

SCIENTIFICTION

THE FIRST FANDOM REPORT

WINTER
2002

KELLY FREAS ART



THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Greetings

Hope everyone had a great holiday season. There are a lot of exciting things that will be happening this year in fandom. We are starting the First Fan History Project, to get all the members of FF to send me a autobiography of their life and their life in fandom. You will find details later in STF.

STF will be getting a new look, or should I say a less rumpled look. Watch for your future issues in envelope to get it there in one piece.

What does everyone think of doing an e-mail version of STF also? We will keep the hard copy version for everyone that wants it. But it would be available in your e-mail in box if enough members that have e-mail want it. If the membership does not like this idea that's OK, its just a suggestion.

You will be getting an updated Address and Phone roster soon, thanks to fantastic, hard and diligent work of our Membership Chairman, Don Dailey. Please send him all changes so we can keep current on this list.

First Fandom Hall of Fame nominations are now being accepted until the end of February. Please e-mail or send them to me. The Hall of Fame award will again this year be given out at the World Science Fiction Convention. It is in San Jose this year and it looks like it is going to be a great time. I hope to see as many of you there as can make it.

I plan on attending several conventions this year but the one that I am going to first this year is a small and very well run con in Kansas City called ConQuest. These fans have run a high caliber and fun weekend for over 30 years. This year their SGOH and AGOH are both First Fandom. Frank Robinson and Kelly and Laura Freas. It will be a great weekend. Their web site for more on this convention is kcsciencefiction.org/con33.html.

Scientifiction will be adding a couple of new columns in the future. One is "What we are doing." Tell us what your current project is Have you taken a great trip or visited other fans? Tell us about it. Send them to Jim and Barbara Harmon to put in the next issue.

Finally, after discussions with our Secretary Treasurer Joe Hensley we have decided to split the Secretary Treasurer position. Joe is a terrific help and a great support to me. By splitting up this office Joe can manage his writing and other commitments that are requiring more of this time, as well as his First Fandom duties. Joe has expressed to me that he would like someone else to be Treasurer. Even though Tucker calls him the hanging judge he has been very kind to me. I have asked another of our members, Keith Stokes, to step in. He has accepted the job of Treasurer. Keith is very qualified and his work in fandom over the years has been quietly done, but significant. You will find later in the issue a bio on Keith and his work in fandom. I am glad to have him in the position. Welcome on board Keith.

Joanie Knappenberger

FIRST FANDOM REPORT

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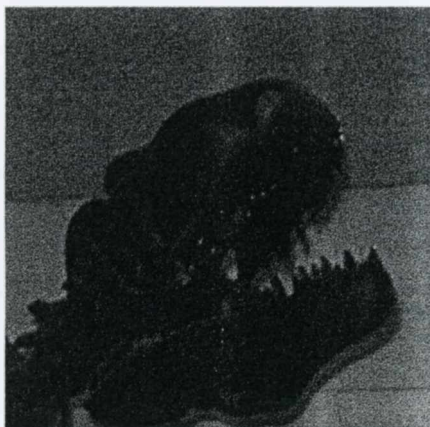
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Allosaur, Pierce College Museum, photo courtesy W. Craig Meyer

DINOSAUR TRACKS

ROBERT PETERSON

Dear Jim,

I learned recently that the Worldcon gave the Hugo award for best novel to a Harry Potter book. I have written the committee my displeasure with this, but I still need to let off some more steam.

The Hugo is for best Science Fiction novel and I am convinced that the Harry Potter books are straight fantasy since they involve magic. I have not read any of them, but my grandkids have read them all, and I heard a lot about them.

Looking back over the awards for recent years, all the awards are for Science Fiction. Of course, science fiction is a division of fantasy, but I don't think it could be argued the other way.

Apparently younger fans who now fun the conventions are a little mixed up.

There have been other Hugo winners that might be considered fantasy, but I believe this is the first time a juvenile novel has won. The categories are usually strict considering literary awards. Potter may be a sales phenomenon but I agree its eligibility is open to question.

JON D. SWARTZ, Ph. D.

Dear Jim,

Loved the picture of you in Tom Mix's Stetson and dressing gown. Why am I not surprised that they both fit perfectly?

I again enjoyed you "Harmony" section. *Startling Stories* was one of the better pulps. It's surprising how many of the stories it originally published later found

their way into anthologies (also true of other "lesser" pulps such as *Thrilling Wonder Stories* and *Planet Stories*). All of your "Harmony" sections that I've read in *Scientifiction* (and elsewhere) have been excellent. Have you given any thought to collecting them in a one-shot fanzine or in a book?

