

**Summer**

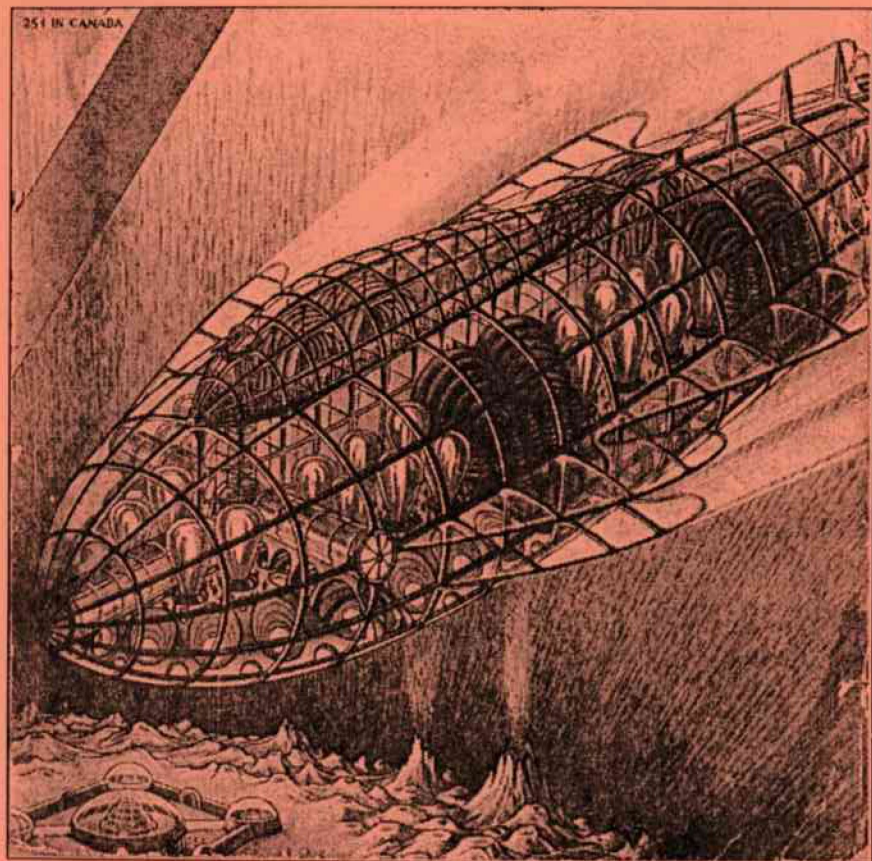
**1999**

# SCIENTIFICTION

**The official  
publication of  
First Fandom**



25¢ IN CANADA



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# SOME NEWS:

Mark Schulzinger's new address  
4131 N. 18th Place  
Phoenix, AZ 85016  
(602) 264-9465

*From an e-mail Mark sent to me I gather that Dave Kyle has put up a new web site called [www.firstfandom.com](http://www.firstfandom.com). Since he is no longer a*

*member of FF due to non-payment of dues and other shenanigans he has been informed that he does not have the legal right to use that name for a web site or anything else.*

*pm*

# NEW MEMBERS:

## Sustaining Patrons:

The Careys:

Dauglas C. and Mary Piero Carey  
1413 Louisiana Ave., NW  
Canton, OH 44703

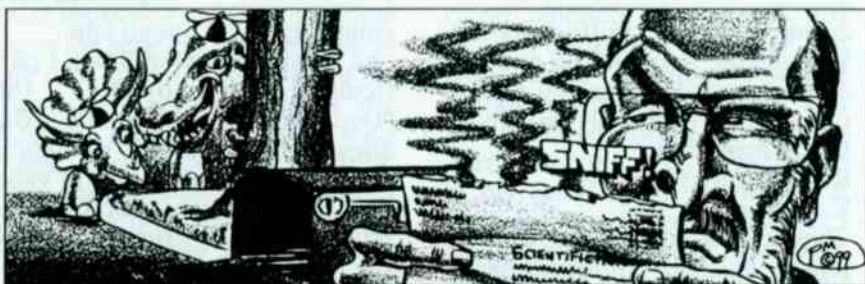
Eunice L. McAleer  
7006 Lighthouse Point  
Maineville, OH 45039

## Applicants

for associate membership:

Dr. Ben Bova  
Dr. Bill Breuer  
Phyllis Breuer  
George F. Carmichael

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## DINOSAUR DROPPINGS:

- Mark Schulzinger -

Date: Thu, 01 Apr 1999

From: "Dr. Mark"

<mschulzi@earthlink.net>

To: "McCall, Paul"

<pmccall@indy.net>

Paul:

>From Beam —

"I hereby nominate Marty Greenburg to receive the First Fandom Hall of Fame award."

The message was dated March 30, 1999.

Mark

*You'd think, in an organization centered around the literature of the future, when an electronic form of instantaneous communication really exists and **is** available in the home of the President of said organization, he would avail himself of it instead of getting on the phone and calling across country to get another member to use said electronic communique to transmit a message approximately fifty miles south of his, the President's, geographical coordinates! Nevertheless, message delivered, nomination noted and published.*

- Mark Again -

From: "Dr. Mark"

<mschulzi@earthlink.net>

Paul:

Ray wanted me to pass this on to you - Many of our members don't realize that I'm still secretary-treasurer even tho I don't edit the rag. Ray would like you to remind them that bids for reunion sites, nominations for awards and suchlike still go to me.

Best regards,

Mark

RAG! HUMPH!

- E.M.Korshak -

April 9, 1999

Dear Paul:

Although I did not vote for Langley Searles for last year's Hall of Fame award, inasmuch as I had nominated Martin Greenberg for this honor, nevertheless the membership are to be commended for voting for Langley, an outstanding choice, and I should like to be among the first to congratulate him on his well-deserved election.

For the 1999 Hall of Fame award I should like to resubmit Marty Greenberg's name. As the legendary Publisher of the GNOME PRESS books - of the first editions of Heinlein, Howard, Hubbard,



Asimov, Clarke, Kuttner/Moore, Williamson, Pohl and on and on - and as a great editor and anthologist, he is especially worthy of this recognition.

