

ANGST SCIENCE FICTION

NEUROTIC STORIES OF STUPID SCIENCE



"She knew that, whatever the outcome, her co-dependency treatment would be set back at least a year."

BEAM SURVIVES BIRTHDAY BASH

LEONA HELMSLEY RAKES IN BIG BUCKS

SALLY SUFFERS IN SILENCE

The trip to Cincy got off to an inauspicious start -- sleet on the morning of December 31. Our flight left at 0843, and the slippery stuff started to cascade from the heavens about 0600. The cabby slid the three miles to the Springfield International Airport in time for us to get some coffee before boarding. Sally needed it; the cold she started the day before was getting worse.

The first TWA flight out of Springfield is always a DC-9. Encouraging. They have plenty of thrust. But ice was building up on the wings, the captain wasn't about to take off without a good de-icing, and the ground crew was slower than molasses in -- well -- a sleet storm. So we found ourselves taxiing to the proper runway an hour late.

Once in the air the stews served champagne. Hmm, gotta remember that. What a way to

greet 1100 hours, bubbly in the nasal cavities. We were only slightly higher than the craft.

Touchdown and taxi at Lambert Field, St. Louis, took forever. We pushed our way out to discover that our flight for Greater Cincy was boarded, but only one boarding ramp away from us. Hooray. They were expecting us. Double hooray. The ship was a stretch DC-9. Wow! There were 14 passengers on board.

I figured this was TWA's chance to show us how much they Really Cared. We were a bit tight from the bubbly, in dire need of food, and slitley out of breath from the dash. The stew threw four packets of mouldy peanuts at us, and opened another methuselah of shomponya. Tight flight. I was less than thrilled. Sally was filling nasal tissues with fluids.

By Cincy things got better. Our car was waiting for us, and my AARP card got me an extra 5% discount (hey, it's something). The weather was misty. I took off for the city.

But wait!

The *First Fandom Report* is an official publication of First Fandom, and is published four times per year by President Ray Beam, 2209 S. Webster, Kokomo, IN 46902. The Editor is Secretary/Treasurer Mark Schulzinger, 528 Woodruff Bldg., Springfield, MO 65806. First Fandom dues (which are \$5.00 per year) should be sent to Mark. Comments can be sent to either Ray or Mark.

Liquor is freely available by the drink in Cincy, but not by the bottle. For that you have to pay a trip to a state liquor store, fill out little slips of paper, and wait in a que while some civil servant decides to get your booze for you. I suspect it was no accident that the Greater Cincinnati Airport is in Kentucky. *There* you can buy bottles of hooch openly.

So I ducked off the X-way at Covington, and wound my way through picturesque streets that had me misty-eyed with nostalgia. There's something to be said for cities that are more than 100 years old. Covington is a poor city, but its architecture is a wealth beyond compare.

Got booze. Got slightly lost. After all it *had* been 23 years. Found Main Street and the L&N bridge, gateway to the Queen City. Passed over same. Got lost while looking for the Temple Delicatessen. Found the Fort Washington Way (only they call it I-71 now). Dived with a roar beneath 42nd Street to emerge at Grand Central Sta...nope, sorry, wrong story. Emerged on the Eastern edge of the city, racing North past Elsinore Avenue and its picturesque castle entrance (no foolin'), Eden Park, McMicken Street, to arrive at the approach to Norwood.

On the off chance that a Skyline chili parlor was where we

left it some 23 years earlier, I took the exit. No luck. Ate plastic fish. Found out that Norwood was still broke after GM shut down the Fisher Body plant. Got lost. Found my old high school and my way. Roared back onto I-71 for the Harley Hotel just this side of Montgomery.

The Harley Hotel is one of those belonging to my dear friend Leona Helmsley. Poor Leona, unjustly accused of naught but a condescending attitude to the tax collectors, wrongly vilified for mean-spiritedness. Her hotel, nestled in a quaint valley, provides opulent lodgings for the weary traveler. Services there are lavish. When Sally decided her dresses were too wrinkled to wear the staff informed us that there were no provisions in the hotel for pressing clothes, but they provided us with an iron and board as long as I signed an agreement to pay them \$25 if anything happened to either. We tried to get food. Meals started at \$20. I called Ray to tell him we had arrived. Phone calls cost 50¢; long distance, even if paid for with a phone card cost a surcharge of 35%. The entire impression couldn't have been bested by Kim Kinnison when he took the role of Cardiff the Jeweler.

