

# FAN HISTORICA

SUPER SPECIAL LEE HOFFMAN ISSUE

Vol. 1 No. 1



LeeH  
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from Stellan 10  
stenciled by  
C. S. 7-76





## Fanhistorica # 1

is available for contributions of art, written material, old fanzines, trades, letters of comment, or 50¢. #2 will be larger and 75¢. Fanhistorica is published irregularly 2 - 4 times a year. Deadline for the next issue is July 15, 1976.

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May, 1976

# Ticka . . . Ticka . . .

## The Typewriter Goes

## Ever Onward

by Joe D Siclari

A sense of history is the one thing that allows man to enjoy things that are not of his time. It is the same in fandom; well written articles about fandom are especially enjoyable when placed in your mind in the period in which they were written.

Throughout the 45 year period of fandom, articles have been written, feuds fought and history made in many fascinating ways. Not only are these things interesting of themselves, but they give us new ideas about many people whom we would otherwise know only slightly.

In Fanhistorica, we hope to be able to present the best of the past and new perspectives on our fan history. We are specializing on fandom itself in this fanzine and not on its science-fictional parent. Therefore, the articles presented will rarely dwell on SF.

In his editorial Gary, by quoting Terry Carr, goes over past zines that dealt on fannish history. One zine in particular, FANHISTORY, deserves special attention in this editorial. It is the predecessor and inspiration of this zine. Fanhistorica hopes to emulate FANHISTORY but to last a few issues longer. Lee Hoffman has been particularly helpful with her encouragement and contributions of both art and writing. In addition, she has given us permission to reprint any of her past fannish writings, as have Charles Burbee and Bob Tucker.

For all her help, this is dedicated to Lee Hoffman.

In addition to LeeH's article on QUANDRY, two of the reprints on Numerical Fandoms originally appeared in Q, and all three have previously been reprinted in FANHISTORY. Other material by Lee and/or from QUANDRY will definitely be forthcoming.

With the material of the greats of fandom to draw upon and the almost complete cooperation of everyfan when we ask for help, I think Fanhistorica has the best material to re-present for your reading and knowledge. Now all you have to do is to send your support for future issues in one of the ways mentioned on page three.

To give you some idea about whether you will want to come back for another ish, I will go over some tentative plans for the future: Starting next time we start Francis Towner Laney's AH! SWEET IDIOCY! Also in the future are some special issues on Laney and other prominent fans of the past. Also coming are special sections about important fanzines with new articles about them, reprints from them and complete annotated indices of their contents. Another feature

# Ticka...

should cover the current history through detailed fanzine reviews and criticism. Are there any fan critics out there who would like to try his pen?

To fulfill these expectations, I need help, opinions, and suggestions on what material is worthwhile and reprintable. The main type of help needed right now is old fanzines. If you have any that you want to get rid of, please contact me. While my fanzine collection is sizable and I have permission to go through various local collections, my needed list for research is still very large.

\* \* \* \*

Since fandom's past interests you (or else why the hell are you reading a fanzine titled Fanhistorica), you should read, if you haven't already, the following: THE INCOMPLETE BURBLE from Lee and Barry Gold, 2471 Oak St., Santa Monica, CA 90405 for \$1.50. THE REALLY INCOMPLETE BOB TUCKER from Jackie Franke, Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher, IL 60401 for \$1.50, THE INCOMPLETE TERRY CARR from Arnie Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6-B, Brooklyn, NY 11201 for \$1.00, THE FILLOSTRATED FAN DICTIONARY from Elliot Weinstein, 7001 Park Manor Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91605 for \$1.50, THE NEO-FANS GUIDE TO FANDOM from Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Avenue, Prospect Park, PA 19076 for 25¢, THE IMMORTAL STORM by Sam Moskowitz (see page 22 for details), and All Our Yesterdays by Harry Warner, Jr., from Advent Publishers, P.O.Box A3228, Chicago IL 60690. Also look for Harry's new book on the history of fandom in the 50's when it is published. All of these publications were in print the last time I heard from the publishers and should still be available. Whenever a publication of fan-historic note comes to my attention I will plug it here.

\* \* \* \*

To close this editorial, I would like to point out that while the main purpose of this zine is fan history, You will upon occasion find personal notes in here like this one: Karina and I are getting married on October 24, 1976. Gary thinks that, because Karina is a second - generation fan, the only reason we are getting married is to produce a third - generation fan.

Because Karina and I will be working closely on Fanhistorica and because Gary has his own zine, DRIFT, he will no longer be co-editor although he is going to continue working with us.

See you in here in August.

Good luck,  
Joel





Once upon a time, long before Women's Lib (albeit somewhat after Women's Suffrage) there was First Fandom. After that, there were Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Fandoms. According to Bob Silverberg's reckoning, in 1950 Fifth Fandom was petering out, and Sixth Fandom was beginning to bud.\*

I didn't know that at the time. In fact, until June of 1950, I hadn't heard of fandom at all. I didn't even know there were science fiction magazines. (I did know of science fiction. I read every SF anthology I could get my hands on in the Public Library, but my mother always told me "nice girls didn't read pulp magazines". I wonder if she was right?)

It was, in a way, bad poetry that discovered fandom to me. I was then going through that phase of writing abominable poetry that so many teenagers suffer. I chanced to show something of mine to a friend named Walt Kessel.

In reaction, or maybe it was revenge, Walt loaned me a little mimeographed magazine sort of thing that had some old poetry of his in it. The thing was called COSMIC DUST, was dated in the early 1940's, and was published by Walt himself.

Intrigued, I made the fatal mistake of asking him what it was. He replied that if I would absolutely promise to return it, he would lend me something that would explain it all. I crossed my heart and spit three times over my shoulder, and he loaned me a copy of THE FANCYCLOPEDIA.

Wow!

This was doorway not only into summer but into a whole mysterious new world. It was (as was to be expected) amazing, astounding, fantastic, a thrilling wonder, perhaps even an out-of-this-world-adventure.

I wanted to read a prozine, but even more than that I wanted to see, to touch, to read fanzines. I wanted to publish a fanzine. However, since I had scarcely seen any, I decided to employ admirable restraint. I meant to learn my way around fandom first. I would not rush into this business half-cocked.

I dashed down to the corner drug store and bought a copy of AMAZING, which had a fanzine review column in it (and was the only prozine they had in stock.) I sent off grubby nickels and dimes to the faneds listed in it. (In those days the typical fanzines cost 10 or 15 ¢ a copy, including the 2 or 3¢ postage.)

Most of the fanzines I sent for had already folded by the time the reviews hit the stands. Some editors returned my money. Some were never heard from again. A few actually sent fanzines. (I remember one of the first to arrive was a half-sized publication called SPACESHIP edited by a fan named Bob Silverberg.)

I was fascinated. I wanted to publish my own zine. But I was practicing restraint. Like that. My admirable restraint lasted about a week. Then it snapped, and I found myself at the local A. B. Dick dealer's, asking how one went about mimeographing a fanzine.

The A. B. Dick rep hadn't the vaguest idea what a fanzine might be, but he was sincerely interested in mimeography, and he gladly explained to me that stencils came in quires and paper in reams and like that. He sold me a few of each in the cheapest grade that A. B. Dick handled. The stencils were pale green. The paper was colorful pulpy 16 lb stock that accepted mimeoing on both sides very nicely and would self-destruct in a matter of years (though

\* see Speer's and Silverberg's articles this issue.

I didn't know that at the time.)

Home again, I dragged the old Underwood out of the attic and proceeded to stencil a fanzine. I called it QUANDRY (don't ask me why. It has to do with Robert Benchley).

Then I realized I would need a mimeograph.

If I had ever seen a mimeo, I didn't know about it. But I learned that there was one at the Naval Reserve Armory down the street. Our next door neighbor was a Big Wheel with the Reserve, so I got to use their mimeo.

It was a fancy one, and a kind man in uniform showed me how to attach the stencils and how to feed in the paper and how to turn the handle. Then he left me to my own devices. Nobody told me you were supposed to put in ink, too! (This proved fortunate, in view of the quality of the material in that first issue.)

Once my illegible contribution to the fannish world of letters was collated and stapled, I mailed it off to all those people whose addresses appeared in the lettercol and the review column in AMAZING. Then I sat back and awaited reaction.

Walt Kessel was the first to react. He was astonished. But if that was the way I felt about it, he was willing to see me along the next step into the depths of fandom. He gave me a stack of fanzines from the early 40's, when he had been fannishly active, some lettering guides and styli, and all the old material he'd had on hand for COSMIC DUST when he got drafted out of fandom some years earlier. He even volunteered to teach me how to use a mimeo.

Wow!

At the time I was attending a local junior college, majoring in backstage theater. Our theater involved community people as well as students, and Walt (on 52-20 at the time) was stage manager. We pretty much had the run of the school and its facilities. (I think I was the only student to have keys to the school and a private office.)

Walt introduced me to the mimeo in the basement, an A. B. Dick 90. He explained about putting ink in it. So the second issue of Q was almost legible. But not quite. Those mimeos were tricky. Legibility was not the most common feature of fanzines in those days. Perhaps it is just as well. The kindest thing Rog Phillips could find to say about Q #2 in his review was that the paper was quite satisfactory.



Among that clutch of collectors' item fanzines Walt gave me were copies of VAMPIRE, Joe Kennedy's fanzine. Joke became one of my fannish heroes. I

\* Benchley had a book titled My Ten Years in a Quandary (JoeD)

o 52-20 was a sort of veterans' compensation. The Gov't gave veterans \$20 for 52 weeks so they could get settled (JoeD)



9  
suspect VAMP was the primary influence on me as a faned. I dug it. I sent Joe my fanzine.

Joe, being wise in the ways of fandom, didn't trust Q to last a whole year. He wouldn't send me ancentire dollar for a year's subscription. But, being a Nice Guy, he did send me two bits for a two-and-a-half issue sub. (And he got two and a half issues.)

I snet Q#2 to all of Walt Kessel's old mailing list. And a lot of retired fans crawled far enough out of gafia to respond. It was encouraging as hell. Eagerly, I pressed on with issue #3.

Publishing monthly had a lot of advantages, among them the fact that it helped me put my past quickly behind me. By the fifth issue, Q was generally legible (as legible went in those days). With the sixth issue, it started getting good. (There had been a few worthwhile items in earlier issues, but #6 featured Bob Tucker, Redd Boggs, Gerry de la Ree, Harry Warner, Sam Basham, Alfred Lane, R.J. Banks, J.T.Oliver, Orma McCormack and my brother (his only fanzine appearance).)

For issue #6, we also had a technological experiment. Walt Kessel, who had designed the logo Q used from issue #2 on, cut rubber mats of the logo and a couple of heads for us. They were real neat and a great idea, only I hadn't the foggiest notion of how to duplicate them. I didn't have any equipment for that sort of thing. I couldn't afford to (a) buy any equipment, or (b) have them run off professionally. I ended up wrapping a rag around a smooth-sided soda bottle, drenching it with stamp pad ink, rolling it onto the mat and rubber-stamping each page serarately. It sort of worked. After a fashion. But not remarkably well.

So with #7, Q went back to all mimeo.

In issue #7, Q had two columnists: Wilkie Connor and Bob Silverberg. With #8, we added another columnist —

Walt Willis appeared suddenly. One day I found a small letterpress fanzine in the mail. It had come all the way from Northern Ireland. Fandom at the moment was in one of its less international phases. There was less trans-Atlantic fanac than there had been in previous times, or would be in the near future. I was impressed as hell about receiving a fanzine from all the way over there. I was impressed as hell by the fanzine. It was a handsome thing with a striking cover that employed multi-colour ink. Inside it was all wit and brilliance. It bore the simple title SLANT and there was an indication that the editor wanted to trade zines with me.

Wow!

I sent him a copy of Q and he responded by asking me if he could do a column for me. Yes, he did. He really did! Walt Willis asked me if he could write for my fanzine!

Wow!

So Q#8 carried the first installment of THE HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE. And from then on, how could Q miss?