Respectfully submitted,

E. M. Korshak

*Thanks Earl, Ray beat you to the punch with his transcontinental phone/e-mail nomination but you mention specifics so I included it as well.*

**- Mark by e-mail, yet again! -**

March 24, 1999

Paul:

I hereby nominate Ray Beam to receive the year 2000 Sam Moskowitz award for excellence in collecting.

Mark Schulzinger

*Duly noted and published*

**- Catherine Mintz -**

<cmintz@grip.cis.upenn.edu>

Thu, 11 Mar 1999

It is with a certain bemusement that I note the cover of the latest issue says it is spring; the inside cover fall; and the first page winter. Also it is 1998 on the inside, while it is 1999 on the outside. One could conclude the editor forgot to change his headers....

However, these are minor faults. What caught my eye was my email address on the inside cover:

cmints@crip.cis.upenm.edu. Speak unkindly to your spell checker. Mine has been trying to correct me to Mints for a number of years, and although I refuse to yield, it has slipped a fast one past me at least once. The correct address is on the opposite page:

cmintz@grip.cis.upenn.edu.

As an avid Babylon 5 fan, I particularly enjoyed the "Department of Really Big Shews." It is my sad, or happy, depending on your point of view, task to inform you that TNT has refused to back Crusade beyond the thirteen shows already created, which will air this summer beginning June 9.

JMS is already considering other projects, and the only ray of hope for avid fans in the entire proceeding is that the sets are being folded down rather than destroyed. I got the feeling from his online comments that B5's creator was not unhappy to be moving on to other things.

Should you be interested in a brief article on this, let me know, and I'll check the facts closer to your deadline date. There is only one certain thing in the B5 universe and that is, whatever they say is happening is likely to change abruptly.

Catherine Mintz

*Why should **you** pay attention to the issue dates in the page headers? Obviously I didn't! I'll try not to repeat that mistake in future issues, wouldn't want to time-warp the membership! I don't think I can, in good conscience, blame my spell-checker for botching your e-mail address. I am in the habit of just hitting 'skip' whenever I see it's into an e-mail address, I must have not caught it in the OCR or screwed up the manual input, who knows? From what I've gleaned from the various 'noisy-nelly' web sites that are devoted to behind the scenes information CRUSADE, the Bab-5 spin-off, was killed due to*

*TNT's insistence that JMS and crew retool the series to make it more in line with what Ted Turner and his corporate muck-heads think the viewing public want in their shows. That is, sex and violence. They actually want the show to fit in with the WWF (World Wrestling Fools) theme that has proved so successful for the cable network. Straczynski refused to pander to their demands. The SCI-FI Network reportedly wanted the show but the offer came too late for them to find the cash to fund it. Ah well, it's just TV!*

**- Terry Jeeves -**

Dear Paul,

Once again many, many thanks for a superlative issue of SCIEN-TIFUNCTION. Lovely cover and great interior illos. I'd award it 101% in any poll. My thanks also for the great coverage which you gave to both my letter and the cover of ERG - I enclose a copy of the next issue to keep you up to date with the mag.

I was intrigued to see the reproductions of the Galactic Patrol cover, I have all the first editions, a couple of them signed and endorsed to me by Doc. Very treasured items you can be sure. I also have all the Skylarks and for good measure I also have the lot repeated in Panther paperbacks - as well as a run of the d'Alembert stuff and a couple of Tedric rip-offs. I don't care what the modern fans say, Doc was tops for his era and still gives me a kick having just finished re-reading the Lensmen series

Amused and puzzled to see the Astounding 'Grey Lensman'

cover pinched for a watch box cover. Puzzled, as I wonder if it was done legally. Another Astounding cover, the robot with bloodstained forefinger looking quizzically at a dead human held in his other hand. Over here it appeared on a record jacket. I also saw an Italian SF mag with another ASF cover ripped off, but this time, re-drawn with very slight differences. Street & Smith ought to sue. Speaking of ASF, anyone out there interested in buying my copies, I enclose a leaflet giving details of these and other fannish items.

WAR OF THE WORLDS. Here too, I have some treasured items, a tape recording of the original Orson Welles broadcast although with the state of my recorder, I don't know if I can play it now. I also have a recording of the LP read by Richard Burton, it has a lovely sound track

Babylon 5 and indeed, all the Star Trek spin-offs and followers leave me cold. They're the visual equivalent of the sf mags published during the fifties boom, all soap opera stuff translated into space . . . remember Galaxy's Bat Masterson?

No doubt about it, the best issue of StF yet. Keep up the good work Apologies for typos but this keyboard is too small for my clumsy fingers.

All the best,

Terry

**BIDS WANTED FOR THE FOLLOWING:**

ASTOUNDING/ANALOG general Condition, bearing age in mind: P=Poor, F=Fair, G=Good, VG=Very Good, ST=Spine Cellotaped,

TE=Edges trimmed. Where an issue is not VG, damage is usually confined to covers and/or spine. This is indicated, then overall condition is given. Thus 'ST, tear on cover, VG' means that although the spine is taped and the cover has a tear, the body of the magazine is very good for its age.

1935 All text pages are VG unless stated otherwise. Most wear being confined to covers as indicated.

JAN - G but bacover and 6 pages of Brass Tacks have 1" by 2" crumbled away. Rest of mag OK, ST, TE

FEB - VG ST TE

MAR - GOOD ST Cover edge chipped and taped

APR - VS ST

MAY - FAIR Spine poor, cover has 1" tear, bacover has piece torn out

JUN - FAIR ST 1' of tape down inside edges of back and front covers

JLY - FAIR ST 1" by 2" piece off front cover

AUG - VG ST

SEP - VG ST 1" reinforcing strip inside front cover

OCT - GOOD ST 1" by 2" strip off cover

NOV - VG ST Sticker patch removal on cover leaves 1" by 2" marking

DEC - Good 1" torn off cover corner. Top has 2" of tape.

