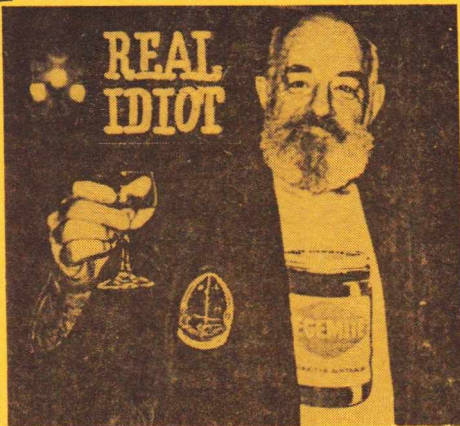


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DELPHYNE
MORI 1988



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Tisnt settld, nor am I bord with it, but Id like to put the subject of cons & the composition of fandom on the back burner for a while. My purpose in discussing it at all was to reexamine all the various mindsets about it, including my own. Most of the letters are starting to repeat what the writers have said before, without paying much attention to what others are saying, indicating that not much communication is taking place, and I dont want a worthy topic to get run into the ground. Ergo, Ill repeat myself one more time in the hopes that some of you will hear me and not someone you expected to hear.

I do not now, nor have I ever, wanted to "recruit" or proselytize proto-fen to the ranks of fanzine fen (or "ziners," as Hawk puts it). I think "ziners" is a useful term and I'm going to use it more often. By the same token, I think that "stonefen" is not a useful term any more and I'm going to drop it. The same goes for "fannish." I dont know what it means and I dont think many others do either.

I do think that ziners are creators (see Gilliland) and the proper "core" of a fandom that is something more than just a goddam hobby (or a source of income, as some cynix wd have it). The FIAWOL-FIJ-AGH dichotomy became a drag soon after Laney created it. I am astonished that Buck Coulson sees ziners are "the tail that would dearly love to wag the dog." (I wd expect that from a neo). I think its precisely the opposite, & have written (I hope) a Thurberish fable for one of Noreascon 3's multitude of publications. (If Thurberish sounds too arrogant, I considered Shawish, as Shavian has already been taken, but that led to Willis-ish, wch somehow doesnt have quite the rite ring to it). If it gets lost in the shuffle, I'll reprint it here. (C'mon, coax me).

All I ever wanted, as Dave Clark so nicely summarized it, was greater visibility at large cons. Just a little more exposure, so that ^{those} who might be interestd can find us. Ghu deliver me from press gangs or Jehovah's Witnesses.

So what wd I like to talk about? Horror films and slasher flix, thats what. Along with his interesting loc, Terry Floyd sent me a copy of his apazine, APAHELION; wch reported a fan picnic in The Valley of the Moon (Jack London country, north of the Barea) on the same day that there was an extensive manhunt for the brutal mass murderer, Ramon Salcido.

With Terry's permission, Id like to reprint the whole thing, (I suspect that his circulation and mine dont overlap by very much) but I dont think I can find room for it thish, so a brief quoteaser will have to suffice:

Just across from me sat Fritz Leiber, whose creepy tales of witchcraft and murder -- "*Our Lady of Darkness*," "*Conjure Wife*," and many others -- had often sent chills through my spine. Yet nothing I'd read in his fiction had disturbed me quite the way the newspaper had the previous morning; and that had not even bothered me so much as when I learned the fate of the Salcido children and saw how the tragedy affected two boys who were closer to the horror than I could ever be. I know I wasn't the only one present to note the irony of our situation. Here we were, a group of people who read, write and collect horror fiction, sitting around a serene country landscape talking about horror reality. Perhaps it was the most appropriate topic for us; we who revel in imaginary horror are perhaps best equipped to deal with the real thing when it appears. Horror fiction, even that dealing with the supernatural world of ghosts, vampires and werewolves, must have at least a foot in reality to be effective at all. I believe such stories have a psychological purpose or they wouldn't be so popular.

Those few obliging souls still chafing under the onerous 5 1/2" restriction on their copy are hereby released. Bcoz of the collision between the rock of so many wahfs and the hard place of my finances, I'll be reducing everything, and those with deteriorating eyeballs will have to get reading glasses. Sorry.

Vin^e Clarke, 16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent, DA16 2BN, U.K., YHOS's British Agt, writes with some good news and some bad news.

THE BAD NEWS

"I'm very sorry to say that we've lost Bill Temple //pro-fan author of that wonderful letter reprinted in "Fantiquities" in YHOS 42//. I had a letter from his widow, Joan, (and Walt spotted an obituary in the TIMES), to say that he died (peacefully, in his sleep) on July 15th.

As far as I know PULP & YHOS were the only zines he'd had in recent years (except for HYPHEN 37) and tho' Bill made an attempt or two to loc, his hands were crippled with arthritis and he could only manage a few painful capitals. He'd had several heart attacks in recent years, too.

THE GOOD NEWS

Arthur Thomson is much improved, compared to what he was. He'll never get back to proper health, of course, but he's looking better and is mentally much improved--he was very down in the New Year when I think it finally came home to him that you don't get better from emphysema. He was around here the other day and was able to stay here without oxygen for several hours. Just keeping fingers crossed about next winter.

THE TOTEM POLE

AN IRREGULAR COLUMN

BY RICH BROWN



As announced last ish, the subtitle of of this column was to be "Whither Fandom: The Definitive Article." Unfortunately, The Real Idiot really did do something idiotic, so that that title must be changed to "Whither brown? and Whither the Totem Pole?" You see, I royally screwed up his essay in YHOS 47 and he's righteously angered with me. I cd go on & on but what happened is that I dropped a whole page that was supposed to go between pp 9 & 10 and rich thot I had done some further tinkering(after we had agreed on the cuts) without informing him. I explained that it happened bcoz that page was one of those rare phenomena, one that had a whole number of pgfs on it, so that there was no carryover to it or from it. I had always dreaded something like that happening, and now it has, in spite of the fact that I usually read the last pgf of p X and the first pgf of X+1 just to make sure.

So I offered to take his chewing out in print (a very gentlemanly one, but nevertheless a chewing out) apologize publicly, wch I am doing, and restore the missing material. I am hoping this will mollify him, and that he will continue with the column, but to date I have heard nothing. So this may be the first and last TOTEM POLE you will see in YHOS. Read his letter and see for yourself.

May 30

when I gave my piece a read, I was brought up short on p. 10 where I found myself saying that Laney was a BNF and Living Legend in his own time "despite [holding, presumably] these views." I thumbed back to p. 9 where, just as I'd thought, I hadn't been listing Laney's faults but, rather, had been going on about his "unique contribution to the microcosm" in providing the "serious, insightful, critical side to Insurgentism," including an "insistance on realism" that put sf and fandom into perspective, and figuratively at least chopped down trees and churned up new ground to provide a clearing where Sixth Fandom could eventually stand and actually see the forest, etc.

How in the world, I wondered, could I have slipped my gears in such a fashion? I was citing the man's major acknowledged accomplishment in the microcosm and then saying that, in spite of them, the man was a BNF & Living Legend? That's just plain fucking stupid.

I hadn't run off a copy of the mss. to keep at home--it was recorded on wp disc, which I kept in the office, after all. But I was scratching my head because it seemed to me that I had written some critical comments about Laney around that point; I could specifically recall agreeing with George Fields about what a vicious homophobe Laney had been and putting down his (Laney's) childish need to brag about his heterosexual conquests. I thought perhaps I'd used the "move" feature on the word processor to pick up those paragraphs and moved them, for some reason, elsewhere; I couldn't recall doing that, you understand, but under the circumstances it seemed likely.

And I felt terrible about it. I put off writing things for other people because, from the very outset, I had high hopes for this piece. With every ounce of energy, attention and care that I could focus on it, I sincerely hoped it would be one of the two or three best pieces I have ever written--and then, perhaps, because of that, a major piece of fanwriting. I read on, but didn't find the more critical comments I had written about Laney moved to any other place. At which point I began to suspect the truth--that you indulged in further cutting--although I had to come into the office to verify it. The wp version I have has the following paragraphs which the YHOS version does not:

rich then goes on to provide the missing material, showing why each pgf was vital, making a smooth transition from positive to negative.

Well, I hardly know what to say. I am a little angry (for all that it is unreasonable of me to be angry, since after all I gave you editorial carte blanche) but more than that I am bewildered. I usually hope that readers will read what I write at least as carefully as I try to write it. This time, however, I guess I should hope that for once this won't be the case. *sigh*

A month later, July 3, he continues:

The anger mentioned above, which was never very large, has disappeared entirely--after all, as I more or less pointed out, if there's anyone to focus that anger on, it should be on myself, since (as I see it) I shouldn't have given out an editorial carte blanche unless I was willing to see the heart and guts of my piece torn out without flinching.

But I have to admit that, even after the passage of time, my bewilderment continues to grow. Early on, after you asked me to write this (as a result of a few lines I had in a oneshot at Corflu), I pointed out that it was likely to be a fairly long piece, possibly even too long for YHOS. No, you said right back, there was no such

thing--if worst came to worst, it could be cut into two or three parts and serialized. When we came down to the wire, you suggested where the break should come to make it a two-parter. I gave you that camera ready manuscript just as you requested it; therefore, as you could have as easily requested the cut be made in three parts, if needed, I presume size alone can't be considered the reason for the cut.

