

Autumn

1998

SCIENTIFICTION



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NECROLOGY:

John L. Chapman
Jim Tibbetts

Alex Schomberg
Jerome Bixby (non-member)

APPLICATIONS:

The following have applied for Associate Membership status:
T.M. Sherred

Larry R. Card
Robert O. Adair

DUES INFORMATION:

Dues sent to Mark will probably not be reflected on mailing labels for three months. Just a technical

matter, no sudden vacations on First Fandom's tab are planned.

ROSTER CORRECTION:

The address for Joel Zakem is incorrect. This is the correct address:

Joel D. Zakem
2127 Eastern Parkway, #2
Louisville, KY 40204

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DINOSAUR DROPPINGS:

- Terry Jeeves -

Dear Mark,

Many thanks for the latest Scientifiction, but I'm sorry to see that you hope to bow out of the editing job. Understandable though, it's fun to edit one's own zine (as I do ERG) to suit one's own time-table, inclinations and desires, but it can become a heavy burden when working to other guide lines. I hate to see you drop the reins, but fully understand and hope you find a worthy successor.

On Sir Arthur,, I think it's time to drop the very worthy reporting on his behalf as it is now simply serving to spread the slurs. Arthur is a GOOD MAN, let's leave it at that.

Had a thought recently, my 20 year old reel to reel recorder packed up, nine local repair shops said "Can't be repaired, no parts", Philips, the makers said likewise, but gave me an address of a shop which sold me four drive-belts (rubber bands) for £22.00. The machine is now working again. I also sent off a Standard 8mm film with sound on stripe for copying to VHS, only ONE firm could do it (with poor results). Bearing all that in mind, I wonder how all those sundry recordings and recording devices - films, tapes, eps, LPs, slides and even CDs stuffed into sundry time capsules, will be playable

(or repairable) once unearthed? Another thought, we're already past the stage where a post-nuclear war generation could rebuild our present level of 'civilization', and who has the skills needed to rebuild the horse and buggy era?

Re the 'REVENGE OF THE SCI-FI FAN', I can't agree that "humor is a way of getting rid of hostile emotions". Obviously that can be one way it functions, but who goes to a comedy show with that purpose in mind. When you make a wisecrack to a friend, it's generally out of comradeship, not hostility. How often do you make a joke to someone with whom you are strongly annoyed? I'd rather have seen an explanation of the opening remarks which implied that 'the PC nits are now attacking humor.

Whilst enjoying (and largely agreeing with) the hatchet job on Pringle's Encyclopedia, I'd mildly disagree with the idea that 'The Avengers' was not SF. Not always, certainly, but quite often. - with cyborqs, subliminal coercion, super gadgetry and the like. How about 'The Champions'? SF or Fantasy? The characters were telepaths I believe. 'Man From U.N.C.L.E had the odd SF gimmick. It all comes back to the hoary old 'What is SF?' definition. What happened to Sense Of Wonder? I dunno, but I know I

have given up on Analog with its gloomy, cross-hatched illos depicting no SF-ery, only characters gazing at each other, at computers, or into thin air. The stories must have PC characters, gays, lesbians, blacks, drug-takers or preferably female. All are preferred to upright Crane, Seaton or Kinnison types. As for plots, what, plots? Pose a problem, mention some high-faluting jargon, solve problem, end of story. Me, I no longer buy SF, only non-fiction. My SOW is served by items from my collection of older stuff.

Oh well, enough natter. I'll sign off and say thanks for another good issue.

All the best,
Terry

- Bob Peterson -

Dear Ray,

I am not sure when people should be nominated for the First Fandom award, but I have four to suggest:

Brain Aldiss - he has become one of the prolific and good authors of our time.

Mike Ashley - he has done some good work non-fiction writing and deserves some kind of recognition.

Terry Jeeves - One of the longest records for publishing a fanzine out side of an apa.

Langley Searles - long time quality fan mag.

Best,
Bob Peterson

- Joseph P. Martino -

Mark:

I'm going to have to miss DragonCon. I've been planning a trip to Alaska, with my brothers, for the past couple of years. I'll be on shipboard at the time of the 'con.

Despite my having started the ball rolling for the 1999 reunion at Millenicon, it looks as though I'll miss that one too. If things go according to plan, I'll be back in Turkey for another semester, from December of this year through June of next.