It was sad to read Poul Anderson's obituary. Many of my favorite SF writers have been dying recently. I started reading Anderson in the 1950s (loved his novel *Brainwave*), and his work throughout his career was always first rate. At least he received the recognition he deserved during his lifetime, including several Hugos and Nebulas and being named to the Science Fiction & Fantasy Hall of Fame last year.

A SF writer who didn't receive the recognition he deserved during his lifetime was Chad Oliver. It was interesting that you mentioned a fan letter from Chad in that first issue of *Startling* you remember reading. Chad was a big fan of Anderson's. In a taped interview in the early 1970s, in the part of the interview in which he was asked about various SF writers, he said: "The guy that amazes me is Poul Anderson. He is so prolific, and the quality is so high, and he has been doing it for so long. Amazing... I admire him very much...He's a real pro."

I've been thinking of Chad a lot lately. The eighth anniversary of his death was this past August, and Willie Siros of "Adventures in Crime and Space" (where my son and I regularly shop in Austin for SF books) told us on our last visit that Chad's widow Beje had recently visited the store. Chad and I were fellow faculty members at the

University of Texas in the late 1960s/early 1970s, and my wife Carol did her graduate work in anthropology under his direction. Every Thursday for several years Chad, Carol, and I had lunch together at the Night Hawk Restaurant on the University's "Drag," where we talked of many things but mostly SF. Occasionally, other faculty members and students would join us, including Bob Reinehr. Bob and I later wrote the *Handbook of Old-Time Radio*, when he and I were on the psychology faculty at Southwestern University here in Georgetown.

Chad was a wonderful person in general, and a great friend to my wife and me in particular. He helped revive my flagging interest in SF by introducing me to Walt M. Miler, Randall Garrett, and other SF writers when they visited Austin. When Carol and I told him we planned to visit her mother in Los Angeles, he gave us an introductory letter to Forrest J. Ackerman that enabled us to meet Forry and tour the Ackermansion, sit in a chair that Lincoln had sat in, and meet other SF personages. The day we visited Forry, one of my favorite *Astounding* authors, A. E. van Vogt, was there. We still have a book by van Vogt that he autographed for Carol that day. And he died recently also, along with the de Camps, Keith Roberts, and John Sladek. So Sad.

Georgetown, TX 78626

P.S. In the "Afterward" to the Dell paperback edition of *Rocket to the Morgue* (dated December 12, 1951) Anthony Boucher wrote that *Life Magazine* referred to *Astounding*, *Galaxy*, and *F&SF* as "the aristocrats of science fiction" Can anyone in First

Fandom tell me the exact date of the issue of *Life* in which this statement appeared?

There is no mystical significance that the Tom Mix robe fit me in certain areas just because he has been a lifetime hero of mine. It wouldn't have fit in the shoulders and chest if I hadn't recently lost 38 pounds working out at a gym, and I'm afraid it did not fit me in the waist where it opened up, just a bit. ...I had intended to list a Startling Stories novel by Sam Merwin Jr. and add he was the editor of the magazine. But that title got winnowed, so the editor did not get named. ... Chad Oliver I knew only from his letters and stories. He certainly was a first rate writer. He should have lived longer and written more. — JH

TERRY JEEVES

Dear Jim,

I'm pleased to say this isn't in my hand-scrrawl as all the visitors have gone and the PC is unpacked. I was going to e-mail this epistle to you, but couldn't find any address for you, so I guess it's snail mail. In the LOCcol, you have me down as Scarborough, New York ... that should be North Yorkshire, I haven't moved yet.

The President mentions small Con badges. This has been a perennial problem and I got so fed up with it that I made my own by putting my cine titling letters on one of my paintings, then photographing it to the required size. I mounted this on card, covered with sheet plastic and added a pin on the back. Problem solved.

Hensley's letter on Bob Bloch being mis-named as Blotch struck a chord. Despite my surname being familiar in the works of Wodehouse, I still get Geaves, Jeaves, and worst of all, when I won a cine film award, my name was engraved on it as Gieves.

A nice photo of you, it looks like Tom Mix, or at least as much as I remember of him, though I think he was a tad fatter (heftier)?

A nice load of LOCs and I enjoyed the account of the confrontation with the hotel staff. That's another regular problem.

I'm enclosing a copy of ERG (now in its 43rd years) for your interest, feel free to use any of it if it appeals to you.

All the very best

North Yorkshire

As many a Wodehouse character has said: "Thank you, Jeeves." Not many people would conclude Jim Harmon looked thinner than Tom Mix. ... ERG is a fine-looking and -reading fanzine. The July 2001 contains a concise history of UK fanzines, such as Walt Willis' Slant. — JH

BOB PETERSON

NOTES FROM BOB PETERSON #84

Well, the Christmas season is upon us again, so here's wishing everyone the compliments of the season. I won't have a travel piece, as I thought, as our trip from Dover, England to Lisbon, Portugal was interrupted in the middle by the bankruptcy of the cruise line. We went back to Dover and they flew us back to New York.