New Year's Eve brought with it the Cincinnati Fantasy Group's

annual bash. This year it was hosted by Roger and Pat Sims in their lovely condominium which is just off I-75. Ray, who acted as navigator for me, promptly got lost, but we were able to get there before the search parties had to be sent out.

First Fans in attendance were the aforementioned host, Bill Cavin, Steve Francis, Lynn Hickman, Margaret Keifer, Mike Lalor, and John Millard. Of course there were others there, but they were only other fans. The CFG communal bar was open, and contained many a tasty beverage as well as some real gut-wrenchers like Lemon Hart 151 proof rum. Had to drink some for old time's sake.

With First Fans years mean nothing. Conversations went on from where they had trailed off years or even decades ago. Lynn Hickman, who has been augmenting his collection of pulps with old issues of *Life* and *Judge*, waxed rhapsodic about the humor in the old rags. Roger discussed jazz and old recordings with us for a pleasant time. Mary Ann Beam wore black in honor of the old year while many of the other ladies wore gold lamé just for the heck of it.

With Sally ailing even more as time went on, we retired early in 1993, and slept an unconscionably long time. The next day

we ducked out for brunch, and found it at the Roselawn Frisch's. I couldn't help it -- I automatically drove to the old stomping grounds of the Midwestcons. Back to the hotel so Sally could meet her mother and brother while I helped the Beams and Jordans get the party room ready. It adjoined mine and Ray decreed that our room would be Coventry for those who wished to smoke.

Folks continued to show up and check in, mostly old friends from other venues. By 1730 hours we were all ready for supper. A nearby place yclept *The Ground Round* provided acceptable food and drink at reasonable prices (the Harley Hotel restaurant was still in Leona mode), and gave us enough time to get back and get dressed.

This time it was Mary Ann Beam who wore the gold lamé. Wore it? Heck, she cornered the market! Various branches of the DOD were bidding top dollar to bounce their laser weapons off her. The room started to fill. Michael Jordan had delivered the pop and the munchies, but forgot the utensils and plates. The floating liquor supply was somewhere between Roger Sims's place and the suite. Potato chips were desired by all. Time wore on, folks arrived, and no one but Lynn Hickman and

Joel Zakem, who brought their own strange brew, had anything to drink.

Roger finally appeared amid loud hurrahs, Michael arrived soon after, and Bill Cavin brought pretzels and chips. We let everyone have a few belts and then got the festivities underway. The sports fans saw it coming, though, and ducked into Coventry to watch the gladiators maim one another on the toob.

Leave it to Ray to convert his party into a party for someone else, this time for Mary Lu Lockhart. She's retiring in a little while (and at an obscenely young age). Ray produced appropriately disgusting gifts and a very tasteful (surprise!) cake.

This deterred us not. After the initial presentations I assumed my rightful place as M.C. and alternately vilified Ray and invited all and sundry to do the same. Hoots and catcalls filled the room until we discovered they came from the football watchers, and we closed the door. Then the real fun began.

The party went on until after 0200, but, again, Sally and I retired soon after midnight. We spent Saturday with family.

Saturday night brought with it yet another CFG party. Sally was not feeling well at all, and elected to stay in the hotel. I braved the

intricacies of the Norwood Lateral into Carthage for the party, stayed for an hour, and spent time revisiting parts of the city I might never see again. Cincinnati is a beautiful city. It has winding roads, delightful parks, pleasant architecture, and enough nostalgia for me to drown in. I chuffed up North Bend Road, breezed over the new Winton Road which makes the conquest of Winton Hill merely a mild trip, wound through Wooden Shoe Hollow, navigated the ells of Clifton Avenue, gazed at the lights from Mt. Storm Park, and wondered where my past had fled. I was taken by one thing in particular: the gap between rich and poor is more noticeable than ever before. I don't like that, it bodes ill for the future.

