

Science Fiction

Autumn, 1996



The First Fandom Report



Table of Contents

News.....	3
Inconjunction Happenings by Donald H. Dailey.....	6
Audio Review by your fearless editor.....	6
Book Renew by the same fool as above.....	8
Edward Wood, a remembrance by Sam Moskowitz.....	9
Revenge of The Sci-Fan by that irrepressible editor.....	11
Dinosaur Droppings by all you lovely folks out there.....	14
President's Message.....	30
1996 First Fandom Reunion by Mary Lu Lockhart.....	31

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"I LOVE A MYSTERY" RETURNS

**JIM HARMON WRITES NEW
CLASSIC**

First Fandom member Jim Harmon has written and produced "The Fear that Creeps Like a Cat," a twenty episode radio drama within the "I Love A Mystery" universe. The new play is licensed by the estate of Carlton E. Morse, creator of the original series.

Jack, Doc and Reggie are played by original cast member Les Tremayne, Tony Clay, who has been the voice of John Wayne on recent videos, and Jack Angel, the voice of the Flash on TV. Fred Foy, narrator of "The Lone Ranger" on both radio and TV narrates. Other cast members are equally well-known.

Jim Harmon has produced radio drama since 1961, and is well-known for his series of radio books which include "The Great Radio Heroes" and "Radio Mystery and Adventure."

The serial is available for \$12.00 from Jim at:

Jim Harmon
634 S. Orchard Drive
Burbank, CA 91506

VAN VOGT, WILLIAMSON, CAMPBELL AND GERNSBACK NAMED TO THE SCI- ENCE FICTION AND FANTASY HALL OF FAME

**CEREMONY TO BE HELD JULY 12
IN LAWRENCE, KANSAS**

The Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame today announced that A.E. van Vogt, Jack Williamson, John W. Campbell Jr., and Hugo Gernsback will be its inaugural inductees.

They were selected for their continued excellence and long-time contribution to the science fiction and fantasy genre.

The four honorees will be inducted into the Hall of Fame July 12 in conjunction with the Campbell Conference during the same awards dinner in which the winners of the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for best novel of the year and the Theodore Sturgeon Memorial Award for best novel of the year and the Theodore Sturgeon Memorial Award for best short story of the year are announced. The Campbell Conference is held annually at the University of Kansas Alumni Center in Lawrence.

Jack Williamson is expected to attend the awards dinner. A.E. van Vogt will be unable to attend the

ceremony but will be presented the award during the World Science Fiction Convention in Anaheim, California, later this year. The posthumous awards to John W. Campbell Jr. and Hugo Gernsback will be housed at the J. Wayne and Elsie M. Gunn Center for the Study of Science Fiction at the University of Kansas in Lawrence.

Reservations for the awards dinner and/or the Campbell Conference may be made by contacting Professor James Gunn at jgunn@falcon.cc.ukans.edu or at (913) 864-3380, prior to July 1 or by contacting the University of Kansas English Department by July 9 at (913) 864-4520. The cost of the dinner is \$20. The cost of the Campbell Conference is \$15. Both are payable at the door. The subject of this year's conference will be "The Science Fiction Novel."

WHITE WOLF REPRINTS LEIBER

White Wolf, publisher of fantasy, horror, and role playing games, has begun a project to reprint Fritz Leiber's popular Fafhrd/Grey Mouser series. The volumes are hardbound and feature artwork by Mike Mignola. To date two volumes have been published: "Ill Met In Lankmar," and "Lean Times In Lankmar." Each volume contains the contents of two of the original books. Prices range from US\$19.95 to

US\$21.99.

White Wolf can be reached direct at 780 Park North Blvd., Suite 100, Clarkston, GA 30021, Phone 800-454-9653. Book Star also offers direct order of the books at a 20% discount.

NECROLOGY

Redd Boggs
Willis Connover
Ethel Lindsay
Ed Wood

PULPS HIT INTERNET

AIR WONDER STORIES ON LINE

A university project has placed the first issue of *Air Wonder Stories*, complete with the Frank R. Paul cover, interior illos, and Gernsback editorial on the Internet. For those interested the address is <http://athena.english.vt.edu/vtsfpilot/gtoc.html>.

APPLICATIONS

The following has applied for associate membership:

Frank C. Johnson

NEW MEMBERS

The following has been made
a Founding Member:

Joann Wood
1241 Crestview Drive
Hurst, TX 76053

Welcome Dinosaur!

DEADLINES

The deadlines for First
Fandom events and *StF* are as
follows:

First Fandom:

June, 1996 -- HoF balloting begins.

July 5, 6, 7, 1996 -- First Fandom
Reunion at Inconjunction.

October 4, 5, 6, 1996 -- Archon
adoptive con for First Fandom
members.

December 31, 1996 -- last date for
HoF balloting.

May 31, 1997 -- last date for
nominations for 1996 Hall of Fame
award.

ScientiFiction:

October 19, 1996 -- Closing date
for Winter, 1996 ish.

January 18, 1997 -- Closing date for
Spring, 1997 ish.

April 19, 1997 -- Closing date for
Summer, 1997 ish.

July 19, 1997 -- Closing date for
Autumn, 1997 ish.

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.

NOTICE

If you want your letter,
article, or story published in the
forthcoming issue of *ScientiFiction*,
please send it to the editor, Mark
Schulzinger. Material sent to Ray
Beam must be forwarded to Mark.
This sometimes leads to delays which
would prevent timely publication.

INCONJUNCTION HAPPENINGS

by

Donald H. Dailey

INCONJUNCTION XVIII

"happened" as scheduled 5-7 July in Indianapolis. Among the featured events of the con was the Midwestern reunion of First Fandom and the presentation of the FF Posthumous Hall of Fame Award.

There was some initial confusion during registration about who was or wasn't an FF member and there was some difficulty getting the FF suite opened. But through the diligent efforts of Ray (is it time for a Martini yet?) Beam all was finally settled.

For the record, the first Fandom members in attendance that I noted included Arlan Andrews, Sr., Ray Beam, William Beard, Lloyd Biggle, Jr., Bill Cavin, Steve Francis, Mary Lu Lockhart, Joseph P. Martino, Sam Moskowitz, Richard Mullen, Mel Schmidt, and Roger Sims. Sorry if I missed anyone, but those little blue ribbons were difficult to see at times.

It seemed to me that most of the programming at the con was sparsely attended, so there's little to use for comparison to the FF events. There was a small, but interested, group of attendees for the "Meet First

Fandom" panel and the same for the FF Posthumous Hall of Fame award ceremony. The award ceremony went very well. Sam Moskowitz managed (as usual) to impress all with his detailed memory of the life and times of the award recipient, Henry Kuttner. In 10 minutes Sam was able to impart more information about Kuttner than most of us could discover in 10 years of researching other sources. Sam was also able to make it very clear to those attending why Henry Kuttner was deserving of the award.

Of interest to me were some of the discussions that took place in the FF suite. These ranged in subject matter from Sam Moskowitz's political observations to whether or not the battleship USS New Jersey had a successful tour of duty off Vietnam in 1969. In fact, we discussed just about everything except what an outsider might have expected, science fiction in the "good old days".

All told, an enjoyable relax-a-con.

