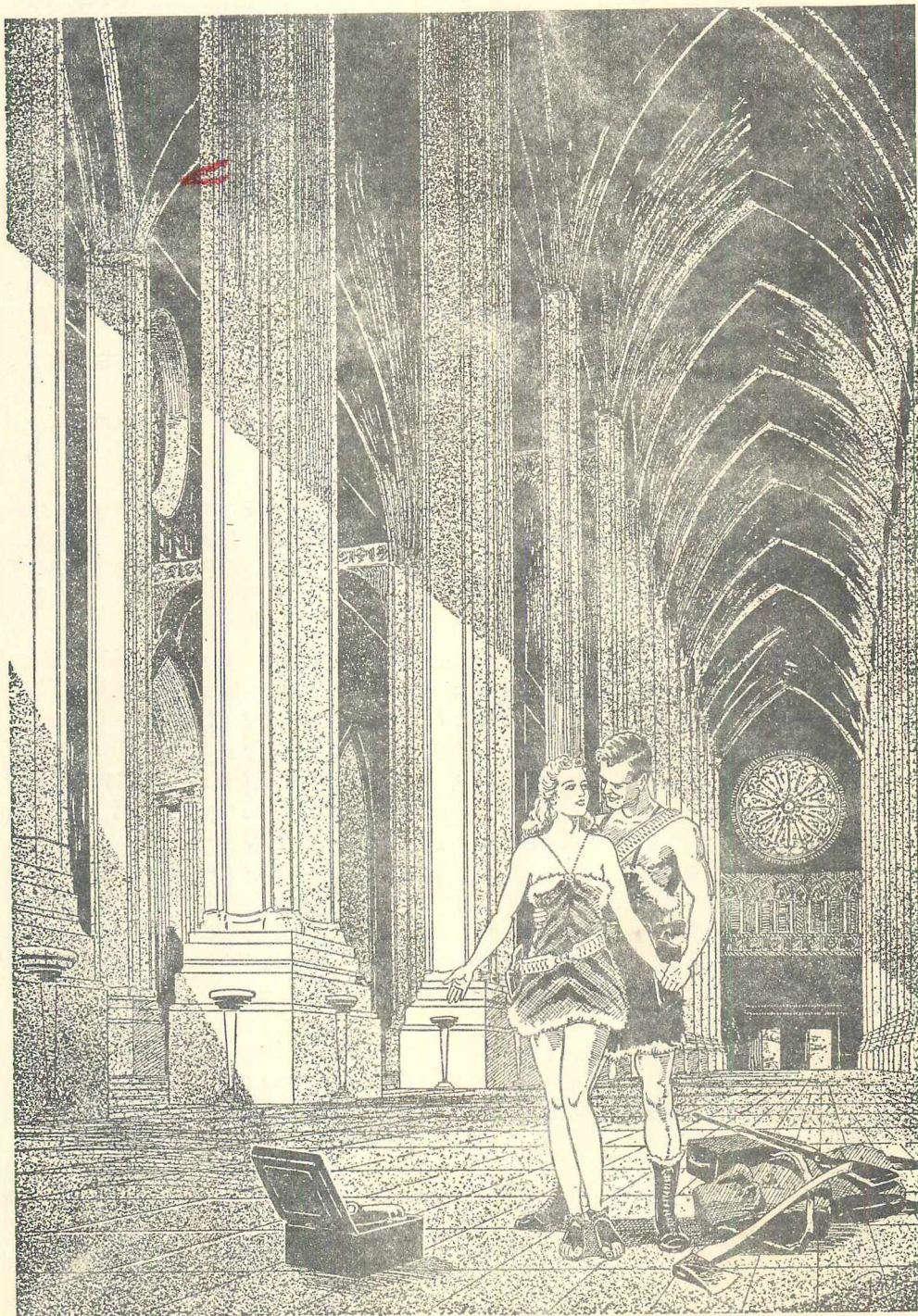


F.F.M. *First Fandom*



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Fall 1967

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FIRST FANDOM MAGAZINE # 1 4

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First Fandom Magazine is published for First Fandom, a non-profit organization. Edited and published by Lynn A. Hickman at 413 Ottokee Street in Wauseon, Ohio 43567. Printed by The Pulp Era Press.