But if that's the case, then what is the reason? You made some pretty hefty cuts in the beginning of the article--but, for the most part at least, I agreed with you about them. The essay was written strictly free-association. I started with the dream. I examined the reality base (not merely having recently read ASI but things the dream reminded me of--which, being fannish, had overtones of fan history c/w personal memoirs of my own). Then I stumbled across what we both later agreed should be the central theme of the piece: the enduring nature of the fannish archetype (as opposed to other forms of fan status). Initially you wanted me to expand on the dream and the items I associated it, which I did; afterwards, when you focused on the real theme, you saw this as so much wheel-spinning. I quibbled with you, after having given you carte blanche--you were going to cut the entire beginning, I argued that it was only a little irrelevant, not totally irrelevant, to the central theme, I liked the "cleverness" of going from one kind of "dream" to another, and besides I had other reasons for wanting some of those anecdotes to see print in this venue (i.e., the bit about the piece I wrote about Burbee where Burbee could see it). I condensed a few down to a line or two (from several pages) and totally dropped a couple. I saved one silly line (I admitted that it was) which you wanted to cut. I don't mind looking silly--if I'm doing it myself, deliberately.

I hate to speculate but there may have been some degree of aggravation on your part which I failed to perceive. I mean, I kept saying you had carte blanche to edit the piece as you liked--and then coming back with a "Yes, but" on virtually every editorial suggestion you made. So maybe you figured the only way to cut something so it would stay cut was to do it just before printing--making it a fait accompli.

But even if this were the case, unless it's true that you just wanted to pee in my piece, we are still at square one with the question of why these paragraphs were cut. The big cuts made in earlier sections were for good reason (even if I did quibble about not eliminating all of them entirely)--namely, because they were wheel-spinning irrelevancies. But this section you've cut is central to the theme of this piece--if you'd tried a bit harder you might have found something worse to cut, but it would have taken a considerable amount of concentrated effort.

Up to the point where you cut six successive paragraphs, what I'd laid down was at least 90% background, including the three following points: (1) Fans can be considered BNFs while they are active because of the positive perception of their activities; later, judged in a different light, some of these activities might not be found to be so positive, hence tarnishing that person's reputation as a BNF. (2)

7

Living Legends can be BNFs or Fuggheads. Although one fan can be both BNF and Fugghead, this is usually at different points in their fan careers. Thus, those who become LL's as a result of BNFdom can cease to be LL's and BNFs if they thereafter become Fuggheads (or if they do or say enough negative things to tarnish their reputations as BNFs). Finally, (3) the determination of whether an individual is a fannish archetype is less judgmental and more balanced; both good and bad aspects are considered insofar as they relate to the archetype as a whole. Having made these points in the course of the article, I am (at the point of your decision to cut the ground out from under me) trying to show how this applies directly to one Francis T. Laney. In order to do that, it would be necessary to show the entire range of how Laney has been perceived over the years--from his most positive to his most negative. To paraphrase an old bit of lit crit, your cut only allows me to run the gamut from A to B. If that.

Well, hell, no big deal I guess. It's "only" a fan article and "only" for a fanzine, after all, so why should anyone care--least of all me? I still have the thing as I wrote it, on word processor, so if I feel disgruntled enough I can print the whole of it the next time I put out a large fanzine--assuming such a time may exist.

I don't know to what extent, or even if, I may still "need" editing. I'm ambivalent. Sometimes I see myself getting down into the wormhole of some really complex, convoluted sentences as I write, and yet fail to do anything about them. On those occasions, I am inclined to agree with my good friend Ted White that I probably do need someone, at a minimum, to suggest that I go back and simplify things. On the other hand, I was recently shuffling my fanzine collection from one place to another, during which I stopped from time to time to read occasional pieces therein by mineown humble self which struck me as being pretty well written (if I do say so myself) without any help having been needed--and although Ted and I are good friends, reading these things and reaching that different conclusion reminded me that there are a number of things I like to read which leave him indifferent or which he dislikes intensely. I know there are enough fan editors who will either print what I write as I write it or make editorial suggestions for changes but allow me to wrangle with them over what ultimately appears under my by-line. So I don't have to worry about this sort of thing happening again--unless I open myself up for it.



see pp 16-17

The rest of rich's letter was concerned with the point made by Alexis Gilliland on archetypes and will be found in HALL OF MIRRORS. The missing page, labeled "Erratum," follows this one. For collectors, historians, et al, I will be happy to mail them a separate sheet at my expense, to be inserted in their copies of YHOS 47 wherever they deem appropriate. Unfortunately, it cant be "inserted" where it belongs, since p 9 is on the back of p 10. Call it 9.5 and That's IT. *dos*

Yeah. Right on. Laney as John the Baptist—I kindof like that. Laney wrote about what he saw and balked at the word "fan" (which is short for fanatic) to describe participants in our hobby, preferring the word "amateur" (which, as Willis later pointed out, comes from the Latin amare, "to love"—we do it all for the love of the thing itself) to describe his own activities.

These things are what made Laney, inarguably and undeniably, a seminal influence on fandom; this is why things he said and did over 40 years ago are still having an impact on the microcosm we share today.

If Insurgentism also had its destructive side—and I'm perfectly willing to admit that, to all appearances, this may have been the case—it also said that we could and should enjoy each other as friends and take neither sf nor the microcosm nor ourselves too seriously.

The salvos fired off by the Insurgents shook up a fandom which had grown set in its ways. Insurgentism may have caused more hurt than was entirely necessary—but, in my opinion, in doing so, the Insurgents made fandom more receptive to positive change, encouraged the microcosm to be self-critical, and paved the way for the widespread acceptance of the gentler humor and outlook of Sixth Fandom.

This aspect of Laney is one with which I can feel a strong kinship. My brand of anarchy, after all, says I'm civilized enough and others are potentially civilized enough that I don't have to "convert" people to my way of thinking; when and if the world ever cares to, it will catch up to me. Laney, clearly, was waiting for the rest of fandom to catch up with him.

And since fandom survived him, it eventually not only caught up but passed him by—and noted, in passing, that the man had feet of clay. George Fields was right; Laney was a vicious homophobe. In one of those wire recordings, he was obviously so highly pleased with himself in describing how he had lead a young homosexual on, just so he could laugh at him, that I found myself wishing Laney were still alive—so I could dropkick him into next week.

Nor was that his only foible. On that same recording—which I believe was from the early '50s—he felt it necessary to engage in braggadocio about the size of his penis and all the women he was currently fucking, including some fan's ex-, or soon-to-be-ex-, wife because "having only screwed a fan, she didn't really know how to fuck, so I had to show her how." Mind you, I may have, in those years, engaged in the same kind of bragging myself. The only difference I would point out is that I was 12 years old at the time.

The combination of frequently expressed revulsion toward homosexuality/intolerance for homosexuals, combined with an apparent need to brag about his heterosexual conquests (which seemed to view women as no more than sexual objects) makes it easy, in the present day and age, to speculate that Laney may have been a latent homosexual himself. I'm given to understand that this was raised directly to Laney, who simply laughed at the notion. It's therefore a possibility we'll never know the certain truth of, since neither his homophobia nor his view of women, alas, were atypical of males in mundane America at the time. He might simply have been a victim/product of his times, no more, no less.

POSTMOD

a column by ray nelson



SAM MOSKOWITZ IS A GOD, or at least a ghod, for he and only he has demonstrated the ability to create a literary movement, indeed a whole subculture, with one book, then destroy it with another.

With "The Immortal Storm: A History of Science-Fiction Fandom", he created science-fiction fandom, giving it for the first time a sense of uniqueness, of separation from the mundane world and all that had gone before it. Few today have read this book. Many have never heard of it. But within its covers may be found the underlying culture myth of fandom, the story of how a tiny minority of teenagers founded

something new and wonderful that for some might be "just a goddamn hobby" but for others was "a way of life".

It first appeared as a series of articles in the fanzine, "The Fantasy Commentator" over a period of nine years, then, in 1952 it was compiled into a single volume and published, fittingly, in a mimeographed edition of only 200 copies. In 1954 the Atlantic Science Fiction Organization Press elevated it to the dignity of hard-cover publication, in which form it has become the Bible of the sci-fi microcosm, or at least our Necronomicon, a "quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore" full of "things Man was not meant to know".

It concerns the events leading up to the first World Science Fiction Convention, held on July 2, 1939 in New York City, and their aftermath. The central event, upon which the whole narrative hangs, is the exclusion by one group of fans of another group of fans at this event. Viewed objectively from outside fandom, this event ranks in importance with the

defeat of some candidate in the same year for the presidency of the Sacramento PTA, but viewed from within it ranks with the sharing of a certain apple by Adam and Eve. At the time of the chronicled events, the participants were utter nonentities, quarrelsome teenagers who constituted a tiny minority of "active" fans within another tiny minority, the minority among literate Americans who read science-fiction, then one of many kinds of pulp fiction pounded out at "a penny a word on threat of suit" by an army of desperate hacks trying, with varying degrees of success, to stay off the bread line.

Sam Moskowitz, almost alone of all the people on this planet who read pulp magazines, insisted on treating his particular kind of reading matter, and more importantly, the kind of people who read it, with a total and even fanatical seriousness. There was no Sam Moskowitz for "Ranch Romances". There was no Sam Moskowitz for "Spicy Detective Stories". There was no Sam Moskowitz, for that matter, for the excellent publications of E. Haldeman Julius, father of the Little Blue Book and unsung pioneer of the paperback.