AUDIO REVIEW

I LOVE A MYSTERY: THE FEAR THAT CREEPS LIKE A CAT, by Carlton E. Morse, edited and produced by Jim Harmon, 1992, 1996.

I've been sitting on Jim Harmon's announcement of the

release of this audio novel for over a year, disappointed that I could say nothing about it. Apparently there were problems with Carlton Morse's estate that delayed final release. Well, the delays are finally over and I had a chance to sit and listen to the entire 4½ hour production on three cassettes.

I recall how the original "I Love A Mystery" excited me and held my attention when I was younger. I've grown older, though, and I seem to be more distractible now than I was a half a century ago. As the story started I found it a little slow for my current taste, but by the time a few episodes were over I found myself getting caught up in the story.

Jack Packard, Doc Long and Reggie York of the A-1 Detective Agency are on the trail of Alexander Archer who is missing and has been declared dead by the courts. This doesn't sit well with the insurance company which has issued a one million dollar policy on Archer's life; they've hired the three to find out the truth of the matter.

The search leads the trio to the Pacific Northwest, their trail dogged by a sinister gang that is bent on stopping them from doing their job. Along the way they get attacked several times in their hotel room, kidnapped aboard a motor launch, and held captive on one of the numerous tiny islands off British Columbia. Beautiful girls, friendly French Canadians, mad scientists, and

a thug who sounds suspiciously like Jim Harmon add froth to the mixture. While Jack Packard tries to keep everything moving smoothly, Doc's mouth keeps getting the little band in trouble, and even Reggie can't help.

Of course everything turns out all right in the end -- that's the way of the radio drama -- but there are some twists and turns along the way, and it helps to pretend that you're sitting in your living room along with your Philco console radio, and that television is only an experimenter's toy.

There are some production problems. It's obvious that the recordings were done piecemeal and remixed over some time. Background acoustics change, sometimes from voice to voice, and at one time a different actor substitutes for an original one. Admittedly, these variations probably wouldn't be noticeable if one were listening to the production on a tape player or in an auto, but my audio equipment is sensitive enough to make them obvious. So the production wasn't done in one studio, and so some dubbing and remixing was necessary, the results overcome the production deficiencies.

I had a lot of fun with this set of tapes. I'll probably keep it with my other radio dramas to listen to while on the road. Remember that Jim is extending a special offer to First Fandom for the tapes; you'll find the price in the news article in the front

of this issue.

BOOK RENEW

FINAL BLACKOUT, by L. Ron Hubbard, Bridge Publications, Inc., Los Angeles, 1990

This is ostensibly a story about the End Of Civilization As We Know It, and its rebuilding through the exceptional talents of one man: the Lieutenant. In fact it is a story of loyalty, of the necessary reciprocal bond between leader and led. As such its strains reverberate through the history of science fiction and can be found over and over again in those stories we have called "classic".

The Lieutenant is the surviving commissioned officer of the remnants of the Fourth Battalion which has been left to die of starvation, disease, or combat in the mire that used to be Europe. War succeeded war and horror followed horror until civilization ceased to exist as far East as Moscow and at least as far South as the Mediterranean shore.

As the result of this chronic warfare an opportunistic pathogen called the Soldier's Disease developed. Thought to be vectored by returning soldiers, it was resistant to what medical techniques remained. To contain it all armies were quarantined on the European continent, none were allowed to return, no food or

supplies were sent. What governments remained hoped that these troops would kill one another off and spare them both the risk of their return and the necessity of supporting them.

The Lieutenant nurtures what is left of his command. He sees to it that they have clothing, weapons and, above all, food. To this end he attacks a ragged band of Russian troops who were cast out of Moscow, attacks an underground village of peasants who have enslaved soldiers and turned them into beasts of burden, and destroys the GHQ of his own British military leaders.

But this isn't enough to sustain his men. To assure them food and shelter the Lieutenant finds it necessary to invade England, the very country that cast them out. He does so successfully, and recreates civilization. When he falls, as he must, to evil outsiders, he has left in place the mechanism that will maintain the renaissance of British civilization.

Hubbard's Lieutenant is a typical hero of the pre-Vietnam era. He has no insights, no philosophies, no ideologies. He is motivated by one dictum: he must take care of his men. To this end he is willing to go to any lengths possible, use any stratagems extant, and to invent new ones as the need arises.

His men reciprocate as the good feudal entities they are: there is

nothing they wouldn't do for the Lieutenant, no sacrifice they wouldn't make. They steal, connive, disobey orders, and kill, but for him, not for themselves.

The novel is old-fashioned in that there is little dialogue in it, it is told mainly through description, but that it also its strength. Reading it is almost like watching a film; a film in black & white. There are no shades of gray in the Lieutenant's world and none in the novel either. As a matter of fact this would have made a better film story than H.G. Wells's "Things To Come" for it has more intense blacks and more acute whites.

Look at the Lieutenant and you will see Gunner Cade, Kit Kinnison, the Dorsais, even Nicholas Van Rijn. This is not to suggest that Hubbard's story was the starting point for these characters or vice-versa, only that this is the kind of character that was part and parcel of science fiction of the gold and silver ages. This was a feudal lord in a time when feudalism was supposed to be dead, a man who cared for others more than he cared for himself in a world where egoism was paramount.

This is a legend, an Arthurian romance. It's also a damn fine yarn which stands up well to re-reading after close to 60 years.

EDWARD WOOD, 1926-1996

by

Sam Moskowitz

Edward Wood, specialty book publisher, trenchant critic, fan magazine editor, convention promoter, collector and active fan died May 12, 1996 while a passenger in a car in Las Vegas, Nevada, accompanied by his wife, his son and two brothers on his 70th birthday, of a heart attack.

He had suffered a stroke in April, 1990 and a heart attack a year ago, but had admitted to no discomfort on what was to have been a birthday reunion.

His major contribution to the field was as a charter partner of Advent: Publishers. This company was formed after Wood was released from his second stint from the army in June, 1955, where he had served with the 506th Division. He had previously been in the army as a cartographer for seven months in 1947. Advent was the collective idea of Ed, Earl Kemp, Robert Briney, Sidney Coleman and John Stopa. In 1960 George Price and James O'Meara became full partners, with Price eventually becoming the leading figure in the partnership. Wood remained active as an editor and order fulfillment man until two years

ago but retained his 20% partnership until his death.

A few titles into the business, the firm established itself as a specialist in non-fiction books on science fiction. Its first book was a collection of essays by Damon Knight "In Search of Wonder" which won a Hugo at the 14th World Science Fiction Convention in New York in 1956. They had success with two volumes of criticism by James Blish "The Issue at Hand" (1964) and "More Issues at Hand" (1970), both under the pen name of William Atheling. They published several volumes of criticism by Alexi and Cory Panshin; "All Our Yesterdays" a fan history by Harry Warner (1969) and books by Jack Williamson, Robert Bloch, L. Sprague de Camp and Reginald Bretnor, among others.

Their most ambitious title was the three-volume "Encyclopedia of Science Fiction and Fantasy" prepared by Donald Tuck of Tasmania.

Under the Advent imprint Wood in collaboration with Robert Briney issued "SF Biographies" subtitled "An Annotated Bibliography of Biographical Works on Science Fiction and Fantasy." (1972). Wood had always shown a predilection for bibliography previously preparing "Destiny Index of Fantasy 1953" (Fall, 1954) and the "Cumulative Total of Issues of Science Fiction Magazines 1926-1974" in the same number.