Well, unfortunately #9 lapsed back into pure illegibility. I was sick and a friend ran it off for me. He lacked the fannish touch with a mimeo. But he kept us on schedule. (The friend was Hank Rabey. The last I heard of him, he had moved across the country and changed his name.)

With #10 I was back at the crank, and trying another technical innovation. I adapted Willis's multi-colour ink process to mimeo, at the same time dropping the "u". Unlike the rubber-stamped cuts, this worked well. In fact, it impressed the A.B.Dick rep, who said he'd never seen anything like it before. (The A.B.Dick rep had become quite interested in my project, and I gave him a copy of each issue. He never commented on the contents, only the mimeography.)

By my reckoning, Q#13 was the first anniversary issue. I wanted the QUANNISH to be something special. I solicited material from here, there, and everywhere. And money, too. A number of fans chipped in to help finance the issue. I cut stencils like crazy. The QUANNISH ran 99 pages, plus cover. (Nowadays this may not sound like much, but in the times of manual typewriters, and impecunious fans, it was a biggy.)

My stapler wouldn't think of piercing a copy.

The A.B.Dick rep came to the rescue by stitching the issue for me at cost. Then I stuffed the copies into the addressed envelopes and took them to the Post Office...

While I was in production, the A.B.Dick rep had run out of my usual 16-lb paper. Being a Nice Guy, he let me have a couple of reams of 20-lb stock at the same price. I had got it mixed in with the other stuff. As a result some of the copies were slightly heavier than others. And they were right on the borderline in weight between third class and parcel post. So this kindly postal clerk stood there weighing each copy separately, helping me sort the ones that would have to go Parcel Post into the envelopes addressed to the nearest recipients, to save a few cents in postage. (I didn't have many cents in those days.)

Now, as I mentioned earlier, all this was taking place before Women's Lib became The Talk Of The Town. In those dark ages, a major complaint in fandom was the shortage of femfans. There were some, but not enough to go around. Young male fans in search of intellectual companionship often complained that all the active femfans came into fandom on the coattails of male fans (as girl friends and/or wives) and were subsequently unavailable. At the same time that they were voicing these complaints, they seemed to be taking a perverse chauvinistic pride in the predominant maleness of fandom.

Lee is an ambiguous name. Non-committal. Throughout my first year of fan publishing, I made a point of never making a point of being female. This was, indeed, on purpose. It wasn't too difficult. I was in an isolated section of the country, in face-to-face contact with only a couple of other fans. I swore a few close associates, like Shelby Vick, to secrecy. I let the rest of Q's readers draw their own conclusions. In typical male chauvinistic manner, most concluded that the editor of a successful fanzine must be male.

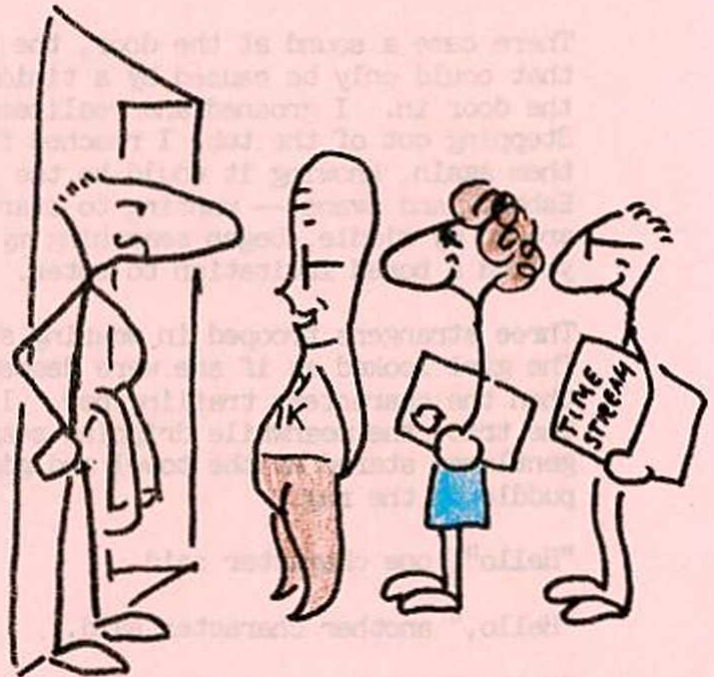
Ah ha!

There it was, the Fall of 1951, and I was off to my first convention. The Nolacon, in New Orleans. Shelby Vick met my train. He and Paul Cox (of TIME STREAM) and I were all early arrivals. Together, we plotted a climax for my ruse. We would measure the success of the game by its effect on Bob Tucker (He of Many Hoaxes.)

I quote from my own correport in Q#14:

Paul Cox was the one who spotted (Tucker) signing in. Immediately he semaphored the news to Shelby Vick and myself. "Room 858". Immediately we set forth through the mad labyrinth of the St. Charles in search of the eighth floor. And there it was right on top of the seventh. Down we plunged to the far end of a corridor, to The Room.

Shelby, forearmed, was wearing a T-shirt with the words "Shelby Vick" emblazoned across the front of it, and "You are now behind Shelby Vick" on the back. Cox and I, on the other hand, had removed our identification cards with malice of forethought.



Knock, knock.

Mari Beth opened the door and welcomed us in. Innocently grinning, we entered. Tucker, himself, thinking that he had eluded the Youngfan element, had stripped to the waist and was washing up after his drive. Trivial expressions of welcome were tossed about in the customary manner. Then Shelby spoke: "You know who I am?"

Tucker glanced at the shirt and replied in the affirmative.

"And of course you know Lee Hoffman?" Shelby continued.

Tucker looked at me. He looked at Paul. Then again at me and said, "Yes." Then he paused, looked again at Paul, and said, "No." With an air of surprise, he raised a hand toward Paul and said, "You're...?"

Shelby raised a hand toward me and said, "Her!"

Tucker paused and stared at me.

Breathlessly we anticipated a witty comment, a morsel of that famed LeZ humor. Then Tuck spoke...

"I'll be damned."

In the next issue, Tucker told his version of this story:

Tired weary and disheveled from a long day's drive, I slammed the door of my room, flung the suitcase into a far corner (where it promptly burst open and spilled my cargo of dirty books), stripped off my clothes and jumped into the tub. Three waterbugs, a centipede and a dozing bellboy jumped out. Coaxing water from the faucet drip by drip, I waited until there was a full inch covering the bottom and then lay back to soak in luxury. This was to be my only moment of peace and contentment in sweltering hurly-burly New



There came a sound at the door, the peculiar kind of half-hearted knock that could only be caused by a timid fan getting up the nerve to kick the door in. I groaned and realized the same old routine had begun. Stepping out of the tub, I reached for my trousers, paused, and dropped them again, knowing it would be the same old bunch -- Bloch, Korshak, Eshback and Evans -- wanting to start a poker game. I wrapped a towel around my middle, began searching my luggage for a deck of cards, and yelled a bored invitation to enter.

Three strangers trooped in wearing abashed grins, a girl and two men. The girl looked as if she were desperately searching for better company than the characters trailing her. I silently sympathized, and stared at the trio, the meanwhile dripping soap and water on the rug. The two gentlemen stared at the towel and giggled, while the girl looked at the puddle on the rug.

"Hello", one character said.

"Hello," another character said.

"Hello," the girl echoed.

Sadly, I shook my head. The same old wornout greeting.

"We're faaaaaaans" the tallest character announced proudly.

"The hell you say!" I shot back, astounded.

"Yep." He was wearing a white T-shirt on which had been printed I AM SHELBY VICK. Turning to face me, he asked, "Know who I am?"

I gazed at the shirt. "Bela Lugosi?"

He wagged his head, vaguely disappointed.

"Richard Shaver," I guessed again. "Claude Degler?" "Ray Palmer?"

"I am Shelby Vick," he exclaimed then in clear, ringing tones.

"The hell you say!" I shot back astounded.

I-am-Shelby-Vick then flicked a finger at his two conspirators. "You know Lee Hoffman, of course?"

Of course. I threw a bored glance at the remaining character and yawned, "Hell, Lec."

"No, no!" contradicted I-am-Shelby-Vick. "Not him...HER!"

Mustering what dignity I retained, I picked up my towel from the floor and stalked into the bathroom, flanging shut the door.

The end of my first year in fandom also marked the end of my junior college education. Suddenly free, unemployed and living under my parents' roof, I plunged full time into fandom. I even got my own mimeo.

I had this whole thirty-five dollars. My life's savings, or more precisely, what was left of it after the Nolacon. I went to the A.B.Dick man, eager to own a machine of my own. He didn't have anything for sale at that price range. But again he did the Nice Guy bit, assembling me a machine out of the cast-off trade-ins in the A.B.Dick basement, and selling it to me for my \$35. It was a Speed-O-Print Model L, and it did good service for many a year. Eventually, I acquired Silverberg's SPACESHIP mimeo (not the half-size one, but a full-size Pilot, Goldsmith's label equivalent of a Speedy L) and traded the old Speedy to Barry Kornfeld for a banjo. (Which was later borrowed and never returned.)

So there I was with a mimeo of my own, and Sixth Fandom was in full swing. Max Keasler, a mad genius of the first water, was publishing FANVARIETY/OPUS. Harry Warner was writing ALL OUR YESTERDAYS. Walt Willis had initiated Proxyboo, Ltd. Arthur Clarke came to the Midwestcon at Beastly's-on-the-Bayou and ate all the strawberries. Room 770 was legend. Bloch presented Tucker with the first brick for the Tucker Hotel. Everyone was asking Who Sawed Courtney's Boat. Shelby Vick inaugurated the campaign to bring Willis to the Chicon (WAW WITH THE CREW IN FIFTY-TWO), the forerunner of TAFF. And Walt Willis introduced Bob Shaw to the world at large.

Walt, fed up with my typos, began stenciling his own column. BoSh would illustrate it. They'd rip the stencils off the backing sheets and air mail them to me, cutting down the lead time (and the typos) terrifically.

Shelby's campaign was a success. Willis landed in America. And Harlan Ellison invented the birdbath. Sixth Fandom reached its climax and Seventh Fandom loomed on the horizon.

And I got a job. I was working from nine a.m. to six p.m. six days a week. With that Q began to stagger. In a final blaze of glory, issues #27 and 28 were combined into one, consisting entirely of THE HARP STATESIDE. Issue #29 managed to stumble into fandom, presenting Bloch denying all. And then Q collapsed.

I was an old fan, and tired. Too tired to carry on. But meanwhile Savannah had produced another fan to lift the fallen banner. Charles Wells guest-edited the last issue of Q for me. Number 30 was the one with the black border. I walked around a horse and disappeared, never to be heard from again.

And Harlan proceeded to proclaim the advent of Seventh Fandom.

So that's a thumbnail sketch of the life and death of a fanzine. It was a hell of a lot of fun while it lasted. And from it all, I have drawn several conclusions about the way to publish a successful fanzine without really trying:

- 1) Make it legible
- 2) Make it frequent
- 3) Get Walt Willis as lead columnist.