My regards to everyone. See you in 2000, God willing and the creek don't rise.

Joe Martino

- John L. Coker III -

15 April 98

Mark -

Please mention in the next issue of Scientifiction that I have copies for sale of the memorial volume which I produced in tribute to Sam Moskowitz and Conrad H. Ruppert.

The booklet consists of 11,500 words and two dozen photographs, with contributions by Forrest J. Ackerman, David A. Kyle and Julius Schwartz.

It is titled: "Days of Wonder," series #1.

It was done in a 250 copy edition, signed and numbered by the editor. Copies are still available at \$6.00 each, which includes postage and a sturdy mailing

envelope.

A few copies of the lettered edition (A-Z) are also available. Signed and numbered by the editor, these copies are also signed by Julius Schwartz and David A. Kyle and feature a color pictorial page and 2 original color photographs. They are available for \$15.00 each, including postage

and handling.

Checks may be sent to:

John L. Coker III
3701 Glen Garry Lane
Orlando, FL 32803

Best wishes, and looking forward to our reunion,

John L. Coker III

* * * *

A D R E A M V A C A T I O N

by robert o. adair

Climbing aboard my time machine, a beautiful, gleaming 8-foot sphere equipped with the latest design anti-gravity propulsion, I set out for a 4-week dream vacation in Chicago, December, 1940.

Arriving in Berwyn, a suburb, I concealed my machine in a safe place. I was just in time to see the Burlington Zephyr roll almost soundlessly down the rails—a gleaming, beautiful, streamlined train. Though I am an adult, I still get a kick out of being able to see the engineer through the big, glass panels on the front and to wave at him.

While I was there, I visited the dimestore. Several counters are covered with slush metal toy soldiers, Bilt-Rite punch out cardboard sets, Tootsie Toy airplanes, automobiles, and trains. Several other manufacturers of die-cast planes and cars are represented. Of course, there are quite a vari-

ety of Marx windup toys and trains.

Emboldened by having found a rather large apartment to rent, I have 2 grocery sacks full of mostly toys. The girl at the cash register looks at me kind of funny. The whole thing came to over \$10.00!—two Buck Rogers disintegrators with holsters, a Tootsie Toy set of spaceships, 3 sets of Noma Christmas lights, a pile of punch out cardboard models, ever so many die-cast autos and airplanes, and a Marx ferris wheel.

"You must have a lot of grandchildren!" the clerk said. "You could say that" I said noncommittally.

My next stop was the Western Auto store. Christmas time was the height of their glory. Special train sets, usually made by Marx, Christmas lights and decorations, Daisy B B guns, big, red

continued on pg.17

REVENGE OF THE SCI-FAN:



by Mark Schulzinger

Suddenly I feel free, almost reborn. It's as if a great weight has been lifted off my shoulders. My step is light, I am weightless. You see, I am no longer editor of our magazine/journal/report. Not that I leave the editorship without a pang of regret. I have enjoyed my tenure over the past

decade, and doing the job has become a habit with me. Still, I think I can look back over the past 10 years with a certain satisfaction.

Ray, as secretary-treasurer, had been putting out an irregular treasurer's report, and he was running out of material to print as well as time in which to do the work. He asked me to help with the composition of it, and I agreed.

It was as if I was doing a fanzine again, and it was fun. As Ray and I assessed the needs of the membership we determined that the treasurer's report should come out in a timely manner. Since there had been no regular issues of the other organs of First Fandom, we decided to include news along with the report.

Originally the Report, for so it was named, was a full sheet document, but that was hard to mail. Full sheets need to be placed in envelopes, or folded into a self-mailing blob and somehow secured to withstand the trip through the USPS shredders. It was Ray who suggested the digest format. We tried it and it worked. Ta-da!

The next problem was cost. Taking a computer generated magazine and having it duplicated by photo offset was an expensive proposition. When the full service office supply centers

came along they provided us with an inexpensive way to put out the issue. While we originally used crude computer illustrations, we graduated to scanned artwork and finally halftone reproductions of photographs which were copied quite well by photocopy technology.

