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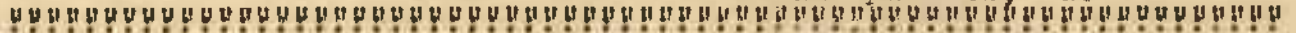
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M I L T Y ' S M A G



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This publication customarily published for members of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association only, but due to the insanity that goes along with conventions, this is a special number.



Now that we have used up as much space as we can on the formalities, comes the hard part of finding something particularly witty, erudite, and brilliant to put down on these here pages. (And if you guys think this stuff is being composed on the stencil, youse are nuts. I always revise at least three times. How else comes that free-flowing, care-free, free-for-all, fancy free style?) (Boy can that guy Rothman lie.) (Who you callin a liar?) (You, bud.) (Oh yeh?) (Yeh.) (Hey fellas cut it out.)

Lets go out and come in again.

You know what this is? The convention, I mean, and let's have no cracks from the peanut gallery. This convention marks the tenth anniversary of the first science fiction convention. I just found it out when I was looking through the Fancyclopedia.

Yassuh, lil granchildren, I feel like an ole granddaddy when I realize that it was ten years ago that Sunday morning when the crowd from New York decided to come down to Philadelphia and visit the boys there. Altogether there maybe were twenty of us in the living room of my house. That makes me pretty distinguished, I guess, having the first convention at my house. At the time it mostly meant sweeping up cigarette butts and pretzel crumbs. But it was pretty exciting, anyway.

Conventions always have been exciting things. Good times, arguments, feuds beginning, feuds ending, something happening every minute until you flop down at the end, worn to a frazzle and happy that it's another year before you have to go through the whole thing again.

Yassuh, the thoughts go back to those early days.....

(Here's where this guy Rothman starts reminiscing. What a sentimental slop he is.)

The almost forgotten meeting in Queens the only remaining memory of that is envy at Sykora's well-equipped basement laboratory..... Isn't that where we first came across the Science Fiction Special, a double gooey concoction wherein sliced bananas represented the spaceship segments of Spacehounds of the IPC, and various flavors of icecream represented forgotten symbols of stf. Shouting an accolade to Gernsback.

.....The Philco Michelism and the Committee for the Political Advancement of Science Fiction Oh sing me a song of social significance Oh Ghu, what has happened to social significance? (Vanished with the Depression .. people are happy now.)

.....The Newarkon, remembered chiefly by the Battle of the Buffet, and first meetings with Very Important People.

.....Then the New York Convention, with the Exclusion Act. Here for the first time my camera begins to refresh my memory, and out of my old albums I can pick scenes which bring events back into clear focus. Here are Ackerman and Morojo in their futuristic costumes.....And remember that first meeting with Ackerman when I didn't know it was Ackerman because he called himself Weaver Wright, and people plotted to get me to say nasty things about Ackerman, and I didn't bite.....Well well, here's Jack Williamson and Eardo Binder and L.A. Eshbach:....and a shot of the street-corner convention, with Wollheim, Michel, and Fred Pohl in a huddle, trying to figure out how to get into the convention hall after being excluded.....and those are the guys who became editors afterwards..... Moral: to become an editor get excluded from a convention.

.....The Chicon my Argus was stolen, so no pictures of that, alas....But out of the files comes the folder with Chicon souvenirs.....Here's the song sheet Jack Speer mimeod with Here are Fans from Enceladus, Here are Fans from Luna's Face ... Marching Song of FooFoo.....Souvenir booklets, printed program, Dr. Smith's speech.....the dust of memories of the abortive parade thru Chicago's streets Reinsberg standing on top of somethingorother in front of the Hotel Chicagoan making a soapbox address.... the trek from the YMCA Hotel to the railroad station with fifty or so fans following me all the way up to the train.....

The Denvention.....The WIDNERIDE.....Look, here in my file is the log book I kept on that ride in Widner's rattletrap.... Autographs of Art Widner, Julie Unger, John Bell, and Bob Madle, who took part in the ride.....names of places where we stopped... there's the joint in Cumberland, Md., where I found a well-done cockroach in my egg after eating half of itthe egg, I mean...