But there was a Sam Moskowitz for "Astounding Stories of Super Science", a super fan for a super genre! All those other pulps are long dead, but "Astounding", under the alias of "Analog", survives to this day. Sam said the things we do matter. He said our petty squabbles were not a tempest in a teapot, but "An Immortal Storm". Of course he was outrageously wrong at the time, but faith, even misguided faith, can move mountains. Those bad-tempered teenagers have grown up to be The Establishment of a corner of the publishing industry that regularly puts titles on the New York Times bestseller list, both in the hardback and paperback categories. Among the fans excluded from the first world con, we find Donald A. Wollheim, now editor of his own nationally-distributed book imprint, Isaac Asimov, author of well over 200 published books of science-fiction and science fact, author Frederik Pohl, and author Cyril Kornbluth. Among those not excluded we find the man who was long called Mr. Science-Fiction, Forest J. Ackerman, longtime editor of "Famous Monsters of Filmland", the only person on this planet known to take science-fiction more seriously than Sam Moskowitz.

In 1939 these people were nobodies, but they, thanks to Sam Moskowitz, entertained the delusion that they were somebodies. As William Blake put it, "The fool who persists in his folly becomes wise."

Today these people, particularly those who at one time

or another were members of the "New York Futurian Society", have become somebodies.

Whenever NASA advances one more small step into outer space, Isaac Asimov is interviewed on national television, Isaac Asimov, who refuses to go up in an airplane and has seldom if ever ventured outside of New York state.

You would think that Sam Moskowitz, viewing the universe he created, would find it good. Such is not the case.

In 1980 Donald M. Grant of Rhode Island published in hardback a curious little two-volume set entitled "Science-Fiction in Old San Francisco" by none other than Sam Moskowitz.

Volume 1 contains a "History of the Movement from 1854 to 1890". Volume 2 contains "Into the Sun & Other Stories" by Robert Duncan Milne, an anthology of the work of a man who wrote what is unquestionably science-fiction...in 1879.

He wrote science-fiction not for Hugo Gernsback's "Amazing Stories", which would not appear until April of 1926, but for San Francisco newspapers, first the "Argonaut", then William Randolph Hearst's "San Francisco Examiner".

The newness and uniqueness of the fandom of the '30s begins to crumble just a wee bit.

But Sam is still not satisfied.

In Volume 1 of "Science-Fiction in Old San Francisco", he doggedly unearths not one, not two, but a whole platoon of early science-fiction writers. At least one of those names, that of Ambrose Bierce, continues to ring a bell to this day. Another is that of W.C. Morrow. And perhaps you have heard of Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Science-Fiction in Old San Francisco" made quite a stir among California history buffs, but science-fiction fandom seems unaware of its existence, content to slumber on in the useful delusion that fans who entered the field in the '20s and '30s are "First Fandom". Before that, we would prefer to believe, there was only what Harry Warner calls "proto-fandom" or "ur-fandom", a vague realm haunted by the sinister shadows of H.P. Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith and Robert E. Howard, the old "Weird Tales" gang.

The subversive truth, which fans were not meant to know, surfaces almost between the lines in Moskowitz's treatment of Nineteenth Century San Francisco. These somewhat rowdy victorians visited each other, lived with each other, married and shackled up with each other, held meetings, published amateur magazines (They called them "private printings."), formed rival

organizations, bickered, excluded each other.

These people were fans, and their lifestyle was fandom.

The glitter, the uniqueness of the fandom of 1939 that Sam Moskowitz established with "The Immortal Storm" he has now destroyed with "Science-Fiction in Old San Francisco". The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.

Since reading Sam's venture into California literary history, I have been doing a little research on my own. I have read "Moxon's Master" by Ambrose Bierce. It's a tale about a chess-playing computer, published in 1893.

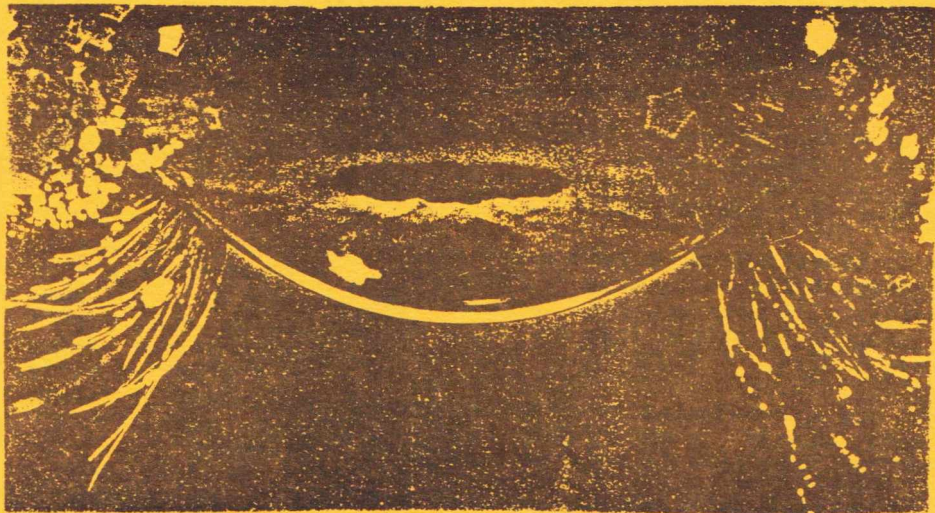
Bierce was what we might call a "big name fan", the arbiter of taste for a large circle of fantasy and science-fiction writers, as well as writers and fans of all sorts, people who had meetings, published amateur magazines, excluded each other.

He was the mentor of a then-young poet named George Sterling. Bierce played a considerable role in gaining publication for Sterling's poem, "A Wine of Wizardry" in, not "Weird Tales" or "Amazing Stories", but "Cosmopolitan." What is "Wine of Wizardry" about? Wizards, werewolves, demons and a "blue-eyed vampire." I've heard it read aloud, as it should be read aloud, by Fritz Leiber. It's terrific! And it's the title-poem for one of Sterling's anthologies of poetry. The title of another of his poems is "The Testimony of the Suns". What's it about? Interstellar warfare. The publication date? 1903.

George Sterling, like Bierce, was a BNF, perhaps even a SMOF, though of course such words were not yet invented. He gathered around himself a coterie of writers, artists, poets and just plain fans. Like Claude Degler, he dreamed of founding a free love colony. Unlike Claude Degler, he actually did it. Today it has evolved into the tourist attraction known as Carmel, California, but in Sterling's heyday it was famous for its fantasy-based original plays, perhaps the first "little theatre" productions in the United States, and for its wild and fannish lifestyle.

Among the eager neofans clustered around Sterling we find an all-too-familiar face, that of Clark Ashton Smith. Smith carried on a long correspondence with Sterling, beginning in 1911, and in 1912 actually lived at Sterling's home in Carmel for a month, sleeping in the very bed recently occupied by the tragic poetess, Nora May French, who had committed suicide.

Smith began publishing for amateur press associations and corresponding with H.P. Lovecraft. Lovecraft died in 1937 and... but wait, we are already into the period covered by "The Immortal Storm". It's almost 1939, when fandom will be born, or at least pretend to be born.



HALL OF MIRRORS

Dear Art:

Thank you very much for that copy of YHOS 47. Even my son enjoyed it and he's no fan. He called it "in-ish but interesting." We both liked Rich Brown's lanky thing and both of us would like to read Part I. Should I have said rich brown?

I am looking forward to more memories of Elmer. I'll bet there are forty people who could write fine articles about him. I hope a dozen or more write you letters.

I'd like to trade mags with you but I haven't published anything for a long time. Right after Elmer died I started taking notes for an article about him but I ran out of steam--44 years I knew that man.*

I was at South Gate in '58, whatever that Con was, when GM Carr and Elmer met. I, and evarybody else thought she was going to rate him soundly, but she was a pussy-cat. They got along wonderfully well. As for Elmer talking dirty, that's moot. I was sitting with them in a booth and two or three times Elmer yelled "Tits and asses!" Is that dirty?

It was then!
--yhos

Mr. Charles E. Burbee Jr.
46749 Pala Road
Temecula, CA 92390

yhos (It doesn't fit me,
either)

Burb
Burb

GM Carr didn't know the acronym YHOS? I thought us readin' folk all knew that.

* Well, dont just sit there watching stupid game shows. Watch intelligent game shows like I do. Like WHEEL OF FORTUNE. Better still, start twiddling those typewriter keys. Youre better equipt to do those "Elmemories" than anybody I know. *yhos*

GREGORY BENFORD
1105 Skyline Drive, Laguna Beach, California 92651

I've much appreciated your sending YHOS faithfully. It's the most fannish zine in years, although I ruefully note that may derive from the heavy nostalgia... Maybe that's the most truly fannish posture to take nowadays? Sad if true.

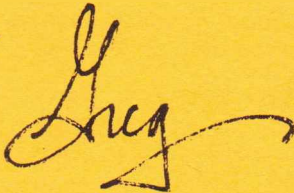
Rich Brown's Laney pieces evoke similar emotions. Like Don Fitch, I suspect the recruiting of "stone" fans (surely there's a better word?) will mean cutting through the high noise level of cons, but I suspect we suffer from deeper problems than too many movies and masquerades. I think the decline in overall verbal dexterity explains much, and the proliferation of other attractive media. My own son spends much time on making stop-motion animation films, and reads mostly history--yet he's a fannish type, just not particularly open to this special verbal universe.

