri Sullivan. When I first returned to fandom, my first letter from Willis mentioned Geri as a person I'd really have to get to know. I'm not always comfortable with such recommendation, but this one befitted a fan with Impeccable Taste. She was so "as-advertised" that I ignored the hints Chuch Harris and Walt Willis have dropped about Geri's souvenir-collecting habits and invited her and housemate Jeff Schalles to visit us in Paradise. I knew Jeff quite well in his (and my) younger days, and he stayed with Joyce and I several times in Brooklyn Heights. It doesn't look good for



the balance of this year, but maybe the next Minnesota winter will drive them South for a vacation in 1993.

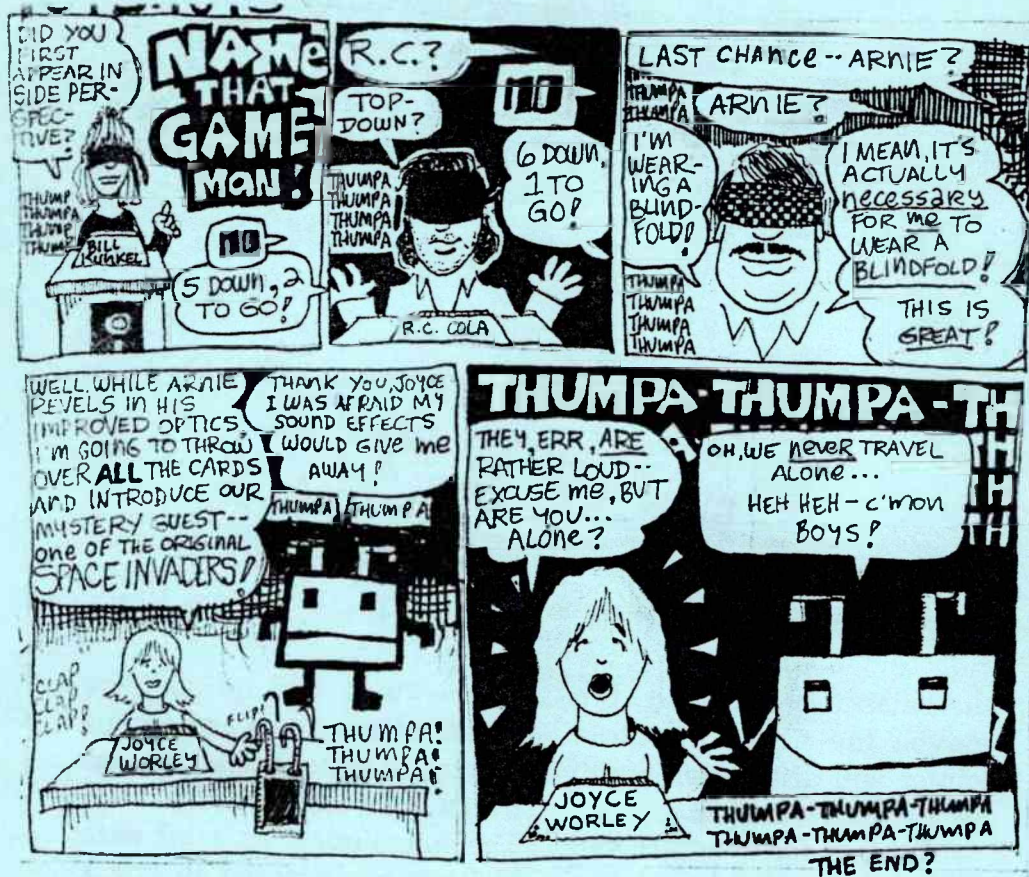
Another fan whom I met for the first time who made a tremendous impression was Art Widner. He is both genial and opinionated, an unusual and appealing combination of traits. I've enjoyed *Yhos*, but its editor is, perhaps, the more remarkable than the publication. Art indicated that he might come to Silvercon, and I'm really hoping he does, even if only so we can continue our fanhistorical conversations.

I was apprehensive about how Ted White and I would get along. My gafiation parted us on icy terms. We have avoided any sort of antagonism in fanzines since my return, but I didn't know how things would go face to face.

Corflu is definitely Ted's

"home turf", and he could've made things awkward for us had he desired. Instead, he was magnanimous and friendly. The first hour was a bit stiff. Neither of us dared to speak directly to the other for fear of tossing a spark into the tinderbox. Little by little, however, we relaxed and, I think, rediscovered some of what we'd liked about each other many years ago. We sat at the same table at the banquet. He shook my hand and said some nice things before he had to leave for the airport. I was sorry he couldn't have stayed longer.

Of course, seeing Lenny Bailes after all these years was something special. I don't know if I've mentioned this, but Lenny and I grew up on the same block. We were close friends from the age of four, began buying backdate prozines together, and co-edited our first dozen or so



genzines together.

For a time it seemed that Lenny might succumb to the pressures and challenges of the late 1960s era. He largely dropped out of fandom just as the Brooklyn Insurgents went into our little heyday in the early 1970s. When I returned to fandom in 1991, I contacted Lenny and found that he had bounced back considerably... but I wasn't prepared for the self-confident, poised and personable fellow I met at Corflu. And he looked *better* than he did 20 years ago! Seeing him so healthy and productive would've made it a satisfying Corflu even if everything else hadn't gone so well.

Speaking of conventions,

Joyce and I have started sneaking peeks at the calendar as Magicon approaches. I had a brief scare in the form of a potential business commitment that would have had to take precedence, but the danger evaporated so quickly that I didn't have time to get properly overwrought about it.

I've never enjoyed spending extended time in a huge throng, but I'll accept it gladly to see some of the people who plan to be at Magicon next Labor Day. I anticipate an epic Gathering of the Clans, highlighted by a contingent from overseas that includes Walt and Madeleine Willis, Chuch and Sue Harris, and James and Peggy White.

I've toyed with bringing a Macintosh computer to the con

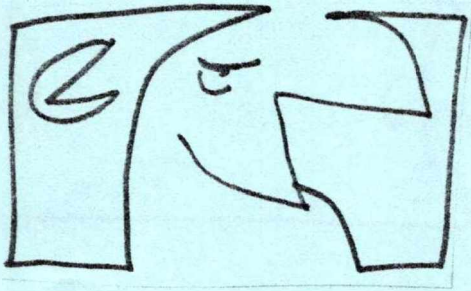
to get these and other luminaries to perpetrate a oneshot, but I'm not convinced the project would be a welcome complication. There are a lot of fanzine fans who'll be getting together for the first time in many years -- and there may never be a collection of BNFs quite like this one again.