I could not figure out why they let the Harry Potter books into the best novel classification for Hugo's at Philadelphia. Although SF is a division of fantasy, that does not make any fantasy story into SF. I wrote them a letter, but do not expect to hear back. I notice in the fantasy awards from England Harry Potter did not win.

As to books, I finished The Other End of Time and enjoyed it as I do most of Pohl's. Will have to read the 2 sequels soon. Also read Eros at Zenith by Resnick. I always like his stories. Then I read Venus by Bova and found it up to his usually high standard. Am reading Connie Willis' Uncharted Territory now and enjoying it.

Denver, CO

Bob's newsletter highlights. -- JH

NOREEN SHAW

A belated note of congratulation on Summer 2001 issue. An all round excellent publication.

Richard Kyle's piece on the Science Fiction League was a standout. It's unbearably poignant to read that Jim Blish was 13 and Doc Loundes was 16. So many good friends and talented people I was lucky enough to know over the years. Without their efforts there would be no SF as we know it today.

I also marveled at Joe Gibson's prescient letter. He had a strong grasp of current world conditions and was able to extrapolate intelligently. I first knew Joe as a "Chicago fan". I never knew his New Mexico connections. He seemed right for Chicago.

The only thing we can predict today is that the future will be far different from what we can imagine. An invention (or a weapon) will from nowhere (auto-TV-internet) and change the world in a thrice.

Keep up good work.

Valley Village, California

Joe Gibson was an outstanding individual. I met him at any number of conventions, when I was a really ignorant young fan from a small town in Illinois, without education or friends. He gave me every support and warm friendship, a wonderful person. He was cool before the term was invented, secure among women and men. Later on, he wrote some outstanding SF stories. I wish he had written more. ... I never met in person either Loundes or Blish, but Loundes bought my first story for Science Fiction Quarterly. Blish and I had a disagreement once over an unfortunate choice of words on my part, but he graciously forgave me. What I said was I thought the then new SF Writers of America would do more for Jim Blish than Jim Harmon, using him as a comparison because of the coincidence of our first names. By that I meant the older established writers would probably benefit more than the newer scribes. I did not mean to imply Blish would take unfair advantage. -- JH

WHAT THE MEMBERSHIP IS DOING

KEITH STOKES – NEW FF TREASURER

An SF reader and collector for over 35 years, I grew up in Mackinaw City (a tiny tourist community in northern Michigan). I've since learned that there were active fans in Mackinaw in the '40s, but in the 1960s there was just a handful of us and we knew nothing of fans outside our community.

The nearest bookstore was 100 miles away, so our selection of SF was limited to 3 or 4 dozen books in the community & school libraries and the

half dozen books that would show up each month on the revolving rack at the local drugstore. We traded comics & books and I donated books to the community library until it had several shelves of SF and fantasy.

Although I moved on to larger communities and

had much more access to science fiction, I didn't learn about Fandom until meeting Butch Honeck at the Ann Arbor Art Festival in 1984. My first convention was Confusion, a few months latter.

3 weeks after that, I attended my first Kansas City Science Fiction and Fantasy Society (KaCSFFS) meeting at Tom Meserole's house. He was Chairman of that year's ConQuest and a few days later I was appointed hotel liaison for ConQuest 16.

In the past 18 years I have attended about 130 conventions and helped as security, photographer, registration, art show, publicity and co-chairman. I was Treasurer of KaCSFFS for one year and when KaCSFFS and the Gunn Center for the Study of SF joined to form the Science Fiction and

Fantasy Hall of Fame, I chaired the Board of Directors for the first 5 years.

Current activity:

President of the Dawn Patrol, an informal group of 350 SF, aviation and space enthusiasts.

Newsmaster for Science Fiction & Fantasy Writers of America (SFWA).

Treasurer and webmaster for the Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame. Webmaster for KaCSFFS, ConQuesT, Conestoga,

Contraception, Con Patrol, and the Kansas City in 2006 worldcon bid.

Entire staff of Mid-American Fan Photo Archive

<http://www.kcsciencefiction.org/mafpa.htm> In the last year, my photos appeared in Science Fiction Chronicle, Hollywood Scriptwriter, File 770 and the daily zine at Millennium Philcon.

Vice-chair for the 2002 Nebula Awards Weekend and the recent Tucker Tribute in Bloomington, Il.

Art, Kelly Freas



CURRENTLY

Kelly's doing four paintings and four black and white drawings for a new edition of George Orwell's *Animal Farm* for the Easton Press. The frontispiece will be a portrait of the author.

