

fanstuff

D Lupoff

R Lichtman

E Kemp

L Bailes

C Garcia

Arnie Katz



Our Roots: Why a Fandom?

Fans always love to talk about why they became a fan. Earl Kemp's trailblazing "Why a Fan?" in the 1960's and my 21st Century sequel show how many fans are eager to discuss the subject – and how many more get a kick out of reading it.

Yet though fans have spent a lot of time explaining "Why a fan?", we've given far less attention to "Why a Fandom?"

We love to tell why we became fans, happily recounting the unlikely chain of events that landed us in Trufandom. We take the exis-

Continued on page 2_

Four-Dimensional Mental Crifanac Pick the Ideal Corflu Roster

If summer is the ideal time for fannish daydreams, then there's no better place to inspire idle speculations than Las Vegas. Summer is in full blaze here in southern Nevada, where we've had several days of 110-plus-degree temperatures. It pushed Joyce past her limits when our car's air conditioner suddenly began imitating a public bathroom hot air hand-dryer.

It was touching the way she waited for the cool, refreshing air that never came. I got her to shut off the system, eventually, but she was wiped out by the time we got to the Launch Pad. I didn't have much energy either.

As we hid from the heat in my cool office, too enervated to do any real fanac Joyce and I got talking about a theoretical ideal Corflu.

Joyce and I agreed that, like many other fans, who attended and who didn't had a major impact on how much we were likely to enjoy the weekend.

We speculated about who we most wanted at Corflu. We threw around a lot of names of past and present fans.

With that in mind, I want to take a little survey to find out which fans, past or present, you would want to have at Corflu if you could simply will them there,.

Each voter can list up to 20 fans or as few as five. You and your significant other (if any) can be listed in addition to the 5-20 fans you select. We will assume that everyone wants their closest local fan friends, so don't put anyone on the list you see in person regularly.

Appearance on a list is worth one point. You don't have to go through the painful process of ranking the fans you want at Corflu. Just list them; alphabetically by last name is nice, but not essential.

You can send your list to me by email or put it before the start or after the end of your letter of comment. No individual lists will be revealed unless they are also in the *body* of your letter of comment.

The results will not include point totals. The names of all top point-getters will be shown in alphabetical order.

This could be mildly amusing, if you'll all dash off a list (and not take it too seriously). (AK)

tence of Fandom for granted and seldom pause to wonder why Fandom was there, waiting for us

David B. Williams' fine article in **fanstuff #15** focused on the internal tensions of today's Mass Fandom, but the opening section touched on the origins of the Microcosm.

I enjoyed the article – you will, too, if you haven't already – and it got me thinking about the forces that forged Science Fiction Fandom. David offered many cogent observations about Fandom then and now. It encouraged me to analyze in depth what he studied in passing. The result of my ruminations is this week's cover essay.

Make no mistake, Fandom is very special. As David's comparison with astronomy shows so strikingly, a Fandom like ours is utterly different from an Interest Group like Amateur Astronomy.

The Earth has been everything from a flaming mud pie to a snowball on its way to becoming the planet we recklessly despoil today. In some of Fandom's stages of development, it might be nearly as unrecognizable to contemporary fans as early epochs of the Earth would be to someone from our time.

Fandom began as an Interest Group in the late 1920's, superficially similar to the Interest Groups that have preceded and followed it.

Yet it wasn't really the same. Numismatism, sports card collecting and Model Railroading, to name three, remained Interest Groups while Science Fiction Fandom grew into a subculture.

Scientists, philosopher and priests may argue about the author of the Big Bang, but Fandom's Big Bang can be credited with considerably more certainty to Hugo Gernsback.

Hugo played a pivotal role in transforming science fiction into a genre. Prior to his efforts, the same type of material was just an element of fiction.

It wasn't a defined category, so it didn't ghettoize authors. A popular writer could do an occasional story with futuristic aspects without hurting potential sales.

The founding of *Amazing Stories* represents a Great Moment in the history of science fiction and, ultimately, Fandom. It was also a major step toward establishing scientifiction as a juicy target for the narrow-minded.

Amazing and the many science fiction prozines that followed in its wake simultaneously attracted lovers of this type of material and made it much easier to stigmatize them.

No one under 50 has experienced the derision heaped on science fiction readers in the 1930-1960 period. Anyone who read science fiction was juvenile, stupid and, based on pulp prozine covers, obsessed with sex.

Disdain for science fiction meshed well with the rampant prejudice against intellectuals, "eggheads" and "bookworms." It was so much easier to smack stories about rockets and robots than Shakespeare and Dickens.

Glasses with thick lenses, the badge of nearsighted readers, could get a kid chased down the street.