He established himself as an outstanding fan magazine editor when, together with Charles Freudenthal and Lester Fried in 1951, he issued *The Journal of Science Fiction*, a periodical of serious commentary on science fiction and bibliography. When Freudenthal left for college and Fried for the army he turned out in 1953 an expanded edition of the magazine which was perhaps the leading single issue of a fan magazine that year, photo-offset, containing material by Hugo Gernsback and Robert Bloch, among others, a bibliography and a center section of superb photos of the Second Chicago World Convention.

His reputation as a fearless critic was established in the Fall, 1951 issue of the *Journal* with "The Case Against Bradbury" immediately following an article by Bradbury "Where Do I Get My Ideas?" Wood was legendary not only for his critical prose, but for rising at the many conventions he attended and blasting in unamplified tones the opinions of the speakers he disagreed with.

When his finances were in good order Wood attended both national and regional conventions and worked on the committees of the Chicago, Pittsburgh, Oakland, and San Francisco world conventions. When he lived in the Bay Area he was head of the Elves, Gnomes & Little Men's Society of Berkley in 1968.

Wood was born April 28, 1926 in Detroit. He had two

brothers, Harry and Robert, and one sister, Gloria. He met his wife JoAnn Schmidt, a fan 17 years younger, while attending the 1966 Midwestcon, and they were married December 30, 1966. One son resulted from the union, Lawrence, August 19, 1969, now a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy.

Wood held a number of prestigious positions. He worked for Argonne National Laboratories, obtaining his M.S. degree at night. At Idaho Falls, Idaho, he worked for the National Reactor Testing Station. In California he was with Westinghouse and the Lockheed Missile and Space Company. His move to Hartford, Connecticut found him head of analytical chemistry at Combustion Engineering, October 19, 1968, a position he left in 1974 with a move to Texas where JoAnn obtained a position with American Airlines that she holds to this day.

REVENGE OF THE SCIFAN

So the other week I got buzzed by a non-existent aircraft.

I was on my way to Durango, Colorado, traveling along Highway 371 through the Bisti (rhymes with "fist eye") Wilderness. I was cruising at a legal 65 mph and I think I had a Weird Al tape playing when I saw it.

It was long, and black and

moving normal to my line of travel. It was flying nap-of-earth. And it was silent.

I just gawped at it for a bit, thinking it was one of our high-altitude recon planes, but that didn't make any sense given the way it was maneuvering. I turned off the tape and opened a window to get a listen to its engines. Waste of time.

I guess I was too small for the pilot to see, or too insignificant for him to care about. The ship just went on its way leaving me still gawping in its wake.

Later on I found out that I had been buzzed by Aurora, a hypersonic, sub-orbital fighter that rides to its combat zone piggyback on a bomber.

Only the Air Force denies its existence.

It seems that the Southwest is a prime location for testing black projects, which are based in Area 51. There aren't many human beings to the square mile to see it, and there's lots of nice flat land over which to fly. If a plane crashes about the worst it can do is make some roast mutton.

I was certainly impressed, even if it doesn't exist.

I wonder if we're not beginning to see the final demise of sf in print. Slowly but surely the magazines are folding -- first *Amazing*,

Omni and *Pulphouse* have disappeared. *IASFM* and *Analog* have cut issues and pages. Many of the magazines are unobtainable on the newsstands. The wretchedly resurrected *Galaxy* failed predictably in print, tried to become electronic, and couldn't make the change.

The analysts cite skyrocketing costs of paper, but I wonder if that's the real reason. More and more retail markets have bought voting positions on the publishers' boards, and are dictating what should be published. Even without external pressure the publishing houses are literally throwing away money-makers because they don't fit in with the house "image". Magazines have become so specialized as to readership it's a wonder that a general story magazine could exist, much less a magazine devoted to the general run of science fiction.

The media fan reigns supreme in what passes for fandom today. Whozits roam the con halls, their scarves trailing on the ground behind them, each one trying to more like the next (and wasn't that made-for-TV movie abominable?). Even the devotees of "Babylon 5" which may be the most literate and well-written stf series ever done on television has fans as mindnumbingly stupid as the zombie-like followers of anything with the "ST" label on it. There no longer exists a large mass of fen with a desire to read anything with stf stories in it; they have been supplanted by the myriad of hyper-specialized fen.

Even the fantasy fen are hopelessly fragmented. "Elfquest" fen ignore Donaldson devotees, although I can't understand how either manage to survive without lives. Somehow the "Witchworld" and "Pern" stories have become fantasies. The "Diskworld" stories, marvelously inventive though they are, have been turned into marketing events which threaten to lobotomize hapless passersby with the sheer magnitude of their inanity.

The Global Village has come to science fiction. Rather than unite under a common banner and embrace a common vision, the members have chosen to fragment into smaller and smaller tribes, each with its own peculiar drumbeat and warpaint, its tribal shaman and elder. And woe betide him who consorts with the members of a different clan.

I do have a reason to rejoice, though. Delta Clipper DC-XA continues to whiz through its tests with little difficulty. It caught fire on one trip, but that eventuality had been foreseen and engineered for. It was up and flying within a week. Meanwhile one of its most severe critics has been reassigned from NASA to the CIA. Remember folks, Clipper is built with off-the-shelf components that have been sitting around for a looong time. We could have built it some time ago were we not agreed to baffle our foes with the bullshit which is the Space Shuttle.

And I suppose I shouldn't have been crowing over the success of the Delta Clipper since the gummint just announced that it was going to award the contract for the next generation spaceship to Lockheed Martin. I dunno about that; the idea of something that is basically an airplane with SSTO capabilities bodes ill for Lunar landings. In addition the LM craft is designed to be flown by computers with humans tucked carefully into padded containers. No, I don't have nightmares about HAL, and I know that all modern aircraft require considerable computer control in order to function. I am concerned, instead, that politics dictates that no lives are lost in space when thousands are lost on the highway system.

Speaking of other launch systems, it amazes me to note that both the Long March and Ariane craft use the old Soviet system of strap-on solid fuel boosters. This is a useful brute-strength system, but what it lacks in sophistication it lacks in reliability. Without the ability to control the output of a solid fuel booster there's the tendency for one of the cluster rockets to blow, to be erratic in burn, or just to give out. At one time the future of boosters was seen to lie in the realm of the solid fuel model, but no one ever got the trick of casting down quite right.

Whew, back on schedule, and what you hear is the sound of panting. I've decided to try yet

another DTP system, one which isn't quite as flexible as what I've been using, but one which might save me some time. Yeah, I know the drill: get a new time-saver and spend all your time trying to get it to work. Hopefully I won't have that problem.

At any rate you should have had the June mailing in your hands by now. Said mailing consisted of the dues notice, the HoF ballot, the annual roster, and a copy of the bylaws. June mailings are always the most difficult to get out since they involve making up envelopes and then stuffing them. And the schedule is such that we can't get the mailing out until after the May 31 Hall of Fame nomination deadline. Still, it gets out.

I got an e-mail request the other day for permission to reprint some of the material in StF on-line. I refused. The reason for this is simple: as long as we retain control of our material we keep our copyright to it. As soon as we allow anything from these pages to go out over the Internet we essentially abandon it to the anarchy of cyberspace. In point of fact the copyright laws are currently close to unenforceable because of the sheer number of various ways to copy material. I chose to retain control as best I could over what we have published. Someday we may want to republish what we have on hand for a larger market and I would hate to see it appear first in the public domain.