On Sunday, at checkout, Leona tried to stick us an extra \$10 per night for the room. I promised her real suffering, and she relented. Departure from Cincinnati was promptly on time. Departure from St. Louis to Springfield was delayed two hours for unknown reasons. Booze was hard to come by at Lambert Field. Third class citizens aren't allowed to drink until 1400 hrs. We wuz real tahr'd when we got home. But it was fun.

New Members

The following is a Full Member of First Fandom:

Chester D. Cuthbert
1104 Mulvey Avenue
Winnepeg, Manitoba
R3M 1J5
Canada

Welcome dinosaur!

HALL OF FAME NOMINATIONS

While it may seem early in the year to accept nominations for the Hall of Fame award, there's not time like the present to start.

Ray Beam has nominated **EVERETT BLEILER** to receive the award in 1994. Do we have a second?

Nominations and seconds will be accepted until July 17, 1993. The Ballot will be inserted in that same issue (the Autumn issue if my memory serves me correctly). **WE WILL RECEIVE NO NOMINATIONS AFTER JULY 7, 1993.** So there!

REVENGE OF THE SCI-FAN

Now you have the chance to see what a bum prophet I am. I wrote the following on December 12, 1992. By the time you read this the United States of America should be well and truly mired in one of the most spectacular incidences of political sabotage we've ever seen.

Sf likes to deal with dystopias, and particularly dystopias involving political or societal systems. Nemmine that *1984* was really written about Stalinist USSR or that "If This Goes On" had to do with a theocracy, anything is grist for the writer's mill.

But somehow, in the midst of political cross and double-cross, no one ever imagined that an outgoing administration would deliberately sabotage an incoming one.

Oh yes, we all know that a president will attempt to pack the Supreme Court, but this is such an iffy try that it sometimes backfires (as witness Earl Warren's amazing conversion to liberalism). And we all know that a president will attempt to get as much of his social agenda enacted into law as he can, but never have I seen a president try to ensure that his successor would be faced with an insoluble

dilemma.

Of course I refer to the Somalia Adventure. This is a worse no-win military enterprise than was Viet Nam, but for entirely different reasons, and with entirely different results.

Picture this: the national economic structure, long based on military spending, is in serious trouble. We're still trying to pay off the guns-and-butter policy of the Viet Nam presidents. Over a twelve year span a greedy administration has encouraged the de-industrialization of the nation and the use of once essential industries as counters in a gigantic Monopoly game. Displaced citizens have wound up living on the streets, the war on drugs is a dismal failure, illiteracy is on the rise. Things are a Mess.

Then along comes a disgruntled electorate. They vote the bastards out, vote a new set of bastards in, but at least the operative word is *new*. Everyone hopes that the new administration will be more inward-looking, less foreign-adventurous, more attune to the basic problems of the nation.

So the outgoing president, to show his sympathy for the will of the voters, dumps troops in a non-country filled with starving people. His avowed purpose is

humanitarian: he will take the guns away from the bandits, feed the starving, cloth the naked, cure the ill, and, as an encore, part the sea and resurrect the dead.

All in six weeks.

And so those with guns flee into the hills or surrounding countries, and just wait until the troops leave. Delays in moving food and clothing occur because it's impossible to disarm everyone. Troops succumb to diseases incredible to imagine, including a new strain of malaria that giggles at current treatment techniques.

And we wind up with a "country" of beggars, a country in which no one farms, no one runs the electricity generators, the water purification works, the telephones. A "country" which will be dependent on us for a looong time to come.

How can a new administration turn inward over this? If it attempts to extricate itself from the mess the other political party will point fingers and scream, "told ya so!" If it stays in the quagmire it spends more and more money on foreign dependents while members of its own political party scream about starving Americans.

What a mess! What a revolting development! And what a

reminder that people and processes are more perverse than any sf writer could imagine.

P.S. Just for the record, I voted Libertarian.

My plans for the *Report* continue. You see a new front page, and a few other changes. This will continue. I just received my new scanner and am trying to get it working the way it should. I was all ready to be pessimistic about the OCR software, but I used it to scan Martha Beck's unique con report, and it worked just fine.

Also in this will be a report on Ray's Big Sixty, and a few other matters.