Science fiction lovers lived in a no man's land bounded on one side by mainstream anti-intellectualism and on the other by self-righteous librarians and educators.

The unreasoning negativity toward science fiction strengthened the "us versus them" mentality among readers who enjoyed the emerging genre. The emerging Science Fiction Community became a haven, a bubble of friendship in a turbulent sea of hostility.

Ours was not the first Fandom to come into existence. There are at least two candidates for that honor, though neither perfected the concept to the degree that we have.

The first Interest Group to become a Fandom was probably Amateur Journalism. It showed many attributes of a Fandom during its Golden Age (1876-1914). But it seems to have devolved into an Interest Group as the popularity of small presses waned.

The medium began to count more than the message in Amateur Journalism. AyJay participants put more and more effort into the physical appearance of their publications and correspondingly less into the content. (AyJay continued to include some very entertaining and worthwhile titles, but the emphasis on fine printing didn't lure many newcomers.)

Another reason Amateur Journalism didn't continue to grow and elaborate as a subculture was the preponderance of ministers among its participants in the 1920-1960 period. Those folks were very poor candidates to become the AyJay equivalent of Trufans. After all, being a minister is pretty much a way of life, one that took precedence over some spare-time puttering with type and a small press.

Hugo Gernsback was also the father of another candidate as the first Fandom. Hugo marketed the first easy-to-build kit for ham radio. As he did in the science fiction field, he encouraged the development of a world-wide network of amateur radio enthusiasts.

Did ham radio become a full-fledged Fandom? I don't know nearly enough about it, and have no direct experience, so perhaps others can say more authoritatively.

I tend to think it remained an Interest Group. Ham Radio seemed to focus on the hardware and the sending and receiving of distant signals. Gernsback's doctrine of Scientism evidently triumphed in the world of Ham Radio.

Ironically, just when Ham Radio was moving into a new, content-based era, Internet radio rose up to smite it with what may prove to be a killing blow. I don't think Internet Radio will actually become a Fandom, but it does offer a very exciting alternative to contemporary amateur radio.

Like all Interest Groups, Science Fiction Fandom started with a sharply defined subject. It could've stayed an Interest Group for collectors of books and magazines containing imaginative literature.

Obviously, that's not what happened.

Fans initially showed interest in news about next month's prozines and bibliographies and checklists.

The stories saved Fandom from a possible future as a sercon Inter-

fen den

Nomenclature: Threat or Menace?

I'm writing this in the afterglow of a half-blinding flash of a genuine pseudo-scientific insight. Frankly, I'm a bit awed by my talent as a fanhistorian and fanthropologist.

Historians and anthropologists spend years of university and post graduate study, write theses and accumulate a storehouse of knowledge in their chosen field.

I took a few history courses enroute to my BA degree in English Literature. Yet even though I make up this fanhistory and fanthropology stuff as I go along, I have made the same mistake as many who have doctorates.

What I've realized is that like so many, I've failed to emphasize an aspect of the discussion of nomenclature. It's something that is so basic to what I'm doing in my fanhistorical and fanthropological articles that I neglected it.

My discussion of nomenclature is meant to generate labels that are accurate and widely understood. Though it's possible that I'll coin a label that also becomes popular fan usage (like Core Fandom did), that's *two separate issues*.

I sympathize with anyone who "isn't comfortable," with a term like "Trufandom." You're totally free to ignore it, introduce a different term or cling to an old one. Popular usage I determined by... popularity. The more fans who use a fanspeak term, the more that word is apt to be used in the future.

To make analysis meaningful, I need a lexicon of explicit terms. "Fan" and "Fandom" are fine for every day conversation, but they aren't specific enough for fanhistorical and fanthropological articles.

For instance, if I write, "Fans love the written word," the lack of specificity renders it meaningless. It's certainly not true of everyone who refers to themselves as a "fan."

Any nomenclature that I introduce or borrow from others is decidedly temporary. Fanhistorians and fanthropologists in the 2030's, armed with greater perspective, will revise my work and, probably, substitute more accurate nomenclature for some or all of mine. (AK)

CORFLU XXX

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est Group. Merely rating the stories quickly paled, replaced by discussion of the ideas in the stories.

Inevitably, communication among fans became more sophisticated. Instead of considering each story separately, fans discussed ideas, like space travel and robots, that appeared in many stories. Fandom soon added ideas that seemed “futuristic.” As fans got to know each other, the range of topics expanded again to include Fandom itself and any idea, opinion or observation that fans wanted to share.

Many early fans were bookish introverts. Mainstream America’s dislike of readers in general and science fiction readers in particular, reinforced feelings of alienation. These lone wolves also had a great desire to talk to others who would Understand, who wouldn’t laugh at them or their choice in magazines.