DINOSAUR DROPPINGS

Dear Mark,

From your comments in the Spring '96 *ScientiFiction* it would appear that your cancer therapy is progressing rather well. Hope I do as well as you're doing. Just recently, Feb. '96, I was diagnosed as having small cell carcinoma in the right lung. That's the sort that grows and spreads so rapidly. The prognosis is that I have about another year left with the intensive chemotherapy. Something I refuse to do is sit back and feel sorry for myself. As much as I can, I will continue to do those things I would normally do.

A vote of thanks for Joseph Martino for the definitions of assault rifles. I rather like the DoD definition; it makes sense. The political definition doesn't make a lot of sense; as stated by Mr. Martino, it addresses only the cosmetic features. As for firearms possession being a right rather than a privilege, I won't debate the point. It's only a semantics game. Aren't all so-called rights really privileges granted by our constitution and courts? I still say that I support the citizen's right, or privilege, to own a firearm. At the same time, the second amendment does not guarantee that every kook can carry around a gun and blast away at his neighbors. The second amendment addresses the need for a

ready militia and was written when that militia consisted of farmers and shopkeepers who kept the musket and powder horn under the bed or behind the front door. Things are a bit different now.

Glad to see that Kuttner finally got an award, even though he didn't live to receive it in person. He had a really inventive mind. Who else could take an Army marching cadence jingle and make a story out of it (*Nothing But Gingerbread Left*, copyright 1943 by Street & Smith)?

'Til Next time,
Roy B. Wood

{Roy, I'm very sorry to hear of your cancer. Keep up communications with us as long as you can; we look forward to your letters. -- Mark}

Dear Mark:

I nominate Basil Wells for the First Fandom Hall of Fame award.

Ray Beam

Dear Mark:

This is an open letter to First Fandom members...

Please take a couple of moments, if you could, to help me round up some historical information on one of our SF fans of the past. I am working on a writing project

which I hope to get into book form in the future on the life and times of the late Ray Palmer.

Ray's career in SF took many twists and turns, but it was "never a dull moment" for the most part. As a native son of my home town of Milwaukee, Ray's life has been of particular interest to me, yet there are few people remaining in this area who can share reminiscences of his earlier SF days before leaving for his stint with Ziff-Davis in Chicago.

I ask in this open letter, for all of you dinosaurs out there to help out a 39 year old Sustaining Patron of First Fandom (who has the heart of a dinosaur and an insatiable appetite for the history of SF fandom). If any of you had occasion in the past to know and work with RAP, please get in touch. Any recollection will be considered something special to me. Drop a call, a line, a cassette tape or whatever to me and I'll be truly grateful!

I know that there us a split jury as to whether Ray should be seriously considered as a substantial contributor to the genre. I respect those who dismissed or questioned the majority of his later activities, yet I hope there are those of you who can look back to the years before the "Shaver" era and acknowledge a body of work he contributed which played a significant role in the evolution of SF's great fan interest and growth.

Let's swap thoughts on Ray's

involvement with projects like Cosmology, the Science Fiction Digest, Fantasy Magazine, Marvel Tales, Dawn of Flame, the Fantasy Fan, "Cosmos", the Milwaukee Fictioneers, the Science Correspondence Club, the Chicons, the Cinvention, Bea Mahaffey, etc. I'd really be thrilled to hear from you out there who would like to "spill the atoms" on any recollections that come to mind. Also any associational thoughts or experiences regarding other Milwaukee residents who became substantial forces in SF such as Bob Bloch, Stanley G. Weinbaum, Ralph Milne Farley, Arthur Tofte and August Dereleth will be welcomed wholeheartedly.

Thanks for your kindness and consideration. I look forward to hearing from a lot of fine people. It is wonderful to be able to be a part of First Fandom. I hope to be more involved with your organization in the coming years and look forward to getting to know many more of you!

Respectfully,

Christopher R. Miracle
W220 N9507 Townline Road
Menomonee Falls, WI 53051
(414)255-2010

{Hey Julie Schwartz, hey SaM, you two fellows can give Chris a lot of help on his project! -- Mark}

Dear Mark:

It's that time of year when

we nominate and vote for one of our own for the First Fandom Hall of Fame award. This year I hope that the old-timers among us will want to mark their ballot for either of these early fans (and later famous pros) for the highest recognition it is in our power to bestow.

SAM PEEPLES, a fan since the early '30s who over the years built one of the finest science-fiction, weird, horror, and fantasy libraries ever assembles, is the author of thirty published books. He also wrote the pilot for "Star Trek" that sold the series to NBC. Sam is now retired and lives with his wife in Santa Rosa, California.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE HAMLING, a fan since the mid-1930's, was the editor and publisher of "Stardust" (one of the legendary early printed fanzines) who later became, during the Ziff-Davis period, managing editor of *Amazing Stories*, and eventually editor and publisher of *Imagination*, and of *Toffee*. Bill is now retired and lives with his wife in San Diego, California.

Either or both of these First Fandomites richly deserve the Hall of Fame award.

Respectfully submitted,
Erle Melvin Korshak

{Both this and the following letter of nomination were received after the previous issue had been published, but before HoF nominations closed. --

Mark}

Hello Mark!

Hope you're doing well and continue to improve.

I am nominating the following for the Hall of Fame award:

JACK AGNEW is one of the early members of s-f fandom, starting to read it in 1934 when he was 12 years old. He was a member of the "Boy's SF Club" along with Bob Madle, John V. Baltadonis and Harry Greenblatt prior to the formation of the Philadelphia SF League by Milton A. Rothman in 1935.

Jack was an s-f collector, on the editorial staffs of various fan mags such as *Fantascience Digest*, *SF Collector* and *Imaginative Fiction*. He was also an artist and served as art editor for the *Fantascience Digest*.

He was included in many of the Philadelphia annual conferences and attended the NYCON in 1939. He was active in both Philadelphia Worldcons -- 1947 and 1953 -- serving as an officer on both committees. For the 1947 worldcon he was important in the promulgation of material pertaining to the Big Pond Fund, the predecessor of the Transatlantic Fan Fund (TAFF).

Jack was an active member of the Philadelphia SF Society from its foundation in 1935 until 1955 and has

been a member of First Fandom almost from its inception in 1958.

Best,
Bob Madle

Dear Mark:

I was regaling Ray with the story of my "almost" major heart attack and subsequent triple bypass when he told me of your own health situation. I hope that like myself you are currently (if not 100%) at least at the point where you can enjoy life. While recuperating I had a chance to fool around on the Internet and enjoyed "lurking" through dozens of sites related to sf and fandom.

I noted in an article in the Chicago Tribune, the passing of David Lasser at the age of 94 on May 5th. Nowhere in the article was his editorship of *Science Wonder* mentioned; but there was considerable detail on his labor activities. I've noticed that whenever I see an obit such as this, the field gets short shrift. I remember a pretty extensive obit of Seabury Quinn which talked about his Washington career, editorship of *Sunnyside & Casket*, and there was nary a hint of Jules de Grandin.

To each his own hierarchy of values, I guess...