LATE NEWS – PHILLIP JOSE FARMER RECOVERING FROM STROKE

Phillip Joes Farmer is recovering at home after a stroke. Complete recovery is expected following a program of physical therapy. He is 83.

His wife Betty is also an outpatient for hand surgery done the same month of December 2001. They were anticipating a new movie of Farmer's famous Riverworld novel series, in production in New Zealand for premier on the Sci Fi Channel later in 2002.

Mr. Farmer is the author of over seventy books, winner of the SFWA Grand Master Award, and the World Con Lifetime Achievement.

THE VIRGINIAN-PILOT HAMPTON ROADS MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 2001

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO . . .

Science-fiction artist Kelly Freas?

BY MARY ADAMS-LACKEY
THE VIRGINIAN-PILOT

In March 1987, when legendary science fiction artist and illustrator Frank Kelly Freas decided to move to California from his home on Blackwater Road in Virginia Beach, dozens of devoted fans converged for a send-off. Freas had shared the house for 25 years with his wife, Polly, who died of cancer in January 1987.

Fans spent four months cataloguing and packing the belongings of the ten-time winner of the prestigious Hugo Award, the World Science Fiction Society's equivalent of the Oscar.

One man even renovated a school bus and made two cross-country trips transporting Freas' possessions, which upon arrival in Los Angeles were unloaded and unpacked by a West Coast contingent of fans.

The move put him near business contacts, as well as his daughter, Jacqui, then a Beverly Hills jeweler. At the time, his son, Jerry, was farming near Cartersville, Va.

Three mid-'80s articles in *The Virginian-Pilot* told of Freas' artistry and his cross-country move.

By the time Kelly Freas was 8, he was hooked on science fiction. At 79, he still is.

The son of two New York photographers, Freas already was an established businessman and artist when, while at-

tending The Art Institute of Pittsburgh, his rendition of a satyr appeared on the cover of the November 1950 issue of *Weird Tales Magazine*.

In the half-century since, his fanciful yet realistic-looking creatures and creations have appeared in more than 300 magazines and books, among them 79 covers of *Analog Science Fiction and Fact*, formerly *Astounding Stories* and edited by John W. Campbell, a giant in the science fiction field.

"He was magnificent," Freas said in an e-mail. "Intelligent, astute, and taught me more about science fiction illustration than anyone in the history of the genre. Also, he was a close personal friend."

Freas' art has been in or on the covers of *Amazing Science Fiction*, *Amazing Stories*, *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy*, *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, *Future Science Fiction*, *Galaxy*, *If*, and *Planet Stories*.

Then there's *Mad magazine*. During seven years there, Freas created numerous covers and much inside material, as well as making Alfred E. Neuman his own, he said, "by giving him a personality. I inherited him one year after the definitive Alfie was established by Norman Mingo in 1950."

Not only has he illustrated the tales of science fiction's best writers, including Asimov, Robert Heinlein, Arthur C. Clarke, Poul Anderson and

Frederik Pohl, he's won the L. Ron Hubbard Lifetime Achievement Award for Outstanding Contribution to the Arts, and has had exhibitions at the Chrysler Museum, the Smithsonian, the Hayden Planetarium and at Langley Air Force Base.

He also designed the crew insignia for NASA's Skylab One.

"These days," he said, "I'm doing a fair amount of work for *Analog* as well as *The Easton*

Freas makes a variety of public appearances each year and attends sci-fi conventions.

Press Signed First Edition Series."

He no longer travels much. He's too busy. "I need time to work and make a living," he said. "Magazine and book art are my bread and butter."

He makes a variety of public appearances each year and attends sci-fi conventions.

He said he does private commissioned work between assignments. Sometimes, he said, someone wants "a fantasy piece based on the client's self or alter-ego."

"I've done traditional classic miniature paintings for a client using the classic technique as done in the 16th century," he said.

Freas' wife, Laura Brodian Freas, is a sci-fi aficionado. Their relationship began to

blossom after he and his daughter, Jacqui, left a New Year's Eve party in 1987, accidentally taking Laura's trenchcoat.

Some time after the trenchcoats were exchanged, Freas realized Brodian hosted a classical music radio program he listened to as he worked. Soon they were engaged.

They planned to announce their engagement during a party at a science fiction convention on July 4, but by then the engagement had become an open secret. So Freas, whose paintings often show an impish quality, played a prank.

Party guests were stunned to hear an announcement that the engagement was off and then, seconds later, delighted when they learned the reason — the couple had married three days earlier.

"The crowd went wild!" Freas said.

Since Freas left Virginia, his son has left farming and now works in the insurance industry, he said. His daughter no longer designs jewelry, he said, and is now happily raising two sons with her husband in California.

Freas has six grandsons, ranging in age from preschool to college. None has exhibited the artistic talent of their illustrious grandfather. Not yet, at least.

