

THE MICHIFAN

FREE Bulletin of the Michigan Science-Fantasy Society - Vol. II - No. 9

14 November 1949

NEXT MEETING: The next meeting will be Sunday afternoon, 27 November 1949, at the home of Arnim Seielstad, 1500 Fairholme, Grosse Pointe, Michigan. Check back to Vol. II #2 of THE MICHIFAN to find a map showing how to get there.

LAST MEETING: See the next few pages of this issue of THE MICHIFAN.

MISCELLANEOUS: The Saginaw fans will be at Arnim's, where such incidentals as collecting \$2.50 from Reich and/or Seger will be taken care of. # For obvious reasons, this issue of THE MICHIFAN is not being sent to non-MSFS members who might possibly be induced to join the club at a later date.

That is all

ARTHUR H. RAPP
Sec'y, MSFS



THE MICHIFAN
Official Bulletin of the
Michigan Science-Fantasy
Society

ARTHUR H. RAPP, Secretary
2120 Bay Street
Saginaw, Michigan

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Howard Devore
16536 Evanston
Detroit 24, Mich.

OPEN

14
Nov.
1949

LETTER

TO: MSFS Members; Other Interested Fans; Interested Non-Fans.

Shortly after the conclusion of yesterday's Michigan Science-Fantasy Society meeting here, an explosion occurred on my front lawn, shattering a couple of windows and bringing the police, fire department, gas company technicians, reporters, and of course several hundred spectators. From the sound and the effects, I'd estimate this "bomb" was fully as powerful as a U.S. Army concussion-type grenade.

Now while some of you MSFS members seem to feel that all stf needs is publicity -- whether good or bad publicity doesn't matter -- I hardly feel a trick like this is a credit to fantasy fandom.

The police share my dim view of the matter.

The characters who set off this bomb, the evidence indicates, are Fred Reich and Eugene Seger, both of Pontiac, Michigan. Whether the rest of the out-of-town fen attending yesterday's meeting were still in the neighborhood, I do not know. I do know that, having witnessed the no doubt unexpected results of their "practical joke," Reich and Seger did not remain to face the music, but hit the road for home. Bill Grover, who was not directly involved, returned to the house and helped me board up the windows. His reward for this was to become the prime suspect during the police investigation.

Since Reich and Seger took off, leaving Bill and me to make out as best we could, we did not hesitate to supply their names to the officers -- not that we had much choice in the matter, unless we preferred to assume all blame ourselves in order to protect the MSFS' reputation.

Among the primary and secondary results of this little escapade are these: shards of glass showered my living room in such a way that anyone standing near the window might have been ready for a hospital. I spent several hours in rain and near-freezing temperature this morning, repairing the damage. The neighbors for blocks around (the explosion was heard as far as two miles away, I understand) are alarmed, and will doubtless be highly edified when they learn the cause of the blast in tonight's paper. Several dozen firemen, police, and others wasted a lot of time. The police seem highly skeptical of my explanation of science-fiction fandom, the MSFS, etc. And if you have ever tried to explain these technicalities to a non-fan, you know exactly what I mean. The local newspaper, which has always given us wonderful publicity on fan affairs, will no doubt also turn a dubious eye on future mention of stf.

Now, inasmuch as one of the purposes of fandom is to "raise the level" of science-fiction and fantasy, to bring it out of the pulp mags and into the slicks, to familiarize the general public with this form of fiction so that fans are not looked upon as a bunch of crackpots..... well, need I finish the sentence?

((I have just seen the evening paper, since writing the above. The story is prominently featured, detailed, and hardly good publicity for fandom, although far kinder than we had any right to expect.))

This incident had another effect. It has opened my eyes to a change in my own attitude toward fanclubs, an attitude which developed slowly, and until now unconsciously.

Except on rare occasions such as the annual World STF Conventions there's no advantage in getting mere numbers of fans together. A group of three or four fen can accomplish as much, can carry on as spirited a discussion, can equal in every way a group of thirty or forty.

A fanclub, except possibly on the national level (such as the National Fantasy Fan Federation), does nothing which individual fen could not accomplish themselves, without a club. And a club has one grave disadvantage -- you are not able to discriminate between one member and another. Providing a character is acceptable to the majority of the group, you're obligated to include him in, no matter how great your personal dislike.

And yet, a fanclub gets its reputation from the reputations of its membership -- and in turn the individual is tagged with the reputation of the organizations to which he belongs.

Therefore, feeling that I cannot longer in sincerity encourage new members to join the MSFS, I hereby resign as Secretary of the MSFS.

And, although the vast majority of the present MSFS members are mature, intelligent, responsible people whom I am proud to have met, and with whom I would like to remain friends, because of the immaturity, irresponsibility, and offensiveness of a minority element of the MSFS the club's reputation has been damaged to such an extent that I prefer not to be associated with it. I hereby resign my membership in the MSFS.

It is not so much the past events which make me take this step, but the appalling realization that there is no guarantee against similar or even more serious and disgraceful episodes occurring in the future.

To those who, as I have, worked for two years to build the Michigan Science-Fantasy Society into an organization which would be a credit to science-fiction fandom, my apologies and regrets. To the other MSFS members, may I echo Tucker's words to Singer: I hope that someday you will grow up.

Any fan-friend of mine, of sufficient intelligence and responsibility to conduct himself like a civilized being, is always welcome to drop in for a bullsession at my home. But I have no further desire to issue indiscriminate invitations to juveniles, irresponsible characters, and just plain idiots. An interest in stf is a characteristic I welcome in my friends; I no longer consider it grounds for enduring the presence of jerks and screwballs.

ARTHUR H. RAPP

Getting involved in a bombing was more than I had expected when I attended the meeting of the Misfits. I agree with Art that such incidents have no place in fandom. This incident had nothing to do with the club. It was a private affair. That an incident of this sort was connected with the club was entirely unfortunate.

I admit that some of the unfavorable publicity was my fault, as, with the idea of protecting the guilty parties, I did not tell exactly what happened right away.

I, therefore, resign from the Michigan Science-Fantasy Society.

BILL GROOVER

Due to the childish, inane foolishness of some of the Misfits, I no longer care to have my name on their roster. This, then, is my formal resignation.

R. J. FLUETTE