Interest in fanzines is so strong in Las Vegas right now that we've formed the Las Vegas Fanzine Appreciation Society (or LasFas for short) as a division of SNAFFU (the main Las Vegas sf club). We meet about once every three-four weeks, and we've got 8-10 regulars.

Las Vegas has also acquired its first Slanshack, the Asylum. Five fans have taken a big house together. The club's biweekly formal meetings are now held there. Meanwhile, the monthly *informal* meetings that Joyce and I host continue to draw 50-60. We expected the last one, billed as "The Rites of Spring", to be a little smaller, but it turned out to be the biggest yet with over 60 people visiting between 7:30 pm and 2:30 am.

The April 25th Social marked our 21st wedding anniversary. Twenty-one is a Significant Number. It's a coming-of-age. What new vistas, one wonders, will passing this milestone open? They say that some couples who stay together a long time start to think alike and have an almost-telepathic connection. That might be interesting. I see a potential problem, though. What if we wrote the same thing for *Glitz*?

Naaaahhhhhh... That could never happen.



view that the way to get more fanzine fans is to spread the gospel among science fiction fans who don't already do fanzine fanac, and to readers of the professional science fiction magazines.

I can't disagree. It works. In fact, that's how I became a fan. I contacted fandom after letterhacking in *Amazing* and *Fantastic*, and it was a letter from a fan who got my address from the letter column that brought me into the hobby in March, 1963.

More proselytizing among sf and fantasy fans probably *would* yield a few additional fanzine fans. And in an activity which has never boasted huge numbers, a few more artists, writers, and editors would be worth the effort.

I believe that fandom has a better option. Let's tell our message to a group that may be more receptive than sf fans -- people already involved in personal publishing.

Andy spoke of a "mystical connection" among science fiction enthusiasts. When being a science fiction fan meant reading books and magazines, there may well have been such a spiritual union of all fans. They had all read, and loved, pretty much the same books and magazines. Widner, Speer, and Moskowitz could talk more meaningfully about this.

Does such a mystic connection exist today? If so, I think it is more tenuous than 30 or 40 years ago.

Today's fans don't share a common experience of science fiction. Some have a traditional background of reading the books and magazines, but many others follow only the electronic media or comic books. Costumery and gaming are other major interests which sf fans espouse in preference

Uncle Forry Wants YOU!

Arnie Trawls Fresh Waters for New Fanzine Fans

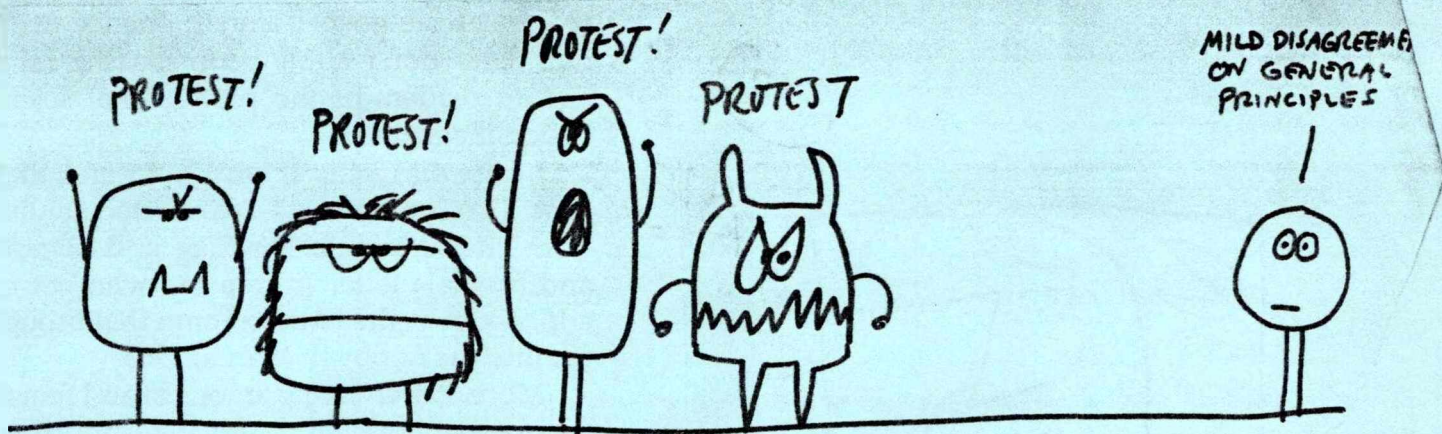
I met Andy Hooper, publishing giant, traveling fan, and FAPA stalwart, for the first time at Corflu 9 over the Leap Year Day weekend. I expected to like him, and I did. We had several conversations of exceptional interest, one of which concerned the recruitment of new fanzine fans.

Andy took the traditionalist

to speculative literature in print form.

Like society as a whole, fandom has gone from a subculture dominated by generalists to one composed primarily of specialists. When I was a neo, BNFs tried all forms of fanac. Bruce Pelz is a classic fan for all seasons; he's done everything from fanzines to masquerades, gaming to folksongs. Today, a fan is more likely to emphasize one type of fanac to the exclusion of all others.

In the Classic Period (1930-1962), fans shared an interest in the written word. It wasn't a big leap from reading science fiction to writing -- or writing about -- it. If being a fan means going beyond a passive interest, then producing a fanzine is an extension of reading



the prozines.

Is there a connection between creating eye-catching and authentic costumes and the urge to publish? Both impulses may coexist within the same fan, but there doesn't seem to be a natural link between them.

If Andy's "mystical connection" is applicable, I think it better describes that overwhelming imperative to publish thoughts and opinions in small circulation magazines. It wasn't science fiction that drew me to Corflu so I could enjoy that chat with Andy, but rather a shared interest in personal publishing.

Las Vegas fandom comes up in any such discussion. The appearance of a slew of enthusiastic young publishers sure looks like support for Andy's viewpoint. In fact, it is. There's something about the Vegas All-Stars that must be considered, though; the new fanzine fans here are voracious readers. We've got plenty of specialized fans, including an enormous contingent of gamers, but the publishers are all traditional print-oriented fans. That may've made it easier for me to pique their interest in fanzines.