The more Fandom evolved, adding fanzines, conventions and other forms of fanac, the more it contrasted with Mundania’s belittling coldness.

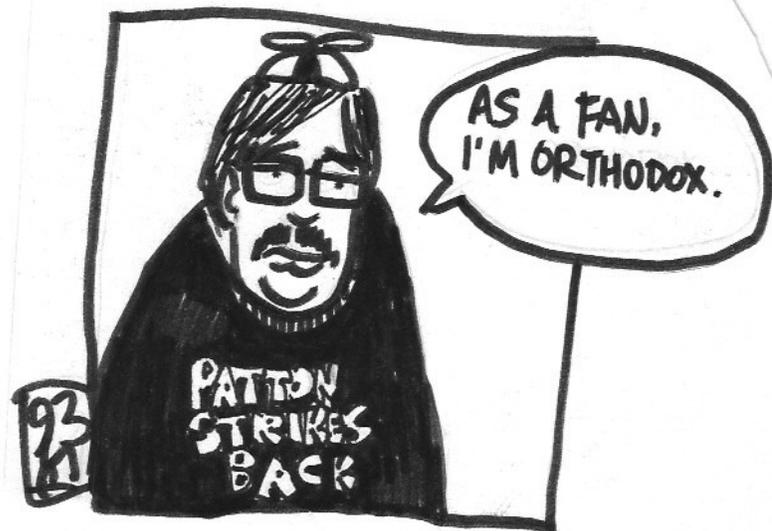
Fandom got a nudge toward becoming a subculture from a group of fans who may’ve had a special understanding of the concept of a “Fandom,” versus an “Internet Group.”

Many prominent fans of the 1930’s and 1940’s were the children of Jewish immigrants. They were clustered in major cities – New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Los Angeles – that became major fan centers before World War II.

They were quite comfortable with the idea of a people that shared literature, history, language and customs but don’t have a territory on a map.

These fans also knew that their parents had left an oppressive society and come to a land of freedom. It paralleled of ignoring Mundania and concentrating on Fandom.

— Arnie



dem daze

You know somebody in one context and he pops up in another context and you look at him and think, *I know this guy, but who the hell is he?*

I knew Sid Coleman the science fiction fan and co-founder of Advent: a fan-owned publishing house. I knew he was an academic in the real world, and taught physics at Harvard, but I knew him as part of a gang of pals who included Terry Carr, Pete Graham, Carol Carr and a few others.

Science fiction conventions are big, semi-commercial enterprises nowadays, but when I first knew Sid, in the early 1960s, they were much smaller affairs. The feeling was like a family reunion, a sort of science fictional Brigadoon, a happy village that sprang to life every Labor Day weekend and then, after a few lovely days, faded into the mists for another year. Whenever Pat and I arrived at a Worldcon hotel, it seemed that Sid had just got there ahead of us. We'd see him standing in line at the registration desk. He always seemed to have a benign, slightly wistful smile on his face. As if part of his mind was elsewhere, thinking of something else, while his body was here in a hotel lobby in Chicago or Pittsburgh or Los Angeles. He looked very young to me. Actually we were close in age. I was born in February, 1935 and Sid was born in March, 1937. Still, he always looked like a teenager to me.

He was a great story-teller with a brilliant, satirical sense of humor. When George Lucas's *Star Wars* was all the rage, Sid concocted an hilarious story involving a middle-aged, alcoholic male fan passing out in the middle of a drunken carouse and waking up in bed with a 400-pound female teenager wearing a *Let the Wookie Win* tee shirt.

He was also a great explainer, which must assuredly have made him a wonderful teacher. Whenever I was researching some scientific point for use in a story I was writing, if Sid was going to be in town, I knew I was going to be okay. I would simply tell Sid my problem and he would nod, rub his chin between thumb and forefinger, and then explain the most abstruse concept in simple terms and through use of metaphors, and I would understand exactly what I needed to understand.

At least for a while. Sometimes these things do fade away.

Sid loved novelty. I remember his standing at a table where a group of us were assembled for dinner, showing off a credit-card sized calculator. These things were brand new at the time, and Sid delighted in putting it through its paces as a dozen assorted science fiction writers *oohed* and *ahhed*.

On another occasion he mentioned that he had a new book out. Someone asked if he should order a copy and Sid said not to bother, he

**I Don't
Know
What It
Means**

**By
Dick
Lupoff**

wouldn't understand it.

As the years went by I didn't see Sid as often as I'd have liked to. At one point he visited the San Francisco Bar Area. I think Stanford University was trying to woo him away from Harvard, and he came out to tour the environs. At the end of his visit he opined that he'd had a lovely time but, "San Francisco is a branch town, not a headquarters town," and he scurried back to Harvard.