See Kelly Freas' work at www.kellyfreas.com

HARMONY

By Jim Harmon

"By the Fright of the Moon"

The only way to kill a vampire is with science, Dr. Altshuler thought to himself.

The lean, bearded scientist, a man in his late middle years, sat on the rug of the tent of his host, Achmid Bay. Altshuler was eating the dates and figs provided to him by Bay, always being sure to use only his right hand.

Bay ate nothing, but encouraged his guest to eat his fill.

It was natural for Bay not to eat, since Altshuler knew the man was a vampire.

On this expedition too many had died or disappeared. One would have to believe in an Egyptian curse on tomb seekers to explain it. Altshuler's studies had convinced him that it was Bay who was responsible, because it was he who had taken the blood of the luckless ones.

"Our conversation has been so interesting that we have talked the night away," Altshuler said. "It is almost morning."

"The blood is the life," Bay said.

"I believe I have heard that line before," said Altshuler.

"Tales travel. Men travel. A very long-lived man might have been born in Egypt but lived in central Europe for a time, a long time, and moved back to his remote Egypt to escape attention, to escape those who hounded him."

"Not quite morning," Bay replied. "We still have a little time before sunrise."

But not much. Altshuler had carefully checked the time of the sunrise in his almanac. When that hour came, Bay would be exposed. The sunlight might not destroy him, although the doctor thought that it might. But it would certainly send him fleeing from its exposure, and exposure would be what it was for this night-dwelling creature.

"I am interested in your theory as to why we have lost so many men on this search for tombs," Altshuler said.

"This is an old land, full of old superstitions," Bay said, fingering his beard.

"Our workmen are not scientists. They believe the old tales too easily."

"Old legends die hard," Dr. Altshuler commented. "Some stories persist in every land. In Egypt, there are tales of creatures who suck men's souls."

In Europe, stories tell of the undead who suck men's blood. But both speak of stealing the life force."

Altshuler checked his watch. "I can believe that, Bay. I can ever believe that of you, Bay."

Bay rose to his feet. "You can believe much for a man who has not yet lived a single lifetime," he said. "And who is not likely

to reach the normal span of that lifetime."

The time was not quite right yet. But Altshuler had a diversion.

"Years of studying the vampire have taught me what one can not stand. Such as *this*."

The doctor drew from his inside pocket something of gleaming metal, a crucifix."

Bay laughed. "What do I care for the trappings of your infidel religion?"

The Arab made a gesture.

Altshuler became aware that the metal in his hand was growing warm. In fact, hot. In fact – burning! He dropped the cross.

"Now my dear doctor, we will become better acquainted. Intimately so for a brief moment..."

The doctor stepped back and threw open the tent flap.

To reveal only the star-studded night sky. Altshuler checked his watch again. It was time for the sunrise. As in some Arabian Nights tale, he had kept Bay enthralled all night until the sunrise. Except... He had not taken into account modern daylight savings time. It was still night.

Bay moistened his lips came nearer without seeming to take a step. But the Arab's eyes were fixed on something beyond Altshuler, something in the night sky. The doctor glanced behind him and saw the crescent moon on the horizon.

Bay's lips moved. "The holy crescent! It shames me! I can not stand its light on my unworthiness."

Bay lifted a hem of his robes, and the robes fluttered to the carpeted floor of the tent. Empty. Destroyed or merely fled? Dr. Altshuler did not know. But he did know now there were other powerful religions besides those of the West.

The above short-short story evolved from a story conference with Robert Bloch of some forty years ago.

I brought up the subject of how a vampire of another religion other than Christian would not be scared off by the sign of the cross. For instance, a Muslim vampire could not stand the crescent moon, with its sacred symbol (to him) shinning down on him. Bob thought it was a good idea for a story, and made a few suggestions.

I wrote up the short-short and showed it to him. I think he penciled in a few words. Should we submit it under a joint by-line? (I certainly would have been happy to share a by-line with such a respected writer.) He said no, the story was basically mine.

I wrote it up and submitted it to the top market, then *Playboy*. It was returned with a friendly note. Since all other available markets would only pay about five dollars for The actual manuscript Bob looked at has been misplaced, and I wrote this new version in 2002 involving the same basic idea. I certainly wish Bob Bloch was around to change a few words and improve it. I also had uncredited

collaborations with Isaac Asimov and Theodore Sturgeon, and one credited to Thomas Scortia and myself.

It was with the help of authors like this, and to non-professional but brilliant Redd Boggs that I owe my limited success as a writer. I hope First Fandom readers of *Scientifiction* might

enjoy this glimpse into an evening shared by two SF writers many years ago.