—Lee Hoffman



The concept of numbered fandoms was first brought to the attention of fandom in 1938 by Jack Speer. Speer had been one of the cornerstones of fandom, one of the few always interested in delving into the "whys" and "wherefores" of fandom and fans. With this piece — "After 1939 - What?", Speer outlined a vision of science fiction fandom's history — past and future, utilizing the Spenglerian principles of cyclical history. He isolated periods of time and defined them as "Fandoms" — defining a "fandom" chiefly by its internal trends and prevailing characteristics. This new concept was met with mild, if low-keyed approval by fandom at its initial appearance, and came to full prominence with Speer's outline of Numbered Fandom in his 1944 magnum opus — the FANCYCLOPEDIA. Although there was much discussion in the annals of fanhistory, and of fanhistory as Speer wrote it, no one put this new tool to full use until Bob Silverberg, writing in Quandry in 1952, wrote the other piece we reprint herein — "First and Last Fan". Silverberg undertook the first full scale attempt to update Speer's outline, and to continue where Speer left off. Speer's original thesis had carried thru to Third Fandom, and Silverberg extended it up to Sixth Fandom. After Silverberg's article had appeared in Quandry in 1952, with a trailing remark about the future onslaught of 7th Fandom, LeeH announced Quandry's demise, killed by its own success — the rising tide of work caused by its increasing circulation had made Quandry more work than fun. Harlan Ellison and a circle of the younger, rising fans of the period meeting at the "HECom" at Harlan's apartment in May 1953 decided that they were the wave of the future and, inspired by Silverberg's piece, declared themselves to be 7th Fandom. Harlan wrote an article for young Dick Geis' up and coming dittoed fanzine — Psychotic, announcing the demise of the old and the rise of the new. "7th fandom" (for its claim to the title was revoked by fanhistorians, and renamed, for its pains, the Phoney Seventh.) was the center of much energy, chiefly by those outside it discussing and attacking it, rather than thru its self-proclaimed members' activities. There was a brief attempt at a 7-Apa, and some flurries of exhortations among one another to go out there and fanac, but for the most part fandom ignored or attacked the upstarts. The culmination of the feuding came with Harlan's renunciatory Psychotic piece in 1955 that ended with that oft-times quoted statement — "The mad dogs have kneed us in the groin!". True Seventh Fandom arose from the ashes of the old Quandry circle, after the gaffiation of Hoffwoman, Keasler, Vick, Elsberry, and the folding of Q, Fanvariety, Confusion, and the other zines of the circle. After 8th fandom, which had circulated about Fanac the Ron Ellik/Terry Carr newzine, the Numbered Fandom scheme of things grows hazier. It can be maintained that 8th Fandom died as a result of the Boondoggle, when Fanac finally folded under Walter Breen, Minac folded, Void postponed its next issue for 8 years after being combined with Innuendo, and fandom in general retreated to the apas to get away from the bad taste left by the Boondoggle. It can be argued that apadom can constitute a Numbered Fandom; or that the rise of the reincarnated Psychotic/Science Fiction Review and its imitators/acolytes such as the original BeABohema, Crossroads, etc., were another Numbered Fandom; or that no new Numbered Fandom truly arose until the Brooklyn Insurgents, and the zines incidental to the them — the revived Focal Point, Rats, Potlatch, Cipher, Fangle, Metanoia, Microcosm, Ariochi, Zeem, etc. It can also be argued that there have been a number of fandoms come and gone since then, with each new fanish generation (a fanish generation tends to average 18 months). Elst Weinstein, in his Filiostrated Fan Dictionary listed 13 Fandoms, up to 1974, but without any explanation or elucidation, as is typical of many of the entries. It's a question that only time can answer, to be ponderous, but we hope to work on a definitive answer....



# After 1939 - WHAT?

by Jack Speer

(reprinted from Madge's Prize MSS.  
LASFL: 1938)

These predictions were made 24 Aug 38.

It seems to me little short of amazing, in a group of people confident as we are of the possibility of predicting future events from present knowledge, there have been so few attempts to forecast the future of Fandom. Yes certainly there will be changes; none know better than we that nothing is static.

To be sure there has been some talk of what science fiction will develop into, but what of fandom? A word here and there but everything seems to stop with the Worldcon in 1939. There is perhaps good reason for this: What happens at the Convention will mold the future of fandom. So to predict fandom's future one must predict the outcome of the Convention; the next FAPA election also, and similar such.

And the difficulties are great, it must be admitted. We have little data to go by. To make it more difficult fans are such a queer bunch of people that predicting what they will do might well faze a more prudent man than I. It is a small group, easily influenced by a single person or event to turn in an entirely new direction. The mere prediction of a thing might influence the probability of its happening.

Yet we do have five years behind us; we have seen fandom pass from one stage to another and it is reasonable to assume the transition to a third stage will be accompanied by some of the manifestations of the first change. And while admitting the chances are against my predictions being correct, I think they are more likely to come true than any other one set of developments. So the fool rushes in—

Most prophets will talk in terms of trends and if's-and-but's and let it go at that. My predictions are based on trends and on the most probable of the if's, but I am going to try to make them as concrete as possible.

After the World Convention is over we can expect a general let-down. There will be talk about the Convention, Convention Accounts and perhaps wranglings over who went to what automat with whom; but I expect for at least six months after the Convention fan activity will be at a low ebb. And I rather doubt it will build up again to the point it will have reached just before the Convention.

It is not clear whether the Convention will take place before or after election time in FAPA. After these two events are past there should be a long breathing spell. I am assuming the Wollheim group will lose most of the FAPA offices; this is a dangerous assumption but seems more likely than that it will stay in power another year. If it loses out things in the FAPA should be pretty tranquil and everything routine. If Daw and men should win again the Anti-Wollheimists can be expected to keep fighting another year or however long it may take. But the fighting won't be so fierce as that following the 1938 election.

I am also having to assume the Michelist motion will be defeated at the Convention. This is an even more precarious assumption as there is a strong possibility that, the Convention being held in N.Y., numerous Young Communist readers of stf, whom

most of us would not consider "fans", will swamp the convention and carry the motion. However, in this case it will not make so much difference. If Michelism carries, a group of fans will detach itself, I believe, and go off at a tangent; and we remaining behind will simply deny the Convention as the voice of fandom and continue as before, discussing the ideologies objectively, as the English do. If Michelism loses I have no idea if hard Michelists will stay with us though some may return in after years. In either case fandom loses the most radical element.

One factor that will be almost completely disregarded in this discussion is the question of the increasing age of fans. There will be so many things tending to let the average age advance only very slowly that this had best be passed by—if any significance attaches to chronological age in our group, which one might well doubt.

But to the trends. One big trend I foresee is a blurring of outline, a fusion of the "inner circle" with the mass of scientifictionists, as a result of cooperation by the pro editors and other forces. Our numbers have been somewhat augmented by the cessation of the old weird-sf battle and merger of their two fandoms, but the publicity now offered by all the professional science-fantasy magazines should increase our number many times. McPhail tells me of reading of some amateur journal in a newspaper or magazine and writing for a copy. The boys who published it replied they'd had fifty calls for copies from that single mention!

There will be far reaching repercussions of this influx of demi-fans. For no longer will it be safe to assume, in an article for Fantascience Digest, say, that practically all the readers also get the New Letter, for example. Articles and columns must perforce in the interest of greater completeness within themselves to be less personal, more laboriously composed, less spontaneous.

This influx of a new market will also mean the eclipse of hektography among the subscription fanzines. Mimeographed and printed publications should come to have subscriptions running into the hundreds.

The subjects for writing will be more on the order of the First Fandom too. Since the pro mag eds have cooperated to bring this new audience in touch with our world we in return will have to print more news of the pros and authors; would in fact have to do so to interest the newcomers.

The majority of the fans will no longer be of the "Star-begotten" type. The newcomers will provide a conservative element and a less brilliant one. We shall have to be more dignified in front of them.

Perhaps it is untrue to speak of them as a separate group since the whole will be fused into one. But there will still remain a less distinct inner circle and within that the very core of the Old Guard who stay with us. Graduated degrees of fan activity will extend all the way out to those who get only one fanmagazine and do not correspond at all. There is a state of affairs like this on a small scale. Witness the wide variation in estimates as to the number of "real fans".

Another trend which might be noted is the tendency to discuss interesting books, ideas, movies etc. which are entirely outside the realm of sf.

When all this happens, the Second Fandom, in which we are now living, will be well behind.

I shan't go so far as to say whether this Third Fandom will be the last; I rather think it won't. But the activities of the Second Fandom are swiftly coming to a

head, culminating in the summer of '39. None plans beyond that; it's not safe. When the Convention is almost upon us some plans beyond it may be made but these will be few.

The FAPA will become a highly-sought-after honor for a while and then due to the increasing accumulation of "dead wood" (comparatively speaking only) revisions have to be made and the membership limit probably abandoned.

The mere fact that articles and stories will be published in mimeoed or printed form will affect the writing thereof. Too, the realization everything written or published in the FAPA goes into a permanent library in Philadelphia will cause the writers to take greater care. Writing won't be quite so much fun as it is now.

There will be compensations. With a letup in controversy those so inclined can take time off to pursue those little side-lines they've always wanted to follow. Larry Farsaci will be able to devote his whole time to his index of magazine stuff without fear the Michelists will slip something over while he's not watching; in fact, it is highly probable the central authority (of course there will be a central authority then) will appoint a committee to carry on the interrupted work of the Fantasy Magazine Service Department. Others may follow other lines. Lowndes, if he cares to stay with us, can write poetry instead of answers to Sam Moskowitz. I'll confess there are things I'd like to have time to do, too: Take up Will Durant; get all my collections (now in Okla) up here to DC and in order; bring that scrapbook and photo album up to date; there are parts of my diary still unwritten; I'd like to complete my listing of the comics dabblers; I have a faint vision of a Corpus Juris Fandom! Probably everyone has things he can do when there's time to relax.

In conclusion, some ifs should be considered. There is always the remote possibility of war, for example. I haven't met many physically yet, so I can't say whether I think many would be accepted by the selective draft but even if only a few are drafted into the army it would be highly advisable to suspend fan activities for the duration; otherwise, after the war were over and the fever had passed, there'd be many a regret over what we'd written. And after the war, with many of the fellows embittered perhaps, and other profound changes having taken place, it would be difficult to restore the old round of fan activity in its entirety.

But the period from the fall of Fantasy Magazine to the Third Convention showed that Fandom as an entity is as tough as a boot. No matter what might happen to the old globe, I think there'd always be a group that could be called "science fiction fans", expressing themselves without restraint to each other and speculating upon the future. (I might go off on a tangent here on the future of SF when space-flight is accomplished, synthetic life a fact and all the other things short of pure fantasy realized.)

These, however, are the ifs. This prophecy is supposed to be based on what I think has the best chance of happening. So, to recapitulate:

A degree of fusion between the inner circle and the pro mag audience in general; a trend toward conservatism; a movement toward the literary and away from the spontaneous; a relaxation of heated controversy...

The central idea of pre-fandom was science (the Gernsback influence).

The First Fandom discussed fiction and authors.

The Second Fandom interest centers around the fan personality.

The basis for the Third Fandom may well be no more than "fraternity".

Maybe I'm all wrong. I rather hope I am.

— Jack Speer 24 Aug 38



It was in 1944 that Jack Speer's FANCYCLOPEDIA brought into prominence the theory of a number of succeeding "fandoms", each a different era with different leaders, different ideas and different accomplishments.

The "First Fandom" is generally considered the 1930-36 period, marked by interest in the science part of science-fiction. As Speer says, "Fanline material consisted mainly of forecasts of lineups in the pros, fan fiction relating to the pros, interviews with prominent authors, fan science fiction, novelty fiction by groups of pro writers, new advances in science, discussions of why s-f is in a rut or sex in s-f or the relative importance of plausibility and good style."

I disagree with Speer on several grounds: his last two. Though less familiar, as an outsider, than Speer, with fandom of the First Era, it's my belief that there were few discussions of sex in s-f for the simple reason that up through 1936 there was no sex in the s-f pulps. And if there were any discussions of good style, they certainly bore no fruit, as anyone who has read the 1930-36 prozines can tell.

The Second Fandom was a considerably more unified affair, with most every fan being aware, not only of the fan productions of every other fan, but of his private life, interests, appearance, and opinions. Speer says, "Fan feuds reached the proportions of fan wars." The Second Fandom is even more remote from present day fandom than First Fandom, and in these days of s-f's popularity there can be no reversion to the phenomenon of the Second Fandom.