DUES

Dues in First Fandom continue to be \$5.00 per year. Please make your check out to FIRST FANDOM, and send your dues to:

Mark Schulzinger

601 E. Delmar

Springfield, MO 65807

HALL OF FAME BALLOTS

The Hall of Fame Balloting will **CLOSE** as of March 1. That

will allow me to post the results in the Summer ish. If you have not voted, please do so NOW! No votes postmarked after March 1 will be counted.

SOONER-CON REPORT

by

Martha Beck

Dear Ones:(you know who you are)

Under threat of being shot by a very angry elephant with a spear in its trunk, I will attempt to do a con report.

Please, please ask Mark (our sec.treasurer) to explain the above remark. Only the generosity of the Okla fans made it possible for me to attend. Otherwise I might have missed a really great con -- totally centered around us old farts, oops, dinosaurs... I'm sure that no-one but Julie Schwartz and Tucker noticed that there were many young fans there too...

The con was truly centered around us, and even our business meeting was open to everyone. I was very pleased to see lots of fans besides the twenty-five or so First Fandom members attending. Luckily the

meeting was held in the large hall downstairs. Many good ideas came forward, and there was much discussion from the floor -- I felt we haven't had such a productive meeting in a very long time...except they railroaded me into becoming the west coast representative, thus giving me a good reason to take second mortgage out on new house, and attend Westercon and Worldcon this year...I will be going to three cons, tho. While at Soonercon, The beautiful woman who runs Name-That-Con in St.Louis asked me to be FAN GOH.

The committee gave me a huge room, one large problem -- next door Sally and Mark Schulzinger had the Bridal suite!!! Complete with huge round bed with canopies, and mirrors...so naturally, all the serious partying went on here...I tried to get a orgy started, but the room was filled with First Fandom, so we sat and ate, and drank and talked.

The first person I met in the lobby was G.M.Carr...I had dropped our correspondence in '74 due to surgery and sheer laziness -- I thought she would have been mad all these years, instead, she thought I'd died!!! We had a great visit. Loved listening to Catherine DeCamp talk about the early days, and Elsie Wollheim looked great, and gave a

great talk about publishing in the long ago, and today --- Made some new friends, saw lots of dear old friends, that I don't see often enough, participated in the masquerade -- don't ask what I wore -- only thirty other people wore the same thing. Kelly and lovely wife were there with much of his great artwork. Did an interview of Tucker right before the closing ceremonies, had a great audience--they may have been there for the closing, but Tucker and I thought they were there for us.

If this report sounds disjointed, well, so be it...Xmas, & New Years, lots of company over holidays -- Hank and I both have had steady chest colds, flu and heavy asthma for me -- it seems moving to a healthy climate after living in Gary, Indiana all those years, hasn't helped...give us time, we'll acclimate -- or die trying, I'm not agoing back!!!!

Thanks to all of First Fandom that was at the con, you all made it special for me. See you all at Westercon.

DINOSAUR DROPPINGS

Dear Mark:

Hello from Orlando! I just

finished re-reading the *First Fandom Report*. Wow! It's got a lot of fun, informative stuff. I got inspired and wrote up a piece on the Soonercon trip, which I'll send along (before the deadline).

The con was a real grand success. We all took time to be together, enjoying the science fiction thing! My photos came out okay, and I'll send along copies for you.

I really enjoyed the time that we all got to spend together -- the panels, parties, and informal chats were great! I'm delighted with the new officers. This way we'll continue to be active and be seen.

John Coker III

{Thanks for all the egoboo, John. And thanks for the photos and the sub. -- Mark}

Dear Mark,

"Hi. I'm a member of First Fandom. I was born in 1980."

Sound ridiculous? Well, that is what you are proposing. First Fandom was perceived by its organizers as an organization of fans who were part of the beginnings of fandom. An organization of people who can still argue over the events of the 1920s and 1930s because they were part of those events. It isn't something

we read about in books of fan history. It is something we lived through.

So we're getting fewer -- dying off. We knew we would and that eventually we would all be gone. There is nothing wrong with that. We will pass into history and that is as it should be. But presently we are still around and a lot of us are active and we are First Fandom. The idea of having some one in his teens or twenties identify himself as a member of First Fandom just doesn't wash. I am opposed to your plan for Sustaining Members.