As the Twenty First Century rolled around I heard from mutual friends that Sid was having some serious health problems. People who knew him were getting worried. He stayed on the East Coast during this period, and I was living in California and didn't see Sid. But every so often I'd get a bulletin from mutual friends and the situation did not look encouraging.

Then I had a dream. It was early on the morning of November 18, 2007. I don't dream often, and when I do my dreams are generally pretty dull and quickly fade from my mind once I'm awake, but this one was remarkably vivid and persistent.

I was walking along the sidewalk in a downtown area. It was in a sort of generic commercial district with a variety of storefronts lining both sides of the street and automobiles passing in both directions. The roadway was not quite level. There was a slight upward slope. I happened to look across the street and there, walking in the same direction as I was, I saw Sid Coleman. He was in the midst of a small group of people, three or four others, and they were carrying on an animated conversation.

As I looked at them, Sid turned in my direction. He had that familiar smile on his face, perhaps a bit broader and less wistful than I'd been accustomed to seeing. He raised a hand and gave me a friendly wave, then kept on walking and conversing with his companions.

That was the dream. Certainly not very dramatic or portentous. But a few hours later I had a phone call from my friend Frank Robinson. Frank said, "Sid Coleman died."

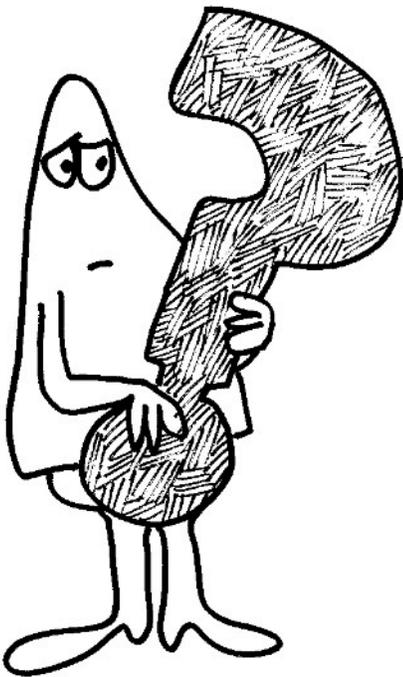
Did Sid Coleman wave good-bye to me?

You see, I'm a pretty skeptical, materialistic person. I don't believe in ghosts or reincarnation or guardian angels. I don't believe in psychic phenomena. I don't believe that flying saucers are spaceships crewed by beautiful women who wear diaphanous robes. I don't believe that aliens came and told the Egyptians how to build the pyramids, or that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by atomic bombs. I don't believe that Atlantis was a great civilization that vanished overnight when the entire continent sank in a titanic earthquake.

I love all that stuff, I really do, and I think that it's great entertainment. But I don't actually *believe* any of it.

But I had this dream, you see. It's been five years now and I still think about it. I would have said, "...and it still haunts me," and I don't want to suggest that there's a ghost involved. The verb would have been strictly a metaphor. It was a dream and that's all I'm saying, but I don't know what to make of it. I don't know what it means.

— Dick Lupoff



Poesy Coroner

You Don't Have to be an Insurgent to Fight in the Feud

(You Don't Have to Be in the Army to Fight in the War)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3RedM0X1tWE>

Music: Ray Dorset

Lyrics: Arnie Katz

You don't have to be an Insurgent
To fight in the feud

You went down to the worldcon
But that was a mistake
Some fugghead swiped your laptop
and someone punched a cake

Except inside the Green Room
There wasn't any food
You don't have to be an Insurgent
To fight in the feud

You'd never wear a costume
When strolling down the hall
The fans inside the Con suite
They don't like you at all

You never liked those gamers
Their manners are so crude
You don't have to be an Insurgent
To fight in the feud!

Don't talk about your fanzine
just keep it out of sight
They don't care for readers
They'll hate you if you write

If you say that you're a Trufan
They give you attitude
You don't have to be an Insurgent
To fight in the feud!

The hucksters and the con fen
They love to be in charge
Our group is very tiny
Their group is very large

If they knew what you're thinking
Those thoughts would get you sued
You don't have to be an Insurgent
To fight in the feud!

You go to watch a panel
Too bad it's such a bore
But when you try to leave it
They stop you at the door

The panel ran three hours
Which didn't help your mood
You don't have to be an Insurgent
To fight in the feud!

You went to see the art show
The paintings were a all shlock
Half were of the Enterprise
The rest were Mr. Spock

The strip search at the exit
Sure didn't help your mood
You don't have to be an Insurgent
To fight in the feud!