Take care and stay well,
Dave Gorecki, Sustaining Patron

{Thanks for the letter, Dave. Please do the same yourself. -- Mark}

Hi Mark,

Congratulations on another beautiful issue. I appreciate the editor's taste in fiction.

I'm not so sure about the treasurer's taste. One hand giveth and the other hand taketh away...

Whatever became of interlineations? Don Ford always had a few of them...but then he had Lou Tabakow as a bounteous source.

Here's one for S&S fans.
Not from Lou.

May your deeds with sword and ax
Match your deeds with ewes and yaks.

Definitions:

Science fiction you read and use your imagination.

Sci Fi you watch and use someone else's imagination.

I've listed the things I want in a new computer to go on line.

I have the cash.

I have a dozen offers of low priced Internet access.

I belong to a local computer club with a number of other old ge ezers in it who have already been through this.

On line I can probably dig out all sorts of answers where the local library system has lost capability.

A high percentage of my fan friends are on line.

I would become even more of a couch potato.

Hell of a choice.

Three cons on three consecutive weekends, Midwestcon, Inconjunction and Libertycon. ICJ offering goodies to FF members.

Ideal for a trip by car.

I have a new-to-me car, a 1990 VW Passat. Top of the line, low mileage, excellent gas mileage. Cruises comfortably at California freeway speeds. Every bell and whistle those Black Forest gnomes could dream up.

And my eyes limit me to daylight driving and not too much of that.

So I have my hotel and airline reservations for Liberty con.

Chicken.

Yours,
Roy Lavender

{Interlineations don't look too good in this format. Roy. I'm on the 'net. Big yawn. -- Mark}

From my experience as a writer, editor, and publisher I am adding a few comments, which, if you follow them, could improve *ScientiFiction*:

Spring '96, P.3. There is no such word as "attende." People who attend functions are attenders. There is no "attender-attende" relationship. The same is true of "standee." People who stand are standers. Ditto for "conferees." People who confer are conferrers.

Spring '95, P.18. "I couldn't help but see" is a double negative. Say "I couldn't help seeing."

Autumn '94. P.17. Congratulations on your use of the name "Tellurian." And jeers to the use of "Terra," P.1 *Summer, 1992*.

Summer '92. P.10. "MO," and "NY," P.13. Symbols have no place in expository text. Use abbreviations. P.17. Don't split infinitives, say "EVEN TO TRY."

Philip N. Bridges

{*"attende (1937): one who is present on a given occasion or at a given place"* Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary. Merriam-Webster, Inc., 1989}

Dear Mark,

I see in *Locus* that Christopher Robin Milne is dead. I met him once, after a fashion, when I was standing at a bus-stop in London. There was a plaque on the waist-high wall beside me. When I turned around to read it, I found the modest-looking house was the place where Christopher Robin had sat on the landing, neither up nor down. I stood and looked a few moments, then went back to my guidebook, only to be confronted by a red-faced man telling me to, "Get away!"

"I'm sorry?"

"Get away! I saw you looking over the wall!"

"I'm waiting for the bus."

"Get away, get on!"

I did, of course, walk to the next stop, not more than a few hundred feet away. The bug rolled into view in the distance and I sorted nervously through my handful of change, only to look up from the unfamiliar coins to find the red-faced man pelting toward me, yelling, "My wife's away! You can come in!"

The last thing I wanted to do was have anything to do with a lunatic.

The bus had pulled up: I hurried on board and paid my fare. As the vehicle pulled away, the man came running after it in the street, yelling, "I'm Christopher Robin!

Come back!"

I didn't.

Some years later I found that Mr. Milne and his wife had waged a bitter and unsuccessful campaign to have the plaque removed. In the end they did the logical thing by selling his boyhood home and moving elsewhere, presumably leaving in their place someone more tolerant of faces peering over the wall.

I'm not sure what this has to do with First Fandom, other than A.A. Milne's books were probably among the first fantasies many of us encountered. In any case, thank you for the summer issue -- on time, yet!

Sincerely,
Catherine Mintz, Sustaining Patron

{Not to mention P.L. Travers.
Catherine. -- Mark}

Dear Mark:

Enjoyed the latest issue of *ScienciFiction*, and am glad that you seem to be on the mend; keep it up...

Now about those woodstoves: I'm a city bred guy, but after some time in Maine have managed some knowledge on that subject. If you run into any more problems, give us a ring. (And all of this s.f. bit reminds me that I must get a line off to my favorite author, Connie Willis.)

Best regards to you and
Ray.

Sincerely,
Ron Small

{Shucks, Ron, I allus thot you Maine-
iacs just pulled up another bear when
you got cold. -- Mark}

In the last issue of *SciFiction*, Catherine Mintz asks, "Why, when they refused to give Gernsback a Hugo," etc. Who were "they"? The fact is in 1960 Science Fiction Fandom gave a Hugo "To Hugo Gernsback, The Father of Magazine Science Fiction", as gorgeous a metallic rocket as ever presented to any winner, and I transported it with me to New York City where, in his editorial office, in the presence of Dave Kyle's wife Ruth, who photographed the historic event, I transferred it to him saying, "I've come across 3,000 miles and 34 years to make this presentation to you on behalf of a grateful fandom." Mr. Gernsback's widow eventually gave me Hugo's Hugo for safekeeping and it has been seen on display by thousands who have visited the Ackermuseum during the past 36 years. One legendary night 186 sf personalities, including two astronauts, saw it in our home when Wendayne was hostess.

Sincerely,
"4s]" Ackerman

Dear Mark,

SciFiction, Summer 1996, arrived a few days ago. Thoroughly enjoyable, as usual. In particular I liked "Final Report," and "Revenge of The Sci-Fan".

It saddened me to learn that H.L. Gold, Sam Merwin, Jr., and Elsie Wollheim have gone on to the great neverending con in the sky. They will be missed.

I'm not sure, but I may be responsible for Horace Gold's joining First Fandom last year. I saw his letter in *Fantastic Collectibles* inviting correspondence and write him a 45 year late fan letter. His response was a phone call the following Sunday morning. Sheer joy, cussing and discussing all the old timers. He was personally acquainted with most of those I admired as authors. He seemed to be quite lonely, a semi-invalid, and loved to talk about the old days. So Mark, I gave him your mailing address. Next ish of *SciFiction* I noticed that he had been accepted as a Founding Member.

Horace told me how he lost the editorship of *Galaxy*. Seems the taxi he was riding in (New York City) was broadsided by a truck and Horace was badly injured. He spent a long, long time in a VA hospital; said the cars were LaSalles and DeSotos when he went in and Toyotas and Yugos when he came out.

You didn't mention that carcinoma you're fighting, so I assume

everything is coming up roses; I certainly hope so anyway. As for mine, the returns aren't all in yet. I finished the 4th and last chemotherapy session on 29 May. Now we do another CT scan on 20 June and see what, if anything, has developed. The previous CT scan, after the 2nd chemo session, drew such comments as "very positive result," and "dramatic improvement." I feel fine except for the debilitating effect of the chemotherapy.

Sincerely,
Roy R. Wood

{Best news I've heard from you yet, Roy. You're gonna feel a mite poorly with all that rat poison they pumped into you, but if it kills the cancer it's all for the better. -- Mark}

Dear Mark,

I'm a new member, but I thought there might be some interest in my comments on the recent deaths of Horace Gold and Redd Boggs, two people who were very important in my life.