Rich brings up a thorny matter: intolerance in fandom. "Greg Benford gets the same reaction because apparently a number of women in fandom consider him an MCP." I remember well Marta Randall and Susan Wood shouting together at a Berkeley party, early 70s, "The only difference is in the plumbing!" And because I wouldn't go along with the hardline definitions, I became in their eyes an MCP. (I'm sure they'd be surprised at how much I've worked inside the University of California for the advancement of women; but then, they were seldom interested in results.)

It seemed to me as fandom became a battleground for causes in the 70s it lost its lightness of being -- a more insidious loss than the open divisions the Breen Affair brought on (another chilling era). I realized that I wasn't getting that buoyant amusement I used to, and I suppose I owe Susan and Avedon Carol and others thanks--for they convinced me to put more energy into pro writing and less into fandom, and I've been quite happy with the results, overall.

I do feel fandom shifted then, and the lack of a simple sense of humor and balance in the 70s was a major cause many drifted away. There's a critical mass in matters fannish. I'm glad to see YHOS providing some.

Best,



Didnt realize I was that heavy into nostalgia, except for bringing back some people who havent been heard from in a while, like Tucker, and tying them into todays fandom. Ive tried hard to avoid the "Old Fart Reminiscing" trip; and I think I know what you mean by "lightness of being" and "humor and balance." Thanx for noticing. --yhos

Look out, world —
I'm finally here!



Yo Madeline!

...and here is your first loc--maybe. With "parents like that" I didnt expect you to be a publishing jiant (and I do mean JIANT) first rattle out of the box. No wonder your poor mom was so pooped at Corflu Six. Are you sure your parents wernt Mike Glycer and Joanna Russ?

— 4/05

*My name is Madeline Frances Virzi,
and this is my first fanzine.*

*I arrived on Friday, July 14, 1989 at 11:08 in the evening.
I weighed in at 9 pounds, 11.4 ounces, and was 21.5 inches long.
My mom's name is Pat Mueller, and dad's name is Dennis Virzi.*

*I'm already cute and insufferable —
but what did you expect, with parents like that?*

There is no truth to the rumor that Cy Chauvin wrote the paragraph immediately below with Madeline in mind. He was actually commenting on Ray Nelson's article. Hows THAT for "editing," Cy?

...liability insurance (or lack there of) must have been what led to the extinction of the dinosaurs. It just can't have been cheap to insure that much bulk.

In rich brown's article, he divides fandom's writers into two crowds, or "two major BNF archetypes": the humorist and the critic. Now I don't know if this matches what he means by BNF archetype, but one of my favorite types of fanwriter is the personal essayist (not humorous) who writes with some depth about the personal and emotional qualities of their own life. In recent years, Don Thompson, Bruce Gillespie and Linda Blanchard have all written in this area. I have only the highest regard for them and this fannish writing mode. I think however that I prefer to use the term "BNF" in a humorous way, no matter how I may regard someone privately.

I'm sorry I haven't written before, but I always feel that I have to be on my best form to write a letter to you since the letters are photocopied. (And unedited!) Anyway, take care.

14248 Wilfred
Detroit, MI 48213
June 15, 1989

best wishes,

Cy Chauvin

Disclave is upon us, practically, and *Yhos* #47 turns up in the mailbox as a reminder of the essential frivolity of fanac and by extension life. See what reading rich brown does to one? Actually, I enjoyed his article quite a lot, even as I found myself in disagreement with parts thereof. As, for instance, his selection of the two fannish archetypes as humorist and critic.

Clearly we have a different view of the fannish universe, but my own selection of archtypes would be the huckster, the creator, and the organizer. In the context of conventions, of course, the hucksters buy a table and sell books, the creator is doing the programming, the program book or being on the programming as a writer or artist, or maybe a humorist or critic depending on who is available, while the organizers are making the convention run.

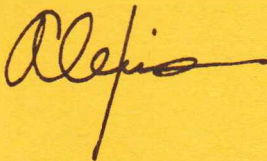
In other contexts, these archetypes manifest themselves differently. In fanzines, for instance, the organizer is limited to being the OE of an apa, while the huckster either puts out a catalog to sell books by mail or organizes a small press. And, of course, among fanzines the creators are the creme de la creme almost by definition, because that's all there's room for. Artists, humorous and straight; writers, humorous, straight, and critical (a hard category for an artist to encompass;) and finally editors, who publish according to their tastes and their abilities, providing the artists and writers a showcase to display their talents.

As an exercise, one is invited to imagine how these archetypes manifest themselves in costuming fandom, gaming fandom, and the various media fandoms. Lest we imagine that we are unique in our universe and in danger of extinction due to the rising tides of illiteracy, Mike Gunderloy's *Factsheet Five* is a useful antidote, listing as it does 47 pages of zine reviews, maybe a thousand fanzines of assorted fandoms. Talk about parallel universes, here they are!

The nice thing about Corflu is that by making its pitch to fanzine fans, it has discovered a way to attract a group of manageable size which contains a very high percentage of genuinely creative people. Groups of writers and artists, also ostensibly creative, tend to attract people who merely want to BE writers or artists. Not surprisingly they often displace the real article, resulting in the "artsy" phoniness one observes in the institutions designed to house artists.

That should do for now, a couple of cartoons are enclosed as a token of my:

Best wishes,



ALEXIS A. GILLILAND

4030 8th Street South, Arlington, VA 22204

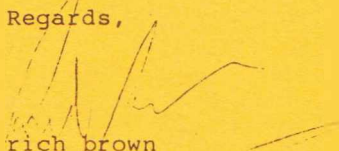
At Disclave, Alexis Gilliland tried to make a point to me about "I Dreamed I Was FTL" which he said he'd made in an LOC to you; he was in contention with where I'd said there were "only two" major BNF archetypes--humorous and critical.


His point was that, among club fans and convention fans and huxters there are other roads to travel, not especially creative but nonetheless leading to (he felt) the same point. I only said I thought I'd made it obvious that I was talking about fanzine fandom; Alexis didn't think I'd qualified myself and I didn't have the piece with me.

The funny thing is, although I didn't realize it until later, my point was proven several times over by what was going on even as we spoke. Alexis was handing out green pins with "BNF" on them; he'd already given me one, which I was wearing, and he'd tried to give one to another fanzine fan, Len Bailes, who said (quite properly) that he wouldn't wear one because that would be like proclaiming himself a BNF, which he wasn't prepared to do. What these buttons were, I heard later (Alexis hadn't made it clear to me at the time) was an invitation to the Gilliland's "BNF" party. (I wasn't there to attend the next day, anyway.) At different points, four different fans whom I didn't recognize came up as Alexis and I were discussing the article; he'd hand them one of these pins and they'd invariably ask, "What does this mean?" I said "Big Nose Fans" at one point, Alexis said "Butter Nut Fudge" at another, someone else said, "Be Not Ferocious," etc. I take it that these fans who didn't know what BNF meant were convention fans or club fans or possibly even huxters--and rest my case. You can be president of 33 fan clubs and still not be a BNF; you can run 97 conventions, including a large number of worldcons, and not have anyone think of you as a BNF; you can show up selling books, pics, magazines & what-have-you at countless conventions and still not win anyone's admiration as a BNF. It is possible to do any and/or all of these things and be a BNF--but the tail simply does not wag the dog. The term applies to individuals who display some degree of talent in the fanzine microcosmos; these other things will not add to their consequence therein, although they need not detract from it either.

rich brown
508 N. Highland #B4
Arlington, VA 22201

Regards,


rich brown

I think Alexis' categories cut a little deeper and broader than rich's, but rich is also right that BNFs outside of ziners are the exception rather than the rule. I can think of Ben Yalcw and Craig Miller as BNFs among organizers (smofs), Marji Ellers among costumers, but I'm stuck when it comes to huxters. There's Bob Madle and the recently deceased Roy Squires, but they were ziners at one time. Among the modern generation, there's Bryan Barrett, who is also a ziner and at least a WKF. He also brings some "creativity" to his bookselling, as does Frqnk Robinson. Laney himself started out as a collector-bibliophile, not above a little wheeling and dealing from time to time. And what do you do with Bruce Pelz, who not only runs cons but organizes the very stuff of fanzinery? His indispensable librarianship must be allowed as a "creative" service to fandom. So any construct of archetypes must admit these as members of a class not covered by humorist or critic. 

Always fascinated with the CORFLU reports. Health and finances preclude me attending any cons that require travel but that only bothers me when it's CORFLU time. Particularly annoying that I missed meeting the Harrises.