In this issue we have tried a few innovations that will cost a little more money to do, but which I felt was worth it. You will notice that I am using some offset plates (and will again next issue). These plates will also be used in The Pulp Era and I am charging only pro-rata as to circulation between the two zines. In other words, for a plate that costs \$5.00, FF will be charged \$1.50 if I use it in FFM. I am also sending this issue in an envelope. I buy these in large quantity for the Pulp Era, so get them for \$00.02. I felt it was worth the extra 2¢ not to have the zine all folded and messed up when it gets to you. I would appreciate your comments on these two items and whether you want me to continue or not.

As mentioned on the editors page, I would like to see First Fandom Magazine published on a quarterly basis. I will attempt to do this, but will continue only as long as the material keeps coming in.

The President's Message

This issue marks the third since Lynn Hickman returned as Official Editor. Three issues in a little over a year is approaching the pace at which we should be operating. Lynn would like to publish quarterly -- but he is stopped by one big problem -- lack of material. How about some more of you knocking out those articles you've promised? For instance, Dave Kyle once said (under the influence of nostalgia) that he would like to write something on the order of the SaM's "The Immortal Storm" -- only from his viewpoint. Sort of memoirs, if you will. He would call it, "The Purple Bat Flies Low". And it would be painless as it could be written a chapter at a time. How about it, Dave?

I was somewhat disappointed by the NYCON meeting for several reasons. First, while it was well-attended, there were many who did not make it. Second, the meeting room was not conducive to a good old-fashioned First Fandom meeting. Third, while we had liquor, it was difficult to get a party going to any extent as there was no ice to be had at any price. The ice machines were empty and the hotel could provide none. Several of our members volunteered to go into the outer world to obtain ice. They left -- never to return!

Some interesting additions to the membership rolls have been obtained lately: Isaac Asimov, R.W. Lowndes, Ross Rocklynne, Emil Petaja, Walt Liebscher, Walt Daugherty, Paul Spencer, and quite a few others.

Lynn tells me that this issue of the magazine will make a big improvement over recent ones, mainly because he received some material. Lets keep it up. As I said, Lynn is willing to publish -- and he does just about the best job in fandom -- but it's pretty rough when the material doesn't come in.

Jack Williamson will be the next HoF recipient. He was the selection of the Midwestcon (beating out five or six of the greatest). He was the unanimous selection of the Westercon meeting. They requested the NYCON meeting to confirm him by acclamation, which was done.

Robert A. Madle

One of our two associate members has become a full-fledged pro: Jay Klein will appear in the December IF with a short story. He has several others under way and may soon give up his full-time \$35,000 a year job to go into professional writing. Harry Harrison, the new editor of Amazing and Fantastic has offered Bob Madle a position as Assistant Editor. This deal has not thoroughly completed yet, but already Bob is thinking of giving up his \$3500 a year job to go into fulltime assistant editing. M

ATLANTIS

by Henry Eichner

A subject of continuously recurring interest is that of Atlantis. With me, it hasn't been a recurring interest, but a steady interest since i've been sixteen...and that's over forty years ago. Many authors have written on the subject, but I have yet failed to note any one of them give a reason for his, or her, interest in the matter. I'll give you mine, however, since it made the whole subject of Atlantis become a "Monkey on my back".