Along the way I became chief cook and bottle washer of the magazine, coined a name for it and saw to it that it was trademarked. I experimented with fiction within the pages, and I was happy with the experiment even though some others were not. I was pleased to see the lettercol grow, but I was also disappointed in the lack of articles from the membership. I was most pleased by the willingness of the members to send me wonderful photos for use on the covers.

As time went on I became unhappy with my own approach to the magazine. I grow old, as happens to all of us, and I grow disenchanted with that which science fiction has become. My frustration, and even disgust, began to make my editorials unpleasant diatribes and complaints. Heck, I was even getting old on paper!

And so it was evident that the time had come to turn the reins over to someone else, to a younger person with a fresh outlook. I agonized over the decision to request a new editor, partly from habit and partly from the gut feeling that there might be no one in First Fandom who would

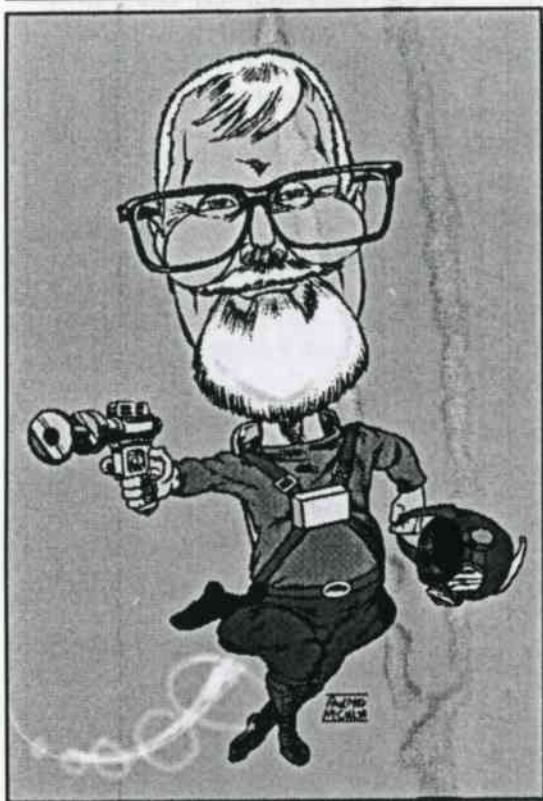
be willing to take over the job. I was wrong, and I am very pleased that such was the case.

In the years that Ray and I have worked together, we were concerned that we seemed to be the only ones who did all the work. It turns out that in that decade there has been an infusion of vital members into the organization, folks who have been doing a wonderful job of not only helping out but also of blazing new service pathways. We two old coots overlooked them except in a cursory way.

And so, within a few days of my announcement of the availability of the posts of editor and archivist, we wound up with one of each. Paul McCall already edits and publishes two excellent mags, and I am certain he will do some wonderful things with this one. Don Dailey has wonderful plans for the First Fandom archives, and will probably be able to keep them in great shape for the next several millennia.

Yes, I know there has been a lot I left out of the above story. I will let the historians drag it all out of me for inclusion in my "festschrift." I don't intend to absent myself from these pages, but at least my rantings will be those of just the secretary-treasurer rather than those of the editor. It makes a difference, you know. <mschulzi@cnetco.com>

PRESIDENTS MESSAGE:



There have been some changes within the management of First Fandom.

First of all we have an Archivist. For 18 years I have accumulated material that I thought should be saved for what ever reason. All of this ended up in three file drawers with no particular order. Don Dailey volunteered for the job of putting it in order and keeping it until a suitable place is found to put it. Some day a Science Fiction Museum may come into being

and be able to take it. If anyone has material they would like to donate to the Archives, send it to Don.

Second, we have a new Editor for Scientifiction. Mark was tired of the job after many years and felt that another point of view might improve the publication. Mark is till Secretary-Treasurer. He still takes your money and smiles. Paul McCall volunteered for the Editors job. Paul publishes a fine Fanzine , "Aces" devoted to the Pulp. Both Mark and I felt that he was well qualified for the job. He will accept material for publication from the members. Send letters

of comment to him although Mark and I will still accept them, if they pertain to us.

A short time ago I found out something that startled me. When I took over the Secretary-Treasurers job in 1980 there were 8 Associate members in the roster, including myself. In one of my phone conversations with Mark, I ask him how many Associate members and How many Founding members we have. I wasn't prepared for the answer.