It was around the middle of 1995 that Horace Gold called me for the first time in a number of years. He told me he was living in Leisure World Village a half day's drive away and that, frankly, he was lonesome. He told me he was past eighty and that I might be shocked by his appearance. I told him that just as many years had gone by for me, and

I didn't look like I just had a new coat of paint myself. My wife, Barbara, and I arranged to visit him in a few days.

After the drive, getting through the dedicated security, and finding his number in the large condo-complex, we did meet. Horace had aged, but I easily recognized him. He seemed surprised at my appearance. "I thought you would be in your seventies. Sixty two? You mean you were selling me all those stories when you were nineteen or twenty? My God, what a talent."

"Obviously not as big as that of Ellison or Silverberg, my contemporaries. But you did once call me a 'Vesuvius of flaming literary lave'." We got a chuckle over that one.

That was the last mention of me for some time. Inside his condo, luxurious in design but sparsely furnished, he regaled Barbara and me with his theories, the story of his life, even his diet. He lived on rare steak, potato chips and some kind of fruit -- I think it was peaches. Half eaten bags of chips cluttered the place.

The main theme of his conversation was that he had been double-crossed and abandoned by all his fellow professional writers. He could forgive them taking from him, but not for ignoring him now. He had a long list of writers who would not answer his letters, at least one of whom I was under the impression

was dead, and therefore he had a good excuse. The fans were much better to him. "Pros are foes, fans are friends" he said several times.

He seemed to bond with Barbara better than me. Of course, she is prettier than I, and both she and Horace are Jewish (while I am mostly Irish, nominally Protestant). He wanted us to take him on a car ride to a scenic spot. He told us he had never learned to drive (a taxi-riding New Yorker) and proved it by not being able to find the spot. At one point, on a busy highway he advised me to "back up a hundred feet". I found a place to turn around, went back, but we still were lost. Well, I've looked unsuccessfully for places with younger people.

A number of times he assured me that "Mt mind is perfectly clear." Even though he did seem to have to fight to keep his concentration at times, he obviously was still a brilliant man. I finally told him: "Horace, your mind is as clear as a bowl of soup in a cheap restaurant." He thought it over, then laughed.

In leaving, I told him I thought I might even try doing a science fiction novel if he would advise me on it. "It's been a long time, but I'll try."

As it happened, that was the last time we saw him. He talked to Barbara on the phone quite a few times, and at great length, loaning her his books and some photos of himself

(which we mailed back). I suggested times we might return, but they were not right for him. I felt I had somehow disappointed him, that I was not giving him the total devotion he needed. He was one of the greatest editors of science fiction, second only to Campbell, I think. With his problems, it was a miracle he could function at all, much less achieve so much.

Redd Boggs was the ultimate in being a science fiction fan. He may not have been a great success in the commercial world, but his words always brought light to any subject he discussed -- works of science fiction or general literature, the activities of other fans and pros, just the stuff of everyday life. The kind of thing Andy Rooney would gripe about on TV, Redd could analyze and make you see why it was that way.

I wrote my first letter to Redd when I was twelve, and received a reply. There were a few breaks in our association, but we continued to relate to each other for the next fifty-one years. Bob Lichtman reports he read my last letter to Redd during his final hospital stay and that he "seemed to enjoy it". We liked each other's company.

For years, many of Redd's friends, including Jim Blish, thought he should become a professional SF writer. I think he could easily have done that or even become a mainstream novelist. Talent and insight filled his fanzine contributions.

He read the books that a lot of us just like to have on our shelves, hoping to "get around to sometime" and in the meantime, impress visitors. I was able to get Redd to write the only published material he was ever paid for. When I was editing an Ackerman competitor, *Fantastic Monsters of The Films*, he did two short-shorts of a fantasy nature for me. I have been criticized for having Redd collaborate with me on a sex novel called "Passion Strip" (the strip was a comic strip), for wasting his talents on that. I had hoped he would see the value of writing for paid publication, although he did not. Of course, he was starving at the time, living on canned Mackerel, the next thing to pet food. The money he made helped him live long enough to meet his long time mate, Gretchen Schwinn, who brought more money into the household before her death some years ago. Those who wished he preserve his talent, if not his life, did not even send a can of dog food. I tried as recently as six or eight years ago to get Redd to collaborate with me on a Stephen King-type horror novel. I didn't think I could produce as many words as those long novels. He said he would -- hard to get Redd to say "no" to anyone -- but in fact would do nothing.

I believe Redd Boggs had a chronic depression, from which he suffered greatly. He believed Armageddon was coming. If it is, it will be after his death at 75. His one great love before Gretchen did not turn out well for him. There were

reasons, but without them, he would have still had a dark cloud over him. At least, he fought his horrors and did not leave us before he had to. Of course, both his father and mother each lived to be 98. He might have had another twenty years if he had not been on MediCal. For the time he had, he sat by the road and observed, and was a friend to Man -- and Woman.

I know several members have been interested in my efforts to do new productions of the original scripts of Carlton E. Morse's "I Love a Mystery" for which none of the original recordings are known to exist. We did the original audio production back in 1992 with Les Tremayne of the original cast (though not in the lead then) as Jack Packard, and other radio pioneers like Jack Lester (star of "Sky King"), Art Hern ("Ikky" on "Captain Midnight"), announcer Fred Foy (of "The Lone Ranger" and "Green Hornet"). On time child actor on the show, Frank Bresse now plays Reggie. A talented young man, Tony Clay, brings a lot of vitality to Doc. Since '92 we have done some editing and re-recording, but mostly try to satisfy all the minute requests of the Morse estate. We began when Carlton Morse, my friend of thirty years, was alive but he left us at 93. Finally, everything has been resolved and the 3 cassette, 4.5 hour dramatization of "The Fear That Creeps Like a Cat" went on sale in May. I can offer it to nay interested First Fandom members at no profit for myself (but the estate must have

theirs) for \$12.00 (list price: \$19.95)

Best,

Jim Harmon

{I sent for a copy as soon as I got this letter; I strongly suggest others do likewise. -- Mark}

Dear Mark,

My apologies for recent long loud silence from here. Writing whilst flat on one's back is NOT easy. Here's the story:

It never rains but what it comes down in buckets -- or troubles never come singly (can they get married?). I reckon I'm the living proof. Barely had I recovered from my broken ankle to walk without crutches but using a stick -- than on April 2nd I walked down stairs, then collapsed on the floor in agony. Slipped disc? Acute back pain? Whatever it was I couldn't move; luckily I was beside the phone. It only took ten minutes to reach the receiver and dial Val to come home. She called out the doctor and after an injection they got me into bed -- where I stayed for three weeks. That, in turn, started my prostate acting up again. My back is gradually easing off -- provided I don't sit long or walk far. I'm typing this letter in fifteen minute spurts. The prostate still has to be sorted. It was the end of May before I got to the PC to access sundry files -- and the mailpile

is rather hefty. So bear with me if communications, LOCs or whatever from this end are rather poor.

It is with deepest regret that I pass on the gist of a telephone call from Ken Slater. He rang me with the sad news that Ethel Lindsay passed away on the morning of June 16th, at 7:05 AM.