ANALOG JAN 1994 TO JAN 1995 Bids for all 14 ISSUES AS NEW

UNKNOWN No.1 March 1939 Good Condition

HARDCOVERS with dust jackets  
IMPERIAL EARTH A.C. Clarke  
Harcourt Brace Bk Club Edn. VG

SLAVES OF SLEEP L.R. Hubbard  
1st Edn. Shasta 1948 Fair/Good  
THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON  
R.A. Heinlein 1st Edn. Shasta 1950 Good

*I included Terry's list of offerings in this letter column mainly because it scanned in reasonably well with a minimum of clean-up but I'm not going to encourage the lettercol becoming a swap shop. If enough members would like a page or two devoted to things SF you'd like to sell or trade then let me know and I'll see to it.*

*If the record album you were referring to was by QUEEN. I can shed some light on that one. Kelly Freas was commissioned to recreate that cover with the band members replacing the original figures in the robot's massive palm. That one was legitimate, I recently had occasion to speak to Bob Weinberg and mentioned the Fossil use of the Rogers painting from the Gray Lensman and his theory was that it was probably just 'lifted.' In such cases it's usually more trouble than it's worth to let lose the legal dogs of war, thus enriching only the lawyers.*

**- Bob Peterson -**

Dear Paul,

Appreciate your having taken over the First Fandom quarterly. It looks very neat and you are doing a very good job.

I did have a couple of questions from the Winter issue. You have a letter from Bob Adair, but I don't see him on a roster. Is he a real new member? Also, I don't know who Nancy Shaw Tucker is.

Best,  
Bob

*Thanks for the kind words regarding my efforts on StF, Bob. I got your postcard follow-up informing you discovered Nancy was Bob Shaw's wife. I checked the Rosters I have and Bob Adair has not as yet been listed on them but his name and address was listed in the New Members section on page 2 of the Winter '98 issue of StF. Not personally knowing many of the members as do Mark and Ray I just run what comes in and hope others of you know who and what is being discussed, related, lambasted or praised.*

- N. E. "GUS" WILLMORTH, -

3/15/99

Dear Paul:

First let me join the chorus congratulating you on the splendid job you are doing with Scientifiction. I don't seem to do nearly as good a job with Pagemaker on my PC as you do on the mag.

Second, I enclose an obituary on Niesen Himmel, another old sci fi fan who bites the dust. I don't know whether you consider it appropriate for StF because Himmel was not a First Fandom member, but he had a lot of friends and acquaintances in the field.

Some of the notes in the obit are not strictly accurate. E.G., the item on his living in the house in Pasadena with L.Ron Hubbard. At that time, Niesen and I were rooming together on Bixel Street in LA and, while we visited the 'Free Love' center several times along with Alva Rogers and Lou Goldstone (two more of our old LASFS crowd who are long gone),

none of us ever actually lived there. Alva did sleep over a couple times but not to live.

Bixel Street in the '40s was a great place. Besides Alva, Lou, Niesen and myself E.E. Evans and his daughter and Alva's sister also dwelled there. Joquel did also for a while - more deceased fans! Across the street was the LASFS clubhouse, Ackerman and Morojo and the Michigan expatriots in Slan Shack. Always a horde of fans visiting and passing through.

Himmel did come west in the war years along with Phil Bronson, the Dicksons and others from Minneapolis area. Himmel was quite friendly with the Dicksons and was a life-long friend of Gordon's - the Dicksons lived out in South Pasadena before Gordie moved back to the Midwest. At the time I thought Gordie was a typical teenager more interested in fixing cars than writing. Little did I know how untypical!

That bit about his saving papers was true. His apartment was a bloody maze, although I remember the books more than the papers. He was a voracious reader, an encyclopedic discussion of anything newsworthy, and a terror with a telephone. I once emptied the sun porch of our Bixel Street place of a couple years accumulation (to make room for *my* books and the copies of Fantasy Advertiser waiting for addressing) His car was a mess as reported!

That apartment where the seal was reportedly dumped in the swimming pool was a grand party



place. A huge living area, giant fireplace, big round bed. My wife in a fit of revulsion once threw all of Himmel's bagpipe records into the pool. Himmel was furious (naturally) and we all had to fish them out. Unfortunately, one weekend we were off to a convention and Niesen loaned the apartment to some police friends who proceeded to hold a week long party there - more like a riot! Oh, woe! Made such a mess and such disruption of the neighborhood that Niesen got tossed out. That's not in the obit!

One benefit of the police beat was the number of half full bottles of booze that were given him. Occasional relief from the terrible stuff we could afford while Niesen was on strike and I was a needy college student - but we also had a massive collection of bottles cluttering up the Bixel apartment. Fortunately that got cleaned up when Himmell's mom came out from Minneapolis to visit and we went into a frenzy of clearing out. Thank goodness (I think, but am not sure) those wild old days are gone and we've all turned reasonably sober.

However, Niesen did get one of his heartfelt wishes. Not long ago over lunch I asked him when he was going to retire. He sad, "Never. I intend to keep working until I die." And he did. He dropped dead in the newsroom a couple weeks ago - I'll probably die in bed reading an old science fiction novel!

YHOS

Gus Willmoth

PS: I've got more Niesen stories if you want! Like after midnight

searches for goodies to send up to old man Hearst's castle in fear of being fired if non-productive. Like Elmer Perdue's collection of murdered lady pictures (including the slashed up Black Dahlia that I think Niesen got for him.) ETC

GW

*Well, Gus, you've clarified your own statement when you say you are using Pagemaker on a PC. Get a Mac! PCs are for programmers, if you want to do some real page layout get a Macintosh! (I don't really want to get into that 'Hatfield and McCoy'/'PC vs Mac' crap. I just prefer a machine designed for creative artists.) I started out using "Ready, Set, Go!" on a Macintosh SE, then went over to Pagemaker when RSG fell by the wayside. I now use QUARK and I think it much superior to all the other page layout programs. But there was a long learning curve to the package.*

*I didn't reproduce the obituary on Himmel but I will mention that interested parties can find it in the LA Times from Sunday, March 14, 1999 probably in your local library.*

*Gus hand wrote a note in the margin, that the house he and Himmel shared on Bixel was owned by a guy named Parson. "He made a bundle in explosives during the war. It broke up when Parson's girlfriend ran off to Florida with Hubbard." What broke up I'm not sure, I may have wrongly decoded his hand writing, what interested me enough to repeat it was the Hubbard/girlfriend angle.*

*These are the kinds of stories I asked for last issue. Interesting*



*happenings related to the people and places of SF fandom's history. This one was a bit peripheral but still very interesting to me and that's one of the requirements to get published in StF!*

**- Eric Solstein -**

3/1/99

Dear Mr. Schulzinger,

I received your name and address from "RAM," Robert Madle. He has been assisting me in a video documentary that I have been producing about Science Fiction. He suggested that I might become an associate member of First Fandom and receive your newsletter and I have enclosed \$6.00 to cover this cost. He also thought that I might be able to post a short notice about my project to your next issue, in order to solicit materials that only members of First Fandom would likely have.