The events of 9-11-2001 got me to thinking about Muslims, and reviving the above story. The following story is new at the end of last year.

“Treachery Eternal”

The ship was cutting through the atmosphere as true as an arrow seeking its target, but inside the cabin, the captain surveyed his instruments with a sense that all things were not right.

On the other side of the cabin door, he heard strange noises, scuffling, and he thought a stifled cry. The second officer he had sent out to check on things had not returned. All was not well.

He had made these trips many times before. Sometimes events had not gone by the book, but this was different. He sensed danger. Perhaps death.

All beyond that cabin door. It would not hold for long if force were applied.

The captain went back to checking his instruments. Should he wait until the cabin door was forced, if force be the word for the day? It would only delay things a few minutes, not enough to matter on a trip of this length. Perhaps he should open the door and confront the trouble-makers. Perhaps he could cow them with the force of his personality. Years ago, when he was a raw Naval officer in another conflict, he had been able to do that. But

would that work in this kind of a situation.

Then it came. The pounding on the cabin door, the banging of brute force demanding entry. This was it. He set his instruments in the proper place, stood and pulled down his uniform jacket. He strode to the door, and quickly flung it open.

The troublemakers were taken aback, as they pulled back to make another assault on the cabin door with a huge beverage pot they had stolen from the galley. In his immediate view were four of them, armed with cutting weapons. He saw blood on some of those blades.

“What’s the meaning of this?” the captain demanded.

“We are taking over,” the bearded leader of the group informed him.

“By what right...”

"We make our own right," the leader told him. "You have exploited our people long enough. You think you run the world, you and your kind. But we are men, and we will not be trampled under foot, put to the lash by you any longer, not if it costs us our lives."

The captain had nothing but the force of his personality now. "It will cost you your lives. I can assure you of that. There is only one penalty for this kind of action."

"We are willing," the leader said. A chorus of "yeas" rose up behind him.

"We are taking control, and taking this ship where it will do the most good."

Fighting a group this large single handed was impossible. He would only seem stupid and futile to try. Was there nothing else he could say or do?

The captain met the leader's gaze. "When the nation learns what you have done here, it will be as a sleeping tiger awakened. Its vengeance on you and your kind will be a horror to behold."

"What worse could be done to us? Death would only be a release from the tortures the ruling class inflicts on us." The leader drew his sharp weapon.

"You are leaving this craft, never to return."

In the face of a fate of which he was not yet sure, the captain did not retreat. "You will pay for this mutiny on the *H.M.S. Bounty*, Fletcher Christian," he

said. "You shall pay as surely as I am Captain Bligh."

Of course many people had sympathy for the Mutineers of the *Bounty*. I would not like it to be thought I had sympathy for the terrorists of 9-11. That is the danger of being a creative writer. You can think of things that may seem absolutely subversive. One can leave a knife lying about out of its sheath, and hope the passerby can still find it sharp enough to be of use.

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TRANSITIONS

MILTON A. ROTHMAN

Milton A. Rothman, 81, co-founder of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society (PSFS), died October 6, 2001 in Wyncote PA, of heart failure after suffering from diabetes and Parkinson's disease. Born November 30, 1919, he was a nuclear physicist most of his adult career. In 1938 he published "Holocaust" in Science Adventure Stories #2, followed by two stories in Astounding in 1939, "Heavy Planet" and "Shawn's Sword", under the pseudonym Lee Gregor, with further stories published irregularly until the 1970s. Survivors include SF novelist son Tony Rothman.

Milt was suppose to be a guest at Millennium Philcon this year but was unable to attend. Milt was one very special first fan and he will be missed greatly.
Locus mag

RAYMOND SIDNEY BROWN, M.D.

Raymond Sidney Brown, M.D., 82, of Gloucester, Virginia died on May 29, 2001. Dr. Brown practiced family medicine in Gloucester for 43 years. He was a close friend of Will Jenkins, aka Murray Leinster, who resided at Clambanke, Gloucester.

He was born July 9, 1918, to Joseph Walter Brown. Sr. and Thelma Robins Brown of Schley.

Dr. Brown received a B.S. in Pharmacy in 1942 and M.D. in 1945. Both degrees are from the Medical College of Virginia. He was president of the Medical Society of Virginia in 1976, and in 1977 the Medical Society of Virginia gave him its highest honor, the A. H. Robins Award for Community Service. For 15 years he was a member of the Virginia delegations to the American Medical Association. He served as a member of the Virginia Medical Journal Editorial Board and of the Advisory Board of the Medical College of Virginia. He was a member of the First Fandom Science Fiction Society.

He is survived by his wife to 59 years, Elisabeth Clopton Brown, three daughters, Elizabeth Randolph Brown, T. Robins Brown, and Cecilia Clopton Brown, 5 grandchildren, two brothers, one sister, and two great grand-daughters.