Ethel had been suffering from cancer for quite a while but in typical fashion had not made the face generally known to fandom. In her last letter, only a few weeks ago, she said the prognosis was a further six months before she went. In the event, she had less time than that. Perhaps this was a merciful release as she had embarked on a course of chemotherapy which was both ineffective and painful.

I first made contact with Ethel, way back in the late forties, when she wrote to me just before the first Mancon. That was her first Convention and Ethel liked it so much she was hooked from then on. She seldom (ever?) Missed a convention and was soon publishing her own fanzine, "Scottishe", which had a long run until her retirement from a nursing career and subsequent reduction in income caused her to close it down.

A leading light in most fannish activities, a con goes, fanzine publisher, letter-writer, a member of the "Knights of St. Fanthony", a TAFF visitor to the USA, all these and

more. Ethel was a friend to everyone in fandom whether they were old, tired BNFs, or brand new fans just dipping a toe in the waters. Ethel never joined in fannish feuds or arguments, but was the same cheerful person to everyone she met.

Her name is known not just in Britain and the USA, but on the Continent, in Australia and indeed, wherever fans gather. Ethel will be missed.

Yours in sorrow,
Terry Jeeves

{Indeed, Terry, we will all miss Ethel. Still, despite your troubles, I'm glad you can communicate with us. -- Mark}

Dear Mark,

When I read about the Southern Baptists resolving to make a concerted effort to convert the 5.5 to 6 million Jews in this country I immediately thought of you.

Once your conversion is complete you can move back to the True South and get a job with the TVA. Then you could afford a wringer washing machine for the front porch. Who knows, you might even be able to afford new cement blocks for the cars in your front yard. And maybe, just maybe, you might qualify to write Baptist Science Fiction.

As ever, thinking of you...

Your friend,
Ray Beam

{I categorically refuse to write such fiction; I could never have my characters dance together. -- Mark}

Dear Mark:

I think First Fandom membership is still the best bargain in town. I'm very proud to be a member even if my participation is limited.

I completed my ballot with the usual handwringing and agonizing. In all seriousness, only being allowed one selection out of five choices makes for a difficult task. They're all good choices, and any one would make a good winner.

Sincerely,
Lester Mayer

Dear Mark,

Browsing through the Roster it appears I am still the only Connecticut member. This is lonely at times, but not entirely disadvantageous. A meeting of the F.F. Connecticut Branch may be called at any time, any place, with or without notice...100% attendance guaranteed...All motions are seconded and all votes are unanimous...and the Chair cannot be overruled!

Best,
Al Lybeck

*{So where's your latest meeting report?
-- Mark}*

Mark --

Been observing the Shakespearian squirrels running around our yard. They make much ado about nutting.

That being said, thanx for the membership roster. I notice an obscenely small amount of telephone numbers therein. How the hell am I going to harass people when I cannot call them? I'm too cheap to pay for formerly free information.

Will *Astounding/Analog* be here in the year 2000? I still remember the lead sentences in a January issue some years ago: "1950! It even sounds futuristic."

Re bylaws. Not trying to promote my own appointive office (or maybe I am), but shouldn't Paragraph two of Section V read "There shall be at least three appointive officers in FIRST FANDOM...? Youse guys is leaving out the heart of the nation. Of course there could also be VPs for Canada and the continents across the waters. If Janie Lamb is still around she could help with a true N3F-type constitution.

Speaking of others, if Janie, r-

tRapp (and Nancy Share Rapp) are still among the living, why have they not been proposed for membership? Or am I just behind the times in information.

Salud,
Hal Shapiro

{Hal, there shall be at least two appointive officers, but there isn't any upper limit. The Rapps were not only proposed for membership and invited, but their initial dues have already been paid by a third party. Alas, we have never heard from them. -- Mark}

Dear Mark --

I'm glad you seem to be doing well, and wish you the best. Personal experience has taught me the spirit can prevail when the feet (night cramps) and other parts such as heart and breath are taxed. Outwardly I'm in good, if not great, shape, and emphasis on complaint would only neutralize the six or seven pills I take three times a day. I try to ignore my dependence. I am fortunate to have good doctors, a fantastic wife, an amazing son, two good cats, and, being an especially toxic mix of German and English which my wife Martha tolerates, I tend not to give up easily. For three years I've been hopeful to attend LA Con III. At this point I now know I can, so now I'm looking forward to 2001 -- and possibly beyond!

If you, and any other

Dinosaurs attending LA Con III, and traveling through the venerable city of San Francisco (pre or post Con), would care to stop by our home, I'd love to show off my Science Fiction collection which I've found to be the equal and beyond of the marvelous traveling 1985 Smithsonian exhibit, "Yesterday's Tomorrows", at the Oakland, California, Museum. I could not help buying the beautiful book and poster with Frank Paul illustrations. Besides, it helped the museum. As well as all first issues, bedsheets, pulps and digests which encroach on our living spaces, I have complete sets of Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon Big Little Books and Big, Big Books, and all of Chester Gump too! Also, I have about four fifths of BR and FG tin and lead toys such as space ships, disintegrator guns, and most of the paper memorabilia such as BR solar maps, masks of Buck and Wilma, portraits, 30's pop-up books, etc.

In casual conversation with Neil Barron at an SFRA con at the University of San Diego some years ago, I mentioned my collection. He said it was all being put on microfiche, and the bedsheets and pulps would all fall apart in 50 to 100 years. This crushing statement has not deterred me. Despite my age, non-transference to microfiche and the ages of my focus: the 20's, 30's, 40's, and 50's, I continue to collect and preserve in expensive Mylar envelopes. Though semi-sealed from time and silverfish, I can still smell the delicious ferment of age and love it.

They are as old as I and, like fine wine, their honorable aroma is catalyst for magic memories: of waiting for Dad to buy an expensive boxtop and waiting for a next issue as well as a reminder that my treasures are slowly dying. With Mylar and my love they will last longer and, perhaps excite imagination and wonder in those who follow us dinosaurs.

Just glanced at a past ish of *ScientiFiction* in which mention was made of a crystal set. I had several, one of which I connected to our telephone for an aerial. The sensitive cat's whisker had to be placed just so on the crystal to bring in reception no further away than 50 miles. This same sensitivity and focus are necessary today. I am glad, and proud, there are dinosaurs older than me who are exercising it. They have my respect and admiration.

Sincerely,
Franz Grumme

{But the paper need not deteriorate, Franz. A conservator can treat that sulfide paper and stop the process with no damage to the mag. -- Mark}

Dear Mark:

My main reason for attending Inconjunction was to support the idea of presenting our awards at regional conventions and thumb our noses at the World Convention. The World Conventions have given us static

about our awards ever since the first one to Edward E. Smith in Washington, D.C. In fact, at that convention I arranged for a separate session immediately following the banquet, and extemporaneously spoke for half an hour before presenting the award to E.E. Smith who was so moved that he was crying as he accepted it. My entire presentation was recorded and appeared in the Washington convention booklet which appeared after the affair.

My premise was, that here we are giving a man an award for 40 or 50 years of effort in our field, to explain our reasons for making that choice it was ridiculous to say that his lifetime of effort was only worth three minutes. My lengthy presentations terminated at the award to Edmond Hamilton in 1967 when First Fandom members failed to support my view, and we have been relegated to secondary status ever since. In those days many of our Hall of Famers were still alive and showed up at conventions to accept their awards, enhancing the program of the convention. While we are not in a position to finance the attendance of the Hall of Famers, perhaps some of them would pay their own way to be honored with a more elaborate presentation. Perhaps some regional convention would be willing to pay the travel expenses of a prominent, author, artist, or editor.