I swear by the two shining teeth of Roscoe that I have read Part I of Rich's article but (a) I find nothing in my dusty pile of zines that contains any such thing and (b) I am learning not to trust my memory for shit anymore. Doesn't really matter as this long rumination touches fondly and well on a lot of things and stands well alone. I've always thought of BNFdom as something akin to the "chief" status in some of the American Indian (or Native American if you wish) plains tribes. The white man kept trying to attribute to these men the status of sovereign rulers with powers to give orders, sell land and generally Run the Show when actually the title was sort of informally accorded by the tribe—the "chief" had little say in it—and was merely an indication of respect for certain talents/virtues/skills the man possessed. Thus Crazy Horse was a war chief and Sitting Bull was more of a judge. They didn't ask for the jobs, it just kind of happened. In the same way BNFs just sort of happen. I don't say that some fen have not worked for the honor but many certainly didn't and, as Rich aptly notes, a BNF could have occasional outbreaks of Fuggheadism without particularly diminishing his stature—the temptation here is to try to ring in a simile with the Hindu gods and their various and separate aspects—Vishnu/Shiva and like that—but I think that's more air than the balloon can hold. Certainly Harlan Ellison, particularly in his youth, epitomizes that sort of thing—lapses that did not diminish his status.

I've always found the attempts to separate fans into distinct political camps kind of a waste of time though Rich is again right in that a lot of people seem to want to do it. I long ago determined that I could always exchange ideas with people in the same political bag I'm in but therein lies boredom. I would much rather talk to people who are very different from me, if for no other reason than simple education. I guess Forry is a good example. I disagree with him very solidly about a whole lot of things but personally I am exceedingly fond of him. As a longtime typesetter/copy editor/book designer working with the small press field I have plugged away doggedly against the use of "sci fi," simply changing it arbitrarily when typesetting or copy-editing and even more fearsomely, using my small status as a Knowledgeable but Curmudgeonly Old-timer to intimate to the young and unsure that their use of the term is a small and—well, kind of childish—error, one they will no doubt grow out of in time . . . Boy, does that ever work. And it doesn't diminish my good feeling for Forry one whit either.

It's very hard to say what would have become of Laney if he'd stayed around. Unlike Burbee, who always had a sweet, mellow streak going—like fine sage honey and cider vinegar with a shot of J.W. Dant in it—Laney always impressed me as a very rigid

personality, though I freely admit I know him only from his fanzine writings. Maybe that's where the comparison lies: both Burbee and Laney punctured pomposity but with Burb you always got the feeling he liked people and I don't think Laney liked much of anything, including himself.¹

"Fandom vs Condom" (have you thot of running that in any other context?) reassures me that while some things may change, certain basic controversies never will. I long ago adopted a very fatalistic approach to the whole thing, tho not a particularly pessimistic one. I worked—very hard—on one of the first "big" (for its time) cons, the '56 NY-con, and have been a solid apponent of big conventions ever since, though not in an active sense, mainly because, like Rhett Butler, I just don't really give a damn. I think that actively trying to recruit for fanzine fandom and worrying about ephemeral rises and falls in the number of fans active at any point in time are about equal as total wastes of time. I do not belief it is possible to legislate, plan or otherwise devise Golden Ages, nor do I believe in Santa Claus or Columbus, Ohio. If you do, on the other hand, that's fine with me. Except as a pure intellectual exercise, a kind of mental karate, trying to change other peoples' minds about such matters is also pretty futile.

What Ray Nelson says is true but the Small is Beautiful concept has been tried—sometimes quite successfully a number of times. Early Midwescons were basically invitational in nature and for a number of years out here, Pat Lupoff and the late Jerry Jacks managed very enjoyable, purely invitational Relaxicons that were basically just big weekend parties at a convenient motel (Monterey and then Santa Barbara).

It really is kind of a shame some creative type didn't appear on the scene and figure out a way to permanently preserve Rotsler's cartoon on the fried egg. I remember one young lady actually crying when she realized finally that she was eventually going to have to take a shower and remove the lovely Rotsler original from her skin, but Bill drew the line at tattooing, if only because of lack of tools and technical expertise. I myself have got slovenly on occasion and let a napkin or tablecloth go by that had been Rotslerized, though I admit to stealing, saving and preserving (with acryllic spray) one particularly cherce dessert plate from a Santa Barbara restaurant.²

If you like this kind of thing, the next time you see Frank Dietz at a convention, ask him to show you his unique original Bok tattoo—certainly a very special item.

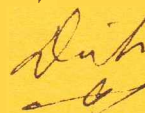
I saw Elmer Perdue last at the second Corflu in Napa—long-haired, "walking slow," and all, but it was, as usual, old home week and the mind was still sharp as a tack. I remember I was mildly surprised to find he'd finally gone AA, since he was always, to me, to quintessential drunk of fandom. We moved from NY to the Barea in 1960 and on our first foray down to Mordor I was initiated into an LA fandom rite—Putting Uncle Elmer To Bed. There he was, totally unconscious, and Ellie Turner sanely told me to take the

heavy end because I was bigger and off we trundled. This was the Custom and it was not only observed but nobody minded because it was Elmer. Over the years we'd meet at cons and parties and have fun and sometimes even have Serious Talks—as at the wild little rumpon down the Peninsula in the late '60s when Elmer arrived late, as he was to document in "Yellow Cab—the Only Way to Fly." Good man, good fan, goodbye.

Actually I had a stack of other issues piled up here but the age of some of them embarrasses even me. I do read them but getting a loc out of me is a chancy business these days.

Best,

Richard Ellington / 6448 Irwin Ct. / Oakland, CA 94609 /



1. I lived with Laney for an entire month when I first came out to Lala Land, and if he had a rigid personality, I didnt see it. He was certainly impatient with fools, fonies and fuggheads and both he and Burb-ee often crossed the fine line between teasing and harrassment.* But

I dont think he was any more rigid than your average small town person transplanted to the sinful Big City. The sins of Moscow, Idaho, he could handle, but Lala Land was a bit much.

He was much tougher in print than he was in person bcoz he didnt take words lightly and didnt go popping off without being able to back up a position. He cd handle language and was a formidable opponent in debate, wch made fen of lesser talents and integrity fear him. But if you cd stand up to him and prove your point, he was a pussycat. See YWOS 22 for more details on FTL & me.

2. I have about 4" of a 2x4 with a groove sawed in it, wch was once upon a time used as a name card holder at a panel bfor one that i was on at Noreascon 2. Rotsler made a cartoon out of the groove, and there it is right down there to the left. I use it as a bookend, propped up with a pretty rock.

* Not with me, but with Al Ashley, et Al.





David E Romm, 3308 Stevens Ave S, Mpls MN 55408

From a sociological perspective, Corflu was fascinating. Of the 120 or so fans in attendance, perhaps half (at least a third) were at one of the first three fanzine fan-oriented Autoclaves held 1975-77. Most of the attendees were people I knew, and many were active when I got involved in 1974. In one sense, then, fanzine fandom hasn't changed that much in 15 years; roughly a quarter of the entire history of fanzines as we know them. On the other hand, roughly half were people I *didn't* know from 15 years ago, and there were some I had never met until this con. In another sense, then, fanzine fandom has changed faster than, for instance, the U.S House of Representatives. What was both exciting and depressing was how few of these diehard fanzine fans were on the Rune mailing list. I must have handed out more than 50 copies of the last two Runes. It was exciting in that I was connecting (and/or reconnecting) with dozens of the very people I want to be part of Jeanne and my fanzine. It was depressing in that these people weren't on our list before. We have a large circulation (500+), and have been reviewed and distributed in many places. Where were all these people before? And where are they now? It's presumptuous to assume that all fanzine fans go to a Corflu. In yet another sense, then, fanzine fandom isn't a community. If it ever was. I keep hearing about this fanzine or that fanzine which all fans considered the center of fandom, yet meeting long-time fans who never read or were associated with same.

We (he says using the Royal "We" of fanzine fans) are too many for everyone to interact in the Good Old Days which never were. I don't consider that bad, but it's not good either. Mike Glicksohn wants proto-fans to find *us* and be absorbed by us. Don Fitch (and you, I think) wants long-time fandom made more visible, so the pool of proto-fans is larger. I tend to be closer to Don's position, but think Mike has a valid point.

In my unscientific research on the matter in the mid-70's, roughly a third of all fanzines had been published before the editor knew of the existence of fandom. Proto-fans independently invented the fanzine, and found this large network of like-minded souls they could trade with. Fanzines were a unique outlet. This is no longer true. The same proto-fan who might, in by-gone days, have sat around dreaming of being a Big-Time Writer before firing off a pithy letter to someone they've never met but have known for years, is now the non-fan who rolls up a half-elven thief before logging onto their favorite six BBSs.



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The needs of the proto-fans haven't changed, but the outlets for their talents have. It has always been my impression that the early days of fanzines were populated by people you wouldn't have over for dinner. Rude, unsocialized, poor speakers, minor but noticeable physical ailments. The joy of early cons was not in the partying itself, but in meeting people you corresponded with. This quickly changed, and cons became their own excuse. There are people who go to cons just for the parties or the films or to get books autographed or to hear one particular speaker. The fanzine network is not as important to conventions. And the reverse is true, too Corflu 6, important enough that fans from England and Australia made special trips for it, attracted just 120 people. Smaller than the aforementioned Autoclaves.

I think large conventions are important to fandom. The people who come to meet old friends just might make new ones. Large cons are a place for the fringe of one fandom to interact with the mainstream of another.

Mailing copies of Rune 78 to the 2100 people who came to last year's Minicon was an experiment, but a successful one. We didn't get that many responses to 78. Perhaps a dozen new loccers and fanzines, though we got nearly 200 responses to the Minicon Survey enclosed, and added about 75 names to the mailing list (everyone who didn't respond anonymously who wasn't already on). To my surprise Rune 79 got a lot of "this is my first loc to a fanzine...". My conclusion is that you need to be exposed to a new idea *more than once* to develop a taste for it. Therefore, a little proselytizing is necessary. Not much; but some.