Ceci Brown

Allen Bartlett

Reported past on. Details next issue.

STAN WOOLSTON

July 16, 1920 - December 25, 2001

January 15, 2002: We just learned of Stan's death yesterday in a letter from his sister Leota, who lives in Garden Grove. She will soon be eighty years old and on the day after Christmas was given the news from Windsor Gardens in Anaheim, where Stan has been under medical care for the past several years.

At the same time she learned of the death of a sister-in-law, and shortly after that a friend and neighbor also passed away.

Actually Stan was lost to us some time ago. When he first went into a home for those with mental problems he still recognized June and me and Leota when we visited him. His main problem seemed to be deafness but when we managed to make him hear, he seemed to know what we were talking about and recognized the names of friends we mentioned. He kept losing his hearing aids but Leota rigged up an ear horn for us to shout into his "good" ear.

But eventually both his vision and his hearing failed and he went downhill physically, reaching the point where he seemed to be living in his own inner world, recognizing no one outside of it.

Stan was born on a farm in Indiana but spent his childhood in Illinois when his family moved across the Wabash River. I'm not sure when they moved to California but my first meeting with Stan was at the 1946 WorldCon (Pacificon I) in Los Angeles, where we also met Rick Sneary. The three of us became lifelong friends.

Stan lived in Garden Grove, some miles south of Bell Gardens, where I was living at the time, and Rick lived in South Gate, a neighboring city of Bell Gardens. With the possible exception of Harry Warner, Jr., Stan and Rick may hold fandom's record for living at the same locations for more years than any other fan. Stan's street name and number changed once or twice over the years but it was still the same location which held a small house, a shed with a job press, a small garden, and rabbit pens.

Due to a club foot, Stan could not serve in the military during World War II but he took on the job of air raid warden. His mother and his sister Leota both served in the WACS. His other sister, Louise, was already married and had three children.

Like most fans from our generation he discovered pulp mag science fiction in the Thirties. His fan activity may have started before I met him in 1946 as I was pretty much fabled during the war, thanks to the Navy and the Marines. I did have a brief letter exchange with Rick while I was still overseas but wasn't keeping up with who's who in fandom.

Graduating from Santa Ana City College, he became a printer by trade, and indeed was one of the last of the letterpress printers. His own Chandler and Price job press was used primarily for fannish projects as he usually worked in print shops owned by others.

Stan was one of the original members of the Outlander Society, printing covers and sometimes interior headings for THE OUTLANDER MAGAZINE. He was active in FAPA for quite a while co-publishing with Rick and me, as well as on his own.

He joined the NFFF and became one of its hardest working members as well as one of its most loyal ones. He was among those who initiated N'APA, THE NFFF's amateur press association, and his welcoming letters (to new members and neofans) must have been the best ever written from reports I have heard over the years.

He and I published the 1950 FAN DIRECTORY (I as editor and he as printer)—which included the neat layout of the booklet). He was also official printer for the SOLACON (the 1958 WorldCon). The membership cards were printed on his Lilliputian Press. (By the way, that old press was donated to the Garden Grove Historical Society when Stan's affairs were taken over by a Guardian.)

LASFS was always too far away for Stan to attend but he has made it to weekend OS meetings and parties in the Larea over the years, and we have had many a good time at Stan's place. He never drank alcohol or smoked but he could have as good a time at a party as the next fan and in conversations could be more entertaining and informative than many.

He read in many fields and had a marvelous memory. As for imagination, I have always felt that the s-f field lost a great writer because he would not discipline himself to make stories out of the host of unique concepts that he talked about to his friends. He did have a short story published in the old Astounding's Probability Zero Dept. I remember a room party at a convention where the Outlanders had invited James Schmitz for drinks and a quiet place to relax. I think the subject of the conversation was alternate worlds or something along that line and at some point Stan outlined a theory of his. Stan, as shy as Schmitz, suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence realizing that he was doing all the talking and becoming embarrassed about it. "Good God, man, go on!" said Mr. Schmitz, "don't stop now!" I guess Stan finished his thought but perhaps this helps to show what kind of mind he had and what kind of a man he was.

A kind man, a gentle man, a wild and wonderful thinker. I started missing him back when he was no longer able to recognize friends and relatives. I still do and I always will.

Len Moffatt

FAN HISTORY PROJECT

Greetings and Happy Holidays

Part of the commitment I made to First Fandom when I became President last year was to save our heritage and the history of the fans that created and developed SF fandom. To do so I am starting to collect biographical material on all the members in First Fandom. I would like you to send me a history of yourself IN and OUT of fandom. Some of the sections I would like to have in the text would be:

How you found fandom. The year, the person, and in what city you discovered fandom.