97 Associate and 111 Founding members.

Quite a while back I realized that the organization could not continue economically with out Associate members. I don't want to trivialize the role of the Associate with this statement because they are interested in the organization and the older S-F or they wouldn't have joined. Many have contributed greatly to First Fandom. I had resisted attempts to designate Associate members in the Roster because I was afraid that the designation would establish a class system. However, with the above figures in mind I now feel it is time to make a distinction. I asked Mark to put an "F" after the names of founding members.

Associate members are getting harder to find, so some changes may be in order in the coming years. I have had some mention from members that perhaps we should disband the organization in 2000 or 2001. I am not sure that this would be a viable option because there are still enough of us to want to remain in touch. Any one that has some ideas which way the organization should go, please. write Mark, Paul or Me.

Midwestcon is less than 2 weeks away followed by Inconjunction a week later. I will be attending both. Of Course I will attend the First Fandom Reunion at Dragon Con. This is more of a media con than we are used to. It will be

interesting to see how we are received. Media oriented S-F seems to be the way the field is going. I hope to see many of you there. Paul and Mark will be there also,. In closing, I just received a Flyer for Contact, a Con held in Evansville Indiana, September 25 - 27. Fred Pohl is their Guest of Honor. I am putting it on my list.

Till next

Ray

RETURN OF THE LENS MEN (MAYBE):

I found this in the April 1, 1998 LIBRARY JOURNAL, page 131:

These are the first two installations in the six-volume "Lensman" series, considered by many the greatest of the space operas and an inspiration for STAR WARS, STAR TREK, et al. These Old Earth editions are facsimiles of the 1948 and 1950 originals and feature black and white art at the opening of each chapter. All sf fans eventually get around to Doc Smith's Hugo-nominated series, so libraries should stock up.

I called all the local book chains trying to get copies but no one had them nor could they be ordered. One of the helpful store employees found that the publisher was having to pull back and re-trench due to money problems and hopes to have the books out by Worldcon. This was seen on the pulp news-group regarding the books:

Newsgroups: alt.pulp

Subject: Re: EE Smith reprints

Date: Sat, 06 Jun 1998 16:11:45 GMT

Organization: Deja News - The Leader in Internet Discussion

The reprints are trade pb facsimiles of the original Fantasy Press editions. Only the first two are out and they're going back to press with the printing of the last four. I hope to have them all out in time for the 1998 Worldcon

here in Bawlmur, Murlin (that's Baltimore, Maryland to you non natives . .

Michael Walsh

Although I haven't purchased the 2 volumes published so far, I know that DreamHaven Books in Minneapolis has been carrying them. They are indeed trade pb in format but reprints of the 1940s (Fantasy Press?) editions.

Scott Wyatt

I contacted the publisher by e-mail asking for some in-depth information for StF publication but as of yet have had no reply. I did find the first 2 books at the Inconjunction dealers room this year.



FIRST AND LAST FEN, OR PHOENIX PRIME

by moshe feder

A lifelong SF reader who'd grown up reading hardcovers from the library and paperbacks that I bought, but not the prozines, I belatedly became aware of fandom's existence in the moonlanding summer of '69, for me the summer between high school and college. My family spent the latter part of that season in Israel, and because I finished the paperbacks I'd brought along sooner than I'd expected, I picked up whatever SF in English I could find during our touring. In Tel Aviv I found a copy of AMAZING, and it changed my life. I've wondered what might have happened if Ted White hadn't commissioned John D. Berry to revive "The Clubhouse" so that I could first hear about those strange things called "fanzines." Would I have gotten into fandom through conventions instead, or perhaps not have found it at all? Still, it somehow didn't occur to me then that I was 'allowed' to send off for one of those intriguing publications, so nothing much happened (Well other than that same issue of AMAZING leading me to a part-time job working for that very magazine — but that's another story.) and actual fanac had to wait until the following year, when I started an SF club at my college, pubbed my first zine and

attended my first con.