If it is possible, I would greatly appreciate it if you could find some space for the following notice:

Producer Eric Solstein of the Digital Media Zone (DMZ) in New York City requests your assistance. DMZ is currently in production on a major documentary history of Science Fiction that will hopefully air on PBS in the year 2000. He has conducted numerous interviews of

Anyone who might have ANY home movies of Science Fiction authors or early fannish activities, or have knowledge of such films is respectfully, asked to contact Mr. Solstein. Still photos of authors and editors are also of interest. Older material is pre-

ferred and condition is unimportant.

He may be reached by phone at (212) 255-8181, by e mail at

digmez@earthlink.net, or by post at:

Eric Solstein

c/o DMZ

129 West 27th Street

NYC, NY 10001.

Thank you for your assistance and looking forward to receiving my associate membership.

Yours truly,

Eric Solstein

*Anyone willing and able to help Eric please contact him directly.*

**- Ron Small -**

March 11, 1999

Dear Paul:

Just received the current issue of SCIENTIFUNCTION, and found it, as usual, full of juicy tidbits.

First off, thanks for the warning on "Starship Troopers" I will give it a wide berth. For Ape reason, Hollywood has a problem with sf plots, although, they usually do a great job on special effects. Admittedly, sf is not easy to do, and Tinseltown has other priorities, with the result that they invariably fall short.

Thanks too to old friend Ray Beam for the tip on the book "Science Fiction, the Gernsback Years"; must hunt that one down. By way of explanation, I go back a long way, to those days: Gernsback, Burroughs, AS, the works, so this one rings a bell.

Here in the northeast corner of the country, I am rather remote from the heavy sf action, and hence have not attended many

cons, etc., to put it mildly. In fact, I have recently taken advantage of our relative proximity to Boston to attend a con for just the second time. The main reason for my doing so was to seize upon the opportunity to finally meet up with my favorite author, Connie Willis, whose "Doomsday" I consider to be a masterpiece

I was not disappointed. The con proved to be interesting and well-organized, with many discussion panels going on all weekend, well-chaired by some really heavy hitters, and of course catching up with Connie Willis was the high point of the weekend, for me at least.

As for TV, most of the sf shows have not caught my interest, although I do watch TNG fairly readily. And, since I am interested in hard sf only, anything smacking of fantasy loses me quickly.

Keep up the good work. My best to all hands..

Sincerely,  
Ron Small

*Hollywood has a problem these days with plots in general, not just in SF*

*films. These are the days of the "effects heavy extravaganza," plot optional.*

- Martin Greenberg -

4/11/99

Dear Paul,

I want to commend you on the great job you are doing with SCIENTIFUNCTION.

The gathering at Millenicon was a lot of fun and Mark conducted the First Fandom meeting with great verve and humor.

I was disappointed at not getting into the Hall of Fame but Langley Searles was certainly deserving of the honor and I'm pleased for him.

I'd like to take a moment to thank all my friends who did vote for me.

I haven't been active for 30 years but now that I'm back, I look forward to reacquainting myself with all the friends that I've made thru the years & making new ones.

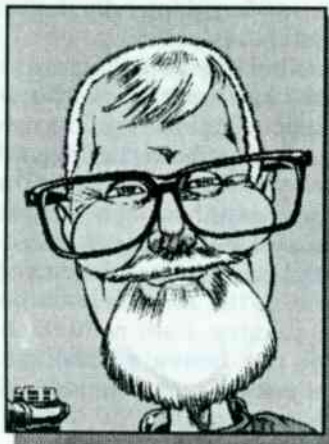
Again, you're doing a great job & thanks for your efforts.

Cordially,

Marty Greenberg

*Aw shucks, Marty!*

*Maybe next time!*



## PRESIDENTS MESSAGE:

by ray beam

*Ray's quite busy at the time this issue was put together, his video business has suddenly taken on a lot more customers which is taking more of his time than usual. He phoned me to let me know there would be no President's Message this issue. pm*

# REVENGE OF THE SCI-FAN:

by mark schulzinger



## RETURN TO TOMORROW

I am still expecting the latest issue of StF, but it's time to get cracking on my next article. With the way things have been going around here I'll be lucky to get it in by deadline.

As you may have seen on the

title page, I have moved. Sally and I are now living in Phoenix, Arizona, about a mile from the V.A. hospital where she is now working medical-surgical nursing. This was a move we never intended to make, but was precipitated by the decision of the Navajo nation to take over and loot its health care service. Chalk it up to mutual bigotry; the Navajo hate the white man and I don't care too much for the Navajo.

Be that as it may, we had a whole five weeks to find a new house, sell our old one, and make the move. It wasn't a pleasant experience, since the old house is still in the process of being sold and we are in hock up to our wisdom teeth (all right, you try owning two houses at once). The movers, Atlas Van Lines, committed numerous shady practices and even forgot to move an entire closet full of stuff.

On the plus side our new house has many amenities, including flood irrigation (yep, we flood the yard every other week), a spa in the patio, working ceiling fans and a heating/cooling system that is all one unit (and sits on the roof). We've lost half our square footage, but the master bedroom has its own sitting room attached to it. We have both a carport and a garage, and I'm



using the latter as a workshop (boy, does it need work).

The change in location is a bit overwhelming. Not only have we descended about a mile in altitude and moved laterally some 300 miles, but we've also moved over 40 years forward in time.