Going back more years than I want to remember, I was a good student in Sunday School. So good in fact, that I was the honor student of my graduating class, and gave the equivalent of the Valedictory speech. As a youngster, I accepted whatever we were taught in Sunday School, as being gospel truth. Everything but one item. That Noah and the Flood bit. I couldn't 'buy' Noah, I could buy the 'flood', but I gagged on the reason given us for the flood. To wit: that God wanted to practically destroy the human race because of its sins. I reasoned that sometime, somewhere, I'd find what was a far more acceptable reason, acceptable to me, that is. For a very brief while thereafter, I forgot about the flood. However, in my sixteenth year, I went oneday to the Library for my weekly trip to load up on fiction. On that visit, I picked up a novel by an author with a rather strange name. The author, Cutcliffe Hyne. The novel was called "Lost Continent". When I finally got to read it a few days later, I was intrigued. Not only was the novel interesting, but here, tailor made, was a reason for the flood! My logic was simple. If a large land mass, just out beyond the 'Gates of Hercules' were to sink, among other effects would be massive tidal waves. These waves would sweep through the Straits of Gibraltar (oops--the 'Gates of Hercules') and straight across the Mediterranean. What would be the first land mass it would hit? Why Asia Minor, of course. And where was the Holy Land? Asia Minor! Eureka! I had my answer to the cause of the flood. It didn't occur to me that, at the time Atlantis was presumed to have sunk, if Noah and his kith and kin had been alive, they would have been living in what used to be Chaldea, far from the Mediterranean. All that I knew was that here was a reason I could accept. It wasn't until many years later that the basic fallacy occurred to me, and by then I was on an Atlantis 'kick', too far gone to back out or quit.

It may seem odd to some of our present day youngsters, but, very often at parties, discussions would begin on the history of the Biblical events we'd learned in Sunday School. We weren't concerned with the moral values, just with the historical authenticity. I would quietly await my opportunity. If someone else didn't bring up the flood, I would. Then I would spring the tale of Atlantis, as being the real reason for the flood. It always got an interested audience. I never

told that I hadn't even heard of Atlantis until I'd read the one book. I developed the Atlantis bit into quite a polished routine. I should have known that I was heading for a fall, sometime, somewhere. One evening I attended a party at which I met a young lady and a young gentleman. The young fellow seemed the type I might make a friend of, and no overt reference intended. The young lady was someone new that I hoped I might take home, her home. I figured that if I could get in my Atlantis routine, it would sufficiently impress her, so that I might be her escort home. The evening went as usual, and as usual, up came a discussion of biblical history. Since no one else mentioned it, I brought up the flood. Then after a bit, I launched into my Atlantis story. All was going well, and the young lady was being impressed. Suddenly my newly met friend got into the discussion by announcing that Atlantis was not in the Atlantic Ocean, but had been an island in a sea in what is now the Sahara Desert. He was stubborn in his opinion. I was firm in mine. Thus it ended in a stalemate. I learned later that, like me, he had read one novel on the subject..... but whereas I had read the Hyne book, he had read Pierre Benoit's "Atlantida", which places present day descendants of Atlantis in underground caverns beneath the Sahara. Neither of us could or would admit that our whole concept was based on the reading of just one novel. The evening had one good result, however. I did get to take the young lady home.

This experience did have one other result, however. I decided to keep my mouth shut on the whole subject of Atlantis until I'd had more chance to find out more about it. Thus began my search. It is still continuing today. In my seeking I would occasionally get led off into a side road, but eventually I'd get back on the main road. These side excursions did arouse in me interests in other subjects. Some, I eventually dropped, but others have remained of continuous interest. So now, I'm interested in Vampirism, Witchcraft, E.S.P., Dowsing, Poltergeists, Incubi and Succubi, Flying Saucers, and anti-gravity, Alien civilizations and 'What Happened to Bridey Murphy'.

Throughout the years, I would, on occasion, announce to friends that, someday, I was going to write a book on Atlantis. Meanwhile I continued to collect Atlantis literature and non-fiction. At that time I had possibly forty novels and fifteen non-fiction books on Atlantis. "At that time" was five years ago, when some well meaning friend, whose name I shall not mention, said to me, "Hank, you've been talking about writing a book on Atlantis for years. Why in Hell don't you write it?" And I witlessly replied, "Dammit, I will!". Thus began a project that still occupies whatever possible time I can give it. How could I have known that I'd end up writing to almost one hundred different people. Another very good friend of mine, "Mr. Sciencefiction", said, "Hank, why don't you try and catalogue all the English fiction on Atlantis, and possibly some of the foreign fiction. There is no such listing. And, while you're at it, why not list novels whose titles might make you think they are Atlantis novels, while they are really not so." My friend! That little bit of suggestion resulted in my corresponding with over twenty-five National Libraries around the