In recent years Oklahoma, Louisville, St. Louis and Indianapolis have been hosts for First Fandom, and

at least the first three have enjoyed very good attendance. I think it has been a very successful idea. The lesson of Indianapolis is to make sure that the convention site has selected a strong guest of honor, otherwise First Fandomites will not go to the expense. Our members I spoke to had never heard of the honored guests at Inconjunction, that was why so few of them came (although it was claimed that 19 or 20 First Fandomites were there). As it turned out Guest of Honor Richard A. Knaak had 20 books published, almost all of them fantasy. I think the convention in its announcements should have published his resume. Us older fans don't know enough about the newer authors, particularly if they specialize in fantasy as opposed to science fiction. As it was I was very courteously treated by the Inconjunction and met Lloyd Biggle and Richard Mullein (editor of *Science Fiction Studies*) both of whom I had not previously met. Several people had a handful of books for me to autograph and the program heads appeared to know me. I am all for regional presentation of our awards, with the proviso that the convention selected have a strong program.

I have no objection to repeating cities that have already had us, for example St. Louis has invited us back this year and they have Ray Bradbury as guest of honor. I doubt if I will be able to make it because it is too close to the World Con which will take a big chunk out of my pocket book, at least \$1,000 with air

flight, hotel and food. It also costs more to fly into Anaheim than Los Angeles.

All Best,
Sam Moskowitz

To All Members of First Fandom:

The Science Fiction Oral History Association has been in existence for some twenty years. I am wondering how many of you have reflected on what oral history is.

You are oral history. Your recollections of SF history, SF authors, and fan history belong in the SFOHA archives.

A number of years ago, we cornered a number of members of First Fandom at a MidwestCon and recorded what they remembered about E.E. "Doc" Smith. A few years later, a college professor working on a paper about Doc borrowed that recording and found it invaluable.

I would like to organize a special project – something that should have been done long ago – of recording recollections of First Fandom members about other science fiction celebrities. What authors do you have recollections about? If I were to ask, "What sort of person was Henry Kuttner? Did he have a sense of humor? What did he like to talk about in informal situations? Can you remember any specific thing or

things he said? Did he ever talk about writing or about specific things he had written? What did he say? How did he react to readers and fans?"

How many of you could answer some of these questions about Kuttner? Or about John Campbell, Horace Gold or other editors, Catherine Moore, Leigh Brackett, Ed Hamilton, Robert Heinlein, Will Jenkins (Murray Leinster), Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, Fritz Leiber, Frank Belknap Long, Eric Frank Russell, Clifford Simak, Ted Sturgeon, E.E. van Vogt, Neil R. Jones, George O. Smith, Raymond F. Jones, Robert Moore Williams, Jack Williamson, or Ross Rocklynne. To move down to a later generation of writers, how about James Blish, Arthur C. Clarke, Fyfe, Piper, Tenn, Vance, Kornbluth? Also, if you missed getting your recollections onto the tape mentioned above, E.E. "Doc" Smith?

Write to me, Lloyd Biggle, Jr., 569 Dubie Ave., Ypsilanti, MI 48198, give me your name, address, and telephone number, mention the conventions you attend regularly, and list the authors of the past concerning recollections you think would be worth recording. We may conduct telephone interviews; or, if several of you can be cornered at one convention, we may try to arrange to interview you there. A kind of group discussion works best – what one person remembers stimulates the memories of the others – but we may have to settle for what we can get.

It is too late to record many of these authors – but not too late to record your recollection of them.

Lloyd Biggle, Jr.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Mark and I have determined that it may be time to move the Hall of Fame award from the Worldcon to a regional con. If this is done it would probably be rotated between three regionals -- east, Midwest and west. The decision to do this is based on the reluctance of many of the Worldcon committees to give us a place on the Hugo Award Ceremony. For some reason they think that we should be placed in a minor award ceremony. Also they put a time limit on our presentation. It is unfair to be limited to three minutes when you are describing the contributions of people who were pioneers in the Science Fiction field.

This year was no different than those before. It took some negotiation before they agreed to place us on the Hugo Ceremony. The biggest problem is that there is a new committee each year, so what was done the previous year has to be done all over again.

We are interested in what the membership thinks of this and if they have any other ideas. I personally can see one other solution: To have

the presentation of the First Fandom Hall of Fame award at the Hugo Ceremony placed in the rules of the World Science Fiction Association, the Worldcon governing body. This would require that we attend a business meeting and make a presentation concerning the need for a rules change. I do not think it would be easy to get such a motion passed. If anyone is interested in making such a presentation, Mark and I would be glad to work with them.

In the meantime Mark is sending out inquiries to selected regional conventions. The letters will state what First Fandom and the First Fandom Awards can do for them and asking what they are willing to do for us.

The last weekend in June I attended Midwestcon. We had a good representation of First Fandom as usual including Philip Jose Farmer, Joe Haldeman, and Gay Haldeman. There was a memorial for Ed Wood. Several people including myself related memories of Ed. He will be missed.

The Beam family is getting ready to leave on vacation at the end of the week. We are going to take a cruise around the Hawaiian Islands. I plan to do little but sit on the deck with a drink in my hand.

Till next time-----

Ray

1996 FIRST FANDOM REUNION

by

Mary Lu Lockhart

Inconjunction hosted the First Fandom Renunion this year at the East Side Marriott in Indianapolis July 5-7. Members in attendance were Arlan Andrews, Ray Beam, Bill Beard, Lloyd Biggle, Jr., Bill Cavin, Don Dailey, Steve Francis, Joe Hensley, Mary Lu Lockhart, Joe Martino, Sam Moskowitz, Richard Mullen, Melvin Schmidt, Roger Sims, and Larry Smith.

At the opening ceremony Friday night, Chairman Rebecca Chike presented President Ray Beam with a plaque recognizing First Fandom's presence at the con. Besides free membership for First Fandom, the con committee provided a suite stocked with pop and munchies. It was open Friday and Saturday evenings and was well attended.

Two Saturday panels were devoted to First Fandom. Typically, the participants had no advance notice so neither panel was well organized. On Saturday morning when young people were still sleeping, Ray Beam, Tom Sadler, Buck Coulson, Steve Bridge and Mike Kennedy spoke on "The Aging of Fandom." It was generally agreed that fandom was aging, is aging and will be aging. Hey, it beats the alternative.

Later in the day, Ray moderated a panel "Meet First Fandom: Meet the People Who Helped Pave the Way for Modern Fandom." He gave a short history of FF and introduced the attending members who then had a chance to add their two cents' worth for the edification of the audience.

In the evening, Ray introduced Sam Moskowitz who presented the Posthumous Hall of Fame award for Henry Kuttner. Besides listing professional accomplishments, Sam provided plenty of personal Kuttner anecdotes. Anyone who had not read "Mimsy Were The Borogroves: was publicly flogged.

All in all, the reunion was low-key and enjoyable. The convention and hotel were both accommodating. Heck, they even had a good restaurant on the premises.

First Fandom
The Dinosaurs of Science Fiction

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