Figure it out for yourselves. For the past 28 years Sally and I have lived in places never larger than 150,000 population. Greater Phoenix has 2.8 megafolks in it. The further one gets from a major metropolitan center the further back in time one seems to go — some women in Branson, Missouri, still wore beehive hairdos. It stands to reason, then, that the closer to a major city one gets the nearer real time becomes.

Well, here we are in the 21st century. And it's a shock of a sort.

I never imagined that the cities of the next century would have so many goods and services, or that they would be so very specialized. We needed a pet door that would fit in the space occupied by our patio door; the house has no back door. It turns out that there is one company in Phoenix that specializes in creating patio doors with pet doors built into them. We had to have a shower surround replaced. There are companies that specialize in making shower surrounds.

I found that one of my tires was flat. I pumped it up and set off for the nearest gas station for repairs. Surprise — gas stations

no longer fix flats, they're repaired at tire stores. There is a store that sells nothing but batteries — not auto or small engine batteries, but the batteries that go into cellular phones, computers and other high tech devices.

The array of goods and services is almost overwhelming at times. Today I received a steady stream of calls from folks trying to sell me either a security system or a water treatment system — we have both. Amazing. Also astounding and startling.

But I have noticed an area in which the city of century 21 is behind the times: communication. The telephone company is still unable to give rapid connections. Despite the fact that I arranged for service to be transferred two weeks prior to the move, despite the fact that I specified two lines and was given the numbers by the telephone company, the phone lines were not installed when we moved in. They managed to get the address wrong and were incapable of correcting the mistake even after good-natured prodding on my part. What's worse, they requested permission to reveal my new number to anyone who called my old one and were unable to comply with their own offer of service.

And this is more than passing strange. In the city of the next century communications are essential. Goods and services must move, and they must move

rapidly. Close to three million people require a whole heck of a lot of life support, which in turn requires good lines of communication. And yet I can travel 40 years in only five hours and must still wait two weeks for my second phone line.

Not that I'm complaining, mind you. Phoenix looks like a city I may well enjoy. It's just that this is a most unexpected bottleneck in an area of major need.

#### **DEPARTMENT OF REALLY NICE CONS:**

The First Fandom reunion and Millennicon have both come and gone, and I am pleased to be able to report that both were quite good. Due to a terrible problem with the original con site (the owners decided to do a complete renovation during the con date) the venue was moved to the Regal hotel on Fifth Street in downtown Cincinnati. Now this just happens to be the old Hotel Metropole where 50 years ago the seventh World Science Fiction Convention, Cinvention, was held.

In 50 years one might expect to find the Metropole much changed. I'm pleased to say that this does not seem to have been the case. I believe I was placed in one of the original rooms used by Cinvention, and I don't think one dust mouse has been replaced in half a century.

Well, it wasn't all that bad. The Regal is a commercial hotel, linked to the convention center

by a gerbil tube. Its fourth floor is a meeting floor, and I doubt that any of the rooms on that floor are ever rented for lodging. Still, it was disconcerting to find ominous black blotches on the ceilings, patio doors that didn't lock effectively, and a huge black blot on the bottom of the tub from where a bath mad had lain far too long. The hotel is so old that it still uses a water heating/cooling system. That means that if the hotel has chosen to heat the building there is no way in which a guest can cool his room. My room didn't get cooler than 75 degrees the entire time I was there. That meant I had to sleep with Buck. Buck Nekkid. So I popped a Viagra, it kept me from rolling out of bed.

My room was right around the corner from the con suite. That made it convenient albeit a mite noisy. I was also around the corner from the First Fandom hospitality suite. Although Ray and I had brought drinks and munchies, this was not a drinking crowd, so most of it will be used for the next reunion. Hooch don't go bad unless it's lousy to start with.

One of the first things we did was to make a trip to the huckster room — huckster rooms ain't what they usta be, but Larry Smith was there so the visit wasn't a total loss. Ray noticed a rather sinister fellow wearing an eyepatch and a First Fandom membership card upside down

and dispatched me to investigate, and I discovered Marty Greenburg. Marty had recently been diagnosed with diabetes and, aside from some loss of reflex in his left leg and double vision, he was dealing with it pretty well. We paraded him around, explaining that this was not Martin H. Greenburg, but the real thing. He and I hadn't seen one another in over 30 years. He remembered me. I was flattered.

Supper was strictly a First Fandom reunion with Sheldon Jaffery, Bill Beard, Marty Greenburg, Ray Beam and myself consuming indifferent martinis — in a grill named "Martinis" oddly enuf — and equally indifferent food. Still, the company more than made up for the lack of quality in the drink and victual department. Marty let us know that he had discovered the First Fandom hospitality suite. It was cunningly hidden in plain sight, so naturally we had been unable to find it.

Opening ceremonies are usually so tumultuous and lengthy that I tend to forego them. The Millennicon folks, though, had a low key and short one, though. It was appreciated. I paid my respects to some folks, and rolled into bed at the ridiculous time of 2200 hrs. Remember, though, I was running on Mountain Standard time.

As I mentioned above, the room was uncomfortably warm so I cast off my pajamas and slept

bare. I was concerned that I could not get the drapes to cover one window panel, but figured from the way it looked that it was a one-way mirror. I discovered the next day that such was not the case. Well, if folks wanted to gaze at a fat old man in the altogether I figured that there were emergency rooms that could repair the damage.

My stay at the old Metropole was characterized by a number of bare-bottomed episodes. It was synchronicity, I'm sure; at my age I have not suddenly become an exhibitionist. On Saturday I had gone into my room to change for the banquet. There was a knock on the door. I opened it and Ray came in followed by Frank Johnson and Joel Zakem. A few decades earlier I would have said that I was so happy to see them that I dropped my drawers. The truth is that my pants dropped of their own accord as I was shaking hands. Such is life.

The banquet was good, and the award presentations were well received. I continue to be delighted that the regional cons who host our reunions give us much more than the niggardly three minutes allotted us in the past by worldcons, and I am extremely pleased with the attention and interest the audience shows. Of course Ray and I did the usual Frick-and-Frack routine just to let everyone know we were well and truly into our collective dotage.