Otherwise there is nothing wrong with your title change. It still says the same thing only in not as many words.

We have, it said, an East Coast VP and a West Coast VP. Which leaves 4/5 of the country without any representation. Tsk. Maybe we should divide the country up along the time zone lines and have VPs for each area.

Soonercon was fun and the First Fandom gathering was the only thing that could have gotten me to Oklahoma City in late November. Yes, the weather was terrible and both Eleen and I came home with colds.

Take care,

Roy Tackett

{I didn't know there was anything

besides an east coast and a west coast in this country, Roy. -- Mark}

Dear Mark:

Let me get into this long-playing beef about the good old days of space opera and other super stories. Were those times crammed with good ones, or are these times the total mess of mediocrity and worse?

First of all, the best stories in the earlier *Amazing* were copyright expired from the turn-of-century and before. (*Journey to the Center of the Earth* comes to mind, and I believe, *The Second Deluge*.) Others like *The Master Mind of Mars* were by previously established authors.

Second, the time frame. The twenties and thirties preceded the "Golden Age" and all of that blends together. How many do you clearly recall from then? My answer is "A lot more than I can recall the writers of or the titles of."

Then in the fifties and sixties we began to get books, but most of them had first come out in magazines, often years earlier. And we recall them because of the double exposure. Gradually books dominated the market and I gave up adding magazines.

In the seventies a new group

of talented women came on to reinforce the previous few and science fiction as a whole reached new highs.

The eighties were a time of massive takeover by fantasy. Publishers emphasized this and many writers went that route. And Larry Rothstein is kept happy. Not me.

Terry Jeeves is in a different class. His Memory Bank is simply clogged. When there were four or five mags as now, or eight or nine as briefly occurred, how many stories is that a decade? And how many still linger *Down Memory Bank Lane*? You just can't compare old decades with current years and make sense of the world.

Especially when we compare (as an example) the last few books by Heinlein with his earlier works, they do seem much less, but when we compare any of his with *A Woman of the Iron People* or *Lear's Daughters*, the new messages are far better than his. And don't quote Sam Goldwin at me. He made slapstick comedies and *they do convey a message*. People who object to "messages" merely claim that their message is the *only one* they will allow.

Editors are now also different from those we used to have. Possibly in an effort to hinder

"messages" they now downgrade action and story-progress. What is demanded now is detail. Meticulosity goes on and on for pages. In fantasy this is not so bad, or at least can be gotten away with because there is no real content anyway. In science fiction it is deadly because contact with reality must be maintained. Details must be broken up with action contacting a more or less "real" world.

That is why long explanations must be broken up by questions or comments from another character.

As to your report's subtitle, I never did like that "Dinosaurs of Science Fiction" business.

The dinosaurs are extinct!

Wolverines or redwood trees, maybe; *they* are *living* fossils. Just too touch to be shoved aside.

Clifton Amsbury

{ "Wolverines of Science Fiction"? Surely you jest. -- Mark }

Dear Ray & Co.,

Thanks for FF. It is touching to read of the "attrition" in the ranks. Well, NATCH! We don't get better as we get older, and often not much wiser. As much as FF would like to be a continuing organization, it would not be

"first" at all after a while. I'd be like my own one-man protest group, "First and a Half Fandom" which served while I fought and kicked to be admitted.

FF is like that communal group in New York State a century or more ago, the "Shakers" -- they did not believe in sex, so one guess what finally happened to the Shakers! However, I'm willing to compromise: let's allow younger members but call it First Fandom II, dating it between say 1950 and 1975. Then Fandom III, etc. There you are, and equitable solution!

I suggest no new membership cards be printed at all, and that the money go toward the worthwhile project of the FF Hall of Fame book. I still have my patch -- never put it on a jacket, but a delightful object worthy of purchase be each member! I agree with Erle Korshak about giving the Hall of Fame only to living people; heck, the woods are full of worthy deceased -- and they, presumably, could not care less!

Ben Indick

{ Ben, the matter of posthumous awards has already been voted on and approved by the membership. I can't see any reason to open the discussion yet again. -- Mark }

Dear Mark,

FIRST FANDOM REPORT for Winter, 1992 arrived yesterday, and provided amusing and entertaining reading, as usual. Thanks for so humorously enlivening its contents.