Speer's chronology ends with the Third Fandom, the 1940-43 period, which was characterized by the end of fan feuding, and the beginnings of a movement which was to result in 1952 Fandom. Speer says, "a broad balance was found between matters scientific and other things fans were interested in. There was much talk of fandom growing up, becoming more mature, and seeing less of adolescent bickering and feuding for feuding's sake; at the same time there was a flood of digests and bibliographies and indexes of this and that, regarded as a summation and consolidation of past achievements in fandom. A general fan organization was once

# First and Last Fen

by

Robert

Silverberg

(reprinted from  
Lee Hoffman's  
QUANDRY 25,  
October 10, 1952)

again much desired but ran into difficulties as war came to America."

And there Speer stopped. But let us continue this cyclic analysis, a la Stapledon, up to the present day:

The Third Fandom was succeeded, some time in 1944, by the Fourth. This was a reversion to the Second Fandom in many ways, probably the last such throwback. 1944 saw many of the old fans leave for armed service, and when they returned they could find no place in the younger fandom which had sprung up. Some, like Ackerman (a mainstay of the first two fandoms), maintained a nebulous fan career while entering the professional field; others remained dormant, ignoring the younger element which had supplanted them until the growing popularity of s-f in recent years enabled them to come back as professionals. Others, like Moskowitz, picked up right where they left off, as fans.

The Fourth Fandom, which began sometime in 1944 and ended about 1947 left few remains of importance. The greatest increase in s-f publishing in 1941, 42 and 43 had all been lost, and fans were left with the original four prozines of the pre-boom days, Amazing, Wonder, Weird, and Astounding, plus a few newcomers which had been added in the 1939-41 expansion: Famous Fantastic Mysteries, Planet Stories, and Startling Stories<sup>1</sup>. Of these, just one was monthly in 1944: Astounding. Weird Tales was bi-monthly, and all the others were quarterly. The entire year of 1944 saw just 45 prozines issued, compared with 143 in 1952.

In terms of fandom, we can discount Weird Tales, Astounding, Amazing, and Fantastic Adventures, all of which ignored fandom, and also FFM,, which was and still is a reprint magazine. This, in effect, left just three markedly similar magazines for fans to congregate in: TWS, Startling, and Planet.

Keynote fans of the Fourth Fandom are all letterhacks: such people as Chad Oliver and Joe Kennedy went on to become professionals but many merely dropped by the wayside. No outstanding fanzines were published through 1944, 45, 46 and 47 consistently in the manner in which FANTASY MAGAZINE had dominated the First Fandom, SCIENCE FICTION FAN the Second, and SPACEWAYS the Third. There were, it is true, a few fine efforts: NOVA<sup>2</sup>, ACOLYTE, and VAMPIRE. But the symbol of Fourth Fandom, the person who represents the atmosphere, aims, and general attitude of Fourth Fandom is Sarge Saturn.

Fifth Fandom was short-lived. It began in the declining days of 1947 and lasted only until 1949. Dominant fans of this period are a different bunch: Art Rapp and his circle of admirers; Don Day; Redd Boggs; K. Martin Carlson. The fanzine which summed up Fifth Fandom is SPACEWARP, which lasted through the entire era. Fifth Fandom was a period of awakening, of escape from juvenility for the first time since First Fandom, of enlargement. Fans began to realize once again that the prozines were still being published, and fans took notice of them. Fifth Fandom

1) Fantastic Adventures was also running in 1944. (JoeD)

2) NOVA is not really a Fourth Fandom fanzine. Its last issue was dated Winter 1943-44 according to the FANZINE INDEX. (JoeD)

marked the re-awakening of stfnal interest in Bob Tucker, who had played an important role in the first three fandoms. It saw an expansion of fanzine publishing far above the previous 1938-41 peak, chiefly due to the efforts of Rog Phillips' Club House. Just as Sarge Saturn led Fourth Fandom it was Phillips who proved the unifying force for Fifth Fandom, bringing about a boom in fandom and fan publishing which has not yet been checked.

Sixth Fandom is a horse of a different color. Just as Stapledon's Sixth Men branched off into all sorts of variants, so has Sixth Fandom. It is impossible to generalize about it, because it still is going on (although some have detected the identity of a Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Fandom). But new names begin to appear again, chiefly those who moved up from the lower ranks to take over the roles of leaders. Those who started at the bottom of Sixth Fandom or even at the tail of Fifth Fandom and over a course of several years began to take the leadership of Fandom include such names as Hoffman, Elsberry, Keasler, Silverberg, McCain, McCauley, Burwell, Willis, and Vick; all unknowns before 1948, 1949 and some as late as 1950. Redd Boggs who entered fandom in the Second Fandom and vanished in the middle of the third, had re-entered in the Fifth Fandom has remained to be a mainstay of the Sixth. But in the main, it has been the new names, as always, who have sparked the era.

The Sixth Fandom exists in a period when there is, oddly enough, too much s-f. After a period of years when hardly anyone outside the insular group of fandom had heard of it, now science-fiction is in every theater and splashed all over television; we have upwards of two dozen prozines and over a hundred s-f books are issued every year. The field no longer has an air of secrecy, of cultism.

Nevertheless an "inner circle" has grown up, centering around Lee Hoffman's QUANDRY, forming the nucleus of Sixth Fandom. But again, Sixth Fandom, the biggest of all, is too diffuse to pin down exactly. Even as, in 1951 and here in 1952, it has finally reached the point where it is possible to assign it a place in fan history. There is a new crop of fans coming up, which will probably replace it in short order and set up Seventh Fandom. This vanguard of Seventh Fandom (which will probably be a going concern by the end of 1953) included such names as Ish, Calkins, Hirschorn, Ryal, Wells, Bergeron, Semenovich, Anderson, Schreiber, and Rosen; with few exceptions all in their early teens, and just raring to go out and found Seventh Fandom in a year or two.

How will the cycle end? I can't say. Just as it was inconceivable to say in 1944 that in eight years there would be two dozen prozines, it is inconceivable to me what twists and turns fandom will take in the next eight. Probably as I re-read this in 1960, a greybeard remnant of Sixth Fandom, it will seem odd to me that I was unable in 1952 to forecast the nature of Seventh Fandom, and Eighth and Ninth.

But, if we follow the Stapledonian scheme of things---and I

(continued on page 23)



# The Decline of the BEST

by Jack Speer

(reprinted from Lee Hoffman's 'Quandry #29 May-- June, 1953)

Someday a principle may be discovered which will organize the entire history of fandom into a coherent whole, or correlate its fluctuations with events in the outside world. The device of distinguishing several different periods, unfelicitously called "fandoms", does not do this. However, pending the emergence of a Spengler, it is a convenient device for organizing our historical data, and accordingly we should choose the one which best organizes data, when confronted with a choice of proposed systems of "fandoms".

In deciding how "best" to organize the data, we might observe the following criteria: we ought to be reluctant to designate more periods than are easily remembered; we should be slow to overturn generally recognized groupings and interpretations of events; and as the very idea of a history of fandom is pure steinism, it seems that we should attach greater importance to a proposed scheme's capacity to organize steinistic data than to its capacity to organize steinic (i.e. relating to the fiction) data.

A "fandom" is a period not a group of people. The several "fandoms" in the sense we are considering here, correspond to such terms as "Elizabethan", "Puritan", "Neoclassical", "Rationalistic", "Romantic", in the history of English thought. Since there is less material in fan history, there is less opportunity for broad trends to emerge from the welter of detail. But we will usually find that each natural period has a dominant group of fan, who may of course have individually been around before and be around afterward, the membership of which group may be quite different at the beginning and at the end of a period, but which has a continuous group life, like a winning football team thru several seasons. Such a "natural" period (this may constitute the crime of projection) will probably also have definite interests and literary characteristics that distinguish it from other periods. There are always divergent trends within an era, but in the compartmentalization that we are seeking to impose, without doing too much violence to the raw material, a distinctive description applies to most of the important materials in a given compartment of time, and much of the rest is consistently related to it, perhaps by opposition. What is "important" must ultimately rest on a consensus

of individual judgements; the writer should try to discover, and perhaps influence, such consensus, for if we are to use "fandom", or any other word, with this sense attached, there would be a disadvantage in every one adopting his own scheme based on his particular standards.

We must (assume) from an examination of the record that fandoms as above described are sometimes of dissimilar lengths. The Second Fandom lasted hardly a year in its pure state, but because of its unusual characteristics and highly developed involvements we recognize it as a unity. On the other hand, the Third Fandom lasted from a year before Pearl Harbor to a year after Hiroshima. It would be well to point out that between such sharply distinguished fandoms FANCYCLOPEDIA and its predecessors placed periods I called "transitions", which had characteristics of their own, somewhat more mixed. Usually it is feasible to take a big annual convention as the dividing between a fandom and a transition.

As the foregoing indicates, my present view of the shape of stefnistic history is not exactly in accord with Bob Silverberg's article. The only change I would make in the scheme embedded in FANCYCLOPEDIA would be to distinguish an earlier period, which I have since called Eofandom, from 1930 to about 1933; I was unaware of the extent of historical events in this period, until The Immortal Storm came out.<sup>1</sup>

However, I would not end Third Fandom with the date the FANCYCLOPEDIA was published, as Silverberg assumes. All of its outstanding characteristics--the dominance of the Brain Trust in FAPA, NFFF, and other organizations; the prevalence of thoughtful discussions of all manner of subjects; the bibliographies, indexes, and other research work--continued to prevail up to the failure of Operation Futurian in 1946. The Foundation that would have been thereby established would have institutionalized the Third Fandom world-outlook; but due to a thinning of the Brain Trust's blood (a poetic way of saying they gave preference to other things in demands on their time), this was never realized. In the ensuing years by default, I suppose the younger element described by Silverberg was the center of stefnism, certainly the Hull-A Men and their friends were prominent at the Philcon. This year I would call the Third Transition.

After the Philcon, commercialism was triumphant. Since my contacts with the fan field began to fray about this time, I cannot say with any authority what the characteristics of the Fourth Fandom were, but the principal voices that reached me were the cries of the hucksters. The pure stefnistic opposition to them passed to the Insurgent Element (which, as those in the know know, was more than a Southern California phenomenon). A bacover for one of my last SYNAPSES started out to be a tribute to FAPA, but I became so interested in contrasting that citadel with the

1) The Immortal Storm is Sam Moskowitz's history of fandom up to 1939. It is currently in print from Hyperion Press, Inc. 45 Riverside Avenue, Westport CT 06880 \$3.50 paperbound (Joed)









Limp, the body of Nancy Lambert lay at my feet, sprawled atop a double bed mattress. The mattress was on the floor. Next to her, long black hair all over the place, Genie DiModica mewed in her sleep. Linda Eyster pushed past me and threw herself down on the naked, grey boxsprings. She twitched in discomfort. Suzanne Tompkins turned her face to the wall, away from the light's glare. Suzle had a whole bed. There was something about Suzle. She always had a whole bed.

I moved past them and groped my way by the tiny, perpetually damp connecting bathroom into the other darkened bedroom.

In the corner, the Strange Girl crouched, crying incoherently for sleeping pills. We never knew who she was, or where she came from. She was in the corner all weekend. I circled to avoid her, and my foot touched something soft and warm and damp - Dale Steranka's face. She snapped at my toe and rolled away. From one of the beds came the sound of Sunday Eyster, making small animal noises, taking off her false eyelashes. I found the other bed and fell into sleep, troubled by images of eternal airplane flights, and permanently clogged ears.

It was our first night at Baycon.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a rumor that food was to be had in the hotel dining room. I doubted it.

"Look," said Linda, "let's go and see. Maybe this time -"

"Uh huh," I shook my head. "Remember the coffee shop? Baycon said there'd be food there, too. So we hiked there, and waited. And waited. And waited. We



almost blew our minds over that one."

"And what about the water fountain?" Nancy added.

We were silent then, remembering how we had been forced to venture into the guts of the Claremont to find the Water Fountain. Deeper and deeper down unfamiliar corridors, knowing, with heart-stopping certainty, that somewhere down there - somewhere - there was also a Sauna.

"It doesn't matter. We've got to try anyway," Linda insisted.

I gave in quickly. It had been quite a while since I had eaten. Airlines' food. Solid sawdust. What the hell.