I suggest we propagandize producers of amateur magazines. They've already jumped the biggest hurdle, enjoying fanzines. What remains is to convince them that our fanzine fandom offers them advantages.

At the risk of being overly academic, I'd identify four types of fanzine enthusiasts outside "our" fanzine fandom: participants in other fanzine fandoms, electronic amateur publishers, members of mundane ayjays, and independent hobbyist publishers. Mundane ayjay could possibly be further subdivided into two categories, groups which predate our fandom and groups which are modeled on our apas but which have no direct connection to our fandom.

Some fans have written worriedly about the graying of fandom and the dearth of fanzine fans under 30. Since I would like to be a Grand Old Man in about 30 years, this requires that there be energetic young fans to sing my praises, fetch my diet cokes, and perhaps tie my shoes. So I've spent a lot of time on this gray thing.

What I did was look around. And do you know what I found? There's absolutely no shortage of young publishers! They're just not connected to our fandom. The Wrestling Underground (as they call their fandom) has at least a half-dozen newsletters, all biweekly or weekly, as good as any of our news-oriented zines, and they're more journalistically enterprising.

Or how about electronic gaming fandom? I told readers of *Video Games & Computer Entertainment* about the glories of fanzine publishing in my February 1991 "Inside Gaming" column. Electronic Gaming Fandom now has more genzines than ours. The quality varies astonishingly, but that's because some editors are in their 20s and 30s, and some are 12!

Who says younger people aren't interested in fanzines? Despite the allure of instant telecommunication, thousands of people produce small circulation amateur publications in the United States.

I've had the rare chance to interact with a fandom, Las Vegas, which had almost no fan contact outside the city. Vegas

Fandom had few preconceptions about *any* form of fanac. The last FAPA mailing had fanzines from three Vegans -- Laurie Yates, Woody Bernardi, and Peggy Burke -- who are some years from their 30th birthday. Aileen Forman, co-editor of *BBB*, is only a couple of years older than this trio. New fanartist Greg Dees is 29. Ken Forman, who also published his first fanzine last winter, *Dalmattian Alley*, is the oldest at a creaky 33. There are others of similar age in the club who may emulate their example. Some will tire and move on, but it'll have an impact if even two or three become long-time fanzine fans.

Some of my recent articles reconsidered widely accepted notions about fandom. One worth a second look is the tie between our fanzine fandom and Science Fiction Fandom. Our group has always defined itself in relation to SF, but is this still valid?

I may not be a typical fan or even a typical fanzine fan, but I don't think I am all that far from the mainstream. And it has been quite a few years since science fiction had any great personal relevance to my life or fanac.

I started as a fan of science fiction, but that's become a minor interest. I read it only occasionally, and I'm shockingly ignorant of current authors. I probably know more about specialty fandoms like comics, fantasy gaming and electronic sf, than I do about books and prozines.

I propose dual citizenship for fanzine fans. We can still justifiably claim kinship with Science Fiction Fandom, yet we

also belong to Personal Publishing Fandom. Don't we have as much in common with the publisher of *Pro Wrestling Sushi*, as we do with a fan who plays fantasy roleplaying games?

Dual citizenship isn't an unalloyed blessing. No use fooling about that. It means that we might need to look at the history of our hobby (fanzine fandom) slightly differently than in Warner and Moskowitz. Why not trace our origins to the small press publishers of the 19th century as well as to Gernback? How about supplementing Wells and Verne with Addison, Steele, and Swift, all of whom produced small circulation periodicals for a tiny ingroup audience? We might have to loosen our grip on our self-appointed custodianship of the entire history of science fiction and admit that fanzine-dom is only one branch of a mighty tree, but I have confidence that everyone's egos will recover.

This mythical Personal Publishing Fandom -- mythical because it doesn't exhibit the self-awareness that seems to go with a Fandom -- can be divided into two categories: sercon and general. I'm using "sercon" to represent devotion to a subject or closely associated group of subjects and "general" to mean more eclectic subject selection.

So far as I know, fanzine fandoms start sercon. Science fiction fans first published to spread their opinions and news about SF. It's the same for other fandoms.

Sercon fanzine publishers are the most devoted to the fandom from which they sprang

and therefore the least likely to want a more general fanzine fandom like ours. Those grown tired of their sercon focus might be interested if they knew they could keep the fun of publishing while writing about other things. And remember, these wouldn't be raw fanzine novices, either.

Unfortunately, fannishness is pretty rudimentary in most fandoms, though there are elements of it in all of them. Of course, the positive view of *that* is that when a fan with non-sercon inclinations surfaces in one of these groups, we want to redirect his or her energies toward our fanzine fandom.

Independent publishers, who fill page after page of listings in *Factsheet Five*, could be the easiest recruits. Many have no sercon interest and should be well-suited to the freewheeling content of our fanzines.

It may take time to develop an effective recruiting method to reach fanzine lovers from outside our circle. One way to begin is to send sample copies of our fanzines to likely looking prospects. These can be culled from *Factsheet Five* initially. Word-of-mouth among our fanzine editors can help follow up on anyone who shows interest in our brand of personal publishing. Another possibility is for someone to start reviewing all current fanzines in a publication that can be distributed to those prospects and let *them* send for the ones that strike sparks.

Where are the new fanzine fans coming from? They may already be here, just in the next room.

Carnival of Comments

Arnie comments on FAPA mailing 217

The Fantasy Amateur #218 (Seth Goldberg)

I'm a little confused about the contribution of Ahrvid Engblom and would appreciate some clarification from the appropriate FAPA official. The contents page lists only one of Ahrvid's two zines; the one in Swedish is in the mailing but unlisted. Was the omission accidental, or does it signify a disallowance of those pages (which were needed to maintain Ahrvid's membership).