While I consider myself a fanzine fan, I like conventions. They're a natural breeding ground for fanzines, as well as a meeting place for the disparate elements to interact. As the Fan Guest of Honor at the 1990 Minicon, I want to do *something* really weird and different. Maybe involving fanzines; maybe not. Suggestions are welcome.

Ray Nelson's piece was thoughtful, but incomplete. Minicon has had an Insurance Department for several years, and we deal with Liability Insurance to the hotel's satisfaction.


David E Romm



Even David Palter has switched to typing, but VICKI ROSENZWEIG, 600 W 218 St, New York, NY 10034 writes in longhand:

I've known people to hand out chocolate "cigars" in celebration of new infants. It seems like a nice way to keep the symbolism in an era when smoking is no longer expected. As for the phallic symbol part, fathers are, after all, celebrating their own fertility. (Maybe women should hand out chocolate coins, or some-such). // I dont get it. If a cigar is phallic, how is a coin vaginal, or even uterine?--aw //

I enjoyed rich brown's I DREAM OF LANEY, pt 2 as much as pt 1, in part be- it's nice to have my own intuitions confirmed by someone with more fannish experience. One question is, of course, whether people are responsible for views they stated a long time ago and may no longer hold. My answer to that is that they aren't unless they still hold those views. (and even then, intelligent people should be able to disagree on politics).

On the other hand, I was not impressed by Dave Romm's objection to Jeanne Gommoll's reading at Corflu 6, in part because he seemed to be creating a smoke screen: he claimed it was too theoretical when it was actually a narrative of her childhood experiences, and any theory was in the mind of the hearer. But Joanna Russ, among others, has pointed out how many men devalue women's writing and experience, so I needn't repeat it here.

Re FACTSHEET FIVE: Mike Gunderloy will review any zine (including apas) that will trade with him. Since we know there are more than 40 fans publishing these days (if only because we could all name zines we get that F5 doesnt list), maybe we should encourage each other to use this opportunity to reach out. Many of these "other

Gee—when our landperson told us that we had to be out by August 1st, we were kinda... well... perturbed:

23



But we survived and— as of July 15th— will be at our new quarters—the very spacious and abundantly-closet'd address:

Stu Shiffman & Andi Shechter
68 Conwell Ave. (3rd Floor)
Somerville MA 02144
(617) 628-6148 (give us a call!)

randoms" seem far more focused on their areas than ours is. I dont know if this is an inherent difference or just a matter of time. // Its interesting that They are already reaching out to Us. Ive already had several inquiries as a result of being listed in F5. One new zine wch seems to be a hybrid of sf & "mail art" fanzine, is NEW PALS. Just the title is interesting, and perhaps reflective of what youre driving at. I hope theyll let me reprint some of their satire. Perhaps we need to wake up and recategorize ourselves, finding that there are all kinds of zinners out there, with whom we have much more in common than the so-called "sf fans" who show up at cons and look blankly or sneer at our interests. NP stirs my sense of wonder, which hasnt been stirred since my previous incarnation.



I wonder if these alternate microcosms have a history like ours or if they have just coalesced out of primordial fanstar stuff now that we need them, as our microcosm seems to have gone nova. Will our core of zinners collapse into a tiny uninhabitable neutron star?

I know I forswore the word "fannish" just a few pp ago, but part of the reason is that it seems to apply to a lot of things outside our little sfan bailiwick: CALVIN & HOBBS or THE FAR SIDE, for example.

Another example is in NEW PALS (edited by Kip Williams & Cathy Doyle, 26 D Copeland Ln, Newport News, VA 23601). I am going to risk reprinting something of theirs, bcoz I dont have time to ask for permission and wait for a reply. I'm also risking the wrath of Don Fitch et al, who are complaining about so many BNFs on my WAHF page, representing letters that he and others wd like to read. Besides, I dont even know if the item in question is theirs to dispense. But first, I just realized, I must finish Vicki's letter: //

No offense intended, but while I enjoy fan history and even the discussions of how to get more people into fanzine fandom, I doubt they have much appeal to even an intelligent neo: s/he first would need to know who Laney, Willis et al are. The only things I've found to do are to give copies of my perzine to any local fan who seems promising (which hasnt had much effect) & keep writing for my club/local apa. Maybe it just takes time: I got into apas as soon as I found fandom, zines took a while. Yours, Vicki. Ω

// No offense taken; but Vicki, youre begging the question of how you "found" fandom. Your own experience seems to negate your argument. I also refer you to Berni Phillips and Kristin Ruhle and many others who wernt put off in their neohood



by fan history, but demanded more of it. Furthermore, if zinners are but a small corner of fandom, apas are a still smaller corner of that, wch intensifies the collapsar effect. --aw //

Speaking of plates, I also got a flier from these people at the Ben Franklin Saturday Evening Crockery Exchange which reads, in part, as follows:

"In keeping with the Franklin Crockery Exchange's policy of finding new and innovative items to commemorate, we are proud to offer, for the first time, these handsome and patriotically inspiring GOP COLLECTOR'S PLATES. (Pictures enclosed).

"Please note the fine detail on the Ronald W. Reagan Teflon Pan, for instance. You'd swear you could reach right out and touch his hair. Look underneath the Pat Robertson Collection Plate, and notice the tax-exempt secret compartment that holds just as much money as the part on top--and finished in plush velvet to silence those irksome jingling and rustling noises.

"Each of these items is fully functional. The James Watt Plastic Plate is suitable for taking on a picnic to a national park--but don't throw it away! You'll want to keep it for when Jesus comes back. The George Bush paper plate is tougher than it looks, because it's reinforced by backing layers of plain, behind-the-scenes mylar. The image on top is in pencil, so it can be erased and corrected through changing times. Also note how the Phyllis Schlafly Tupperware helps keep whatever's inside from the contaminating influence of 1980s air.

"We know you'll be proud to own the Oliver North Mess Kit. Painted in its twin compartments are scenes of the Ayatollah Khomeini and some missiles on one side, and TV hearings and Contras on the other, fired up on half-baked ceramic ware, and handsomely wrapped in the American Flag."

Indeed, if the pictures are to be believed, they're really photogenic, and I'm sure any Pals who are interested in these can contact the Franklin Exchange. They're also working on other political plates, like the Lloyd Bentsen \$10,000.00 plate, and the Gary Hart Rice Dish, but don't expect to see these on a national level for some time yet.



If this dire threat is stamped near your mailing label it means that this is your last ish unless you respond in some way.

BEWARE!

26

Corful seems to have produced an abundance of con reports this year (that got sent to us, that is), which I am grateful for since we couldn't afford to fly across the country since Kip's back in school for a year to get an art degree. Hopefully we will be able to make to it NY next year.

Our club has been successful in recruiting several new people in the past couple of years and we've been trying, in turn to corrupt them and convert them into fanzine fans. We have had some success so far, in that they have successfully revived the club's zine. One of them, the most promising artist of the bunch, has even collaborated on a cover with Kip for Pirate Jenny and done a cover for New Pals. Kip's now working on a person in one of his art classes, but a Lost in Space fan boy seems to come with the package. Need any good Lost in Space art? I think Don Fitch is reacting a little bit to harshly to the word "recruit". I mean there's a whole range of techniques that can be used to recruit people to the fold. Some a little bit more forceful than sitting back and saying "Look how wonderful my product is!" might be indicated at this point. Some of us publishing more frequently, as Don suggests, might help the matter a bit--waiting two years to see your name in the WAHFs can dim anyone's energy levels, much less inspire them to send art or writings.

Hope you've fixed your typer by now!

26D Copeland Ln.
Newport News, VA 23601
8. July. 1989

Best wishes,
Cathy Doyle





"The Dinosaurs of Science Fiction"

May 30, 1989

Dear Art:

I've been meaning to respond to your kind mailings of YHOS with a loc or three, but never got around to it until now. It was Rich Brown's article on Laney that did it. Maybe I'm a sucker for nostalgia. I do think, tho, that Rich is being a little too sercon when he starts to talk about Degler and Shapiro as being fuggheads. Come on, guy, these two were common criminals (or as common as fen can ever be). Hal's check writing spree wasn't the main reason he wound up in a Federal pen; he got caught over some wild armament smuggling deal, and I believe that there was a little something about transporting stolen autos over state lines in the schedule of charges as well.

Be that as it may, Hal spent seven years in stir and emerged essentially unchanged. I will credit him, though, with never having broken the law so flagrantly again. Degler was never caught, and never paid for his hand-biting. To this day the only person I know of who has bothered to speak to Degler has been Ray Beam, but most of the fen I know have spoken to Shapiro. They haven't enjoyed speaking to him, but they've done so.

My point: Shapiro's fuggheadedness has nothing to do with his past illegal activities. He pulled a stupid trick and paid for it; fen talk to him now. Degler's fuggheadedness was a flagrant violation of hospitality; no one wants to talk to him.