It wasn't long before I acquired an interest in fanhistory and the process of fandom's evolution. In the years that followed I was lucky enough to make friends with such long-time fans as Harry Warner, Jr., Sam Moskowitz, David Kyle, Julie Schwartz, Jack Speer, Art Saha and Don Wollheim, among others, and was able to hear about the early days directly from those who'd experienced it. I was fascinated by the changes they'd lived through during the decades of fanhistory before I came along, changes both positive and negative, to be marveled at and bemoaned. It feels a bit strange now to realize that I will soon be able to claim three decades of such experience myself, and to have seen comparable changes in our community. Although we didn't know it at the time, I, and the others of my fan-nish cohort who achieved Contact in the late 60s and early 70s were among the last to enter a fandom that was primarily print-based, that was in any sense unitary — although the Trek phenomenon was already beginning to change that — and that was still compact enough to readily transmit its culture to newcomers. That culture was A Way of Life we were eager to

make our own — and we did, until we were newcomers, neos, no more. But within a few years, those of us who were aware of fandom's past and felt a strong connection to it, who felt that we were therefore part of a continuing fannish "mainstream," would be in the minority. On many occasions, both in print, and at cons, I would find myself explaining to newer fans, who resented me because they thought I was blaming them, why I felt that something was being lost. They were fans of a new type, who arrived in numbers too great to be acculturated to the fannish folkways. This arrested development made them, in a sense, permanent neos. So I was feeling nostalgia for a period I barely got to enjoy before it was gone while they were calling me an elitist for taking the title of "trufan." And we trufans felt we were a community on a storm-battered island in a rising sea, an island that would be eroded away until we drowned.

Though some of you have twice my tenure in fandom, I'm sure you've felt the same way at times. A longing for the past may be an ironic emotion for a lover of science fiction to feel, but it's hard not to miss the cohesiveness and fellowship of a time when our favorite literature was scorned by the world at large and we could feel we harbored a treasure that they were too blind to discover and appreciate. How ironic

too that we lost those because our dreams came true — space travel became a reality and SF gained mass acceptance. Now we are stuck with the result, a world in which the prozines are dying, most fans only see fanzines in exhibits at the worldcon, which itself is so big it must be held in soulless convention centers where friends can never be found, and in which names like Roddenberry and Straczynski overshadow those of Wells and Stapledon, Campbell and Heinlein.

On the Timebinders internet mailing list — a sort of electronic apa, nominally devoted to fan history — we've been discussing this state of affairs, the place of traditional fandom in today's multimedia world and at today's circus-like worldcons, the future of fandom and the chances of its survival past our own lifetimes.

It was in this context that the valuable role played by fan lounges at worldcons and other large conventions since their invention in the 70s came up for discussion. We all agreed that we were grateful to have a place to escape the crowds, meet old friends and make new ones. Then someone wondered out loud how long the institution would last if its constituency was perceived as an ever-shrinking proportion of the worldcon community.

This in turn led me to introduce a concept, a "paradigm shift" to use the trendy vernacular, that

I've been playing with for a few years. Some of you may have seen me at LoneStarCon last year wearing a baseball cap embroidered with the phrase that sums it up: "Fandom Prime."

I seriously doubt that we're in any short- or medium-term danger of losing the "fanzine lounge" or "fan room" or whatever alias the Temple of Roscoe happens to be going under at a given worldcon. As a practical matter, I'm glad of that. However, the whole concept of having such rooms still leaves me with mixed feelings.

I say this as someone who's been in charge of creating such lounges for a con or two, and who has put in plenty of shifts as the person managing the fan room of numerous worldcons and regionals. I say it also as the person who ran the fan program for Noreascon II. Fan programs are just another manifestation of the same phenomenon — the marginalization of fandom's essence.

As I said in an article about that experience that was published a few years ago in BLAT by Ted White and Dan Steffan, I'm bothered by the idea implicit in the concept of a "fan room" that those of us inside it are "the fans." In that case, who are all those people wandering around outside? Clearly they're not mundanes, and most of them are something more than mere 'readers' — after all, the majority have attended a number of conven-

tions. In fact, those people out there think they're fans.

So what must be their feeling when they look at the map in their pocket program and see a small space marked as "the fan room." Do they scratch their heads and wonder, "How are we all supposed to fit in there?" And if they do stop by the fan room, do they have a stifled feeling of alienation to discover the (to them) esoterica on display and the hierophants lounging and conferring there? It must be as if you were a lifelong Catholic who one day accidentally discovers that every church has always had a secret room where strange exotic rites takes place that seem more Jewish than Catholic and where everyone nonchalantly speaks Latin or Aramaic.