The hospitality suite was put to good use. The Cincinnati Fantasy group commandeered it for a marathon card game earlier in the day, and we olde pharthes spent reminiscence time in it after the banquet. We ate the fruit

that the kind concomm sent, drank liquor that was unashamedly purchased with treasury funds, and got to bed early.

All in all it was a very good reunion.



## FROM DOWN IN THE FOSSIL BEDS:

by don dailey

"When it rains it pours". Last time around there was no activity in the Archives to report. Now everything seems to be happening at once!

First, the long awaited "Hugo File" from Ben Jason arrived. A quick scan of the contents revealed a treasure trove of information. Letters debating the criteria for awarding the Hugo, photos & drawings of proposed designs for the trophy, even the invoices/receipts for having the trophies produced. In short, the complete history of the award. There were also some assorted goodies from a few Worldcons included. Many thanks Ben!

John Coker III has also forwarded some "stuff" to the Archives. Transcripts of panels held at various conventions that featured First Fandom members and/or subject matter, photographs (of course), and newspaper/magazine articles about First Fandom members. All interesting material with a promise of more to come. Thanks to you too John!

And I finally had the chance to speak with John Carter Tibbetts, son of the late great fan Jim Tibbetts. He has agreed to work on a "file" of

materials on his dad for later inclusion in the Archives. There was some mention of old photographs with the likes of Asimov & Leiber and other material related to Jim's fan & FF activities. John's efforts will be greatly appreciated.

I have debated in my own mind for some time about whether or not to include books in the FF Archives. Things could rapidly get out of hand as far as storage space and whatnot if too many were included. But I think that certain books about fandom should be included. I'll see what I can do about tracking down copies of publications like Sam Moskowitz's "The Immortal Storm", Harry Warner's "All Our Yesterdays" and "A Wealth of Fable", Jack Speer's "Up to Now", and perhaps Joe Sanders' edition of "Science Fiction Fandom". I'm sure there are other such books out there that should be included in this list. If any of you have an idea, please let me know.

Now, if somebody could please locate a copy of "Notes From Bob Peterson #28", I can complete the file on those (Bob needs a copy also). Help!

Amongst the piles of old correspondence I have been filing in the Archives, I came across a short note that grabbed my attention. Back in April of 1985, R. Creighton Buck scribbled a line he sent along with his FF dues. "No time machine is as cheap as F.F.". I agree, I'm having a great

time working with the Archives!!

'Til Next Time.

Don Dailey/Archivist

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MILLENNICON "happened" 19-21 March as planned in Cincinnati. I was only able to be there on Saturday the 20th, but I managed to attend most of the important activities. The con featured the First Fandom Reunion. FF members in attendance included Ray Beam, Bill Beard, Bill Bowers, Bill Cavin, Hal Clement, Don Dailey, Steve Francis, Norman Friedman, Martin Greenberg, Bob Hillis, Sheldon Jaffery, Frank Johnson, Margaret Keifer, Mary Martin, Melvin Schmidt, Mark Schulzinger, Rogers Sims, Larry Smith, and Joel Zakem. My apologies if I missed anyone.

The con was a small one (con registration says 438 bodies showed up), but interesting. Melvin Schmidt's early morning panel (what started you out reading science fiction) turned into a round table discussion with as many panel members as attendees. Hal Clement's slide show drew a respectable group, and the First Fandom panel was also fairly well attended. The FF Awards presentations after the banquet went well also. The numbers were small, but I felt that fewer people (with a FF member at each table) paid more attention to the proceedings than the much larger crowds I have seen at the presentations done at

Worldcons. The First Fandom Hall of Fame Award went to A. Langley Searles. Award was presented by Melvin Schmidt and accepted on behalf by Mark Schulzinger. The Sam Moskowitz Award for Science Fiction Collecting went to Forrest J. Ackerman. Award was presented by Ray Beam and accepted on behalf by Martin Greenberg. The Posthumous Hall of Fame Award went to Lynn Hickman. Award was presented by Roger Sims and accepted by Lynn's son, Mark Hickman.

The part of the convention I enjoyed most was the discussions among the First Fandom members. After the awards presentations a small group including Martin Greenberg, Melvin Schmidt and others talked extensively about plans to reprint

some old classic science fiction works, the problems involved with such an undertaking and so on. Later, in the First Fandom suite, another group of FFers spent a few hours conversing about everything under the sun. Computers vs. typewriters as writing implements, the sorry state of education in the U.S. today, indoor vs. outdoor plumbing (you figure that one out), some WWII war stories, and even a comparison of old time military K-rations to today's MREs. Who says the "dinosaurs" only talk about the "good old days" of science-fiction?

Again, a small con, but it seemed to be fun for those who were there. And after all, isn't that what cons are for?

Don Dailey

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## YOU CAN GO HOME AGAIN!

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by a. langley searles - 1999 First Fandom Hall of Fame acceptance speech

Most of us remember vividly the first science-fiction magazine we bought, and I am no exception. It was the December 1934 issue of *Astounding Stories*, and it carried stories by John Campbell, E. E. Smith, Raymond Gallun and Donald Wandrei. A couple of more issues and I was hooked forever, I didn't know it, but the star ride I began then, at the age of 14, became one of the most memorable of my life.

I followed the usual route in fan-

dom, becoming a collector, writing a few articles, and founding a fanzine. Meanwhile, an interest in science that had begun a year earlier was leading me to a career as a college chemistry teacher. But by the early 1950's professional duties left me less and less time for hobbies, and my fan activities ceased. For 25 years I remained out of the field.

For a combination of reasons that situation-changed, I found myself with spare time again, and



when in late 1973 Sam Moskowitz asked me to write an introduction to one of a series of old-time classics that he was preparing for Hyperion Press I agreed to do so. It was Sam, then, who awakened my interest in science-fiction which had not died, but was merely lying dormant, I began a catch-up reading program to see what I had missed in the field,

Now, we all remember the thrills of our younger days when we were first discovering the field - the delicious shock of reading for the first time such classics as Wells's "Invisible Man," Lovecraft's "Colour out of Space," Smith's "Lensmen" novels, and so on. You look back, shake your heads sadly, and reflect with nostalgia that those wonderful experiences can never, never be repeated.