world, and many foreign bookdealers. It also meant that I had to read and resume all the fiction I was learning about. In almost all incidences, 'reading' meant first acquiring. And believe you me, that isn't easy....or inexpensive. All this bibliography, and resumes, will, of course be a part of my book. Over half of it is written. More should have been, but many things intervened to delay, or temporarily stop, my writing of the text. I do, however, have a title for the book. It is "Atlantean Chronicles", with no apologies to my friend Ray Bradbury. 'Chronicles' means a telling of things and/or events, and the book is about Atlantis....so the title is perfectly natural. One possible benefit derived, if benefit it be, is that I probably have the world's largest collection of English hardcover fiction on Atlantis by now. I have one hundred and two titles of hardcover fiction, plays, and epic poems, on Atlantis....and four PB novels. I have in addition, nine hardcover and two PB novels on Lemuria. I say I have 102 titles on Atlantis, but I possess only ninety-eight of them. I have read the other four so that I might resume them, but I do not as yet own them. But maybe the readers of this article might help me to obtain the few I know of but still do not have. I list them briefly here. MacDougall's "Hidden City"....Horniman's "Sin of Atlantis"....Hoskin's "Atlantis" (Epic Poem)....and McBride's "Message From the Gods" (Play). Any offers of these titles will be gratefully received. I might add that I do not wish to give up my right arm and half of my left arm to get them. As to what percentage of the whole of English Atlantean fiction I have, I do not know. It ought to be near 100%.....I think. But I do not know. Nor does anyone else. So whatever it is, it will have to do. In addition to the above totals, I have forty-five non-fiction books on Atlantis and Lemuria, and many pamphlets. I also have fifty titles of magazine novels, novelets and short stories. Of the fifty titles, I own forty four and hope to acquire the rest eventually. Does anyone have Top-Notch Magazine for September 1934? That's one gem I want.

I shall of course, continue to collect any Atlantis fiction I can find, that I don't already have. Writing a book may be fun, but inclusion of an extensive bibliography certainly complicates matters and increases the labor ten-fold. When I started this project five years ago, I thought to be done within two years. It is now five years, and while completion is very faintly in sight, it is just that, 'very faintly in sight'. Did you ever try to read through about 115 novels on the same subject? Read them well enough to resume them? I haven't read anything but Atlantis for all those five years. This, I suppose, is the burden one must assume when one attempts a project like this, but why didn't someone warn me? Why couldn't I have written a simple book on Atlantis and left the detailing of fiction to someone else? If I didn't like 'Mr. Sciencefiction' so much, I would visit him each and every weekend and beat his nice rounded head to a nice flat pulp.

Henry Eichner

THROW AWAY YOUR TRUSS

A Ruptured Article by Leigh Couch

The Rexall drugstore was two blocks away and only one street had to be crossed, so I was allowed to go by myself. It was small and Mr. Schneider was the owner. Just to the left of the front door was the magazine rack. Liberty 5¢, Argosy, Doc Savage, Dime Mystery, Blue Book, Red Book, and ASTOUNDING STORIES!!!!!!

At right angles to the magazine rack was the glassed in penny candy counter. How many agonizing decisions had to be made there, while Allen waited with his usual bored patience. Green leaves or Mary Janes? Red hots or chocolate soldiers? Red hots or Hershey's kisses? I never bought a candy bar. They cost a nickel and you only got one thing. A nickel would buy five different kinds of penny candy. Further back in the store there were four marble topped tables and each had four wire chairs. They've been revived since then and used decoratively, but drug stores then used them because they were cheap. If my mother or aunt brought me to the drug store, they usually bought a malted milk for me. I could never understand why anyone would order anything other than chocolate. It cost a whole dime but you got a whole package of thin crisp cookies with it, one chocolate and one vanilla. As you sat at the table, you could look at the glass-fronted shelves along the wall with Cara Nome cosmetics, Radio Girl perfume, Ex-Lax, Lydia Pinkham's Compound, Peenamint tablets, Horlick's tablets, and other assorted nostrums. The back of the store had what we called "medicine", and then it was a word to make you hide under the front porch. All medicine tasted bad then. My particular horror was something called Cocoa Quinine which was given to me for fever.