While I would counsel extreme leniency in the face of no prior rulings on the subject, I wonder if

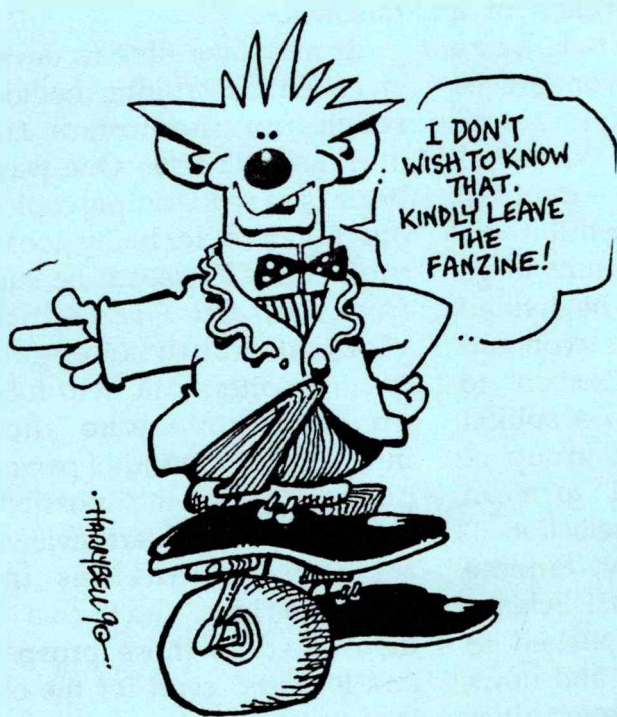
other members are uncomfortable about crediting contributions in languages other than English. Now I realize that, to Jack Speer, *Glitz* may seem as distant from the Mother Tongue as Ahrvid's four-pager, but my unambiguous *intent* is to communicate in the language that is native to FAPA, if not to all FAPAns. I wouldn't vote to bar the inclusion of contributions in other languages, but is crediting them counter to FAPA's purpose of fostering communication among its members?

Despite recent success in recruiting new members, I still advocate a gradual reduction of the membership roster to 50. It was the benefits of a return to a slightly more compact group, not the transitory absence of a waitlist, that prompted my suggestion.

Of Memberships... (Peggy Rae Pavlat)

As is obvious from numerous references, the sport of nicknaming is well advanced among the Las Vegas All-Stars. I accept some of the blame for the proliferation of such monikers, but one in place before Joyce and I appeared on the local scene is particularly germane. Ken Forman, known to his friends and minions as The Mainspring is such a force that Vegas fans took to calling the editor of SNAFFU's club newsletter "Ken-not-Ken" Gregg to distinguish himself from that motorcycle riding, tree-kissing fan about town who presently occupies the top spot on the FAPA waitlist. I've even heard Ken Gregg's wife refer to herself as "Mrs. Ken-not-Ken".

Calling someone by such a negative name went against my grain. I avoided using "Ken-not-Ken" at all costs. I even put my prestige on the line to wean



fans away from it. When that didn't work, I switched to blatant threats.

I thought one of my best attempts to shame the locals out of "Ken-not-Ken" -- and this is where the subject comes back from left field -- was frightening Peggy Burke with Fannish Karma. "If you call him 'Ken-not-Ken'," I admonished the All-Stars' Bright Young Thing, "when you get into FAPA we'll all call you 'Peggy-not-Peggy'."

For FAPA (Eric Lindsay)

My memory may not be trustworthy when it comes to the niceties of mimeography, but it appears that either you had trouble getting the stencils to lie flat or they were a bit on the old side. Incidentally, mark me down as one of those easy-to-please fans who finds merit in mimeography, spirit duplication, and photocopying. It's hard for a long-time fan not to love the vibrance of ditto or the warm texture of dark ink on pastel twiltone, but my sole working eye would probably compel a vote for the crispness and readability of DTP, laser printer, and copier.

Indeed, it sometimes seems as though fans were Giants in Those Elder Days. We remember only the highspots and telescope them into a limited timeframe, but we experience current fanzine fandom one day at a time.

I am continually surprised to read complaints about the sad state of 1992 fandom. There aren't as many genzines as 20 years ago, though the increase in apa publishing makes up any shortfall, but I've gotten some extremely pleasurable fanzines and special publications over the last two years.

I may lead Nevada and several surrounding states in appreciation of, and reverence for, the superb fans of the early 1950s and the 1957-62 period, but I guess my ego is too inflated to support an inferiority complex. Don't get me wrong. I'd welcome even an unfavorable comparison to Walter Willis. Something like "He's almost half as funny as WAW on an off day" sounds about right. Yet I still believe in the possibility that every mail delivery may bring something to read, savor, and file away in my mental anthology of the best of fandom.

Though I've often found myself wishing for more mastery of desktop publishing, I don't think the software I use (*Publish It!*) could be much easier to manipulate. I commented to Joyce only

yesterday that one of the reasons for my publishing spree of the last couple of years is how effortless I find the process. I wouldn't discount the seduciveness of DTP when evaluating the personal publishing phenomenon sweeping the world (and leaving the unmistakable debris of completed fanzines in its wake).

I've never collected the autographs of science fiction writers on books or other media, but I do have a small group of baseball signatures, including those of several of the players who starred on my statistical baseball team.

Unfortunately, the popularity of baseball autographs has destroyed the traditional way of gathering them. Baseball memorabilia is such big business that collectors can't approach a player before or after the game and get him to sign. These days, you have to go to a baseball card show, pay a signing fee of up to \$20, and stand on line to get that precious autograph.

The players aren't that greedy, but they bitterly resent being treated like fools. For years, supposed collectors have asked players to sign multiple autographs on baseball items, which the recipient exchanges for bundles of cash at the nearest baseball card shop. What especially rankles athletes is that these so-called fans reject personalized signatures, like "Best of luck Redd, your pal, Babe Ruth", because they aren't worth as much as the unadorned name. It didn't take these ballplayers, many of whom are college graduates, that everyone was getting rich on their autographs except them.

It is interesting to observe the effect on people who suddenly discover that they have the power to print money. Some players are card show junkies and spend every free weekend signing their name 1,000 times or so. In the case of superstars of yesteryear, I can't get too angry about today's autograph-for-money system. Although they were well paid by the standards of their day, outstanding careers did not leave them set for life like the current heroes. I imagine several earn more from signing autographs at shows than they earned on the ball field.

Derogatory Reference #70 (Al Hlavaty)

I hate to sour your rejoicing over ads for a slew of "last sequel" movies, but I fear this may be a pernicious new form of "farewell tour syndrome". That dread malady, which has struck such

legendary rock bands as The Rolling Stones and The Who, compels the sufferer to embark on an annual farewell concert tour until the arenas are locked and the fans stay home.