We left for the dining room. Things happened. A shaggy, bearded creature swooped upon Sunday and bore her away. Dale disappeared and later we saw her surrounded by numberless teenage boys. She looked stunned. At the N3F room, we were offered coffee. It tasted like boiled bears' urine. We drank it anyway. When we left there Suzle began hearing voices. The Call of the Pro. She followed them away. Only Linda and I reached the dining room. The scent of food within was overpowering. We began salivating on the rug. There was steak and potatoes and roasts and... There was, suddenly, a monstrous dollar sign, glowing neon green, blocking our way. We turned and ran.

Linda began repeating over and over, "I've got to get to a store. I've got to get to a store." She kept running, toward the hotel entrance.

I grabbed for her. "No, Linda. They're rioting out there. You don't want to fight that battle. Stay here with Baycon and worry about medieval problems." I knew she knew what we all knew. Baycon did not want us to see what was outside.

She broke away and vanished into the chill mist. I waited awhile, and then returned to the room. The others were there. No one mentioned Linda. Later she came back, bearing candy and battered Pepsi cans. A vicious fight broke out over the Neco wafers. We never did thank her.

\* \* \* \* \*

No light in the room. Blinds drawn, windows down. We lay, clutching blankets and bedspreads. Baycon did not provide heat. Telling stories. Laughing. Sense of time distorted, sense of humor likewise.

"Tell us about Baycon, Suzle," I pleaded. We liked that story. It gave us a false sense of reality.

"Well, this afternoon..." she began.

"No," Nancy pounded the floor, "the beginning, the beginning."

"All right. In 1906, Hugo Gernsback..."

Genie giggled. "Not that far back."

Suzle began again. "A year ago, in New York City, there was NYcon III, the 25th Annual World Science Fiction Convention. At NYcon, two groups struggled for control of the 26th Annual World Convention. Baycon was one of these groups. Baycon won the struggle. Baycon began issuing progress reports. It had Joan Baez and Bishop Pike, but it dropped them in favor of Maid Marion and Robin Hood. It



added this feature and that feature, until now it has two art shows, two light shows, four bands, a giant huckster room, a costume ball, a medieval fashion show, a medieval tournament, and Gene Roddenberry. Some people believe it may even become sentient."

"And why are we here, Suzle?"

"We're here because we're neo-fen seeking to become trufen. We're here because we're creating our own scene. We're here to meet and be met. We're here because we believed the goddamn progress reports."

In the darkness, one of us began giggling. Someone else picked it up. One by one, each of us laughing.

Then we heard...I don't know...something moving behind the connecting door. The door opened. Dim light in the room. Huge, shambling, hairy, semi-nude, and possibly moist, it came toward us. It spoke.

"Has anyone seen my nightgown?"

"Linda, we can barely see you," I heard myself say. They laughed. But I knew why they were laughing. They were surely against me. Baycon had brought us together here, but it had not affected me at all.

I knew. God, how I knew. Linda had been a brilliant klutz. Baycon had given her Earl, and she hadn't locked herself in a bathroom in hours. Nancy had been lucid and content; now she roamed the halls in a daze, dragging her guitar behind her. Dale had been a Shy Young Thing. Baycon and a pair of black tights ruined that image. Gerie was the quiet one, friendly and interested. Now she seemed to be fading away, like a used Sylvania blue-dot flashbulb. Baycon had made her insecure. Suzle went off for long periods of time. I don't know what she did out there, and she never let us know. But whatever it was, she always came back, flying high. And Sunday. Baycon hadn't changed Sunday much, maybe. But the more men there were around, the more problems Sunday had. And Baycon had given her plenty of men.

I was the only one still sane and whole and untouched. I'd only paid \$36 for half of Harlan Ellison. Baycon hadn't affected my mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Baycon appeared to us as a tarnished knight, flickering with phosphorescent colors, playing electronic music from his breastplate. He said we should take the elevator, if we wanted to get to the lobby - and food. Those of us who had been to Worldcons before shrugged, and



smiled grimly.

The Elevator. Small. The words old, battered, cramped, dirty, inefficient beyond description. There, at the controls, the operator, wrinkled belligerent spinster, two malignant ice-blue eyes, hating everyone under thirty. One operator. Four elevators. We stared. And turned, and started for the stairs. As we walked the lunatic voice of the operator rang out behind us.

"I don't want people like you on my elevator."

\* \* \* \* \*

The hurricane hit us as soon as we entered the lobby. Odors, some sweetly illegal. Chill air. Food somewhere. Sounds. Clinking and clattering of bells and beads, rattleclang of chainmail and swords. Raucous. Cacophony. Ear shattering, mind-blasting, music, music, MUSIC. And much later, hushed, silent halls, with secret sounds of secret parties from behind closed doors. Sights. Faces, bizarre, familiar or both. Ellison, Silverberg, Bradbury, Bloch, Harrison, Carr, Panshin, White, Anderson, Zelazny, Farmer, Pohl - even Campbell. The Fishers, Couches, Woods, and Trimbles. Fanatics. Quilting. Lunarians. Fanoclasts. GRAS - even the SCA east and west. A rioting, tinkling, flashing montage of mad events that whirled us from day to day, to where some of us had never been before.

\* \* \* \* \*

We moved with it, sometimes slowly, sometimes in a frenzy. Sometimes together, more often separated. One day Dale and Genie spoke of the coffee shop. They disappeared, and were gone for a time. Later, they returned to us having been thrown out of the coffee shop for causing a disturbance by asking to be waited on. They were no worse for wear. But now Genie snarled whenever food was mentioned. Baycon had left her that.

It was a long weekend. The others kept talking and dreaming of smorgasbords and blog, and wine-tasting, but I tried not to think about it. Meanwhile, a voice from deep inside whined, "Why are you doing this to me?" My stomach. Talking back.

And we passed through the panel discussions.

And we passed through the D.O.M.'s.

And we passed through the auctions.

And we passed through the business meeting.

And we passed through the open parties.

And we finally came to the Hugo Awards Banquet. The ballroom. Hundreds of tables, packed together, a patchwork scene of white cloth from one end of the room to the other. Hundreds. But not enough. We pushed and shoved and fought for seats.

In the distance, beyond and behind the many massive pillars which rose from floor to ceiling like parodies of redwood trees, effectively blocking everyone's view - in the distance stood the speaker's table. Someone was there. A voice droned on and on and out into the lobby. Silverware clinked. Bodies stirred. All around us food began appearing. Roasted tribble. The sounds of gnawing and slurping oozed in our skulls. Someone cried, piteously, and began chewing on a plate.

In that instant, I became terribly calm. Surrounded by Baycon: surrounded by fandom. I knew what had to be done. And I had to do it quickly. I noted someone snapping at flies.

I half-turned to the right, grabbed the nearest waitress and got a large bottle of wine. Ripping out the cork savagely, I quickly poured the icy liquid into waiting glasses. Suzle must have realized what I'd realized, what I'd decided. She'd gotten a bottle also.

All in an instant. We drank and poured and drank and poured. Again and again. Before long, I could not read meaning into anyone's expression. But the others were at last at peace; they were all giggling again. At something.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many hours must have passed. I do not know. Baycon has done things to my sense of time. Now I think it is Tuesday morning.

Baycon changed after the banquet. Became quiet, dull dead. We walked endless dark hallways, searching for rumored parties, drifting aimlessly. And found nothing.

It doesn't matter now. I am alone. On a plane, flying back to Pittsburgh. I am beyond Baycon. Yet Baycon is still with me.

There is a reflective surface — called a mirror — in the washroom here. I will describe myself as I see myself:

I am a great white blobby thing.  
Hair, greasy and stringy; skin,  
oily and blotched; eyes, dark  
circled and puffed; clothes,  
wrinkled and untidy.

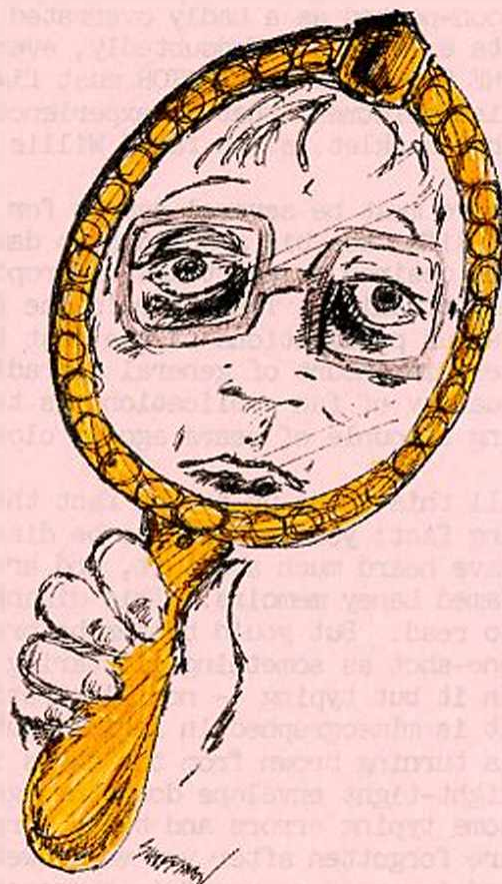
I need sleep. I need Alka-Seltzer. I need a bath.

I am beyond Baycon. Yet Baycon has won! When the plane lands, I must go directly to work. To my very serious office.

Serious.

And I've had no sleep. And I must giggle.

—Ginjer Buchanan





ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

A Look at

AH! SWEET IDIOCY!

by Harry Warner, Jr.

(reprinted from VOID #26, 1961, edited by the "Void Boys", Greg Benford, Pete Graham, Terry Carr, and Ted White)

Very often today's fan is badly disappointed when he finally holds in his hands at last a copy of some famous fan publication of the past. I've heard about the disillusionment with SPACEWAYS from contemporary fans who can't figure out why it used to win first place in polls during World War Two. QUANDRY was recently pooh-poohed as a badly overrated fanzine, by a fan who hadn't been active during its existence. Undoubtedly, every new fan who sees for the first time a copy of THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR must fight to conceal to himself or others the disappointment that he experiences to find that this scrawny and slightly inky thin booklet is the famed Willis production.

There must be several causes for such reactions. In fandom as in other phases of life, too big a buildup is damaging to the topic; in imagination the unknown and desired object takes on proportions and qualities it couldn't hope to possess in actuality. Then there's the Zeit-geist factor. Today's fan can't see the famous publications of the past through yesterday's eyes. There is also a certain amount of general upgrading in the average appearance and literary quality of fan publications as the years pass. The publication that was outstanding a couple of years ago is closer to the average of excellence today.

All this leads up to the fact that you had better resign yourself to this chilling fact: you're going to be disappointed, if you have never seen AH! SWEET IDIOCY!, have heard much about it, and are destined someday to put your eyetracks on the famed Laney memoirs. This disappointment won't last very long, once you begin to read. But you'd better be prepared for a letdown, if you had thought of this one-shot as something glittering and sublime in appearance. There is nothing in it but typing — no illustrations, no lettering guides or handdrawn headings. It is mimeographed in legible but erratic style on a poor grade of paper that is turning brown from the edges inward, even though my copy has been kept in a light-tight envelope down through the years. There are no covers and there are some typing errors and badly corrected strikeovers. But all those dreary details are forgotten after you've plowed through the rather tiresome four-page preamble and immersed yourself in the account of what Laney did in fandom.

AH! SWEET IDIOCY! got its major distribution through FAPA. The first 72 of its

129 pages were distributed in the Spring 1948 mailing, and the remainder in the Summer mailing of the same year. Later, Laney sold some additional copies to non-FAPA members. I don't know if there's any truth to the legend that he never possessed a stapled copy of his fan memoirs.

If your knowledge of fan history from this era, shortly after the first atom bomb, is shaky, you might assume some wrong things about AH! SWEET IDIOCY! It is not the final summing up of Laney's fan activities. He remained on the fringes of fandom for a half-dozen years after writing it and kept in contact with a few individuals for another year or two after that. Some of his most exciting FAPA hassles, for instance, occurred after the memoirs appeared.

