

SciFi

Autumn, 1994



The First Fandom Report

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On the cover: The first Hall of Fame award presented to E. E. "Doc" Smith in 1963.

Photo by Sustaining Patron John L. Coker, III, Orlando, Florida

SciFiction™ 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. Subscriptions are \$5.00 per year, and should be sent to Mark. Comments can be sent to either Ray or Mark.

News Stuff

TUCKER SIDE-LINED

Wilson "Bob" Tucker, venerable and beloved fan-pro-publisher, has been benched for the rest of the year on orders from his physicians.

Bob collapsed *en route* to ConQuest in Kansas City in May, and was taken to Truman Hospital in the city. There he was poked and prodded, his Beam's Choice and cigars were extracted from his grasp, and he was subjected to the scrutiny of a team of physicians.

Their diagnosis: use of a beta-blocker medication for too long a period of time. Their prognosis: excellent with proper recuperation.

Security was tight around Bob's hospital bed. Roger Tener, Tucker's personal pilot, made certain that visits were rationed. The secretary-treasurer of First Fandom and his wife made an end-run around the security cordon to make certain that proper dinosaur care was being administered. It was.

With the remainder of the year in which to rest, Bob will probably return to the con circuit in 1995.

NELSON GUESTS

Ray Nelson was Fan GoH at Baycon '94. Baycon is the San Francisco regional con which is held over the Memorial Day weekend. It has long been known for its sercon panels and excellent string of guests.

BEAM UNDERGOES OPERATION

X-RAYS TURN OUT FINE

Ray Beam, president of First Fandom, was hospitalized for the removal of an inflamed appendix early in June. The procedure kept him on his back for several days, but was otherwise without incident. At no time was Beam in any danger, except from his surgeon.

APPLICATIONS

The following have applied for associate membership:

Peggy Rae Pavlat, recommended by Ray Beam

Robert B. Gaines, recommended by Ray Beam

Frederick W. Jackson, recommended by Lynn Hickman

Dan W. Caldwell, recommended by Ray Beam

Ralph W. Goldsmith, recommended by Ray Beam

Dale Moeller, recommended by Ray Beam

NEW MEMBERS

The following has been accepted as a full member:

John L. Chapman

13210 Village 13

Camarillo, CA 93012

Welcome Dinosaur!

SUSTAINING PATRONS

The following have become Sustaining Patrons of First Fandom:

Jere Austin

Jean Lynn Barnard

Solomon Davidoff

Dave Gorecki

Stan Stirman

Richard Virnig

Welcome Aboard!

DEADLINES

The deadlines for First Fandom events and *StFare* as follows:

First Fandom:

December 31, 1994 -- Last date for receipt of ballots for Hall of Fame award.

May 31, 1995 -- last date for nominations for 1996 Hall of Fame award.

SciFiction.

October 16, 1994 -- Closing date for winter ish.

January 21, 1995 -- Closing date for Spring ish.

REVENGE OF THE SCI-FAN

I'm sure all of you have noticed some changes in the way the Hall of Fame ballots were sent out. Ray decided that we would save a ton of money if we created a roster that would fit in an envelope. Then he realized that adding two additional sheets of paper wouldn't increase the postage. So you got the roster, dues notice, and HoF ballot all in one mailing. Ray gets some good ideas.

I know that sending the ballots out early pushed up a deadline by a month. The ballots will remain valid until the end of December, so no harm has been done. In order to accommodate the newer schedule, though, it has been necessary to close nominations a month earlier than previously planned. Please see the notice in this for more information.

By now every *paid up* member of First Fandom should have received a new membership card. I emphasized the two words in the preceding sentence because there are some members who are in arrears and have not received one. If your dues are paid up (check the dues year on your mailing label), and have not yet received a membership card, please contact me and I'll get one

out to you ASAP.

There has been a question concerning the great expense incurred by First Fandom in the production of our new membership cards. We paid \$30 for the production of the artwork, and \$120 for the proofing, printing, and shipping of the 1,000 cards. Thus, we spent \$150 *in toto* for the cards. This is about the same that we spend per ish of this zine. Of course the artwork would not have been nearly as inexpensive or as good were it not for the very kind offices of Paul McCall.