What roles did you play in fandom i.e.... Con chair, did you pub a fanzine, etc.

Did you take sf fandom and make it a career.

What are your favorite magazines, fanzines and authors.

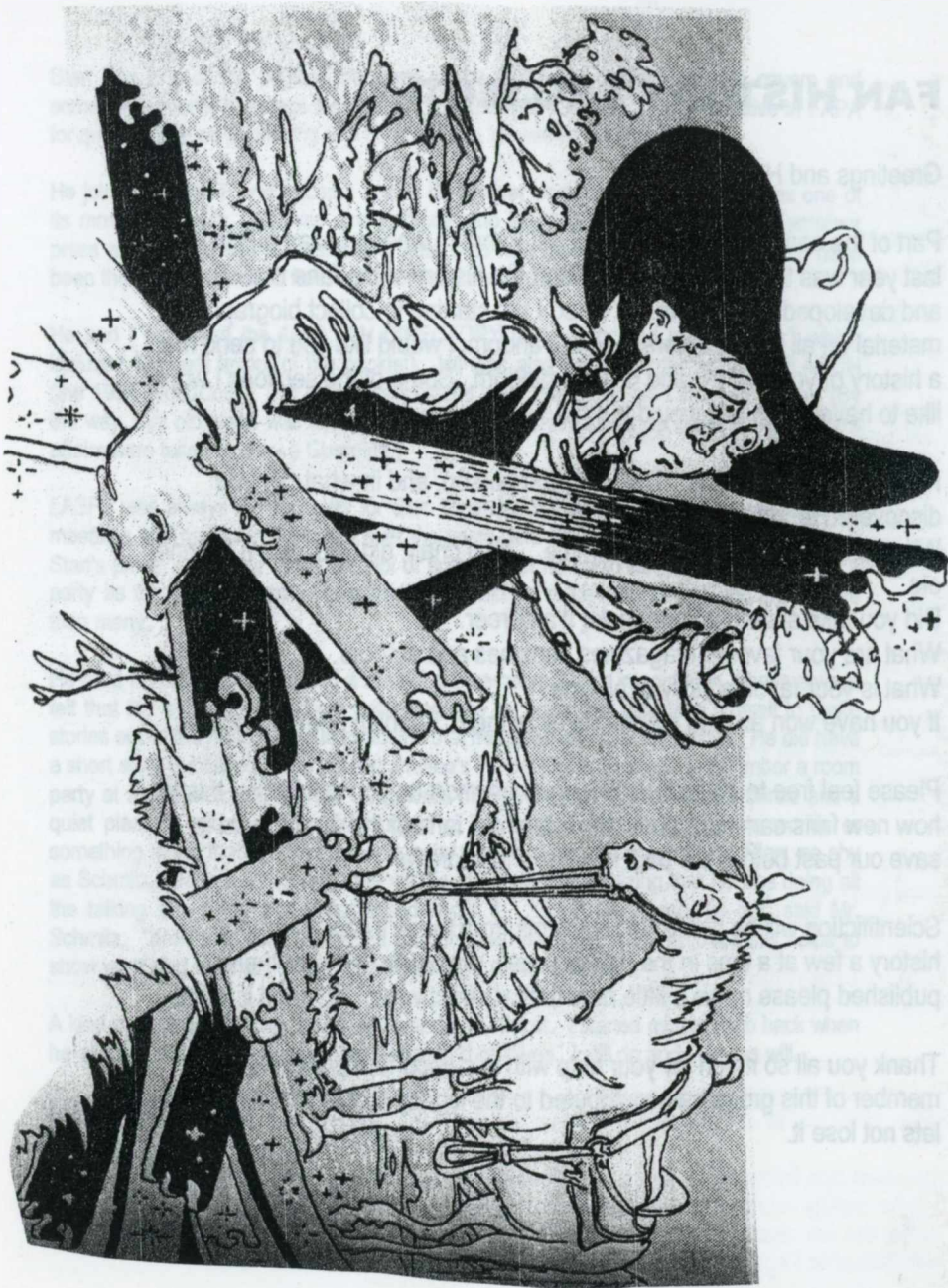
What is your favorite story of all time?

If you have won awards please list all of them. Fannish and non fannish.

Please feel free to make this as long or as short as you would like, this is how new fans can learn about the influential fans of the past. I want to save our past before our past has been lost forever.

Scientifiction will be publishing excerpts from these treasures of our history a few at a time in the future issues. If you do not want them published please make a little note to that effect when you send it to me.

Thank you all so much for your help with this important project. Every member of this group has contributed to the legacy that is First Fandom lets not lose it.



Art: Kelly Freas, *Beyond Fantasy Science Fiction*, September 1953, "A Little Pile" by M. C. Pease