You are wrong, gentlemen! I know, because by a stroke of fate I became one of those lucky people who did duplicate them. After a quarter of a century I spent a few hours every week repeating my youthful joys by reading, for

the first time, the new classics I had missed! Arthur Clarke's "Nine Billion Names of God" and "The Star;" Miller's "Canticle for Leibowitz"; Martin's "A Song for Lya;" Bixby's "It's a Good Life;" and the fine work of such new names as Philip Dick, Ursula Le Guin, Katherine MacLean and Roger Zelazny. More of those stories that so pleasurably twist your stomach, raise your hackles and twist your tear-ducts.

After a bit, it was also a pleasure to rediscover the delights of publishing.

Perhaps you, too, can begin a rediscovery program. If you haven't done so, acquire the annual Nebula and Hugo awards collections, the best of the year anthologies. Here others have done most of your homework for you. Statistically, a few of these tales will turn out to be classics. You won't find 25 years' worth, as I was lucky enough to, but on a smaller scale, if you still have that intrinsic love for science-fiction, you may find that you, too, can go home again. *als*

## editors comments

by paul mccall

Did any of you reading this miss the last issue or by chance get the last issue at the same time as this one arrived? If so, that's because your last issue of StF came back to me, meaning that you've changed your address and *you did not inform me!* In

the past in such cases I've updated the mailing information and put the returned issue in an envelope and sent it out to you. This time I've held onto the returned issues and included them in this mailing. In the future, *let me know if you are changing addresses!* otherwise I'll think you don't care whether you receive StF!

# Y2K AND ALL THAT

by richard kyle

I've been thinking a lot about Y2K. After all, it's an event I'm not likely to experience again in my lifetime-and I naturally want to know as many details as possible.

So, the other day, in the dark reaches of my garage, when I stumbled across the April-May 1931 issue of Harold Hersey's *Miracle Science and Fantasy Stories*, I was quite excited-in its back pages was a tantalizing glimpse of New York City at the turn of the millennium.

Although it had only been fifty-six years since I'd last read the piece, my recollection of the narrative was disappointingly imperfect. Clearly it was time to read it again. In mere months its revelations would be fodder for the front pages of the New York Times - the electronic edition.

"Mad Marionettes," subtitled "An amazing story of the future," is a "Complete Novel" of some 8,500 words, and - and I know this will be a shock to many - its author is Arthur J. Burks, not widely known for his predictive vision. He has outdone himself here, however.

Since I don't want to spoil the narrative - you'll want to dig out your own copy - I'll simply note the factual details of the work...

## Modern New York City, 2000

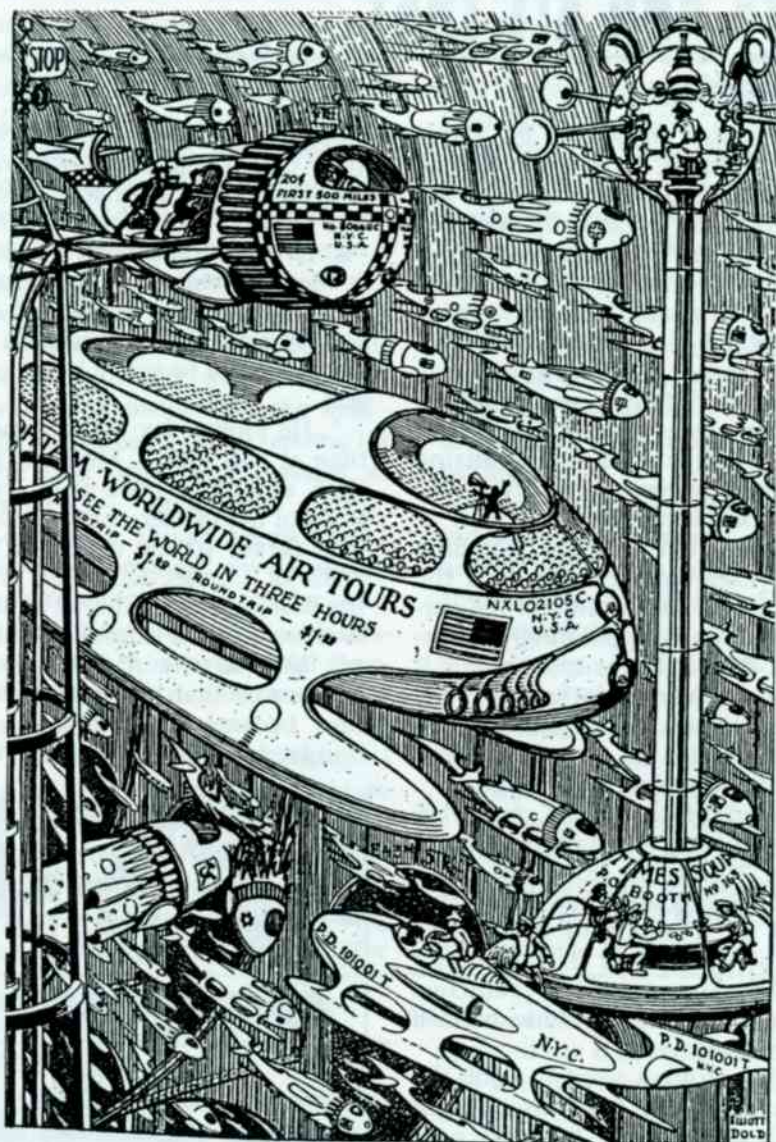
### A.D.

"Had there been any newspapers in the Year of Our Lord 2000, those newspapers would have blazoned forth to the world the

story of the greatness of New York City. Dropping down from the Passenger Air-Lane, which was at an elevation of 50,000 feet - all air traffic had been assigned to various heights by traffic regulation-Rolda [the master of the city] came in his own private air car ... known to every living person...