Some fans act like divas
and others act like jerks
And if you're not a confan
They might give you the works

They shove you and they crowd you
Their manners are so rude
You don't have to be an Insurgent
To fight in the feud!

The worldcon is for non-fans
It's good for fakefans, too
It's also fine for Fuggheads
But not for me and you

You never liked Mass Fandom
It's square and dull and crude
You don't have to be an Insurgent
To fight in the feud!

I Have No Voice And I Must Sing

I inaugurated a new feature in the last issue of **fanstuff**, "The Poesy Coroner."

The reaction was overwhelming, but I'm doing a second installment, anyway, I'd planned on putting one of my fannish song parodies in the first one, along with the entries from Terry Kemp and John Hertz. My song was too long-winded and wouldn't fit on the page.

I've included a link to a version of the song recorded by British skiffle legends Mungo Jerry. If YouTube runs true to recent forms, the URL will go out of date, but a search will quickly find it.

As a non-singer, non-musician, I must depend on the kindness of troubadours. Anyone who feels like recording this may make whatever changes they feel may be needed to aid the performance.

The 'Loccer Room' House Rules

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

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

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

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

There are no ambushes. Except for my comment in "loccer room" no one will respond to your loc in the issue in which it first appears.

Apologies for disagreeing with the editor are unnecessary. The last thing I want to do is stifle anyone's opinions. I'd like to keep the column free of personal attacks, but I don't care *what* you write as long as you write intelligently. Fact is, I don't even *have* a firm opinion on many subjects raised in **fanstuff**.

A Guide To the Narrow Columns

I write everything in the narrow columns unless otherwise credited.

In the letter column, my responses to each letter of comment are grouped by color and separated into these rounded-corner boxes. The name of the fan whose loc sparked the comment is always in bold on the top line.

To Chris Garcia

The Golden Boys Will Be There!

Well, you know, Cruel Chris, The Kingfish has been keeping the Three Demandments. I've been reading the zines, pubbing my ish and taking my egoboo, brother.

What ya fakefans gonna do when the Kingfish and all the fanstuffanatics come down on you!

("Mos Mussular" pose.)

loccer room

Chris Garcia

Another Fanstuff! Good to read, especially as I enjoy Hulk Hogan matches on my DVD player and the closing ceremonies for the Olympics on the TV!

I'm a big fan of Social Fans. They're part of the fun. There is a class of fan, and I had identified them in my mind ages ago but I guess I never had a name for them until seeing Social Fans, and they're some of the folks at cons and at BASFA and WorldCon that make me happy to be involved. My all-time favorite piece of fan art was from a guy who came to BayCon for a day just to hang around with folks, swung by the Lounge while we were doing the Fanzine in an Extended Hour and drew a wonderful piece of an Orange Soda Pirate. It was wonderful and I asked him what other art he had done. "I just doodle around the house" he said. I was so happy.

Of course, no one ever heard from him again, so I guess that does show the fluidity...

I love the image of standing on a chair and being able to see everyone in fandom you've ever heard of. I remember at the 2006 WorldCon in LA, still not being particularly well-known, and going up the escalator and realizing that so many of the folks down there were folks I knew from reading zines. In fact, I could map the southern group (that was Guy Lillian over there!) and the East Coasters (Hey, that's Ben Yalow!) and the crazy LAers (My Ghod, that's Christian McGuire and John Hertz!) and trace their movements. I guess I've always been a fan of fans, because I was in awe of those folks who I had never met but seriously admired!

Are Fanzines the best gateway to fandom? I dunno. We put out a very serious issue of Journey Planet recently, and it was read by a lot of folks who had never come across a zine before, and even a few who weren't in fandom but were drawn by searches on matters of privilege that was one of the sections. A couple of folks said that in another form, they'd have been very interested. I think people have changed and we've gotta go at 'em differently. I love the way people are coming towards fandom nowadays through podcasts, which just makes me want more Fannish podcasts because while things like VoF, Jackalcast and even Squeecast are great, I just wish there was more.

Always good to get a Poem from John Hertz. I like that guy!

Good stuff. And you got a great LoC from R Twidner, though it does still take me a bit of time to decode his words some places!

Earl Kemp

I am particularly taken by David B. Williams' US AND THEM. He perfectly recreated 1962 for me because his perceptions then were iden-

tical to mine. Particularly that bit about knowing everyone involved with SF at the time.

Also particularly interesting because I've just put the finishing touches on THE PROCEEDINGS, the reissue for Chicon 7 including a new Introduction by Michael Resnick, GoH, and a new afterword by me. Plus lots of new visuals, etc.