While I wouldn't advocate doing away with fan rooms, fanzine lounges and (in some form) fan-nish programming, I do think the form they've taken and the role they've played essentially represent an admission of our failure to deal creatively and constructively with the explosive growth of fandom. In their present form, they are an abdication of any hope of acculturating the masses and a retreat, instead, to a tacit elitism that's a poor fit with our vaunted "broad mental horizons" and "sensitive fannish faces."

It's as if the Spirit of Trufandom's "Contact" wand had been applied to the multitude, while the "Fanac" wand was neglected or

withheld and only touched the fortunate brows of a sporadic few. The sense of wonder is no longer a monopoly of the "Star Begotten," it shivers up the spine of millions — yet having attracted them to our magical land, we despair of ever teaching them our language and customs. Instead, we lie low in our fan room bolt-holes while in the inadvertent clumsiness of their sheer numbers, they trample our beloved landscape.

The con-organizing fans of SMOFcon and the SMOFs mailing list work hard to help future conventions avoid the need to "reinvent the wheel." They've realized that thinking clearly about what they're doing and planning rationally for the success of their fannish endeavors improves the chances that their fanac will be enjoyable. Failure isn't fun. In a similar way, I'd like to see some fannish brainpower applied to the problem of promulgating fannishness to the convention masses, and beyond that, perhaps even more crucially, to the reinvention of fannishness itself for a new age in which SF is no longer the despised minority interest of a chosen few.

Fandom, and the traditions and sense of community that the Timebinders and members of First Fandom cherish, evolved in a world where we were the only ones who saw real value in science fiction, where we were the only ones who believed in space

travel, atomic power, the possibility of alien life, etc., etc. Fandom, as we know it, and love it, will not survive past our lifetimes if we continue to act as if those formative conditions are still in effect.

It's with this belief in mind that I've changed from thinking of myself and my friends in the "mainstream" fannish tradition as "real fandom" (as opposed to those faceless worldcon hordes) or even "trufandom" (though that term will always have a plangent ring to my ear), terms with an invidious implication of superiority, and coined the phrase "fandom prime," which I mean to be etiological and hortatory.

We are prime in the literal sense that we were here first, "present at the creation." We're not the top of a pyramid. We were the seed at the center from which the rest flowered. Though, like a seed, we may be tiny, the genetic legacy we embody is still present at the core, and inextricable from (though not always equally expressed in) all parts of the body of greater fandom. To seclude ourselves from it with the futile hope of maintaining some sort of purity or illusory discreteness makes about as much sense as your heart trying to climb out of your body and leave it behind.

Secondly we are prime in the sense that we *are* idiosyncratic — not F, but F'; similar in some respects to the other, yet distinc-

tively, identifiably, different. That's fine, as long as we remember that different doesn't necessarily mean better. Thirdly, because like a prime number, we are not readily divisible. Fourthly, because to prime also means "to prepare or make ready for a particular purpose or operation" and, as I've already indicated, I believe that it is up to us to lay the foundation of fandom's long-term future.

I don't have all the answers, but it seems to me we can begin to apply the philosophy implicit in this new paradigm in a number of ways. For example, by recognizing that having a separate fan programming track may be convenient, but it is also an a priori admission of failure. We should choose instead to reintegrate the fannish program items both spatially and temporally with the rest of the program while doing our best to ensure that they are as appealing as possible to a non-F' audience. We should take maximum advantage of the fact that many popular pros were fans first to create panels, talks and demonstrations that will draw more than the usual suspects as an audience.

We need to appreciate that if we isolate ourselves in a fan lounge we are hiding our light under a bushel. As has in fact been done at some recent cons, the fannish meeting and exhibit areas needs to be blended into the general mixing space and every effort

should be made to encourage the con membership at large to discover the pleasure of fannish colloquy. [I was a great admirer of N3's concourse. Though not involved in its creation, I'd been advocating the purposeful creation of such mixing areas since realizing in the 70s that one of the reasons I'd liked Torcon so much, and that it stood out from the worldcons I attended after it, was that the Royal York just happened to have an area that spontaneously served this function perfectly.] MagiCon proved that Noreascon's achievement in this needn't be unique. Yes, programming and the artshow and the hucksters room are important, but surely I'm not the only one to have noticed that my happiness with a convention experience correlates a lot more strongly with the quality and quantity of the conversations I have than with the official con activities I participate in? In essence, fannishness is active and participatory. Being a passive audience member is not enough. We need to put as much or more effort into encouraging activity, fanac, as we do in planning elaborate programs and grandiose ceremonies.