"...He looked for a thousandth time at this city ... Modern New York stretched from well westward of the center of the State of New Jersey to the center of the state of Connecticut, and from the Rampart - a solid arch of massive masonry ... extending out to sea beyond the narrows ... so ponderous that the vast arch in turn became the foundation of hundreds of buildings. They





TAXIE - "The Hanging Gardens, Honolulu, in Half an Hour!"

A Frontispiece by Elliott Dold

MIRACLE SCIENCE AND FANTASY STORIES

Volume 1, Number 2 • June - July 1931



reared upward to bring their rooftops even with the remainder of New York City's rooftops. Buildings with foundations at normal ground level were five hundred stories high. This was governed by law, so that the rooftops were even, and could be used to handle the air traffic, buildings designated by their names in huge letters on their roofs...

"The Hudson River had disappeared forever, save where it poured into the Ocean beyond the Rampart ... The City's expansion had required every inch of space, and the river had been spanned from its mouth to far north of ... what had once been Albany...

"The roof of the Flatling Building [500 stories tall, and occupying the location of the former Flatiron Building] was a hive of, industry. Planes of all makes and sizes were dropping down to the roof, disgorging passengers, taking off again - going about their own portion of the vast, massive aerial commerce of a huge modern city...

"...The average room or office was perhaps twenty feet in width, the same in length, and perhaps ten feet in height. There were hundreds of these rooms to each building, and thousands of buildings reaching from Albany to the Rampart, so that- actually- New York was one huge building, with a single roof, in which the millions of New York's population lived like bees in a hive."

### **Communications**

"Newspapers had given way to the audi-phone and the visi-dial,

over which one could be heard and seen by anyone anywhere with whom one wished to converse." Burks writes of the News Dissemination Bureau- "The Dissemin-ators ... as gatherers of news and broadcasters of same, held within their craniums more information than any other men in the city..."

### **Transportation**

"Streets had vanished under the mountains of masonry. Taxicabs, trolleys and subways had given away to Electro-subcubes ... which worked up and down in cylindrical shafts, and horizontally in myriads of tunnels built at Ground Level. Sky-cars had taken the place of the air-planes ... most of their motive power being derived from an anti-gravitational compound. Save for flanges on the sides of the cars, to provide greater maneuverability, no wings or airfoils were necessary.

"... The Electro-subcube was Rolda's own improvement on the ancient automatic elevator of almost a century before. It was now in general use all over the world, since the various improvements of scientists of any country upon any discovery of value to the human race were immediately considered as belonging to the whole world. The idea of patents had been abolished for the good of the world...

"The Electro-subcube was large enough to accommodate several individuals usually, but Rolda's was his own private cube... As with the obsolete automatic elevator, it worked in a shaft; but this shaft was cylindrical, and

into it the cube fitted almost perfectly. Run by electro-magnets, it was an efficient machine. The speed could be as slow as slow, or it could be faster even than it would have been with its weight subject entirely to the pull of gravity...

"... Thousands of the cubes were in use, and they traveled with express train speed. But collision never occurred because of the fact that the magnets set in the exact center of each Electro-subcube were all exactly alike and thus repelled one another, making contact impossible."

### **Armaments**

Artificially generated darkness ("His apparatus for the dissemination of this darkness was simple. He wore it on his person, and exuded it mechanically, like a giant squid."); the Lethal Tube (spewing "one of the deadliest projectiles known to science-an alenite bullet...") which destroys its target so swiftly that the victim's autonomic nervous system continues to function; bombs that can "crash through to Ground Level and even beyond"; a "black smoke" that disintegrates all that it touches (the smoke "spurted forward a bit more ... and that plane ... vanished from the sky..."), including the most massive buildings of Modern New York City. [Despite the Freedom of Information act, it appears some of these weapons have not yet been revealed to the public.]

### **Health**

"... Rolda was only eighty years of age, but tonight he felt old. And no man was old at eighty.

Not now, when people lived almost as long as they wished to live." ... [The rulers of Y2K appear to be short, possibly dwarf-like, despite their advanced science: Estimating the height of the Slav leader Serge Alexoff (otherwise known as the Unknown) - Burks tells us: "The chair had been thrust back no further than Rolda himself, with his comparatively abbreviated arms, would have thrust it on quitting his desk." Possibly in the 68 years since the work was written that new breed of men once projected so universally has unobtrusively emerged-brainy men with the gigantic heads of planners, and the shriveled limbs of thinkers. Or, more likely, secret experiments in genetic manipulation have been kept from us for 79 of Rolda's 80 years. Or perhaps I have misinterpreted the author's words. Since I have never visited Modern New York City, I cannot say ... ]

And there the facts end. As I said, the glimpse is tantalizing.

And yet convincing, for Burks wrote also of a slain Disseminator "Catene was one of the Disseminators, and to the public he was as one of themselves, almost as one of the countless families which had occupied the vast and awesome City. Had each family lost from its own circle one of its best beloved, there could not have been more lamentation."

In this, the author displays a sure understanding of today's America-at-large, so I have no reason to believe his study of Modern New York is in any way

less true.

For myself, then, I plan to head for Modern New York City in Y2K. (If nothing else, to test-drive an Electro-subcube). That is, if the power-mad Slav, Serge Alexoff, the Unknown, does not level it to Ground Level and slay its builder

and hero, Rolda, and his love, Mareta, during the momentous year that has been given a nomenclature even the astonishing genius of Arthur J. Burks could not have foreseen.

*rk*

## About the Cover:

Richard also supplied me with a photocopy of the Elliot Dold's cover to the June - July, 1931 *Miracle Science & Fantasy Stories* so I decided to take a break from inflicting my own artwork on the membership and give you a classic cover for a change. To the left is a smaller repro with the logo-type intact.

pm



## NECROLOGY:

No news is goods news this time.

## DEADLINES:

### Scientifiction:

July 18, 1999 - Closing date for **Autumn, 1999 issue**

October 17, 1999 - Closing date for **Winter, 1999 issue**

January 16, 2000 - Closing date for **Spring, 2000 issue**

### First Fandom:

**May 31, 1999** - last day for nominations for the 2000 Hall of Fame and Sam Moskowitz awards.

**Dec 31, 1999** - last day for balloting for various First Fandom awards



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