Working with George Price and John Teehan, who as Merry Blacksmith is doing the reissue just for Chicon 7. And it's one hell of a book.

UNBLUSHING PROMOTION!

I haven't been so turned on in years. Including Graham Charnock's smoking weed bit.

Or Terry's insistence that I will be Flippin with the Formans. When I've promised myself, repeatedly, that "you can never go home again." I have so much negativism about growing up in Arkansas that I really doubt my ability to override my best feelings.

But then Terry is frequently right. He must have got it from his mother.

Lenny Bailes

Just a quick note on Fanstuff #15. I'm glad you're a social fan. It may be true that our fanzine fandom is reintegrating now through electronic media. "Social Fandom" can be more than just Facebook As I believe you were trying to point out, it's possible to be one without posting on Facebook. I definitely would not classify fans on Facebook as "Them." There is a lot of social activity on Facebook, but it's not a substitute for f2f communication.

Dick Lupoff's loc about the nuptials he presided over struck a chord with me. But if I ever got involved with the GL oath, I'd stick to:

"I will shed my light over the dark things in this world."

Robert Lichtman

I have to admit with no shame that your question of the week—"Social Fans: Threat or Menace?"—is not something that's occupied even a tiny iota of my thoughts about fandom for years, even decades. Even though I'm living in an area surrounded by fans—why, even Gary Farber lives just a few miles from me—and any number of SF-related fan clubs (especially if you count gaming), I'm pretty much hermit-like up here in the Oakland hills. Like the late Harry Warner Jr., I'm almost entirely a paper (and internet) fan—one genzine, three apas, too many lists to count—and I prefer it that way.

It wasn't always thus. When I first discovered fandom I was living in Los Angeles, and it wasn't until I put out my first fanzine that the LASFS discovered *me*. I attended my first meeting in December 1958, and that started a string of going to them that lasted until sometime around 1963 or thereabouts until—paralleling and paraphrasing the sage advice of Charles Burbee in "How To Stop Writing For Fanzines"—I just stopped.

There was a six-month period in the second half of 1961 when I lived in Berkeley, where I was introduced to the relative joys of the Golden

More to Chris Garcia Social Fans Are So... Social

Fandom had no place for social fans during the first decade of its life. There were no conventions and few clubs, so there wasn't much room for anyone who wasn't writing, drawing or publishing.

As Fandom evolved from an Interest Group into a genuine subculture, social activity increased steadily and so did the the population of social fans. It gave actifans who had tired of creative fanac, those who discovered that fanzines weren't "their thing" and SF readers who wanted to listen to speeches, meet pros and talk to other readers a way to connect to Fandom.

The late 1960's saw the arrival of Party Fans. The didn't care who was throwing the party (convention), though they were comfortable with the science fiction theme. They could go to a con every weekend, drink and eat for almost nothing and maybe even hook up.

Social fans had little stake in Fanzine Fandom when it was an activity within Fandom. As it turned into a subculture, opportunities increased for social fans who liked the people, but didn't want to write, draw or publish the Theory of Reintegration.

To Earl Kemp

When Everyone Knew Everyone!

I'd say that 1962-1967 was a critical period for Fandom. The population explosion and the Breen Boondoggle ended Fandom's Classic Era.

More to Earl Kemp 1962Proceedings Reissue

A second edition of the *Proceedings*? I like it. Kudos to whomever came up with the idea and to you, George and John for making it happen.

When I entered Fandom in 1963, I heard much praise for it as a step forward. It should be a vivid record of Fandom at a crucial juncture in its history.

I hope there'll be an electronic edition of *The Preceedings*. By the way, this project is a good example of exactly the type of news I'd like to have for **fanstuff**.

**To Lenny Bailes
Social and Sociable**

The fault is entirely mine, Lenny, but I think I've committed Bad Nomenclature. The likelihood of confusion with the Social Media is understandable and unfortunate.

I think I'll switch to calling the fans I mean "FellowTravelers."

I love fannish socializing. My focus is on the creative and artistic aspects of Trufandom, but the local scene has always had a profound effect on the quantity and quality of my writing.

When the Vegrants are all being creative and active and fannish, it fires my fannish imagination.

The Vegrants are in rebuilding mode, reviving from the Nic Farey-Bill Mills Blow-up, so the level of fannishness is a bit low for my taste. The *people* are great, so it's not a worry.

Fannishness will revive among the Vegrants. Until then, Corflu Glitter and the popularity of *Glitter* generated a lot of the enthusiasm that helped me launch **fanstuff**. Once it got rolling, the support, enthusiasm and contributions of so many fans have been all I could wish.