The Farewell Tour *ad nauseum* is itself an outgrowth of the Dead Rockstar Phenomenon. Starting with the much-mourned plane crash that ended the lives of Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens, and The Big Bopper, dying has always provided a shove up the "top 40" charts. I don't think John Lennon worked as often over the last 10 years of his life as he has in any single year since the murder.

Who's Who in (or Near) C'APA (Al Hlavaty)

I'd protest the inclusion of a fanzine meant for Another Apa, except that it presented a very good capsule profile and greatly increased my knowledge about you. One thing, though. I may know a little more about Al Hlavaty, but I still am totally ignorant about C'APA.

Notes from Arinam (Roy Tackett)

Your prediction that more anti-Chinese propaganda is headed our way reminds me of the recent increase in Japan-bashing. I work in an industry, electronic gaming, characterized by virulent anti-Nippon feeling. I've never observed any particular bias against Americans of Japanese ancestry, but clashes between representatives of the two countries are endemic to the video game world.

Patriotism may contribute to this negative attitude, but I think it's more than worry over losing sales and markets to a foreign competitor. Bad personal experiences probably have more to do with it. The writer who coined the term "Ugly American" might be pleased to know that the wheel has come full circle; we are treated in a high-handed, arbitrary, and condescending attitude in our own country.

Many U.S. video game companies are divisions of Japanese corporations. In almost every case, there is a frustrating tug-of-war between American executives here and high-echelon management in Japan. The crux of the dispute, in almost every case is that the folks in the Far East believe they understand American culture and the American marketplace better than the people who live on this side of the Pacific. Of course, any American foolish enough to make a comparable assertion is viewed

as a lunatic over there.

There's no doubt that our popular culture has had a tremendous impact on Japan. They love it, perhaps with more fanaticism than we do ourselves, but I think it's also fair to say that they don't always understand it the same way we do.

Sometimes the result of this trans-oceanic miscommunication are quite remarkable. There's a coin-op video game over there in which the main villains are big fat Aunt Jamina-look-alikes who harrass the hero by turning around, bending over, and expelling Killer Farts. It took Many Meetings to convince the parent company that the game would need some revision before entering U.S. arcades.

Your reference to the "shrinking population" of fanzine fandom caused me to wonder if, indeed, there are fewer of us now than formerly. The decline in the quantity of genzines, which Lichtman charts in *Trap Door*, is inarguable. The graying of general fanzine fandom is another premise that doesn't look hard to prove.

The size of fanzine fandom could be another story. The apparent "shrinking population" may be an illusion arising from the greater difficulty of taking a census and unequal growth rates in variation segments of science fiction fandom.

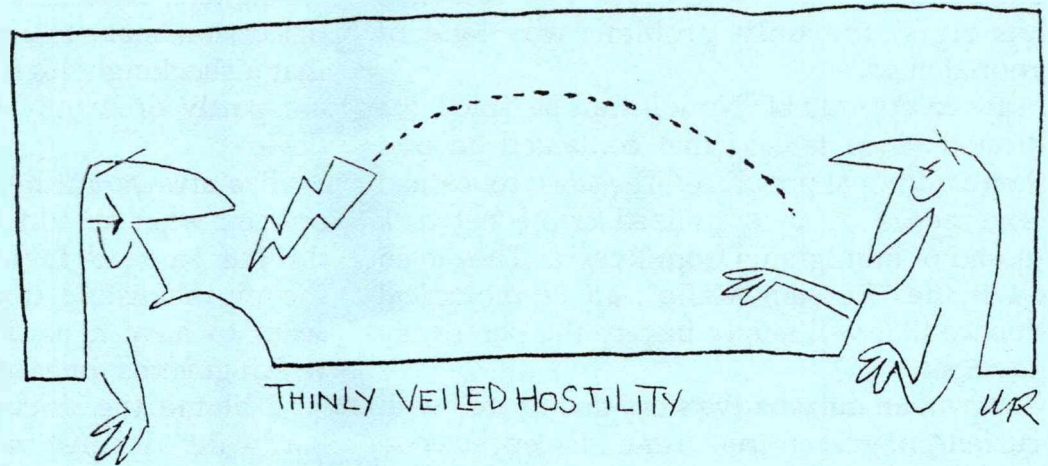
Let's concentrate on *American* fanzine fandom to keep the comparisons and calculations simple. How large was fandom 40 years ago? Of course, that answer largely depends on how you want to define the term "fan", but I'm going to use it to mean someone whose interest goes beyond reading and viewing.

The Nolacon drew 550 in 1951 and Chicon II attracted over 1,000 the next year. Since worldcons in Chicago (and New York City) always draw abnormally large crowds, including many who are not connected to fandom, so let's work with the Nolacon figure.

The next question is what percentage of 1951's fans attend the worldcon each year. I don't know the answer, but I'm gonna guess one out of three, since there weren't dozens of regionals to siphon off attendance.

Looking at the circulation of early 1950s fanzines, I'd guess that the core of fanzine fandom consisted of no more than 200 fans, with an additional 200 who saw a decent percentage of the major fanzines on a regular basis.

Those numbers indicate a fanzine fandom of



about 400 in 1951. That's 24% of total 1951 fandom.

The 1992 world figures to draw at least 8,000 and most likely will surpass 10,000. This would be a huge turnout, so I'm going to use a worldcon attendance figure of 6,000. Does as high a percentage of fandom attend the worldcon now as 40 years ago. Again, I can offer no concrete proof, but logic suggests that the percentage is smaller today. There are many, many more conventions, including specialty events, that pull fans who might otherwise be tempted to go to the worldcon. Does one fan out of five attending the worldcon sound right? That would yield a total population of 30,000. Even that one in three (a good choice if you think the percentage hasn't changed, since the multipliers will cancel out), that's still 18,000 fans.

The number of fanzine fans, judged by the same criteria as used to evaluate the 1951 crop, is 250 in the core group and about 300 others who get most major fanzines.

That's 550 out of 30,000 (the high figure) or 1.8% of total fandom. Even using 18,000 (my low figure), general fanzine fandom would represent only about 3% of the overall fan population despite a growth of 37.5% since 1951.

That only considers general fandom. What

about apas? Several fans have said there are over 200 apas. If the average group has 20 members and there are no waitlists, that's 4,000 apa slots. (If the average group has 30 members and there is an average of five wlers per group, the total would be 7,000 apa slots).