There have also been questions raised concerning the possibility of raising dues. The issue was brought up because of the ever-increasing cost of bribing the USPS to hide, mangle, or destroy our mail. It is not uncommon for me to receive only the outer cover of a publication, the innards having been stripped away. The other week I received the mangled remains of what might have started out as a catalog, but which was reduced only to a mailing label and a portion of a printed second class indica. This sorry specimen of printed matter was safely encased in a plastic bag with an attached note to the effect that this was what had been mailed to me.

All that aside, tho, we spend some \$58 to \$65 per ish for mailing expenses. This is about 29% of our per-ish cost. If the

USPS gets its way we will be looking at rates of about 33¢ a copy, or about ? of our costs.

In addition, please remember that First Fandom does not drop members because of inability to pay their dues. We consider them to be paid-up and active, and treat them as such.

Now, before anyone gets too upset about our financial situation, be assured that we are *not* contemplating recommending a dues increase in the near future. Ray and I have been exploring ways of reducing costs while preserving, or even expanding, services. To that end both of us, and some of our members and Patrons, have incurred First Fandom-related expenses which we refuse to pass on to the organization. We also think we have the postage problem solved with regards our mass mailings.

Yes, we spent some money to try and solicit Sustaining Patrons through the press. No, it wasn't successful. We have a nice, small, core of SPs, and the number seems to grow by one or two with each con Ray attends. It is clear that the Sustaining Patron will never become the financial backbone of the organization, but they form a loyal and interested following.

DUES

Dues in First Fandom remain \$5.00 per year. The number on your mailing label will tell you to the end of which year your dues are paid. Please keep your dues current if you possibly can.

CHICAGO, CHICAGO...

THE WAY IT WAS(?)

by

Dave Gorecki

Recently, there have been a spate of movies filmed in Chicago; the latest that I know of are the remakes of *The Fugitive* TV show and the football movie *Rudy*.

Unlike Terry Jeeves, I haven't managed to get my face on screen, but time and again I have managed to walk on to a street or into a building where filming was going on. Back in the late seventies I walked out of a Loop office to see Kirk Douglas's double clambering over el tracks during the filming of Brian De Palma's sf thriller *The Fury*. Crossing the street to a train station, I passed a car that seemed to have an odd protuberance. It turned out to be a camera pointing inside at Arnold

Schwarznegger and Jim Belushi. Then there was a time that it seemed that *The Untouchables* (the film, not the TV series) was shooting everywhere. I remember walking past an alley, seeing wooden crates lined up as if they were being unloaded from a van; then I remembered that nobody used wooden crates like that anymore. It was just another 1930's recreation for *The Untouchables*. Numerous locations in Chicago served the film well as 1930's sites with little set "re-dressing," and it all reminded me of what Chicago must have really been like in the thirties...

I'm not talking about Al Capone's Chicago...but about the Chicago of *Weird Tales*, the Chicago where Ray Palmer produced the Ziff-Davis magazines, and where the radio networks produced many of their programs. Such things were all lost to both coasts by the fifties...but there were a couple of interesting stories that I've heard told by some book dealers that still get me to wondering.

These stories, which I'd heard from a number of old book dealers, all center on what happened with the back-issue stocks of the Chicago publishers. According to the legends, when Ziff-Davis pulled up stakes and moved East, the back issues of *Amazing* and *Fantastic Adventures* were left behind in ware-

houses, virtually forgotten. Since Ziff Davis was so canny in other matters (e.g., buying up all story rights -- a situation which led to the infamous Sol Cohen/SFWA reprint standoff) I can't believe that they would have written off the stock. A similar story holds that back issues of *Weird Tales* floated about from warehouse to warehouse, a literary Lost Dutchman. As the story goes, the stocks fell into the hands of second-hand booksellers, and one in particular who specialized in magazines. This shop, the ASBC Magazine Shop, flourished as recently as the seventies on one of Chicago's seediest strips, North Clark Street. As a matter of fact, when the shop closed the building became an adult entertainment center, i.e., peep show. Supposedly this shop featured a an amazing array of near-new pulps at bargain prices well into the sixties.