Neither is this something startlingly new and original that Laney introduced to fandom. He was following a hallowed tradition that most fans obeyed at this particular time: when you think you've had it in fandom, do something spectacular to call attention to your gaffiation. Often this took the form of a cynical and bitter letter to this or that fanzine, or an article blasting all fandom as a useless or dangerous institution. But there was a more direct and specific predecessor to Laney's mammoth article. This was "Memoirs of a Superfluous Fan" which T. Bruce Yerke had begun to distribute in FAPA in 1944. It was never completed, but it resembles strikingly the attitudes and general purpose of AH! SWEET IDIOCY! Laney obviously had this as an either conscious or subconscious influence, when he sat down to cut stencils in the same city, writing about many of the same individuals whom Yerke had been concerned with.

Laney's stated reason for his magnum opus can be found in the preamble: "It occurred to me that if I were to start setting down my recollections it might help my self-analysis, would certainly give me something to keep me at home and away from money-spending temptations...And it always seemed silly to me to write anything on paper when it is just as easy to put it on stencils." This may be the first use of a philosophy that has been reiterated endlessly in fanzines since then: when in doubt, use a stencil. Originally, Laney and Ackerman plan planned to publish the memoirs with Fantasy Foundation money, putting the profits from the sale of copies back into that organization. A series of personality clashes in Los Angeles kept this from occurring. In the end, with symbolism of frightening complexity, Laney traded his copy of The Outsider and Others for Al Ashley's mimeograph, and Laney and Burbee became the publishers.

Despite the volume's fame, no fan has seriously toyed with the idea of reprinting it. It is so long that even with elite type, it would be an enormous amount of work. Moreover, Laney possessed a magical immunity from libel action, and it isn't likely that any reprinter would fare so well. Laney names names in many narrations about matters which would undoubtedly have caused lawsuits to rain on the head of any fan who had less ability at striking back at enemies with the typewriter. In other places, he does not identify his topic but gives enough detail for anyone to deduce who was meant, and such circumstances are normally meat for the courts, too. Even so, AH! SWEET IDIOCY! is packed tightly with long sections which are sheer delight to read and absolutely safe to reprint. I would guess that it could be boiled down to a 50-page reprint version that would be much milder but still agreeable, by skipping the actionable portions and the duller blow-by-blow accounts of fan politics in Los Angeles.

Particularly valuable are the little word sketches of almost everyone who did anything in Los Angeles fandom during the 1940's. You'll find nothing like them anywhere else. Typical is the one about Morajo: "She is very short and, in my opinion, very pretty. Since she herself has listed it publicly, I'll mention in passing that she is much older than most of the club members, having been born in 1904. She has led a fairly tough life, has been married and divorced."

twice, and the scramble of raising a strapping son and supporting herself has left her without the ability to enjoy herself freely and casually, though others enjoy her company tremendously. Her chief interest in the club was her interest with Forrest J Ackerman, with whom she kept company for several years, and I hope he fully recognizes the extent of her services to him— keeping the club on a smooth financial basis throughout most of her membership, doing most of the drudgery of VOM and other Ackerman projects, and keeping the wolves from yapping about his heels in a score of other ways. Myrtle has an inquiring mind which is somewhat hampered by a too-conventional education, and is sometimes a sucker for something the least bit on the crackpot side. She is, however, an accomplished and stimulating conversationalist, and is well worth knowing from the intellectual point of view. And beneath that occasionally austere facade, there is one of the most kind hearted persons in Los Angeles, as plenty of club members past and present could testify. She is the first person most of the older members think of when they are in trouble, and in this selfish civilization people like that are rare."

Don't be astonished that this contains no awful disclosures about some nastiness. The person whom AHI SWEET IDIOCY! criticizes most severely is Francis T. Laney. He is very frank at describing the faults of others, but obviously was fond of most of them, makes it very clear that he likes Ackerman immensely after all the fusses, and he seems mainly sorry that these fine people have been led to do stupid things in fandom. The preamble even tries to bind up some of the wounds that E. Everett Evans receives from the pages in which Laney knocks him down and tramps on him. The preamble was written after the rest of the book at a time when FIL had just learned about some extenuating circumstances involving EEE. But he is absolutely merciless towards his own failings, imagined or real. Sometimes he can look at them with amusement, such as what happened when he first discovered Merrit novels in the Munsey reprint magazines: "I started reading them. Meanwhile, nature called me and I carried the darned magazines into the bathroom with me. Utterly oblivious to where I was and what I was doing, I sat there on that WC nearly all night, utterly lost in Graydon's weird adventures. When I finally finished "Snake Mother", the spell broke, I tried to stand up and was so cramped and cold that my legs would not support me. I collapsed into a heap, and lay there on the floor, laughing at myself for being such a damned fool." Some of his other anecdotes are less amusing, when he clinically describes how he rigged a FAPA election to make certain that his candidates would win, or the bad light that he casts on himself in his version of his troubles with his wife.

There is one more caution I would like to leave with anybody who has come into fandom since the mid-40s and reads the Laney memoirs. Even though AHI SWEET IDIOCY! is a superbly fascinating work, which had an inordinate influence on the whole course of fanzine publishing, it was written by a human being. Therefore it is not perfect. Some of the things it describes have been told better by other fans. Alva Rogers' account in INNUENDO #11 of the famous night when Ackerman made his public debut as a drinking man is far superior to the reference to this event in Laney's work. Laney did not possess Burbee's unique ability to make his readers burst into uncontrollable fits of laughter over the more remarkable actions of an Elmer Perdue or an Al Ashly. Certain sections of AHI SWEET IDIOCY! indicate that Laney wasn't quite as free of the farmish dross as he believed himself to be after having been purged by the fire and heat of the Los Angeles fusses. There is one incredible section dealing with a project that sounds as if it had emerged from the Cosmic Circle in a particularly hectic moment: someone had proposed a Los Angeles science fiction organization complete with large club house which would actually be a secret hideaway for movie stars who would join it as a means of escaping from their public. The Laney who was so quick to see through the illusions that others set up for themselves thought





This fanzine fable fits fairly finely into our dreams for the few fans who frequent museums and wish for one of fandom's own.

While the museum described here probably will never exist, several attempts are being made to realize this dream. The closest places to this are probably the Ackermansion and the Maison D'Ailleurs in France.

# A Fanzine Fable For

## Six-Year Olds

by Redd Boggs

(reprinted from Vic Ryan's BANE #9)

See the boy. He is a little boy. His name is Jak. He is six years old. He wears a blue blouse and a green cummerbund.

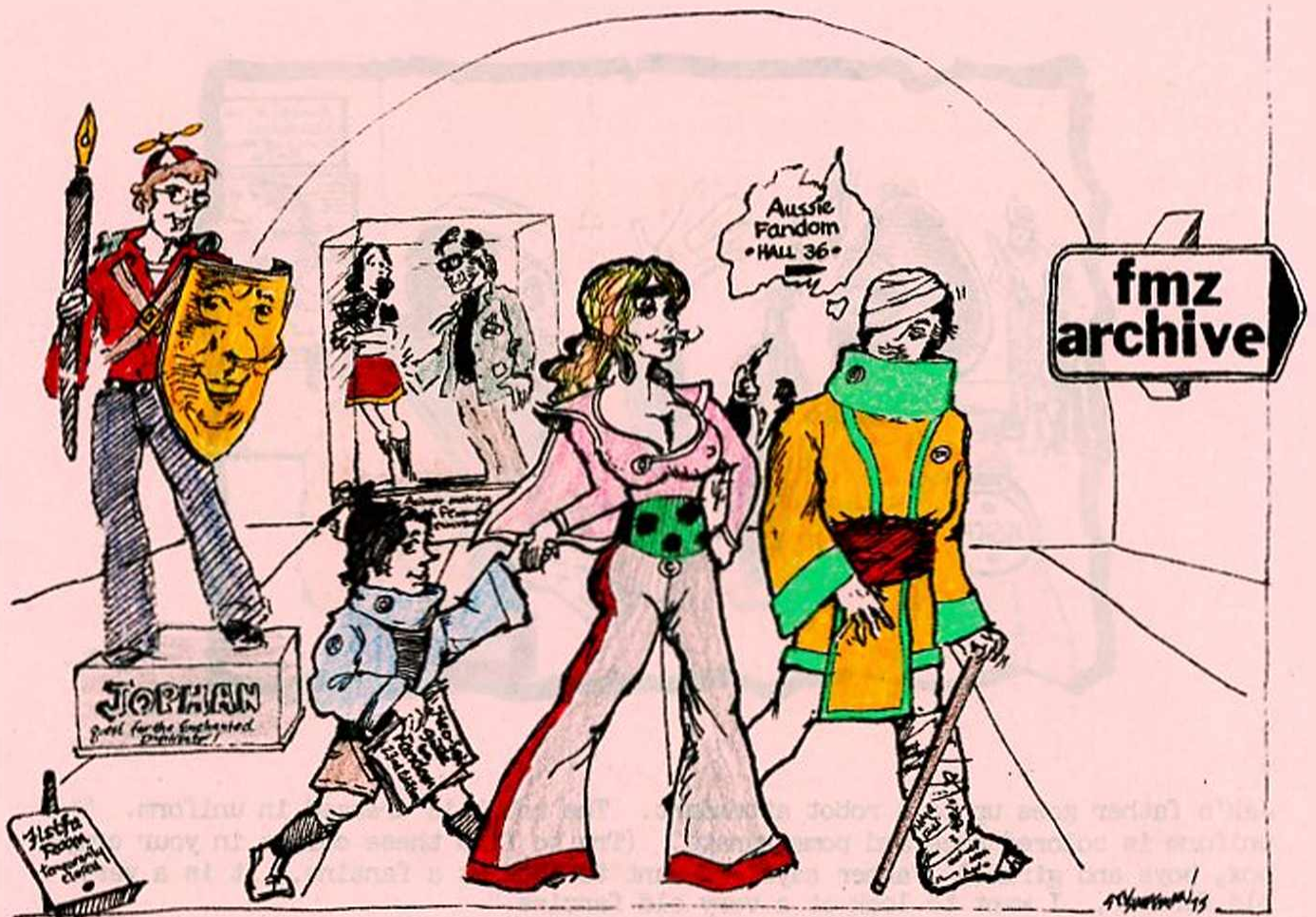
Jak rides in an aircab. The aircab has red wings. Jak's father and mother ride in the aircab too. His father wears a red cummerbund. His mother wears a polka-dot cummerbund. (She also wears a pink blouse.)

The aircab lands on the roof of a building. It is a big building. It is made of chrome and glass. The glass is colored many colors. Some glass is colored blue. Some glass is colored green. Some glass is colored red. Some glass is colored polkadot.

Jak gets out of the aircab. His mother gets out of the aircab. His father gets out of the aircab. His father takes some credit notes out of his cummerbund. He speaks to the aircab driver. The aircab driver speaks to father. Father snarls at the aircab driver. The aircab driver snarls at father. Father throws some credit notes at the aircab driver. Father walks away. Mother walks away. Jak walks away. The aircab driver pokes his middle finger in the air. That wasn't very nice of him, was it, boys and girls? Then he flies away.