I regret to notice resignations from the membership, and I have been trying to remember friends who may be eligible to join First Fandom. I am 80 years old, however, and so many of my early fellow enthusiasts have died or lost touch with me, that I cannot think of even one.

Just a penalty of being a survivor, I guess.

Best wishes for 1993,

Chester D. Cuthbert

Dear Mark:

The "Con" was something else to say the least, and the hospitality of you and Sally made much more of it to us. And having Ray, Forry, Sam, Aubry, and Julie there as well was a lot of icing on a big cake. A lot of years were rolled back in a short time. Moving Ray into the presidency was most satisfactory, and little enough recognition for all his work to keep FF alive and progressive. You and he in tandem now should really help the "Dinosaur" movement to better

things. It was indeed great to meet you personally as well, and with this go our best wishes for many good things now and future-wise.

Sci-Fi forever!

Ted and Walt Dennis

{ And nice to see you two as well, Walt. I still remember when Ted wouldn't let me speak to you over the phone until I told her I was calling on First Fandom business. -- Mark }

Dear Ray,

Thank you very much for getting all those First Fandom signatures on the Soonercon program, and my very best greetings to all of the signers and helpers. I'm not much for writing, but I want to wish all involved a merry Christmas and happy new year.

William F. Benthake

To the members of First Fandom:

A number of members have communicated with me expressing their concern, friendship, good luck and best wishes. Some have also urged me to reconsider my resignation. I can't begin to explain my gratitude for these words of support. However, I feel I had no choice but to leave the organization. This choice was

made for me in Oklahoma City in November. It was further exacerbated by remarks I have learned were made by at least one member prior to this meeting and by one or two persons after that meeting. I'm afraid that my dissociation from First Fandom, or whatever it will be called in the future, is irrevocable.

It has occurred to me that I should amplify some statements I made in my previous letter.

This was probably not mentioned at the meeting, but I did make fairly frequent phone calls to your then secretary/treasurer during this period. Lest there be any doubts about this, I do have telephone statements to verify this since they were not collect calls.

Also, I have heard that some doubts have been expressed as to whether I ever made any significant contribution to FF, so I will list some of these contributions. Others may decide their significance.

From almost immediately after I joined FF I started recruiting members, mostly through personal contact, sometimes by providing the secretary/treasurer with names and addresses of people who should be sent applications. As recently as just a few months ago I sent along the name and address of a potential

member -- a name many of the old-timers would recognize. Obviously I have no control over whether that person chooses to join. Over the years I have spoken to a few others who for their own reasons chose not to join -- again persons whose names would be recognized by the old-timers.

I initiated the FF meetings at Lunacon almost a quarter century ago. The first few meetings were held in my room. Later Lunacon committees provided us with a meeting space. I ran these meetings, alone, every year until last year when I could not be present for reasons previously cited.

I arranged and organized the very first panel specifically called a FF panel (at) an SF con. This was at Lunacon in 1970 or 1971. This was one of the best attended panels at the con even though it was a morning panel. Of course the panelists, Asimov, Clarke, del Rey, Madle, Moskowitz, with me as chairman undoubtedly has much to do with the attendance. Many people really didn't know what FF (was) even though the FF awards had been presented at worldcons since 1963. After the panel I chaired several more panels at Lunacon and other conventions as well. I believe that this beginning led to broaden recognition of FF with panels becoming com-

mon at many conventions.

Looking at the list of FF award winners I note that many of the recipients were first suggested by me and thereafter nominated at the Lunacon meetings. I had intended to make some more nominations for the 1993 awards, but as a non-member, I realize that I can no longer do so. Perhaps, however, someone will agree with me that the following are worthy of the award: Carl Jacobi, Lester del Rey, Arthur C. Clarke, and proceed to nominate them. Finally I wish to state that I neither nominated nor voted for myself to receive one of the '92 awards. I therefore wish to thank FF for this award. It is a fine memento from the organization that was very important to me.

Arthur W. Saha

Dear Mark --

I oppose your sustaining membership proposal. First Fandom would be deluged by baby-boomers and baby-busters. Its meeting would become youth (?) conclaves. Stick to (the) FF original purpose.