While the area was still a relatively good source of affordable used books in the seventies, I used to frequent it. Alas, there were no pulps there, but there were occasional treasures here, and at other stores on the Clark used-book strip. At one stop I picked up a number of mid-50's digests, which were unusual in that most of them had letters written by a Chicago fan of the time, Roger Ebert. I soon realized why when I found a number of them featuring the stamp, PRO-

PERTY OF ROGER EBERT --
URBANA, ILLINOIS.

Anyway, to get back to the subject at hand, the ABC Magazine Shop was a musty, wooden-floored bookshop whose centerpiece was a rusty, potbellied stove which threatened to turn the whole place into cinders at the slightest breeze. Shortly before it was sold the owner brought some things out of storage that had apparently been there a long time. Among other items were a number of like-new Ziff Davis issues of *Amazing* from March and April of 1938. These were issues that, even from the vantage point of so many years later, had never been circulated. With these were a number of later digests, such as several issues of *Other Worlds* from the fifties, also uncirculated copies. *Other Worlds* was another local magazine, out of Evanston, under Ray Palmer.

My questions are: were these issues I found just partial remainders of the great "warehouse copy" trove of the thirties, or just a collection of junk from Ray Palmer before he moved back to Wisconsin in the fifties, as the presence of the *Other Worlds* would seem to indicate? Is the full back-issue collection still floating around out there? And what about the *Weird Tales* back issues...is that just an old fan's tale?

I didn't believe the initial story myself, but those old *Amazings* I

found have gotten me furiously to think.

WHAT EVER BECAME OF SCIENCE FICTION?

by

Roy Lavender

(Editor's note: This is the rough text of Roy's Fan GoH address at Kubla Khan. I only did basic editing to it; I knew you wanted to read his thoughts unmodified)

Science Fiction was in trouble when it became acceptable. It was more fun when you had to sneak the magazines home under your shirt. Those colorful Bergey covers did help delay acceptance for a few years, but the signs of decay were already there.

Science Fiction really took a tumble when it was recognized as legitimate literature. Under this false banner, the genre quickly got worse. The decay reached into all corners when "SCIENCE FICTION" became so respectable it was actually taught in classrooms. That led directly to SFRA, the Science Fiction Research Association, and "SCIENCE FICTION" became an accredited college course.

Students wrote massive theses discussing hidden meanings and allegorical representations. No one mentioned the motive I most frequently hear from the authors.

The rent was due.

The media discovered it was a money maker. Hollywood moguls who looked only at the bottom line...ordered scripts from Western writers...who never read the stuff...and it quickly became still worse.

They re-named it SCI-FI.

Imagination went out of it. Instead, we got special effects.

There's no need for you to exercise your imagination. They'll do it all for you. For a fee. It isn't even required that you know how to read.

Where did this strange genre begin?

Science fiction got an early start in the pulps. It certainly wasn't the first instance of a science fiction story in a pulp magazine, but *Golden Argosy*, around 1888, carried a story of a couple eloping in an airplane.

That was before my time, of course, but I'm sure any kid who

got caught reading it behind the barn, got a thrashing.

My start came when I borrowed books from my Uncle Dewey --

H. G. Wells, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Jules Verne. My mother objected, but my understanding grandmother let me keep them at her house.

There was a delicious sense of one upmanship to reading that strange stuff, even if I couldn't define it. The name, "science fiction" hadn't been invented.

Hugo Gernsback and "scienti-fiction" were still in the future.

Despite the lack of a name, it sneaked in under the banner of good, rousing adventure.

The problem was, except to my uncle, I couldn't talk about it. No one else had any idea what I was talking about, anyway. That made it kind of lonely.

The fact I was so young didn't help.

I had to be careful where I even admitted that I owned any, let alone that I actually read it. It certainly wasn't wise to volunteer anything around some of the church going relatives.

Amazing Stories appeared and with it, my universe suddenly expanded. It became big enough to contain Doc Smith's, "The Skylark of Space".

As I sat back in my grandfather's Morris rocker, I fell into the story. I wasn't conscious of reading it. I watched the action flow by.