.....Driving all night through Indiana, and crawling up Tucker's doorstep in the morning.....

....A few autographs are here, and the notation: There is no truth to the rumor that Milty took a bath to collect the well-known \$25. Signed, Bob Tucker.....That would be the 25 bucks Tremaine offered to the fan who made the most sacrifices to attend the convention.

Here is a Western Union blank filled out in pencil and it reads: To Sam Moskowitz, 621 Trenton Ave., Newark, New Jersey, Having a swell time. Wish you were here. Love & XXX Cyril Kornbluth.

....And here's a sheet of paper which for a minute I thought was part of the original draft of Slan, and how in Ghu did I ever come into possession of such a thing but now I remember It's the script of Art Widner's "Granny" act at the costume party.

....Here's the little pencilled sign which Robert Heinlein wore as his costume: Adam Stink, the World's Most Lifelike Robot.At the back of my notebook are some pencilled notes which seem rather idiotic but urp, they represent my half of a conversation with Louis Russell Chauvenet, at whose place the Widneride stopped on the way back. Chauvenet being deaf, any prolonged conversation with him must take place in writing, at least from my end of it.....There was one time, remember, when the conversation was held on a typewriter with hectograph ribbon, and the entire thing was subsequently published.....This is what that sort of thing is liable to look like: (Copied verbatim from my notebook.)

How do you like the convention mags?

The NFFF must start working soon, and the convention voted that the NFFF should be the body to plan and perform the program proposed by EEEvans. He gave no definite program, but suggested that a committee be appointed by the NFFF to plan a long range program for the benefit of fandom.

It rained all day and everybody got wet.

How about the tournament you are to do in Atlantic City?

I see that you are practically pres. of NFFF.

Voting is not yet finished, but you are ahead.

I broke my glasses this morning so I feel rather helpless.

I once won a match without them.

Art & I played 8 games. (Table tennis.)

4 to 4 games.

Make what? We had trouble with the motor and had to stop several times until we found a mechanic who knew his business.

End of conversation.

Now you know the deep dark secret of the kind of erudite discussions that go on among the brain trust of fandom.

And now there will be another folder of souvenirs to go into my file behind the folders labeled Philco, Nycon, Chicon, Denvention. And a hundred or so more photographs to sit in the box waiting to be pasted into my album. Will they never end?

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ATOMS

I believe it was E.E. Evans, who was asking why fans were not talking as much about atoms as they might. He interpreted their attitude as one of failure to realize that the future was here -- a failure to grasp the seriousness of the situation.

There is another interpretation which, at least in my case, is closer to the truth. I find no need at the present moment to discuss the pro's and con's of the atomic energy situation. The reason for that is that for the past ten years I have been thinking of the problem, and anticipating the possible contingencies that could occur upon the discovery of atomic energy. All of science fiction has been doing that thing.

Now that the fact is at hand, my thinking has already been done. Other people have to learn about atoms, find out what they can do, and make decisions about social problems. My mind is already settled. The situation is unchanged except that where in previous thoughts I have said: when atomic energy comes such and such will happen --- now I say: atomic energy has come, and such and such has happened. What is there to add to that? What word can I add to the millions that have gone before that will change the situation?

As an example of how my mind was already made up: the week following the first bomb, we had a discussion hour in the battalion in Paris. The topic was atomic energy, and to my astonishment, one of the first questions brought up was: should we keep it a secret. I was astonished because such a question had never come into my mind. From previous thinking I knew something which the entire Association of Atomic Scientists has been trying to teach congress these past months: **YOU CAN'T KEEP SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE SECRET!** I got up and told them that. Maybe they were surprised.

If you want to get in on this atomic business, I recommend that you write to the National Committee on Atomic Information, 1621 K. St., NW, Washington 6, DC. For a small contribution you can receive their Atomic Information bulletin.