Cordially

Alvin H. Lybeck

{But Alvin, its original purpose was to wither and die. *Vox pop*

and all that, but I hate to be secretary of an ongoing funeral -- Mark}

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

We had only a few comments on the election. I tried to tell Julie Schwartz that it wouldn't make any difference. Mark and I are still doing our thing only with different titles. Send all the money to Mark now and make your checks out to First Fandom.

I am still doing the mailings but they will have Mark's return address on them. Mark now has deadlines to keep the rag on a regular quarterly schedule. Our subscription campaign has not been very spectacular to say the least, but they are coming in every now and then. Maybe we can get our mailing list up enough to support a bulk permit again. The best thing that would do for us is raise our weight limitation from 1 ounce to 3.9 ounces. Any suggestions from the members will be welcome. I think Mark's idea of a sustaining membership is good and might accomplish the goal. It is just a fancy way of selling a subscription since nothing else such as voting privileges is given except

maybe a membership card.

One thing that I would like to put before the members in light of the election held at Sooner-con. I had held the post of Secretary- Treasurer for over 12 years and was only elected to it after the fact. Elections are a new way of doing things in this organization as officers were always appointed before. Bob Madle held the office of president for something like 23 years. I think that we should have terms of reasonable lengths because neither Mark or I want to do this till the day that the Grim Reaper takes us. In order to implement term lengths we need people who are willing to work on a regular basis and not just when the urge hits them. I keep watch-

ing for people in the membership with those requirements but so far I have not spotted any. If there are any such out there who might desire to run for these offices, please let yourselves be known. This also includes some of you newer associate members.

Please send Mark or myself your comments on this and other items that might come to mind. Even though Mark is now Secretary and will receive the bulk of the correspondence, I am still available and will probably have more time to answer letters personally for those that care to write. [address 2209 S. Webster, Kokomo, IN 46902, phone (317)455-1958]

Ray

Secretary/Treasurer's Report

Balance as of January 1, 1993 \$2,432.33

Received: Dues \$35.00

Patches \$15.00

Subscriptions \$13.00

Total \$63.00

Disbursements: \$0.00

Balance as of January 15, 1993 \$2,495.33

We now have a separate checking account and a Federal EIN. We have *de facto* tax exempt status because we have gross receipts of less than \$5,000. I do not intend to make formal application for tax-exempt status because this requires the payment of a fee and an expenditure of more than 120 *hours* to keep the records and fill out the necessary forms.