It was years before I realized Doc Smith was a great story teller, but overly given to superlatives.

A little later, there was "Armageddon 2419 AD." The hero was Anthony Rogers.

A little later, he appeared as that comic strip character, 'Buck Rogers'.

Other magazines appeared on the market. Some of these had letter columns. That meant, there were other people out there who felt free enough to admit read the stuff. Best of all, I could share ideas with them.

Just to bring this into focus, this was at a time when a fabric covered biplane flying over Delaware, Ohio, got front page mention in the Delaware Gazette.

The Great Depression was getting worse, but US Route 23 was being improved from gravel to brick paving. It even became two lanes.

The road building brought a period of local prosperity.

A team of horses could haul one yard of gravel and a farmer got 25 cents for delivering it to the road. A dollar a day was good

wages.

Mechanization was setting in. The steam shovel that loaded the wagons was the latest model. It burned coal instead of wood.

Science Fiction Fans were no longer total outcasts, but ridicule made us keep quiet about our strange addiction to "that Buck Rogers stuff."

Boys who read it were warned to keep it out of sight when the Lady's Auxiliary met.

No, I'm not being sexist. If any girls read the stuff, they were better than I at keeping it a secret.

Big changes were on the way. Science fiction began to sneak into the "real world".

A DuPont chemist invented Teflon, several years before anyone needed a gasket that would stand up to uranium hexafluoride.

A Frenchman invented the pulse jet, but it was too noisy for a passenger plane.

Science Wonder Quarterly, Winter edition, 1929, published "The Shot into Infinity".

For those of you who haven't read it, that was the story of a three stage rocket to the Moon.

Translated from the German.

The Great Depression was still going on.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was president.

Some scientists noted large shipments of uranium ore into Germany and Einstein wrote a letter to FDR.

That led to building an atomic pile under a stadium in Chicago.

In 1935, Social Security was invented and everybody got a nine digit number. Those early cards said, "not for identification".

Some people have claimed it was a conspiracy.

There's no need for that kind of paranoia.

Even cattle ranchers see the advantages of branding.

World War II brought jets and seeking missiles, the V-2 rocket and RADAR. Television already existed, but now it became commercial.

Bankers saw the possibilities in bond issues to build nuclear power plants. Never mind that

none of them would ever produce enough power to pay back its energy debt and we'll just ignore the fact no one had a way to dispose of the leftovers.

The Xerox process was developed and the paper flood followed. Where once a carbon copy was adequate record, now everyone could have a copy. Sales of file cabinets and shredders boomed.

Somewhere around this time, Ghandi and his followers defeated the British Empire.

His followers lost their way and erected a statue to him.

The flower children met the mortgage and disappeared into the suburbs.

WHICH BRINGS US CLOSE TO THE PRESENT DAY

Science Fiction didn't go away.

It's the old problem of trees and forest.

You're living in it.

In the LA area, cable television gives viewers the choice of sixty some channels. Subtract

those which carry no canned programming, such as the religious stations, home shopping, full time news and weather.

The remaining half are so hungry to fill their time that they re-run old movies that predate color film and the voice of Mel Blanc is still heard.

Now we are told of 500 channels coming on line.

How in the world are they going to fill them?

We are promised arm chair shopping by TV. That's a convenience on both ends. You can become even more of a couch potato and the grocery store doesn't need to sweep the floor.

What is going to fill the other 440 channels?

It's a safe bet they'll be filled.

The power hungry are always with us and they seldom let anything stand in their way.

You've heard of the cashless society?

That's enough channels to monitor every transaction in the country. Every dollar that moves accounted for.

Can you think of any government agency that would take

advantage of that?

No matter which health plan is passed in Congress, you get another card and that new medical card will carry your total history, not just your medical history.

Don't shrug your shoulders.

If you think you can get away with not carrying it, that's easily taken care of by another law.

Only for your own protection, of course, so you'll have it with you in case you are ever injured.

If you persist in losing it, think again. Big Brother wouldn't like that. Not to worry. Technology gives him a ready answer.

He won't use tattooing. The Nazis used that. It's out of date. Definitely not high tech.