This then was a description of one of the two most important places in my young world, the other was the local "show", four blocks away, admission 15¢ for a double feature, Fox Movie-tone News, a cartoon, and one episode of a serial; popcorn 5¢ with butter.

I must digress a little. My parents were divorced when I was quite small. For those days, a very scandalous thing. My mother and I lived in the smallest house on the block. She worked of course, and I went to school with the door key on a dirty string around my neck. Every Saturday we went downtown. Bus fare was 10¢ for her and 5¢ for me. I always hoped for a double decker bus. I endured all the dragging around for the sake of a hot dog and root beer at the dime store and the chance to buy a Big Little Book. I had a complete set of Flash Gordon and Tarzan. Every summer I was banished to the farm to stay with my grandparents. They began teaching me to read when I was three and I was pretty competent at it by age five. My mother kept me out of school for an extra half year. When I did go, I didn't say that I could read because I liked kindergarten. I also liked buying red tickets for milk, 3¢ each. The following year I spent two days in first grade and

then I was put into the second half of second grade. My teachers wondered greatly at some of the words I knew. I never told them how I had learned them.

My mother gave me more money than the other children got. Conscience maybe? At any rate, I could buy both magazines and candy. Many times I would use all my money for magazines and give up the candy, sacrifice supreme! I was not quite eight years old when I bought my first copy of Astounding Stories, 34 years ago. Do I still have it? No, and that is a sad and familiar story which I will tell about later.

Science fiction was a bright and glittering world for me. Wonderful inventions and mind stretching ideas were everywhere. The heroes were the sum total of all manly accomplishments and attributes, the heroines were a model for any girl and always in terrifying situations from which I knew they would certainly be rescued. What a life they led! And the BEMS, wonderful! It was quite a shock to be introduced to the concept that intelligence could exist in some other shape besides man form. When I came home from the drug store with a new copy of Astounding, Doc Savage, Dime Mystery, or Argosy, I would head for the basement. One corner of it was mine, curtained off with old bedspreads hung from the joists. I had a bed, a table, orange crate bookcases, chairs, toys, and an electric light bulb dangling from a cord (no shade). Then, escape, for hours sometimes, until my mother dragged me out. She didn't object too much, she knew where I was and could get her work done without me bothering her.

The worst fight we ever had happened when I came home from school and found my precious stock of magazines had gone up in flames. I screamed, I cried, I refused to eat or talk to her. She was completely mystified, after all I had read them hadn't I? It was really the first time I had ever objected to anything she did. I had lost one parent and I suppose I was afraid of losing her, but my magazine collection was more precious than anything. It was, and is, my other world. To this day she cannot understand collecting old magazines, of all things! Just this past summer I had another floor to ceiling bookcase built and installed to hold my expanding collection. She just shakes her head.

If I had known the slogan, "It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan", I would have claimed it for my own. I couldn't even talk to the boys on my block about science fiction. Sure, they liked Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon, but that was it. They would rather talk about "The Air Adventures of Jimmie Allen" or "Og, Son of Fire" on the radio. I listened to these too, 15 minute story after story on the radio Monday through Friday. I went to the movies each week to watch the latest cliff-hangers. I ran all the way home after seeing Dracula for the first time. But my own private, shining world was Science Fiction. I've never given it up. I used to read the letter columns in S.S. and T.W.S. first and often I considered writing a letter. My

introverted nature held me back, I never did it. I couldn't see myself being slashed by some of those virulent people who appeared regularly.

By now I was in high school, living in another neighborhood and buying SF from another tolerant druggist. Dan got three copies of each magazine. I asked him who the other readers were and he told me two older men. I think he was surprised that I continued to buy SF when I went to college. I wouldn't tear off a cover, that would be desecration! But I did keep them hidden. Once I took a copy of T.W.S. to college securely concealed in my large notebook. I had some time between classes and, miracle of miracles, no studying that had to be done. I was walking down the hall with a very personable young man whom I had known for just a short time. The copy of T.W.S. slipped out of my notebook and fell to the floor. I froze and thought 'I'm dead'. He picked it up and said, 'Oh, you read this stuff too?'. That, is one reason, among many, why I eventually married him. We took all the current SF magazines along on our wedding trip (I have some sort of prejudice against the word honeymoon). With so much SF and fantasy around our home, the inevitable happened, our three children are hooked. We are all now involved to some extent in fandom, and enjoying it very much thank you. I sometimes wonder what my life would have been like had I not bought that first magazine?