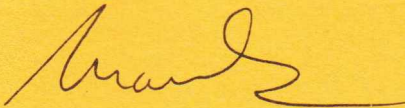
Now that I've commented on one part of the ish, I'm compelled to continue. Ray Nelson's article gave me pause for that until I checked the matter out. The hotels and motels carry liability insurance to cover conventions held on their premises; it's not necessary for the group sponsoring the con to do so. If you look at the "deep pocket" theory of tort litigation you'll see that the plaintiff will go for the hotel corporation every time. At Nolacon II I watched stone fans (ghod -- they must have weighed over 20 stone apiece!) crowd onto the elevators with such abandon that I sincerely hoped someone carried insurance.

And speaking of which, my fifteen year gafia brought me back to a fandom that had changed so radically I didn't recognize it. At Kubla Khan this April, Beam complained to me that only 20 attendees sat in on the First Fandom panel. I figured that was

about 10% of the attendance, and that it spoke well of the con that there were that many who were interested in things fannish. You can blame our media-saturated culture, Johnny's disinterest in or inability to read, commercial breaks for acne cream, fluorescent lighting, or aluminum cans, the fact is that there ain't that many more people really interested in fandom now than there were 20 or 30 years ago. I find the stone fans propping their bulk against walls in parties and talking about their (to me) non-interests, and it disgusts me. But I will perform for these same stone fans because it gives me a chance to interact with fellow fen; if the stones get a vicarious kick out of it then so be it.

Why must there be some additional fragmentation of fandom to create something called "fanzine fandom?" Damfool that I am I always assumed that fanac included fanzines. Hrumph, move over Captain Gafia, I'm about to join you.

Regards,



Mark Schulzinger
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Springfield, MO 65806

Hey Mark, thats DOCTOR Gafia. And you and several others didn't read Ray carefully enuf. On his first page, he established that he was aware that hotels etc routinely have carried insurance, BUT (my caps), "have begun shifting the responsibility."

Please dont take this personally, as I'm trying to make a general point here that happens far too often in fandom (and probly even of teneer in Mundania, but thats irrelevant); it becomes tedious for careful writers to have people tell them that they shdv said what they already have said. Maybe I'm still smarting from my comeuppance at the hands of rich brown, but I think his words on p5 are worth repeating for the rest of you as well. "I usually hope that readers will read what I write at least as carefully as I try to write it."

This is vital to the whole enterprise of doing fanzines, sf and otherwise. It's been said bfor and better, but careful writers deserve careful readers (to say nothing of careful editors!). Pull out one leg of the triangle, and it all falls apart.

On the other hand (and I wonder how many respondents will overlook this qualifier), one can be so careful that one winds up saying nothing. Mike Glicksohn gives me a little dig (coming up) about "creative non-layout." I think theres a difference between casual and slipshod. I try hard within the limits imposed by time, age and finances. The letter column may look as if I just slap the letters into the copier the way they come in, but in fact, considerable editing goes on that is invisible--as it shd be.

Anyway, I hope the spectacle of an old man walking a tightrope with Serconscylla on one side and Charybdifijagh on the other will continue to give you the "buoyant amusement" Greg Benford was talking about.

nos



And here come Michael now, stopping just a moment to say:

Good letter from Berni Phillips, wch does indeed provide interesting evidence of the existence of proto-fen, provided we are sensitized to their presence. Does her letter just end at the bottom of page 25 though? No signature? No conclusion? Typical creative YHOS non-layout?

// I put the sig at the top of the p to save space & get it all on one. Twdv lookd even sillier orphaned over on the next page. --aw //

Your editorial makes be sad that I missed yet another CORFLU and all you did was list the fanzines you got there! I didn't get the special CRY (and that was the fanzine where I first started my career as a letterhack) but one can hope that Buz might have a few up in Banff in the fall. I haven't even seen NOVOID and Colin lives only a few miles north of here! And I'm brokenhearted to know I may have missed out on a Willis fanzine but since CORFLU was a couple of months ago it would appear that there's not going to be a mail distribution for those of us who weren't able to attend the con. (You might publish Joe Siclari's current address for those of us with poor memories and inadequate filing systems!) **See below.**

Basically good comments by rich on fannish status but I'm not sure I agree with him on the ephemerality of the main terms. The people I think of as BNFs will remain so, if only because many of them are now either dead or inactive and hence are unlikely to tarnish their reputations. In a similar fashion the really classic Fuggheads tend to gafiate upon achieving that status and hence have no chance for future redemption. (And for the record, neither "Living Legend" -- or even "Legend" -- or WKF appear in FANCY II.)

I might also point out that despite his recent behaviour I still consider Richard Bergeron to be a BNF of his day. Nothing he's done in the last few years can make the old WAR-HOONS any less significant as fine fanzines so perhaps I'm a bit more tolerant of foibles in my fannish icons than rich is. **MORE →**

Joe D. Siclari, 4599 NW 5th Ave, Boca Raton, FL 33431

lieve Ray Nelson is over-reacting somewhat. Several of the smaller cons I've been involved with over recent years have insured against accidents and thefts and I see no reason why small regionals couldn't continue to do so in the future. Rising insurance rates may become a factor in large worldcon budgets in the next few years but they'll just raise the at-the-door rates to a couple of hundred bucks and pay the premiums that way. (Somehow I doubt that Ray was too serious on this issue, although he's undoubtedly correct about the insurance rates affecting certain types of cons. I see little impact on most sf gatherings and if the worldcon has to cut back some areas so it can afford to pay its insurance then maybe that's the route those of us who think it's already too big and too diversified should take. Overall I think Ray just wanted to wax lyrical about the Good Old Days and chose this particular plank as a springboard to get himself there.)

In answer to Dave Clark, yes, the fan room in Brighton is a reflection of how the British do things because by and large the fanzine fans are far more centrally active in British con-running than are their NAmmerican counterparts. Thus they've managed to keep fandom and fanzines in a far more central role than has happened on this side of the Atlantic where fannish fandom is one of the least significant of the fringe fandoms at most major cons.

Er...Art, how about getting Mister Rotsler to write up some GCF stories for you? (To me that means "Greatest Common Factor," but if they were good enough for Terry Carr I'm sure they'll be good enough for YHOS and mine.)

Well your lettercol and WAHF list certainly includes some intriguing names. This may be the first loc I've ever read from John Millard, for example and GM Carr is certainly a name to conjure with. Is this all part of your "If-you-can't-attract-new-fanzine-fans-resurrect-some-old-ones" program?

Good issue: looking forward to the next and the recollections of Perdue.

All good wishes,

Mike Glicksohn
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Ontario M6S 3L6




First off, let me clarify what i said last time. I was being a bit sarcastic (not at all unusual for me) when i said parties are what it's all about. More importantly, though, i said that i go to parties to hang out and meet people, whereas these "stone fans" i see just go for the free alcohol and munchies and never bother talking to anyone, never trying to meet anyone. Therein lies the difference.

Also, a brief word of news about *Science Fiction Randomly*. Because of the ongoing poor status of our finances (i.e. we have none) and my own impending move to San Francisco after graduation, *SFR* is being put on hold for awhile. Once i'm settled and we have a bit more money on hand, Steve and i intend to continue *SFR*, but until then we'll be on holiday. Oh well.

As far as Don Fitch's "Really Great Fannish Fanzine" goes, i'm sure with his experience he realises just how much work such a project would involve, if it were feasible at all. It is a nice idea, though, and some sort of "sfanzine PR" is, i think, definitely needed. I've been reading SF for most of my life, but didn't know anything at all about fanzines until after Steve and i started doing *Science Fiction Randomly*. Our initial idea was to mimic prozines, but do it on a fan level. We had no idea what fanzines were, or even that they really existed; we only found out about fanzine fandom *after* we had leaped blindly into it. I'm sure we would eventually have come into contact with it, but it would have taken significantly longer. Fanzines have indeed moved far into the background of Fandom, for whatever reasons, and something does need to be done about it. If people go to cons, well, great, but it may take a long time for them to become comfortable enough with the people/atmosphere to open up and become active members of the society. Something as simple as even just writing letters to fanzines, though, could really speed up that process and help get neos more involved than they might otherwise. The question, of course, is how to go about spreading the word -- do we leave it up to individuals, or form some sort of "fanzine society", or what? Ideas, anyone?

I agree with Don's ideas about "recruiting" fans, however. Dave Clark's idea of creating new fans by acculturation and example seems a very reasonable and far more workable way to ensure Fandom's continuation. I have a feeling that the reason there don't seem to be many neofans these days giving their all to overcome all obstacles on their way to Truefandom is that they're being scared away by too many people carping about how things are so different from the good old days and trying to shove Fandom down the neos' throats. I realise this is an over-reaction, and admit that it certainly can't be the whole reason, but it is something to think about.

I would also caution Don against such sweeping generalisations. Saying that younger people don't want to Do Anything, but rather just want to be entertained, is just as unfair as saying older people are all fuddy-duddies, that they never want to do anything fun and are too set in their ways to allow us to try things our own way. There are both types in every generation. We just have to learn to deal with the ones we don't agree with by reasonable argument rather than name-calling, and make up for it by spending more time with the friends we get along with better.

And *that's* what Cons are all about!

Randomly yours,

Hawk
Hawk

rich brown's "Dream of F.T. Laney" was a thoughtful analysis, though not exclusively of Laney himself, but of his times as well. My knowledge of him comes more from listening to people who knew him, rather than reading much of his writing. Not surprisingly, my overall impression of him is negative. Just as a Living Legend doesn't necessarily have to be alive to own the title, a Well-Known-Fan doesn't necessarily have to be a well-liked fan to own that one.