How many of you have a pet with an ID chip implanted under its skin?

You think it should only happen to a dog?

The original version had a capacity for some three million numbers.

Just since I started preparing this talk, the real world took another jump.

The current version can handle 32 BILLION.

Can anyone think of an animal inhabiting Earth in such numbers?

Did someone say, "Oh, they'd never do that to people?"

You must have missed the recent *Beyond 2000* program where that figure of 32 BILLION came up.

There was mention of a company, KIDSCAN, which will put one of those chips under your child's skin.

Only to help, of course, in case he gets lost.

It has other features they forgot to mention.

When he walks through the door at school, attendance is taken, automatically.

And there's the feature that Big Brother will have a generation growing up already accepting such monitoring.

Just like the sweater at the clothing store with chip attached, you are your own ID card. The dog can be identified from outside the dog and your implant can be read at some distance.

It can open the door at work

or let you into the executive rest room. Only you can start your car. At home, it can open the door so you don't need to put down those packages or fumble with push buttons or keys.

At the airport it can prevent you from leaving the country.

There's already a bracelet version in use for "house arrest". It's crude and it's only used on criminals....right?

Back when the Cold War was still good for big appropriations, the Russians rented an apartment in Washington, DC. It was located in line with several of the microwave repeater beams into the city, however, they had a problem. They needed a large crew to listen in on all the conversations.

Later, they took advantage of the number that precedes the call, tied in a computer with a memory and skipped any calls not addressed to offices they were interested in.

We did the same thing with some very expensive satellites and some Cray computers.

Snooping just became a lot cheaper.

The Clipper Chip was develo-

ped on contract to NSA, the National Security Agency.

Details are secret.

The Justice Department has already ordered about 8000.

In conjunction with a telephone company called Bell South, it is being installed in telephone central offices.

The Digital Telephony and Privacy Improvement Act of 1994 legitimizes the use of this chip in the new digital telephone networks.

At a telephone central office, it can check and identify every called and calling number.

When it recognizes a number of interest, it can even switch on a tap.

Only by court order, of course.

No need to bother with old fashioned wire taps anymore.

This is permanently installed and switched on by remote control from any interested agency.

Who needs a police stakeout?

All this shouldn't take any science fiction fan by surprise. You've read about world governments, even galactic governments, for years.

How do you like the one you just got?

OH? You seem surprised.

What's the first thing a world government must do?

That's easy. Take over control of the military of the individual nations.

Very quietly, of course. Do not frighten the animals.

Maybe you read about US planes shooting down a Serbian plane over Bosnia.

For the first time in NATO's 45 year history, orders came directly from the UN.

US sovereignty was surrendered to a higher authority.

Somehow, I enjoyed science fiction more when I had to sneak it home under my shirt.

DINOSAUR DROP-PINGS

Dear Mark:

The news of good friend Verna Trestrail's death was shocking, and terribly saddening. She was indeed a lovely person.

Sincerely,

Ron Small

(We will all miss her, Ron. -- Mark)

Dear Mark:

Thanks for *ScientiFiction*. It came recently and was digested.

For Jim Tibbetts: When I sold the most of my collection to Bob Madle a few years back I kept the A, Merritt first and English editions. I just couldn't part with the books. You're not alone on Merritt although I'm not as strong as you are. When I first read him I thought he was the best. That feeling has faded down the years, but never totally vanished.

For you and Eshbach: I doubt you gentlemen will ever agree on things religious. Lloyd believes one way and you believe another. Knowing that why not stop the argument from proceeding further in *SIF* and drawing added debaters? Waste of time and space. But I'll be surprised if the readers let either of you get the last words in on the subject. Ah, well.

I hope to see lots of old friends at RiverCon. Louisville's but forty miles away and so I'll commute. Please say hello. So that you'll not be overly embarrassed I promise I won't wear by propeller beanie or my "Win with Wilkie" button although it's hard to go someplace out of uniform.

My eighteenth book will be out

this fall. It's a suspense novel, GRIM CITY, coming from St. Martin's Press around the 1st of November of maybe a bit before. I did it as an exercise when I was trying to use my toes on the computer so don't bug me on typos.