--Leigh Couch

Report from Alva Rogers - West Coast

The First Fandom meeting at the 20th Westercon was held on the evening of July 2-3, 1967, at the Sheraton-West Hotel, Los Angeles, California. Twenty members were present at the meeting and dues collected from 16.

The material from the Midwestcon meeting was received from Charlie Brown and membership cards were distributed to those who attended the meeting and a few who didn't make the meeting.

The business of the meeting was devoted to consideration of the First Fandom Hall of Fame Award. The letter to the Westercon meeting from President Madle and Secretary Tarr was read and discussed. The members at the Westercon meeting concurred in the resolution that the award should go to a living person if possible. M

A discussion of the Midwestcon's 1968 Hall of Fame nominee was held and, being unable to think of anyone more worthy of receiving it than the nominee of the Midwestcon members, Jack Williamson was voted by acclamation of those attending this meeting to also be their nominee, and ask that he be confirmed by acclamation at Nycon3 meeting.

A short discussion of Kyle's trials and tribulations with the U.S. Post Office was held and we extend him our sympathy and long distance support in his battle.

The 18th Midwestcon was back in its old home -- the North Plaza Motel, Cincinnati. I arrived June 23rd about 5:00 p.m. after a quick plane trip. This was my first flight to the Midwestcon and it was quite a change from the 12 hours' driving time of previous years. Of course, driving with a carload of fans can be a small convention in itself. The last two years I went with Dave Kyle. We talked all the way out and back about convention-getting strategy and what we would do when we got the convention. A total of 48 hours down the drain!

It had been two years since the Midwestcon had been at the North Plaza. The motel had been scheduled for sale to a poverty program experiment. In 1965 the con was held at a Holiday Inn, and in 1966 was moved to the Carrousel. The motel sale fell through and 1967 saw us back at the North Plaza.

The intervening years had seen a minimum of maintenance, and the motel was obviously run down. Especially so in contrast to the very plush Carrousel located a few hundred feet away. Unpatched cracks had appeared in the walks, and the rooms were well worn. Still, I was very comfortably situated in a single. Even more comforting was the room rate of \$8.00 per day. I told Frank Dietz in view of the rates we ought to hold all local conventions there -- especially the Lunacons. Frank thought Cincinnati was a little far to hold a New York City convention. Such a stickler for details!

I spent a few minutes settling down in my room. This consisted of uncrating my photo equipment. This year I brought a stereo camera. Equipment in hand, and over my shoulder, and in my pockets, I stepped outside. The first sight I saw was Ben Kiefer and the Coulsons. Right away I knew I was at a science fiction convention. This was confirmed a few seconds later by an automobile full of Browns -- Charlie, Marsha and Sheila. They explained they were on their way to pick up liquor. Yes, I was at a science fiction convention!

Everyone else was around the pool. Ed Hamilton and Leigh Brackett were there. I sat down next to Ed and we started a marathon four-hour talk, interrupted once by dinner. I took the opportunity to ask Ed about a brief incident that had occurred in one of the Captain Future stories. He identified it immediately. Not bad after a quarter of a century.

Most of us around the pool eventually decided to get some dinner. The old Howard Johnson restaurant across the street had been turned into a low-price steak joint, and we all went there. Lou Tabakow, John Millard, Larry Smith, Mike Lalor and I sat at one table. I asked for ice cream and was told only vanilla was available. Lou said it was quite a comedown for the place, from 28 flavors to just one. Still the steak was edible. Lou said it was tough but tasty.

I was pleased to meet Larry Smith, since he had written a letter to WSFA Journal saying he liked my con reports. Back at the pool, I ran into Donna Young, a long suffering subscriber to the Tricon edition of the Convention Annual. It seems she failed to receive my letter explaining how come I was behind schedule in production. I told her I was still struggling with it, and will eventually have it finished. Basically, I took too many pictures and tried for too large a book.