DEADLINES

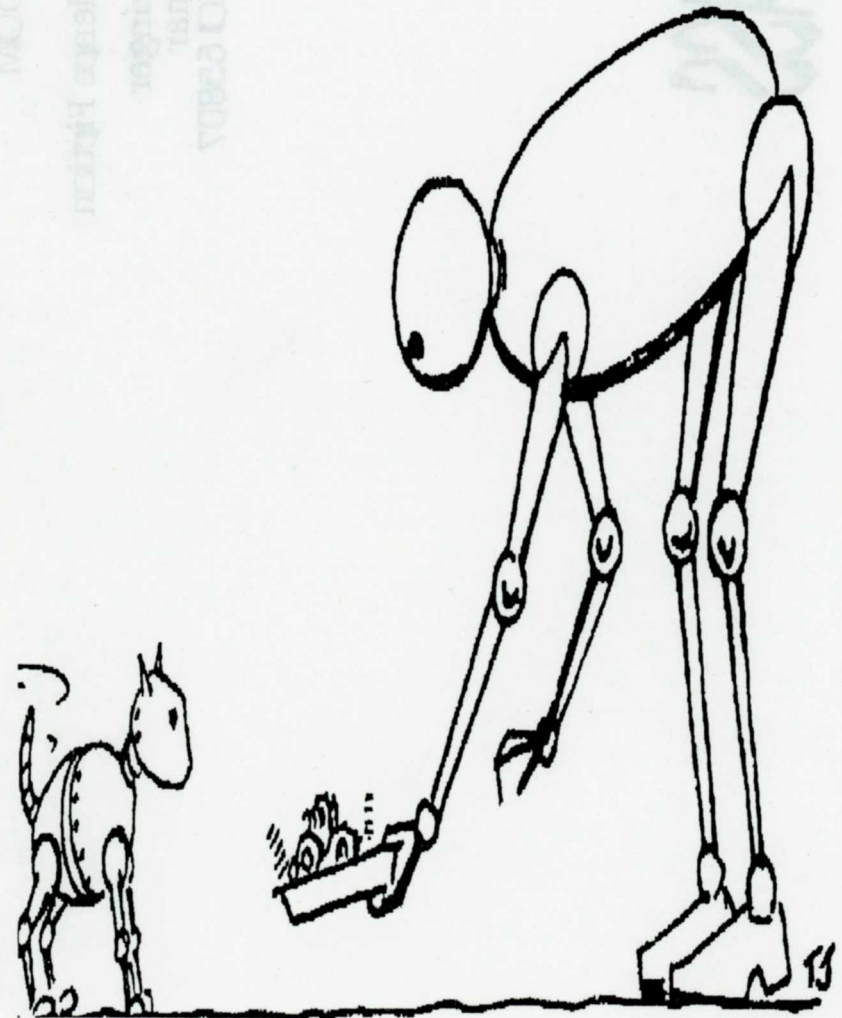
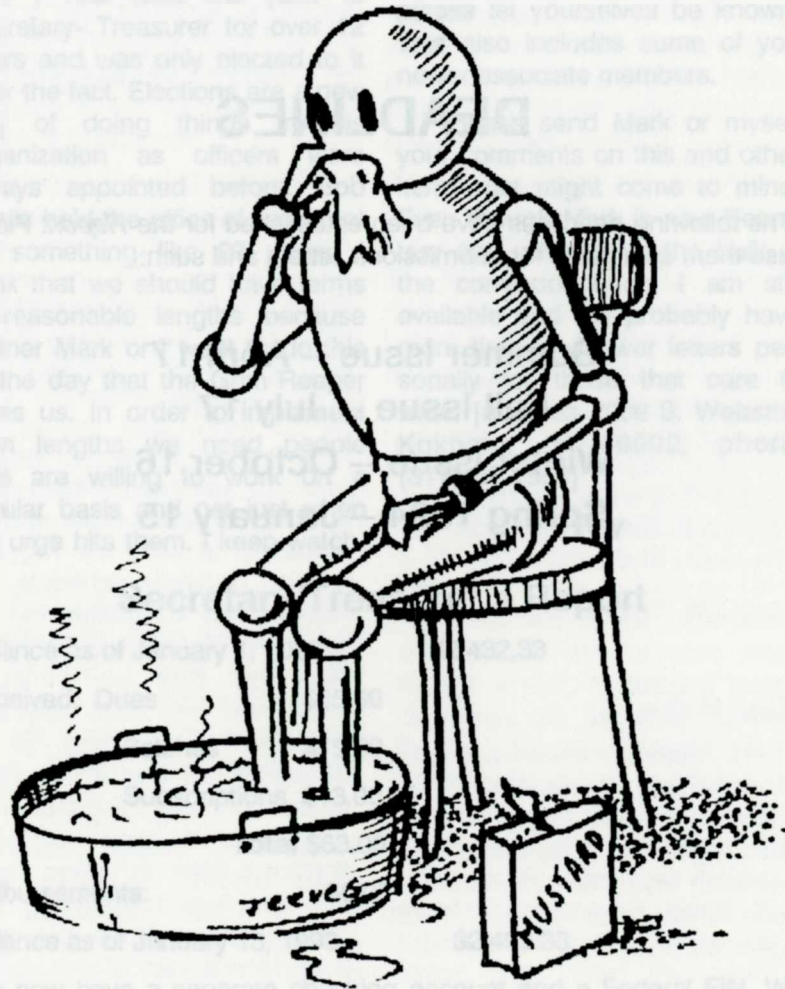
The following deadlines have been established for the *Report*. Please use them as a guide for submissions, letters and such:

Summer Issue -- April 17

Fall Issue -- July 17

Winter Issue -- October 16

Spring 1994 -- January 15



FIRST FANDOM

Dinosaurs of Science Fiction

Mark Schulzinger

601 E. Delmar

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FIRST CLASS