Jak gets in an elevator. Father gets in the elevator. It is a fast elevator. It goes down very fast. It stops at the twentieth floor. But Jak and his father do not get out. They go back to the roof. The elevator stops. The door opens. Mother gets in. She speaks to father. Father speaks to mother. She





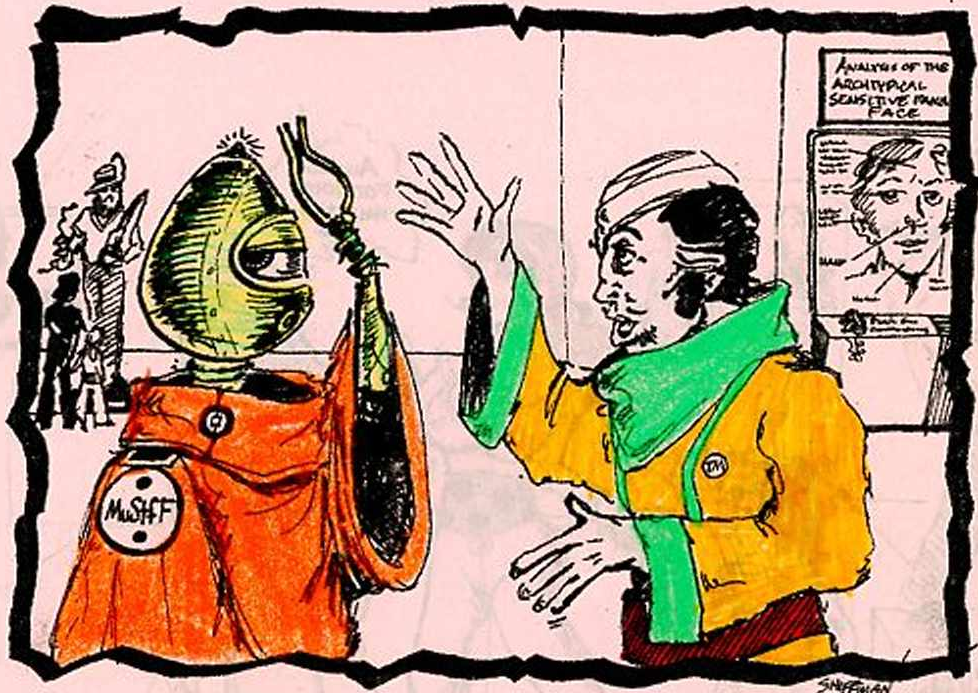
snarls at father. Father snarls at mother. The elevator stops at the twentieth floor again. Jak gets out. Mother gets out. Father pokes his middle finger in the air behind mother's back. That wasn't very nice of him, was it, boys and girls? Then he gets out too.

Where are Jak and his parents going? Are they going to a feelie? Are they going to a museum? Are they going to Disneyland? They go into a room. It is a big room. There are many people in the room. There are also many statues in the room.

Look. There is a statue of Forrest J Ackerman. Next to it is a statue of Claude Degler. In the center of the room stands a statue of Bjo Trimble. And over here is a statue of Buddha. No. That is not a statue of Buddha. It is a statue of Robert Bloch.

There are many exhibits in the room. The exhibits are life-size and they move. They look almost real. See. There is an exhibit of the New York convention hall. An almost real Sam Moskowitz is pushing an almost real Don Wolheim toward the exit. There is an exhibit of Bellefontaine. An almost real Jim Harmon is breaking down an almost real hotel door. There is an exhibit of the New Orleans hotel. Smoke is pouring out of Room 770. Jak almost coughs because the smoke is almost real.





Jak's father goes up to a robot attendant. The robot is dressed in uniform. The uniform is colored puce and pomegranate. (Try to find these colors in your crayon box, boys and girls.) Father says, "I want to look at a fanzine. It is a very old fanzine. I want to look at a very old fanzine."

The robot says, "Yes, sir. We have every science fiction fanzine ever issued. We have every science fiction prozine ever issued. We have every science fiction book ever issued. We have every science fiction science fiction science fiction sci—"

Father hauls off and kicks the robot. The robot says, "—ence fiction movie ever issued. We have every —"

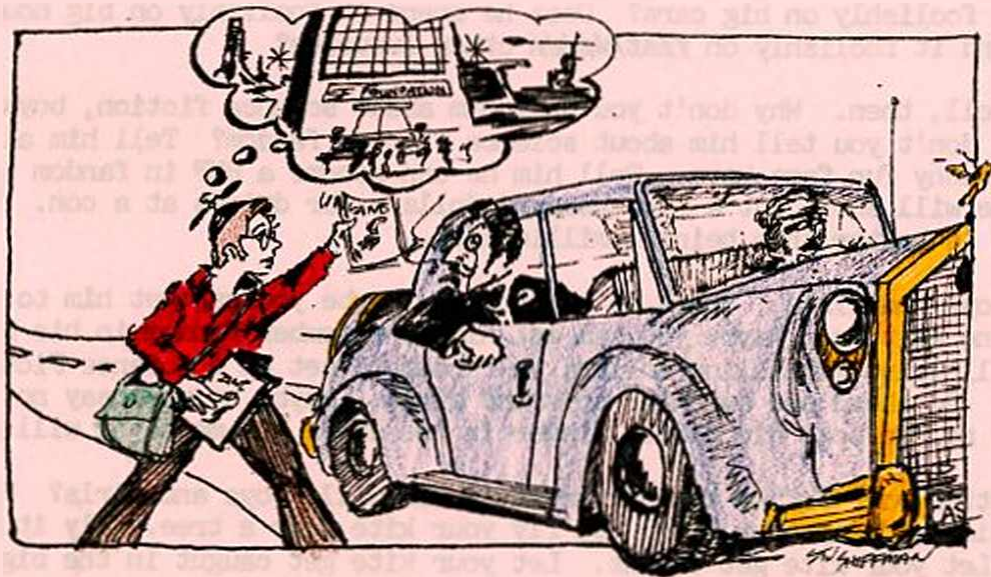
Father says, "I want to see BANE #9. It is a fanzine. It is an old fanzine. It is a very old fanzine."

The robot says, "BANE #9 is a fanzine. It is a very old fanzine. It is also a very popular fanzine. Many come to look at this fanzine. Then they go away. Later some of the children's fathers come back. Some fathers are limping. Some fathers are bleeding. Why is this?"

Father says, "I do not know. I do not know why this is. But I will tell you this. Yesterday my son's kite was caught in a tree. It was a very big tree. I climbed up a ladder to reach the kite. When I reached the top Jak kicked the ladder out from under me. I was lucky I wasn't killed. I broke both legs and my neck. I spent three hours in the hospital getting well. Then Jak told me the story. The story was that he did it because of something he read in BANE #9."

Jak says, "Wait, father. I will confess. I will tell all. Let us go into this room. Let us go into this little room. I will whisper to you privately."

Father opens the door. He opens the door to the room. He steps into the little room. He disappears. Jak closes the door. Jak goes back to his mother. She is



admiring a statue. She is admiring a statue of Redd Boggs.

Jak says, "Daddy just fell down the elevator shaft. It is a deep elevator shaft. It is 20 stories down. Let us go home. Let us go home and open the wall safe. Let us read Dad's will."

Mother looks at the elevator shaft. She pokes her middle finger in the air. That wasn't very nice of her, was it, boys and girls? Then she says, "Like, that sounds like fun, man!"



This is just a story, boys and girls. It is just a dream. It is just a fable. Why is it just a fable? It is a fable because nobody in fandom is rich. Nobody in fandom has lots of money. Nobody in fandom is rich and has died and left his money to fandom.

People in other hobbies are rich. They are all very rich. They live in big houses. They ride in big cars. They can afford to spend 50 million dollars on their hobby. Some of them are big doctors. Some of them are big lawyers. Some of them are big gangsters.

But fans are not rich. They live in little houses. They ride in subways and buses. They can't afford to buy 50¢ prozines. Some of them are salesmen. Some are teachers. Some are dirty pros. Fans are slobs.

There was a Science Fiction Foundation in the fable. It was a big Science Fiction Foundation. But it was just a dream. It is just a dream because fans aren't rich. We can't build that big building of glass and chrome. We can't fill it with statues of Bob Tucker, Dian Girard, and Walter Breen. We can't set up exhibitions of Exclusion Acts, zap-gun fights and one-shot sessions. We can't acquire a library of all the science fiction in the world. We can't do all these things till we find some rich fans.

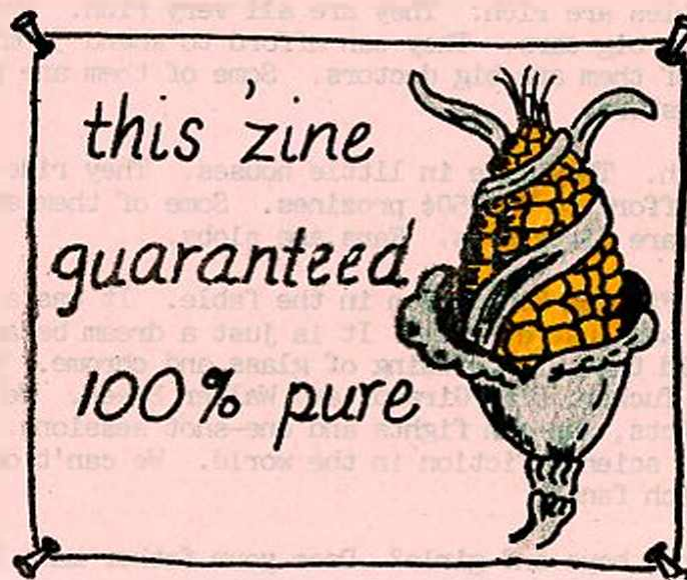
Are your fathers rich, boys and girls? Does your father have lots of money? Does



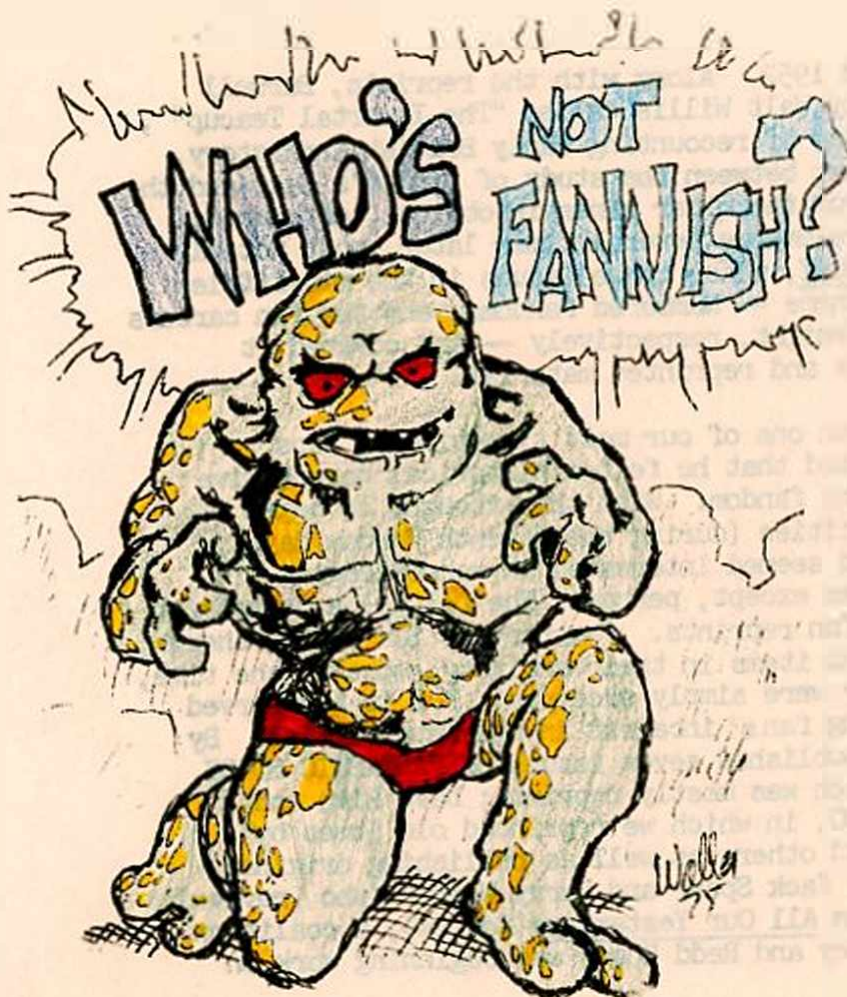
Go ahead, boys and girls. Speak to him today. Maybe you can get him to subsidize needy fanzine editors. Maybe you can get him to remember fandom in his will. Maybe he will leave 20 million dollars to fandom to set up a Science Fiction Foundation. Go ahead and ask him, boys and girls. Maybe he will say no. Maybe he will say no and poke his middle finger in the air. But maybe he will say yes.