In closing, I would suggest that we need to rethink the way we do programming. (I'm talking mainly about worldcon here, but the same problem exists on a smaller scale at some over-ambitious regionals.) Yes, I think it needs to

be cut back, but not so much to exclude certain interests as to stop it from dividing the attendees into disunited groups and to stop it from competing with itself (so that even people with a common interest are conflicted about which item to attend and are torn apart rather than brought together). At some recent worldcons there have been 15-20 simultaneous events during peak periods. This is an embarrassment of riches in a truly negative sense. The idea that the "crowd" needs to be "controlled" by dispersal is obsolete in the large facilities we use now. Instead, the program needs to be a force for the unity of the convention. To that end, four really strong tracks will be much more helpful than 20 redundant and weak ones. At times (not just for the Hugo ceremony and the masquerade) there should only be one. I think, for example, it's outrageous for a convention to counterprogram against the guest of honor speeches. Surely if such an honor is to mean anything, it must mean that you are known to and appreciated by all the members of the con, who all would or should want to hear what you have to say?

Well, I hope that you get the idea, and that I've given you something to think about.

First Fandom, by its nature, can not go on forever, but the things it cares for can be preserved and cherished far into that future imagined by science fiction, if its

rightful inheritors will accept the role and the responsibility of being Fandom Prime.

Moshe Feder

Author's Note: This article originated in shorter and somewhat different form as a posting to the Timebinder's mailing list. For information on subscribing, email Laurie Mann at lmann@citynet.com.

editors comments (cont. from page 19)

cover was painted for a Captain Future Handbook to be published by Secret Sanctum press, (another pulp fanzine), and authored by Chuck Juzek. The back cover was a tribute I painted for Julie Schwartz to express my appreciation for his tenure at D.C. comics. I grew up reading the comics edited by Julie and moved from them to ERB paperbacks to "hard sf" to pulp characters in paperbacks them to the pulps themselves. I am an illustrator and a teacher.

Anyone interested in being published in SCIENTIFCTION please contact me at 5801 West Henry Street, Indianapolis, IN 46241. And don't make me write this myself - it would not be pretty!

pm

continued from pg.5

Radio Flyer coaster wagons, and pedal cars, even pedal airplanes.

That night I had chili and hamburgers and a milkshake at Prince Castle, one of the ripoffs of White Castle or were they a ripoff of White Tower? Whatever. I bought a really good table radio, the kind that cost \$10.00 and had a streamlined plastic case.

It was Friday, so later, I took in a movie. The main feature was "Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise," along with Roy Rogers in "West of the Badlands". The movie serial was "Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe", and,, of course,, 3 color cartoons: Popeye, Mickey Mouse, and Superman, and then, the Movietone News.

Not bad for the first day! I listened to my radio from 9:00 until midnight, when all the stations went off the air. At 10:00 I was especially thrilled to hear "I Love a Mystery". Jack, Doc. and Reggie were finishing up "The Temple of the vampires".

The next morning I visited a diner. Coffee, donuts, and a telephone call were all 5 cents. Bacon and eggs were 10 cents. The dial phones were mounted on the wall of the big, solid booths, which afforded Superman lots of privacy to change clothes, if he happened to be around. They called them diners because they were made out of old, railroad passenger cars. Typically, there was a shed addition on the back to house the

kitchen.

Catching a bus on Ogden Avenue, I went straight to the heart of Chicago. It was Christmas time; the streets were hung with decorations; naturally, there was snow on the ground. Salvation Army Santa Clauses stood on the corners, ringing bells, soliciting donations in big, iron pots. The big department stores had window displays: Santa in his workshop, ice skaters on a pond, and, bite your tongue, nativity scenes! Quite often a corner window would have a big Lionel Train display, 3 levels of passenger trains and freight going in all directions in a bewildering array of light and color and choo-choo sounds.