**To Robert Lichtman
Perspective on Social Fans**

I'm sticking with "Social Fans" as the general label for people who have significant contact with fans but do little or no creative fanac, until someone comes up with a better one. I realized that "Fellow Traveler" is not accurate. It describes only one of the two major sub-categories.

I wouldn't expect "Fellow Travelers" to occupy your mind, because you probably don't meet them very often.

On the other hand, Meyer, you are an acknowledged master at dealing with the *other* main type of Social Fan — the Fanzine Alumnus. These are formerly active Fanzine Fans who now maintain a social connection to Fandom.

Fans in this group have the extra appeal of sometimes allowing themselves to be cajoled into writing or drawing something "for old times' sake.." (Some alumni actually return — you and me, for instance.

Gate Futurian Society. Their meetings were essentially parties with minimal "business," the near exact opposite of LASFS's relentlessly Robert's Rules-driven Thursday night gatherings. I also checked out the amusingly named Elves, Gnomes and Little Men Science-Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society meetings. These were held at the home of book dealer and convention fan J. Ben Stark. I found the meetings stuffy, too sercon (original definition) for my taste, not at all living up to the whimsy of its name, and didn't keep going.

When I returned to Los Angeles at the tail end of December 1961, the first LASFS meeting I attended was the one at which the semi-annual election of officers was taking place. In the same breath, someone welcomed me back to the club and nominated me for Director. I failed to decline the nomination, and found myself holding that post for the first half of 1962. It was not a good fit. After the free-flowing "meetings" of the GGFS, returning to the stodgy LASFS and its highly structured meeting format was...let's face it...boring. So once I called the meeting to order and set its structure in motion, I would retreat to the kitchen of the meeting place and only reappear when I was needed to announce the next phase of the meeting. During my reign the club moved from Mathom House (residence of Bjo & John Trimble, Ernie Wheatley and Jack Harness) to the much larger meeting space at the Silverlake Playground. There was a larger kitchen there, too, which pleased me. And I was never there alone, either, not being the only LASFS attendee who found the meetings boring and only attending to be able to join in on the after-meeting fun at the nearby Kal's Koffee Shop.

But not unexpectedly my freewheeling ways were found disrespectful by the more serious members, and it was with mutual relief that I declined to stand for reelection at the end of June 1962. Upon completing my studies at UCLA early in 1965, it was with considerable pleasure that I moved back to the Bay Area and to the waiting embrace of the GGFS. During that time I folded my first fanzine, *Psi-Phi*, after my coeditor went off to college at Stanford, started another fanzine, *Frap*, that lasted half a dozen issues in 1963-64, jostled with Bruce Pelz and several others for "omni-apan" status (I think my peak was six apas at the same time), and developed a social life that largely moved outside fannish circles.

When I returned to California in 1980 after my decade living communally in the woods of Tennessee and settled in Glen Ellen, it never occurred to me to seek out an SF club to join. It wasn't until a few years later that I learned there even was one, the Spellbinders, which put on a series of OctoCons in Santa Rosa. Paul Williams and I were our own fanzine fan circle, expanded to three when Jeanne Bowman discovered fandom reading *Pong* over my shoulder in bed. I count her as my second great fannish recruitment. The late Calvin Demmon was, of course, the first.

And so I potter on in my own way, ignoring the local club scene and the regional conventions, and not giving any thought to the concerns you voiced in your article about recruiting fans from clubs. I think that what you're doing is a good thing, since there's ample evidence that your efforts have added to the ranks of fanzine fans, or trufen, or whatever you

want to call them, and I applaud you for them. But it's not me.

David Williams mentions a number of special interest groups—stamp collectors, trade unionists, amateur astronomers—that “don't fret about whether their interest is a way of life or a hobby.” Back in the '70s while I lived on The Farm, the community got involved in citizens' band (CB) radio in a big way as a means of communication within the community. Its limited but adequate range and the availability of cheap secondhand units lent itself to our genteel poverty. This was a year or more before CB burst upon the national scene in a big way when long-distance truckers, who'd been using CB for years to keep one another informed of police speed traps, began also telling one another about where inexpensive gas and diesel could be had in the days of fuel shortages. Suddenly the public at large caught on and CB radio became a national (and later international) fad. CB shops sprung up all over the land and, as I describe in detail in an article that will appear in Pat Charnock's forthcoming fanzine, *The Farm* got in on the action—and some of the money—when its radio technicians and some of our homegrown cartoonists collaborated on a lighthearted CB instruction manual, *The Big Dummy's Guide to CB Radio*.