Now we've got to account for multiapans. Vijay Bowen is in eight apas, and fans like Avedon Carol have written wonderingly at the volume of her apac. Who knows, there might be someone in 10 apas. There are also a lot of people who are in only one apa. I think three groups per apa publishers is a *very* generous estimate. That still leaves us with 1,337-2,333 fanzine fans who produce zines for apas. (In 1951, by comparison, there were only a couple of apas that involved perhaps 100 fans.)

I wouldn't want my life to depend on this chain of calculations, but I think it does call into question the *impression* that the population of fanzine fandom is shrinking.

Horizons #208 (Harry Warner)

I share your dislike of interviews presented in "Q & A" format. Perhaps the vogue for such pieces reflects a too-heavy dependence on the tape recorder and insufficient reliance on the writer's eyes, ears, and brain.

The question-and-answer format leaves the piece without nuance or analysis. I like interviews which are organized as articles with plenty of meaty quotes. This lets the author create a word picture that

communicates a lot of information about the interview subject which may've been transmitted to the interviewer

I've seldom had to reject contributions to my fanzines, maybe because I have lots of talented friends. I feel honor-bound to use a solicited piece, though I might ask for revisions if I thought it would benefit. The few times I've returned manuscripts, the only problem was lack of appropriateness.

I saw an episode of "Now It Can Be Told", the syndicated video tabloid that contained an odd twist on traditional prejudice. The story concerned the emergence of an organized crime network composed of immigrants from Russia. They even called it the "Russian Mafia", an etymological confluence that will surely inspire the pen of the Mighty Speer.

It was an informative story that fit well with the current interest in true crime. Except for one thing. All the criminals mentioned -- and all those of the past who were mentioned -- were Jewish. It's not that I am so proud of my heritage's black sheep, but facts are facts. Russian Jews are quite distinct from the non-Jewish Russian population. Along the borders with the former satellite countries, that difference is enormous. Has the anti-Defamation League grown so threatening, or the sensibilities of the show's producers so overly acute, that to say that some Jews commit crime risks inflaming them?

What can ya expect from a guy who used to be Jerry Rivers?

A Propos de Rien (Jim Caughran)

My first fanzine, done a mere 29 years ago with Lenny Bailes, was one of those purple numbers, too. Double-spaced. One-side-of-the-page. A couple of pieces of short fiction under transparent pseudonyms, including -- I swear it! -- a deal with the Devil yarn. On the whole, I think Jenny's purple pages are ever so much more interesting.

Grennell, Danner, and Clarke are all wonderful of course, but none of them exerted much influence on my writing. I'm not sure I could "do" any of the three, anyway. Except maybe Norm Clarke. I could do Norm Clarke. *You* could do Norm Clarke. Just say the words very slowly as you type. Economy of expression. That's the ticket.

Don't take your lack of pop cultural expertise personally, Jim. After all, you *do* live in Canada.

Fortunately, FAPA has re-entered your life, bring with it All Pertinent Knowledge.

The Adventures of Ozzy Osbourne and Harriet (Boyd Raeburn)

Thanks for reprinting that newspaper article about the Japanese influence on the design of home consumer electronics. It, and your accompanying discussion, make telling points. It is certainly true that a shockingly high percentage of VCR owners are partly or wholly incapable of operating the device.

I've always attributed this strange inability to operate what should be a fairly straightforward device to two factors: a poor design and incomprehensible documentation. Most folks seem to have a hard time fathoming the logic which governs timer operation on most VCRs.

I blame the documentation more than the hardware. It's just vague enough to insure that most buyers will find at least one key section impossible to understand.

FAPA Venus #1 (Bo Stenfors)

I support your resolve to set new highs in raciness and titillation in FAPA. Those of us still frisky enough to care about inter-gender differences are counting on you to inject some life into the mailings.

I see that I'm not the only one who has trouble remembering that it is Robert, not Bob, Lichtman these days. I've also had to get used to "Lenny" instead of "Len" Bailes. And now my boyhood chum says he's given up on his two-syllable last name, which only I correctly pronounce "Bay-less". At the Corflu, I learned that even he now refers to his surname as "Bales".

It's great to see you in FAPA -- and I would love to see as many of those delightful Stenfors drawings as you care to show us in *FAPA Venus* -- and I wouldn't mind some for my genzine, *Folly*, either.

A Note of Apology. My mailing comments are shockingly incomplete. I wish time had allowed me to pontificate my way through the whole bundle, but it was all read and enjoyed. Among the best items which must go uncommented upon this time are Bruce Pelz's outstanding eclipse-zine, and the auspicious debuts of Peggy Burke, Laurie Yates and Woody Bernardi.



Joyce Comments on the Mailing

Fapartee

Spirochete #59

I think we all sometimes desire to be incomprehensible to others, if not actually invisible. Perhaps your skill at speaking in tongues is loosened by opportunities that lend themselves to anonymity. In support of this theory, I cite the muddle of on-line chatter found on the computer networks, where people usually use handles rather than their own identities: give a man a mask, and he's suddenly twelve feet tall.

Your musings on these instances in which you've chosen to use words to befuddle, rather than enlighten, form an interesting counterpoint to the excellent essay on Heinlein, who apparently is not yet transparent despite his volume of work, nor the volume of words written about him.

It underscores an obvious precept, that we often stay strangers even from near associates; and frequently our closest friends, whom we may imagine we know intimately, have closed doors that are never opened to us.

Such a case is illustrated by a recent scandal in that fannish seat of reason, Poplar Bluff,

Missouri. (When one hails from a smallish town in the Ozarks, you hardly expect to hear it mentioned on television. Indeed, I frequently tune in to "Designing Women", written by ex-Poplar Bluffian Linda Bloodworth, just to hear casual mentions of the old home town that sometimes creep into the plot.) The bucolic peace was shattered a week or so ago, when "Hard Copy" exposed the local chaplain's private hobby of filming and marketing pornographic movies, some starring local youth.

I knew Don well -- we graduated from high school together; he preached my mother's funeral. Yet how little I, or his parishioners knew him. Now there is probably someone somewhere mulling over the words of his last sermon, trying to find some significance, some unveiling.

I think such after-the-fact significances are often fraudulent. It's easy to find evidence that "Don was a little strange", once people know what they're seeking.