My grandson, when I retired from the bench a few years back, explained to all his three year old buddies that I was "retarded."

Some mornings, these late days, I agree with him.

honest joe hensley

Dear Mark --

This was a most satisfactory issue of FF's *SIF*, Summer, 1994, because of the honor to Gerry! Thank you.

By the way, we have some fine new associate members. Congratulations to them and to us. Writers, editors, publishers -- good old Andy Porter, too. Brings back a memory or two.

Best Wishes,

Ben Indick

Dear Mark,

Many thanks for another interesting issue of *ScientiFiction* -- although it's sad to see so many members falling by the wayside as age takes its toll.

I don't know whether it was you who said they hate the Japanese "Lensman" video. Admittedly, there was variations from the Lensman we know and love, but it was still a worth effort. After viewing my copy, I wrote the following notes for ERG:

Doc Smith fans may be interested in *LENSMAN*, a MANGA video. 107 minutes. £12.99. The jacket tells me, "Our hero, Kimball Kinnison, is entrusted with a lens carrying crucial enemy data and battles to save the Galaxy from the tyrannical Helmuth." The video commences with a fast-cut, Manga commercial, 2 caption screens and a psychedelic pre-title sequence. Then the action begins. Kinnison (who is only around 15 years old) is given the message-bearing lens by a dead (!) lensman. He joins Buskirk and Kinnison senior who dies to enable Kim to escape. Along the way he teams up with Clarissa (now named Chris) McDougall, tangles with wheelmen and the giant, robotic Helmuth before getting the message back to Admiral Haynes. Animation is often of the "jaw moves while everything else remains still" type, but moves so quickly and so strikingly that you hardly notice. Story level uses much of the Galactic Patrol line, but with some interesting variations. There are even traces of Star Wars with an R2-D2 clone. Juvenile, yes; but plenty of fun. Not for s&c highbrows, just us

plebs.

On raising dues, the snag from my viewpoint is acquiring the dollars. The Post Office and banks over here have a standing charge of £17 per order, so to send dollars via them would cost me thirty bucks to send \$5.00. To get round this I try to sell off "as new" books for bucks. Prices start at £2.50 each inclusive of postage, so if any member wants to buy stuff it will help me meet dues -- provided they pay in bills, not cheques or the banks rip off cheque exchange. Or, of course, they could send a slim dollar for a copy of ERG.

I was interested in the piece on the DC-X Clipper, and an article in *Analog* by Hank Stein. Both extol the wonders of the DC-X, but can anyone answer two questions? 1. Why is the DC-X so much better than the Lunar modules which also manoeuvred on jets before landing? and 2. Can the DC-X get to orbit and back, and *then* play around on landing? I'm puzzled.

Religion in SF. Well, I'm a paid up member of Atheists, Inc., but can see no reason why a story can't both use religion and be SF provided it doesn't rely on divine interference to get the characters out of a hole. Surely those recent (and corny) yarns in *Analog* concerning trapping souls when people die depend on religion (one must believe in souls if

one is to catch them). They were SF. they did not depend on God clobbering the baddies. No doubt a search of my files would unearth more examples, but you get the point.

Brian Aldiss wants his name spelled correctly, I don't blame him. Even when I say "Jeeves, J,e,e,v,e,s," I still see people start to write "Geaves." You'd think after umpteen books, several TV series, and the fact that the name is now a household word for a butler, (like Hoover and Sellotape in other fields) would drive the name home -- but no. Incidentally, for eons I had a spelling block over Brian's name simple because Eric Bentcliffe, my co-editor of *Triode*, lived at 47 Aldis St. Now that sort of thing makes for confusion.

Oh well, better sign off and get this mailed. Have fun at all those lovely cons, sadly anno domini and cashio shortagio prevent me getting to them nowa-days.

All the best,

Terry Jeeves

(Terry, the Lunar lander operated under lunar gravity. The DC-X is a prototype of a single-stage-to-orbit spaceship that will get out of the Tellurian gravity well without boosters or expendable engines and then reenter and maneuver. Unlike the shuttle, this is the Real Thing -- Mark)

Dear Mark:

Please let your people know I'm alive and well, and welcome the curious and nostalgic to write, phone or visit for show talk, reminiscing, or just plain shooting the breeze.