I've walked away from my point, though, which was that for decades before CB hit the mainstream there had been well-organized CB radio clubs that met frequently and, now and then, got together for their equivalent of conventions. These were usually held at campgrounds rather than in hotels, and participants would arrive in a variety of camper-like vehicles. I never went to any of them myself but read about them in the CB magazines that sprung up during the craze. Some of those magazines carried the CB equivalent of convention reports. In them the old-timers involved would anguish that their turf was being intruded on by the newcomers who would turn up at these gatherings, and I recall definite distinctions being drawn between the longtime participants—who made statements making it clear they regarded their radio fraternity as something of a way of life—and the new people, about whom there was a certain amount of suspicion as well as concern that they would break the spell.

Because after a while I no longer saw the CB magazines with these reports, I have no idea how it all turned out. I suspect CB radio is a much-diminished field of interest these days among the masses, who have all migrated to cellphones, and I wonder if the diehard people are still there—and whether, it being over thirty years later, they're the people who came on board during the craze.

John's and Terry's poems were both great fun.

Dick Lupoff's account of two friends who “asked me to be the presiding official at their nuptials” and that “under California law this was feasible” was interesting to read. I assume from his comments that he's a minister, and I wonder—is he Universal Life Church or, more fannishly, Church of the Brotherhood of the Way?

More to Robert Lichtman ESFA, the Public Service Bus

And the Neo from Nassau County

My closest equivalent to your sojourn among the Golden Gate Futurians is my experience with the faded grandeur of the Eastern Science Fiction Association.

Lenny Bailes and I were neofan at the time. We'd attended the 1963 Discon I and, once back home, decided to explore the possibilities of the areas fan clubs.

We attended several Sunday afternoon meetings of ESFA in lovely downtown Newark, NJ. To get there, we took a half-hour bus ride from home to a subway station, the subway to the Port Authority Bus Terminal and a bus to Newark.

That was a long way to go to hear the likes of Hans Steffan Santesson and John Giunta act like reigning stars of science fiction.

It was at ESFA's post-meeting restaurant that Lenny and I heard Sam Moskowitz orate *The Great Breen Boondoggle*. We sat there, stunned, as SaM's stentorian voice boomed forth with the grim material. I remember Lenny looked at me and saying, “This isn't right, is it?”

I attended a few more meetings after Lenny's family moved. I stopped when the suit-and-tie crowd that ran ESFA cancelled a meeting without feeling the need to inform younger members like Fred Lerner and me about the change in plans. I figured that if we meant so little to them, it was time to look for something better.

I found it in April, 1964, when I became a member of the Fanoclasts.

just saying

The Quote of the Week

Thanks to all who have criticised me for having standards that are too high. I'm all energised to get DMF10 out. :-)

—Nalini Haynes
Fan-eds Facebook Page
8/16/12

Our Roots

Why a Fandom?

Arnie — page 1

Four-Dimensional Mental Crifanac

Arnie — page 2

Fen Den

Nomenclature: Threat or Menace

Arnie — page 3

Dem Daze

I Don't Know What It Means

Dick Lupoff — page 5

Poesy Coroner

Arnie — page 7

loccer room

YOU & me — page 8

fanews

Arnie — page 12

I loved Art Widner writing that he's "FIAWOL & i dont care who knows it, & besides i'm the head snob bcoz i'm the oldest effing fan on the whole effing planet!" You go, Art! (He'll be 95 next month, and is a year and a half older than the runner-up, Dave Kyle.)

Heard from Nalini yet?

WAHF: Brad Foster, Woody Bernardi, Curt Phillips, Dan Steffan, Taral Wayne

fanews

Corflu XXX Posts Flyer

If you want the latest updated information about Corflu XXX, you'll certainly want to check it Dan and Lynn Steffan's second flyer. It's available at: www.corflu.org .

Corflu XXX Launches Facebook Page

Corflu XXX, scheduled for Portland, OR, has struck another blow for New Media in Fandom. Its Facebook page is up and running, reports Dan Steffan.

You'll find it at: www.facebook.com/corflu30.

Corflu 50 Names US Administrator

Rich Coad, The Corflu Fifty's exemplary US Administrator, has decided to step down from the position. Curt Phillips, popular fan and former Corflu Fifty recipient, will take over the post. Ron Jackson remains on as UK Administrator.

Corflu XXX Debuts Logo

Corflu XXX has introduced a colorful and artistic logo. Who would expect less from Dan Steffan, co-chairman of the con and one of Fandom's finest artists?



Time to Whisper Adieu

See you next week. Best to all going to the World SF Convention. Meanwhile, keep fanning! — Arnie

fanstuff #16, August 17, 2012, is a frequent fanzine from Arnie Katz (crossfire4@cox.net). It's available at efanzines.com, thanks to kindly Mr. Burns.

Reporters this issue: Dan Steffan, Curt Phillips, Joyce Katz and me.

Member fwa

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