On the other hand, while Don may have masked his private life successfully for years, I believe that both Campbell and Heinlein repeatedly exposed their own peculiarities of racism and sexism. It's not too surprising to see them characterized as fuggheads; perhaps the only surprise is that it wasn't said sooner.

Notes From Arinam

I know what you mean: now that my enemy is my friend, where shall I use my rage? I wouldn't argue with your prediction about anti-Chinese propaganda; and of course, we need go no further than the Middle East to find a trusted (and tried) target.

We've been afraid of Russia for as long as I can remember. True, we sympathised with their plight during WW2 (I remember my mother telling me to clean my plate, because the Russians were starving.) But the sympathy was shortlived; I recall too keenly the fear of the fifties. I have only recently (last five years or so) quit having the nuclear holocaust nightmare.

Grandfather Stories

How grim! Your explanations of the Royal Oak post office killings illuminate the circumstances all too clearly. Your description of the working conditions at the post office underscores how close to the edge most people live, without even realizing it. A man feels pushed; an employer behaves insensitively, and people die. A similar chain of unfortunate events could happen anywhere. At any moment someone may snap while standing next to you in the eternal waiting line of life.

For FAPA

I'm sorry you threw out your supply of green ribbons, Eric; not only would they suffice in a pinch, but someday you may have a positive requirement for colored ink, as in St. Patrick's Day letters, Christmas Greetings, or typewritten money. I have just such a supply of ribbons in my cabinet, but mine are blue. They not only give a somewhat anemic look to my prose, but also refuse to be photocopied or faxed.

I can manage contact lens for everything except night driving, when they just don't make it. I agree with you that they are a lot of bother and expense, but it isn't only vanity that keeps me wearing them. Actually, for most purposes I see better in contacts than in my regular glasses; better peripheral vision. They also have the benefit of not bothering my sinuses as my regular glasses do.

I'll go along with you, that the Amiga is a major home computer, if we are talking world market. In fact, it's probably the third ranking system. (first, MS-DOS, followed by a distant second, the Apple

Macintosh.) However, it is certainly very inferior as a desk-top publishing system.

Re your impassioned defense of MS-DOS versus the Mac: I suppose it really is what you get used to. Having opened my Apple carton, pulled out the Macintosh, set it up and started working in a span of about ten minutes, I am somewhat spoiled by the intuitive interface of the Mac. I'll wager it took you longer than that to learn your way around the MS-DOS system.

Tell me, do you believe in the Pink Project (ie, Apple's partnership with IBM to produce a new machine that combines the best features of both.) I do: but perhaps it's more desire than belief. It would just be such a great thing for home computing if the project actually works out.

Gegenschein

Andy Porter's essay on the gloomy outlook for fandom echoes the themes of conversations Arnie and I have had recently. It's true, the social acceptance of science fiction has led to our fandom being lost in the numbers. And, I'm sure this fact won't change; there will always be more media fans than fanzine fans, because it's easier to be a media fan. For media fan, read convention fan, or special interest group.

I believe the only hope for perpetuating our numbers is recruitment from some of the other, non s.f. fanzine-publishers. Further, when we are able to attract them (and we will, since fandom gives more ego to our faneds than any of the other groups), we must try to nurture their interest, rather than frighten off new potential fans by our clannishness.

One of the most surprising aspects of life in Las Vegas is SNAFFU, the s.f. club here, and just how many of the members are becoming interested in fanzine fandom. I suppose it's doubtful that all of them now intrigued will stick with it and become trufen. But I'm sure some will. If every club could find even one or two neos, we'd have an explosion of new fanzine fans.

But of course, in the long run, it's probably going to fade away. Entropy seems to work on small worlds, as well as cosmic ones.

The Fantasy Amateur #218

I appreciated the Perdue reprint; in fact, it's a piece of lore I had never heard before. Now I wish someone would tell me how Burbee invented sex.

(Line) Drive, He Said.

Arnie's Diamond Memories

All the talk of baseball in recent mailings, by Hooper, Warner, Chauvenet and others, stirred my own recollections. Besides, it's Spring here in Las Vegas, and in the Spring, a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of... Spring Training.

My fondest baseball memories are connected with my childhood devotion to the Great Lost Cause of Baseball, the Brooklyn Dodgers. I was born in Brooklyn (at the same hospital as Carol Carr), and spent my first few years there before my family bought a single-family home on nearby Long Island.

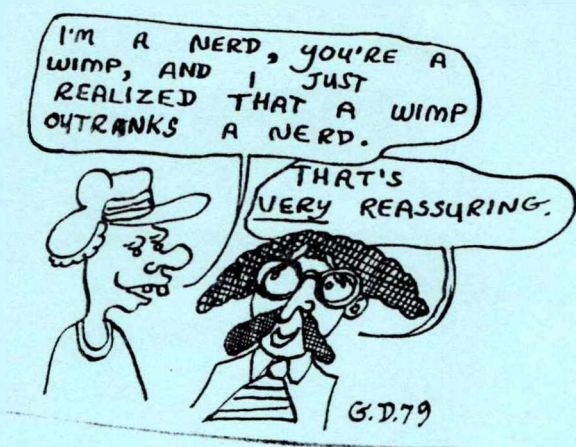
My parents are both immigrants from eastern Europe, and they took up the culture of their adopted homeland with enthusiasm. When I was a child, nothing about this country had a greater hold on them than the local baseball team. My mom loved "Da Bums" so much that she even bought -- and drank -- several cans of Schaeffer beer. She heard Red Barbar, the sugar-voiced announcer, say it'd be mighty fine to open up or order up a cold one

between innings, and it was like a post-hypnotic suggestion.

My father, an Archie Bunkerish guy with a litany of strongly-held prejudices, rooted without reservation for Jackie Robinson from the very first day -- and would bear no slurs, racial or otherwise, against Campanella, Newcombe, Gilliam, and the other black players who helped make the Dodgers a powerhouse from 1947 to 1956.

I cheered for all of the members of that wonderful club, even the semi-anonymous gypsies who tried to fill the perennial hole in leftfield or, after Billy Cox wore out, at third base. My particular favorites were Gil Hodges and Duke Snider.