All the big department stores would have a toy department (opened in September, closed right after Christmas). If a kid wanted to see serious toys, this was the time to do it. Serious toys included Lionel and American Flyer, chemistry sets, Erector sets, especially the #8-f which built the 6-foot high parachute jump, Tinker Toys, and Makit sets, Lincoln logs, and American logs, fancy cowboy and cowgirl clothes, beautiful cap guns and holster sets, and, of course, dolls and doll houses.

For four weeks my feet seldom touched the ground. Every hour or every day there was something to see and do.

I went to the big newsstands, came away with piles of pulp

magazines: Astounding, Amazing Stories, Startling Stories, Thrilling Wonder Stories, Doc Savage, The Shadow, The Spider, etc. of course, there were comic books of all sorts and dozens of Big Little Books: Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon, Brick Bradford, mandrake, Superman, King of the Royal Mounted, etc. What I couldn't find there, I would get at the secondhand book stores: Dusty Ayres and His Battle Birds, and G 8 and His Battle Aces, etc.

Practically every night I would go to the movies. Just a glance at the cast and the genre I would know if I would like to see it. The record stores would be filled with popular songs I like to hear. And, of course, I could listen to them on Your Hit Parade and Manhattan Merry Go Round.

Saturday night I would go to a drugstore to buy 2 or 3 Sunday papers with their huge color comic sections. The 6-day a week papers would often have black, white and pink comic sections. The tabloids would have a Saturday color section.

Another interesting feature of several types of retail stores was the pneumatic tube systems connecting the various counters to the office section. Shades of the Shadow!

I visited several drugstores. They were almost as interesting as dime stores filled with all sorts of fascinating gimcracks sought after by collectors today. There was something more special then than now about getting a soda, a sundae, a black cow, or a milkshake.

I visited some little corner delicatessens. You could find penny candy. This meant 3 of this and 5 of that for a penny. Ten cents would fill a little sack and 25 cents would open the gates of Paradise for a little kid.

I visited the train stations and the railroad yards to see the turntables and roundhouses and to stand alongside a powerful steam locomotive as it huffed and puffed in order to get going. Nothing could be more dramatic.

I took a trip to Kansas City just so I could spend a night in the upper berth of a Pullman sleeping car. And, I rode the interurbans especially the North Shore Limited. I loved the clickety click of the track, the ding, ding, ding, of the railroad crossings and that lonesome whistle blowing in the night.

And then, sadly for me, the day came. I packed all my treasures in boxes, rented a panel truck, and carted it back to my time machine. Reluctantly I came home. An old song played in the back of my mind—"Beyond the Blue Horizon."



The President and Founder of the Julius Schwartz Hair Club for Men.
(Photo by John L. Coker III)

EDITORS COMMENTS:

I am the new editor and yes, I am a child compared to the full membership. Jim Harmon also volunteered for this job, I just got in earlier. That's me above giving the caricature I painted of Julie to him at Archon a few years back. I plan on keeping my writing in SIF to a

minimum and some of the art you see will be mine such as the front and back covers this time. Both Ray and Mark mentioned my other 'zine ACES which is focused on the art of the pulps and also provides an outlet for pulp fan artwork. The Captain Future painting on this



DEADLINES:

Scientifiction:

October 17, 1998 - Closing date for
Winter, 1998 issue

January 16, 1999 - Closing date for
Spring, 1999 issue

April 18, 1999 - Closing date for
Summer, 1999 issue

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

First Fandom:

December 31, 1998 - Last date for
balloting for the various First
Fandom awards

May 31, 1999 - Last date for nom-
inations for 2000 Sam Moskowitz
award

First Fandom Hall of Fame

OFFICIAL 1998 BALLOT

Instructions: Vote for not more than *one* in each category. **MULTIPLE CHOICE
BALLOTS WILL BE DISCARDED!** Mail your completed report to:

**Mark Schulzinger
4 Nevada Circle
Gallup, NM 87301**

CANDIDATES FOR FIRST FANDOM HALL OF FAME

- ☐ Brian Aldis
- ☐ Mike Ashley
- ☐ Marty Greenberg
- ☒ Terry Jeeves
- ☐ Langley Searles

CANDIDATES FOR SAM MOSKOWITZ ARCHIVE AWARD

- ☒ Forrest Ackerman
- ☐ Ray Beam



Signature