Having grown up in the stifling environment of small-town middle America in the sixties, fandom, when I discovered it, struck me dumb with its tolerance for just about every conceivable eccentricity. It made me feel welcome and valuable as a new addition to the ranks. It was hard to believe that there were people who could look beyond the obvious to appreciate the intellect and be so accepting of others and their peculiarities. Of course, I was just a naive nerd then and didn't know any better. Older now, and I trust a bit wiser, I've learned more about fandom's history of selective tolerance and watched as the influx of new fans from the fringe have tested my own tolerance. It once seemed as though fandom was big enough for everyone; now, it seems so big that fanzine fans have had to pull away to have their own cons, just as gamers and costumers have done (media fans have always had their own cons).

Having worked on one of the smallest cons imaginable (CORFLU 1) as well as one of the larger (the 1985 NASFiC), Ray Nelson's column about postmodern sf conventions and the problems they face led me to compare the two experiences. Basically, there is no comparison. CORFLU was thrown together by a handful of crazy fans with the hope that there were enough fanzine fans willing to support the idea. It was not well planned, but planning wasn't what we had in mind. Our intent was anarchy; the attendees were to determine most of the programming. This was what worked best. In retrospect, however, logistics could have been handled better. We all might have breathed easier if another, less expensive hotel had been chosen for the site. We lost a chunk of money on the venture and buying an insurance policy never crossed our minds and would, in any event, have been out of the question in view of our financial condition.

The NASFiC, on the other hand, took years of planning by a small army of dedicated fans from all of fandom's various tendrils. In plotting out the whole thing, we came to the inevitable conclusion that it would take an attendance of at least 2,500 for us to break even; to draw that many fans to Austin required our programming to appeal to virtually every fringe element we could imagine. And there were plenty of fringes eager to make their demands known, including fanzine fans. We were able to accommodate just about everyone, I think, thanks to a large volunteer base and a policy of delegating organizational duties to representatives from those fringes. For example, when a group wanted a Japanese Animation video room, one of their own was assigned to organize it and run it and the group as a whole paid for it.

We did take out an insurance policy, since it was mandated by our hotel contract, but at the time the premium seemed quite modest and entirely reasonable to me. This was, of course, in Texas, four years ago, before the industry fabricated an "insurance crisis" to boost their profits beyond reason. Ray is correct when he states that "...the modern period of fandom, the period of giant conventions run by amateurs, is almost over." Fortunately for all of us, this period has made professionals out of a lot of those amateurs, and most SMOFs have seen this coming for a good long while. We now have professional convention planners helping to run not just the for-profit media cons, but our own giant cons as

well. Years ago, when WorldCons and regional cons became huge, complicated affairs, it was determined that it was better to draw upon the experience of seasoned con-runners than to re-invent the wheel every year. Some colossal mistakes are repeated every once in a while, but for the most part, fandom has learned from its mistakes -- though no doubt any given con committee can find new and previously unknown mistakes to make.

As for "recruiting" new fans... I seriously doubt that fanzine fandom is in such sad shape as to warrant this kind of thing. I get far too many fanzines to loc these days, and I don't receive near as many as when I was more active. But I know they're out there, cranked out by energetic neos fueled with youthful enthusiasm ~~(ot/by/did/tate/with/nothing/better/6/6/with/theat/time)~~. If you really wanted to mount a recruitment effort, all you'd have to do is raise the print run for your zine and send out a few hundred copies on editorial whim to some of the intriguing fringe fans you meet at cons who might be interested in learning about fanzines. Sure, this could add up to some considerable expense, but wouldn't it be worth it to foster in a whole new generation of publishing giants? Naaww, I didn't think so either.

Pam Davis & Terry Floyd
240 Sybil Ave.
San Leandro, CA 94577

Best 'n' all that,

Terry Floyd



RITM OBJECT . NR

ART CREDITS

COVER	MORI
17, 33	ROTSLER
23	SHIFFMAN
24, 26	MICHAELS
29	HANKE-WOODS
35	BIRKHEAD

ALAN HUNTER
1186 CHRISTCHURCH RD
BOSCOMBE EAST
BOURNEMOUTH, BH7 6DY, U.K.

... I have received more comment on my drawings in YHOS than any other fanzine in which my work has appeared. I shall, of course, reply to all those who have written to me personally.

Regarding my cover on issue 44, your interpretation is the most correct. I was trying to depict a landscape, architecture and alien that harmonised. Although I did not have THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES specifically in mind at the time, I agree there is a distinctly Bradbury-esque feel to the drawing.

Frequently I do incorporate symbolism into my work. It pleases me that someone does take the time to scrutinize my drawings, and if they discover even more hidden meanings than I had intended, then that is to their credit.

My cover to issue 45 was a similar attempt to harmonise the presentation of a planet, space and a spaceship. I am always fascinated by the clever way you introduce the cover logo into a design, and this one was most appropriate. Ω

// After taking my lumps on last ish, I just cdnt resist a little egoboo to balance it off. Thanx Alan, and I hope that I'll be printing your art for a long, long time!

BRUNO OGORELEC
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41020 ZAGREB
YUGOSLAVIA

An entertaining letter from Bill Rotsler in No. 46. As a lifelong pornophile I've always wanted to try my hand at porn movie reviewing, but there's hardly a market here. Only two local magazines publish porn movie reviews and one

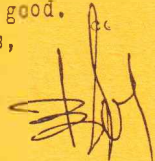
of them has a very well entrenched in-house reviewer--their own Editor-in-Chief. The other is published in Slovenian, a language I understand pretty well, but can't really speak or write in.

One thing in Bill's letter ruined my day--his reference to "a terminally boring Aussie fanzine." He is, of course, entitled to his opinion even when wrong, but it seems to have become fashionable to pan the Australian fanzines in general, as if their origin had anything to do with their level of entertainment. Joseph Nicholas, UK agent for some Oz fanzines, has even taken to marking his mailings "Another Boring Australian Fanzine" in an effort to counter stupidity with humor. The other day some British jerk said, in print, he simply threw the Aussie fanzines away, unopened! Can't say I've ever heard of anything quite as idiotic coming out of fandom.

It occurred to me that maybe Bill had pushed his tongue into cheek, but upon re-reading I couldn't find any evidence to support it. Plenty of cheek, yes, but no tongue.

Careless remarks like Bill's only reinforce the emerging prejudice. Was it truly necessary to stress that the zine was Australian? Why not simply name it? Why make the judgment generic? My own (admittedly very limited) experience with Oz fanzines has been quite enjoyable. I'm familiar with SECANT, THYME and THE SPACE WASTREL and consider all three very good and entertaining. Wish that every US fanzine coming my way were half as good.

Cheerfully yours,





I think that Bruno has had his leg pulled. When I received Bills letter, I didnt know about what Joe Nicholas was doing. If, as Bruno implies, he is ridiculing some fugghead who originally made the statement, its quite possible that Bill knew that and was just going along with the gag. We shall see.

It really chaps my hide that once again I have to wafh so many fine locs. I'm sure that all of you cd second guess me and say, "Why'd you print that dumb letter by X and cut a proven writer like Y?" Well, I have criteria besides interesting content. If X is a writer who is new to these pages, and Y has apeard fairly often, I'll give the comparative neo the nod. I try to achieve a balance between newcomers and the "old reliables." I'm scared to death, of course, that the ORs will say "Why shd I bust my fingers writing a good loc for that old bastard and just have it go in the round file?" All I can say is that I hope, and trust, that established loccers write bcoz they found something interesting in YHOS and have something to say about it, and not just for the egoboo, altho I also hope that YHOS is becoming good enuf so that appearing it does give the author a bit of pride; a sort of satisfaction over a zine that prints everything indiscriminately.

Sometimes I save a good letter that I can see will fit in better down the road somewhere. Sometimes it may be that I can see possibilities for developing the letter into a full-fledged article.

And so on.

So be of good cheer, friends; your sterling efforts may yet see light of day. But the printer beckoneth and I must away. I will try to thank the following personally, but I can't guarantee it. Sheryl Birkhead (I really hate doing this to you twice in a row, but I wasnt sure where the DNQ stuff left off and public began, and thanx for the artwork as well); Heidi Lyshol managed to find time to write in between the migraines of her first con in Norway (see Y45); Kench, Skel & all the Britfen who didnt even have a chance, as I slipt another cog in getting copy to Vin Clarke in time, causing further delay at his end; Gary Deindorfer for the tape of yr jazz radio show; Neil Kaden out of near gafiation; David Rike for interesting info on the Hubbard Hullabaloo; Dave Haugh & Bob Sirignano & Joan Hanke Woods for artwork; Joe Christopher for new thcts on fan fiction (may see next ish); also Doc Lowndes held over bcoz he wanted to see how I have Californicated his famous NY chili recipe; Betsy Miller on rb and BNFs; Dave Palter on insurance; Kristin Ruhle on stoners v zinners; Buck Coulson (aughh!--please dont give up on me); Tom Sadler, another holdover topic wch wont date, will make it nextime; Rachel Holmen deserved to be in; as well as Jean Lamb, Jason Spiro, Andi Schecter, Edwina Harvey, GM Carr, Brad Westervelt, Betsy Miller, Allan Burrows (a looong letter, difficult to excerpt without mangling); Nola Frame-Gray and most of all to any poor sods who didnt even make the list.