Now. Go find your daddy. Tell him to stop dallying with mother's personal maid. Tell him to bring out the ladder. Tell him to bring out the ladder and go climb the tree. Tell him to climb the tree and rescue your kite.

Fandom will thank you, boys and girls. Fandom will be grateful. When you do this, fandom can build a big Science Fiction Foundation. Then this story won't be a dream. It won't be just a fanzine fable for six-year-olds. It will be a prophecy of things to come. And BANE #9 will be remembered as the fanzine that made it all come true.

[illegible]





## CHITTER CHATTER

by  
Gary  
Farber

The strains of Neil Young's Zuma are in back of me, and the strains of writing an editorial are in front of me. Currently in fandom, there are no all-reprint fanzines being done, or even zines that have fanhistory columns, or sporadically reprint any items at all. Few are the faanish zines, or people aware of an older fandom. Terry Hughes is the most prominent exception, printing some of the finest new faanish material, and obtaining pieces from people long gaffiated or at least, comatose. Mike Gorra published some fine things in Random before he Discovered College, the Real World, and Nydahled Away (obscure fanhistorical reference #67. Collect only a few, then throw them away!). Loren MacGregor, at the infrequent times that he publishes Quota, reprints past classics, Terry Jeeves and Eric Bentcliffe in England try to remain bastions in their own way, as does Peter Roberts; and there are one or two other scattered exceptions. But since Terry Carr Faded Away, and the Brooklyn Insurgents discovered the keen, intellectual thrill of Wrestling, there has been no one consistently doing any reprints. With respect to Terry, and the editorial of the first (and only) issue of Entropy:

"The concept of a fanzine devoted entirely to reprinting material from old fanzines is not a new one, by any means: ((...)) The first fanzine devoted to resurrecting top items from moldy old fanzines seems to have been Henry Burwell's Science Fiction Digest, which saw

seven issues in 1951 and 1952. Along with the reprints, Burwell also featured a column by Walt Willis called "The Immortal Teacup", which did an excellent job of recounting early British fanhistory. The connection in interest between the study of fandom's past and the reprinting of material from the older zines is obvious, of course, and the pattern was to re-emerge several times later, most notably in Lee Hoffman's FANHISTORY, whose three issues in the mid-fifties each took a historical theme — Numbered Fandoms, and the fan careers of Jack Speer and Damon Knight, respectively — and covered it both in original articles and reprinted material.

Walt Willis has been one of our most time-binding fans; he has several times stated that he felt a historical perspective was essential to a healthy fandom. With this thought he began in HYPHEN in the early fifties (during the Seventh Fandom days, when few of the New Guard seemed interested in acknowledging anything before themselves except, perhaps, The Deluge) a department called Toto, devoted to fan reprints. Contrary to its title, though, Toto didn't always reprint items in their entirety; most of the time, as a matter of fact, they were simply excerpts. But it had served its purpose in reawakening fans' interest in the late fifties. By that time Ron Ellik had published seven issues of FANTASTIC STORY MAG, later MALIGNANT, which was mostly reprints; Dave Rike and I were publishing INNUENDO, in which we reprinted old items by Burbee, Laney, Harmon, and others as well as publishing original articles on fanhistory by Jack Speer and Harry Warner (who revived his FANVARIETY/OPUS column All Our Yesterdays for us); a coalition of fans headed by Dick Eney and Redd Boggs was beginning work on FANCYCLOPEDIA II, etc."

Terry went on to speak about Alan Lewis' second version of FANTASY ASPECTS, which came out in 1958 and 1959, and while devoted to reprints of fanhistory, it only ran two issues. Since then, there have been no full fanzines given over to reprints that Terry Carr as of 1964, or I, as of now, know of. There have been a large number of one-shot reprint volumes devoted to: individual authors, as in THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF RICK SNEARY by Len Moffat, THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE by Berkely fandom, or THE INCOMPLETE TUCKER by Jackie Franke and Dave Locke; devoted to apa's as in Eney's A SENSE OF FAPA, the multi-volumed BEST OF APA-L, etc; to fanzines as in Bob Lichtman's SOME OF THE BEST FROM QUANDRY, etc; and of volumes of individual pieces of work such as THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, THE BNF OF IZ by "Carl Brandon" (Terry Carr, etc) printed by Ted White, THE ADVERSARIES by Kent Moomaw, etc, as well as other types.

Yet there are no current reprinting zines. Terry thought that the time was ripe to do one then, and launched Entropy in 1964. He only did the one issue, but went on to continue by issuing a couple of Entropy Booklets, and then taking up a column that began to appear in innumerable places during 9th fandom: Terry Carr's Entropy Reprints. The Entropy Reprints column got to be such an institution that neofans began to publish "Jophan's" Terry Carr's Entropy Reprints, each doing their own "TCER's" all over the place. And then Ninth fandom Went Away.

Fandom today is perhaps larger and more diverse than it has ever been before. Fringefandoms encroach upon us Trufans (or as Herbangelists might have it — Treufans) from without, and from within. Hucksters and people with huckster mentality equally threaten to blur the distinctions



more so, both from within and without fandom. We have trufen who are also interested and/or active in one form or another of fringe fandom (SCA, film, subways, science fiction, Burroughs, belly-dancing, war-gaming, treklike, etc), and encroaching fringe fans who are pubbing fanzines, being fannish and who are making inroads into Our Fanzine Fandom. Even uncontested full-fledged, seal-of-approval fanzine fandom is so large, spread out, and segmented that it is impossible to know everyone in it. Local fans may read zines, be extremely active in local or personal fanac in some large city (or small) local fandom, yet rarely write locs, so that their names are fairly unknown outside the local region, yet still be more active, involved, and knowledgeable of what's going on than an itinerant loccer who appears everywhere sporadically, yet so infrequently that he is totally out of touch. Small circulation fanzines have their own loccers and groups, and some may not overlap one whit (or wit) with another. There are local clubziners, apans, and just plain cliques that may never contact one another. And what, pray, what is the one thing that holds us all together, I hear Patrick Hayden in the audience shouting out? I have an answer, meyer, as all you slannish folk out there should have intuited with your tendrils. (Tendrils are, of course, the classic instruments of intuition. What else should you use to get intuit?) The paste that holds fandom together, Willis might have said, but didn't, is fanhistory. The one thing that gives us a sense of unity is the legacy handed down ~~from fandom to fan~~ by fans who came before us. The continuity of fans writing to the same central zines, and as these focal point fanzines die, to new focal point fanzines, is what preserves our sense of identity. The concept of Numbered Fandoms, at best an awkward tool, has been outlined earlier this issue, giving an idea of how each age had its own pseudo-center and focalpoint — preserving the kinship that is the essence of fandom. Right now, most people agree that we are still in the Ninth Interregnum, between fandoms. Fandom is ~~confused~~ and unsure of itself as a whole, right now. I'm not sure if the concept of Numbered Fandoms is totally valid anymore, but I'd like to think of Fanhistorica helping a little bit, keeping fandom that much more knowledgeable of its past, present, and future.

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Friday night. FISTFA meeting. The ritual began: "Well, Gary, Arnie and Joyce just promised that they were going to come to tonight's meeting, really this time!" said Ross Chamberlain, FISTFA host, and long-time friend of the Katz's; and almost before he had finished his sentence I had begun my answer according to the ancient ritual. "I'll believe that when Placebo is published," I intoned. Then we bowed three times, gestured to Roscoe, shook hands, and went out into the meeting. Ross and I had gone thru the ritual perhaps 27 times at the bi-weekly FISTFA meeting, and it left me as refreshed as it always had. "Still, stranger things have happened," said Jerry Kaufman. "After all, Terry Hughes is publishing on a regular schedule, isn't he?" "Naah," declared Stu Shiffman. "Terry published all that stuff at once, three years ago, then Dan Steffan killed him, and has been issuing the issues a dribblet at a time, with new colophons. After all, look at how few articles there are per issue, how little amount of written material there is by "Hughes", and how many pieces are illustrated by Dan. Do you really think that Terry could get Dan to do all that much work on such short notice? Come on, Jerry. Besides, when did you last see Terry at a convention?" Jerry blinked, hunched a bit, and then said "Why, ~~about~~ Friday Day in 1975." "See," said Stu.

Suddenly, the door banged open, there was a sudden gust of fannish wind, and some twilltone fluttered in the air. I turned about,



and a tallish, mustached man in thick glasses peered at me, an inch away from my nose, moving his head back and forth. "Andy!" he exclaimed. "You've lost weight! It's me, Andy, it's Arnie! I've come back!" "Did you remember the milk?" said Moshe Feder, somewhere in the background, but no one paid attention. This was embarrassing. I had to do something. "Andy, how've you been? How's that ditto zine of yours coming along? Did you follow my advice, have you been able to get any pro's to write for you? I always knew your true bent was for the farvish. That sercon stuff was just inferior. After all, how much can you write about science fiction?" I had to get out of this situation. A moment of Deep Thought. Then I jiggled my jolly belly up and down in practice a moment, and then waggled my eyebrows up and down at the newcomer. "Arf, arf!" I said, and quickly exited, leaving Arnie muttering "Like a bad penny," as I raced for the door.

When I got back, with a changed shirt, and my hair combed differently, I noticed with relief that the newcomer had gone into the kitchen, and was imbibing some obscure drink, Diet Dr. Pepper, I think. I wandered over the bodies towards the woman who had entered with the man, and said "Hello, Joyce, how have you been? Arnie is looking very well." We conversed for a time, and Joyce invited me over to collate, that Sunday.

Brutal. The day was incredibly hot, and the humidity was high enough to have the area officially declared underwater. I climbed the stairs to the Katz's apartment, that Sunday, and as I reached the sixth floor, I felt faint. The door opened, I near to swooned, a mist passed before my eyes, and I found myself within the Katzian Universe. "Ah, Arnie," I said with my mouth. (For does not everyone in speak with their mouth in an Arnie Katz Universe?) "Tell me," I said, as I helped him Rub an Ish, "Why did you make up that conversation with me in the last Swoon editorial?" He passed me the marmalade, and I glanced over at Foo bütterin, his own bread, as Arnie replied. "Why, that's the way we do things in Brooklyn Fardon, Gary," Arnie declared. "Oh" said I wittily. (For isn't everything said in an Arnie Katz Universe wittily?) We moved into the other room where we began collating, Arnie continually muttering under his breath the way he usually does in faanish conversation, but I paid no attention. "Is this page run decently enough for you?" I asked the Arnie Katz of the Seventies. "I don't know, is that page run decently enough for me?" replied the Arnie Katz of the Seventies. (For aren't all questions in a Katzian Universe repeated back again?) "You know," said this rock of farac, "I'm going to give you an A rating on your collating report card, and a gold star besides!" "Oh, Arnie, you've made me the happiest collater in the world. Or at least this room!" I fell to my knees. Arnie stared at me in confusion. "This is all wrong," he said, with a note of realization in his voice. "What are you doing in my editorial?" Arnie said with horror. The world began to spin about me. "There's no place like home, there's no place like home, there's no ..." I repeated as I clicked my heels together dreamily. "I do beleive in fairies, I do..." Margaret Hamilton cackled in my ear, and suddenly turned into Ted White. The world spun a around. Images whirled about me. For a moment, everybody looked like a Rotsler drawing, and then suddenly thru the Void, a strange craft approached me. "Eteirne Scherdlow, and Zyx W. Vuts from the Dr.Dodd Clegler Institute of Trans-Temporal Studies!" one of them shouted at me. "Get in, there's no time to lose!" Everything went round and round again, and then I found myself standing on Arnie and Joyce's doorstep. The door opened, and I walked in. "Gary!" said Bill Kunkel, in a tone of concern. "What's wrong, you look like you had a heart attack!" "Well," I began, "I had one once, but I feel well off."