I suppose it's not strange that a lad who would someday publish a zillion fanzines would graitate toward heroes who had troubles as well as triumphs. We pariahs know our own. I think that was why Brooklyn loved its Dodgers so much; we could all see the flaws and foibles, and it made the Flatbush Nine that much more endearing. Except for Pee Wee Reese, of course. He had no flaws and came from



Louisville and was Always a Gentleman. Ask anyone in Brooklyn if you don't believe me.

Snider staggered under the weight of his own potential. Tabbed as a hall of famer from the moment he picked a bat, the Duke of Flatbush never seemed to do enough to silence either the bleacher critics or his own self-doubts.

Which was a pity. I didn't know about potential and such, but I sure could tell a ballplayer when I saw one, and Duke Snider was one of the finest. He hit for average and for power, drove in over 100 runs every year, stole as many as 20 bases in an era in which not many others even tried, and patrolled center field flawlessly.

I attended quite a few games at precious old Ebbetts Field. When I eventually visited Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds (decrepid home of the hated Giants), I immediately noticed the larger parks' relative lack of intimacy and vitality compared to the Brooklyn bandbox. Sitting in the boxes behind Gil Hodges, the massive, yet graceful, first baseman, the game was right in your lap.

Even though I was very young at the time -- I saw Preacher Roe hurl a shut-out when I was four -- those images rush to mind when someone says "baseball".

My father is one of those subscribers to the maxim that the television set is "the best seat in the house". That meant we seldom went to Ebbetts Field more than five or six times a year. That may not sound like much to you, but then my father only went to Synagogue *once* a year, during the High Holidays.

And like a True Believer who has suddenly

glimpsed the fakery behind the miracles, my father experienced his personal epiphany the day the Dodgers moved to Los Angeles.

He turned his face from baseball and knew it not. It was many years before he'd even look at a ball game on T.V. Even free World Series tickets, an almost annual perk, could not tempt him back into a stadium.

And once he allowed himself to watch "a big game", he was a study in emotional crosscurrents. All was fine if the Dodgers weren't playing. When L.A. was on the tube, he would pour forth contempt and vitriol toward the team that deserted him. (And that's definitely the way he thought of it, as a personal abandonment.) But if the game grew exciting, with the score close or seesawing, he would very occasionally forget and start pulling for the Boys of Summer.

A good performance by the few names still remembered by him from the Dodgers' Brooklyn days could break through his resolve of indifference. A particular weakspot was Sandy Koufax. Not only was the great lefthanded pitcher signed as a "bonus baby" while the team still resided in its rightful spot, but he came from Brooklyn and was Jewish. He'd gone to the same high school as my cousin Gloria, and one summer, the hall of famer pumped gas at a station near our Long Island house. There's nothing a Jewish baseball fan likes better than to see a Nice Jewish Boy refuse to play on one of the sacred holidays -- and then go to the mound the next day and strike out about 15 *goyim* the next day.

The Dodgers' transfer West had no such dramatic effect on me. I remained a staunch Dodger rooter and followed the team as closely as living in New York permitted. The arrival of the Mets did not but sharpen the pang of deprivation. I didn't care how many over-the-hill Dodgers they signed, the Mets just weren't my club.

In a sense, a growing love of the Game of Baseball undermined my special passion for the Dodgers. Playing in simulation leagues, designing baseball games, and reading the sabremetric writers deepened my appreciation of the sport, but it detached me from allegiance to one team.

I can watch any baseball contest with a fair degree of interest, but something has been lost. I miss that gut-churning feeling when My Team was one run down with Duke Snider coming to the plate.



The Candidate for **President of FAPA** of the **We Will Party**

Several comments on the recent influx of new FAPA members from Las Vegas got me thinking. Maybe this is the time for me to aspire to FAPA office.

I have never held any post, elective or appointive, in any amateur press association. The approaching 30th anniversary of my first fan contact seemed like a good time to break this unparalleled record of duty-shirking and responsibility-ducking.

I am a careful man, so I didn't just pick an office at random. I studied. I analyzed. I developed a plan of action designed to lift me from the obscurity of Ordinary Membership to the giddy heights of political power.

Official Editor appealed, until I reflected on the lot of the OE. Although this officer has relatively little say in the administration of FAPA,

he *does* get to do the lion's share of the work.

Secretary-Treasurer looks like the next hardest job, reason enough to earn the distrust of any would-be glory-grabber. All that correspondence and banking just isn't for me.

Another point against both OE and Sec-Treas: They are hard to drop once accepted. Like the bearer of a cursed artifact in a fantasy yarn, Seth Goldberg and Robert Lichtman can only cease their labors when they find someone to shoulder the burden. I do not intend to be that someone.

That brings the examination to Vice President. Running for Veep looked promising, until soul-searching brought me face to face with a Great Truth that could not be ignored.

As a Recovering Insurgent, I try to avoid situations likely to reawaken combative tendencies. The Vice President, the interpreter of the FAPA

Constitution, is the official most likely to get into a wrangle. Constitutional controversy often produces FAPA's most heated debates.

That left President. Fortunately for me, it's the perfect choice. The job has decent prestige, short hours, and duties nebulous enough to allow the prexy to duck incipient wrangles or shunt them off to the Vice President.

"I'm gunning for the FAPA presidency," I told the Other Half of my joint membership.

She seemed shocked. "I never thought you were that kind of person."

"Sometimes appearances are deceiving," I said. I nodded, awed by my own grasp of the obvious.

"I should say so!" she scolded. "You've always spoken so well of Peggy Rae Pavlat... and now you're gunning for her." She eyes bored into me. "I thought you have up that Crazy Fran Laney stuff?"

"I have, meyer, I have," I assured her. "I only meant that I hope to succeed her as President of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association when she reaches mandatory retirement at the end of her current term."

"Oh, I see," she said with evident relief. "You're going to run for President!"

"Well, maybe not run," I corrected. "This is FAPA, an organization of venerable fantiquity. I shall walk for President!"

"Walk?"

"Yes, I don't have the energy to run that far," I answered.

"Well, you could stand for President," she said, helpfully.

"My legs get a little sore if I stand in one place too long," I

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pointed out. "I think walking for would be the best strategy."

"You could say you are tossing your hat into the ring," she suggested.

"That won't work," I replied. "I don't wear a hat. And even if I

did, suppose I tossed it and missed the ring entirely. I could end up Apa Manager of TAPS!"

So after much deliberation I have decided to Walk for FAPA President in the next election. I earnestly solicit your vote.