I know very little about the field now, except that it's pretty much limited to fat novels and practically no short fiction. That's damned sad, isn't it? But what a huge amount to read and share!

Horace Gold

2258 Via Puerta

Laguna Hills, CA 92653

(714)586-6919

(For some unknown reason Horace isn't a FFer. Still, maybe some of you would like to correspond with him. He's a fascinating conversationalist -- Mark)

Dear Mark --

Hello from Orlando! I certainly enjoyed the recent issue of *SciEntiFiction*. Interesting articles, and a lively letters column are two traits of an active newsletter.

Well, the First Fandom reunion at RiverCon is just around the corner. I've heard from a number of "dinosaurs" who plan to be there. I expect that, due to the great time we had at the 1992 reunion at SoonerCon, this year's

gathering should be a lot of fun! We'll have to schedule a couple of photo sessions, including a group shot for posterity.

Enclosed is a limerick I wrote several years ago for L. Sprague deCamp:

There is a young man named
L. Sprague,

Who, when planning to visit
The Hague,

Prepared himself such

That he learned to speak
Dutch;

When he started to cuss,

All the locals would fuss

That his Amster damn still
was quite vague.

Best wishes,

John L Coker, III

Dear Mark:

I have now revived "The Pulp Era," and I want to devote most of the time I have available to that project. I have already put out a good sized issue, which is available for \$5.00 postpaid.

I have purchased a desktop publishing system, and maybe when I've learned to ins and outs of it I can do some typesetting and scanning for the report if you feel you need it.

I can't get to RiverCon as my

50th class reunion is being held the same weekend, and I don't want to miss that. I will hate to miss it as only Bob Madle and myself are left of the founding members.

Best,

Lynn Hickman

(Thanks for the offer, Lynn. You use a MACINTOSH system, though, and I'm MessyDOS based. I'm sure you'll do well with it. -- Mark)

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I was a bit rushed to get this out as vacation time was approaching and I had a trip to the hospital to have my appendix removed.

The people at Midwestcon helped me get the dues notice, roster, and ballot mailing out. If they had not it would have had to wait until the middle of July. I want to thank Ken Moore, Roger Sims, Margaret Keifer, and Steve Francis. I hope I didn't miss anyone.

We had the usual spirited meeting at Midwestcon. One of the points brought up was by Lloyd Eshbach. He objected to the fact that Associate members were

Aftershocks

Frank Kelly Wrote and enclosed an article he wrote for the Nuclear Age Peace Foundation. Frank is senior vice president of this organization. He offered to send reprints to anyone who requested one. Frank's address is in your new roster.

"Demolition Man" and "Matinee" are two recent movies that would please any fan. In the former a pair of adversaries are frozen. They are thawed out in a politically correct future which they proceed to trash. In the latter a pervy of trashy horror films prepares to show his latest bit of schlock in Key West just as the Cuban missile crisis comes to a head.

By the time you read this RiverCon will be history. I hope we enjoyed ourselves. We'll all be back again in three months. I hope all of you have a pleasant summer.

not designated as such either in the Roster or otherwise. Since I started as Secretary-Treasurer in 1981 I had not designated between the two. I had objected to the wearing of the big red A since I am one. In the midst of the discussion the suggestion was made that we designate regular members as Founding members and all others as just members. This sounded reasonable to me. I would like to hear what some of the other members think about it. Write me and give your opinions.

Lloyd also wanted to know why we squandered our money on such an expensive membership card. I personally think it is a nice card and worth every penny. Another point brought up was the fact that Associates had a vote. Again, it has been that way since 1981. The elusive by-laws were again mentioned, but in the last 14 years nobody has been able to come up with a copy. Even if they do exist I am afraid that after that many years a precedent has been set. I realize that I have changed the organization and it has not been to everyone's liking, but if and when I am replaced I'm sure I will not agree with all my successors' policies.

I hope to see many of you at Rivercon --

FIRST FANDOM

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