Banks Mebane and Bob Madle were there. I noticed that Bob had changed from the pleasant, easygoing beer drinker he used to be. No longer a resident of Belgrade St. in Philadelphia, but a highly placed government bureaucrat in Washington, he is now an accomplished, polished Scotch guzzler. Possibly this change will explain by Bob stopped being a top fan writer. He's been ruined by the luxury of no longer being poor. M

The main party was in the Cincinnati suite. It was hot and crowded. The old subterranean party room was closed. As a result, the partying facilities were very noticeably inferior to last year's accommodations at the Carrousel.

Because of the lack of a good party room, and because it is the pleasantest spot at the motel, many fans gathered around the pool. Some were even in it. The Ray Beam and Bob Tucker children were scurrying around, playing tag among old beer cans and Coke bottles. A small party was going on in Charlie Brown's room. I saw Dannie Platcha there, looking like his old self, with dark glasses and a Sheila nearby. As veteran con goers will realize, the crowd started thinning out after 1:00 am, with a scattering left around the pool as late as six in the morning.

Saturday morning I woke up at 1:00 pm. My room was nice and cool, with a well functioning airconditioner. Outside it was quite warm. Wearing the darkest sunglasses I could afford, I stumbled into the sunshine. Fortunately, I quickly came up against Joni Stopa. Unfortunately, she was with Jon Stopa. We were joined by Bill Mallardi, Dean McLaughlin, Marsha Brown and Ben Solon for a trip to nearby Frisch's Reastaurant.

I got back to the pool at 2:30 pm, just in time to meet Roger and Judy Zelazny making their appearance at the con. I was so startled, I asked Roger if he was aware that he wasn't guest of honor. He was that he wasn't.

At 3:00 pm I walked into the First Fandom meeting. Fourteen members were on hand. I came just in time to hear the results of the mail balloting for the 1967 First Fandom Hall of Fame Award. Bob Tucker was present, having finally joined what he considers the younger elemnet in fandom. Dale Tarr presented me with my official membership card in First Fandom. The tears brought to my eyes were only exceeded by the dent in my wallet, since Dale also collected my dues.

A knock on the door came from several teenagers, who asked about the science fiction convention they heard was going on.

Lou Tabakow played the part of the Kindly Old Gentleman and directed them courteously to the youths of Charlie Brown's age at the pool. Before adjournment, it was announced that Lester del Rey had joined. His beard will be a valuable asset to the organization.

Just as the meeting closed, Roger and Judy Zelazny came in. The room was then converted to an ordinary gathering place for conventioners. Bob Tucker got on the subject of the Pongs. He said, "I've just started a new feud with Ted White and I'm carrying a hangman's noose in my suitcase." He said, "Ted chickened out over the fanzine editors and now he will have to tangle with me." I think he was kidding -- but then, with Tucker you're never sure, since he says humorous things seriously, and serious things humorously.

Anyway, Bob indicated he had been pleased with an award named after him, and thinks it should have been retained. Me, I have a feeling the award was incorrectly named. Consider the "Hugo" and the "Edgar". First names, right? Therefore, by analogy, the award should have been "Hoy". Unless Bob's fan name of Hoy Ping Pong is truly Oriental, in which case "Hoy" is the last name, and "Ping" is the first. Thus, the award should have been called either "Hoy" or "Ping", but definitely not "Pong". See?

I spent the rest of the afternoon watching Charlie Brown's harem in bikinis, not to mention Joni Stopa in her peek-a-boo swim suit. The view was spectacular. After the poolside display, a private showing was held in the Brown suite. I must add that my stereo color slides came out well exposed.

At 6:30 pm I rode with Fred Jackson to the banquet at David's Buffet. For \$3.50 you get all you can eat of a smorgasbord-style spread - midwest variety. A total of 129 banquet tickets had been sold, with 115 registered conventioners. The difference represented children.

Nancy Moore and husband were the only other persons present when Fred and I arrived. The fans started pouring in and I made up part of a dinner group with Bob Madle, James Hevlin, George Price, John and Joni Stopa, Banks Mebane, Lee Hoffman, Buck and Juanita Coulson, Larry Smith, Dannie Platcha, Jim and Lee Lavell, Joe and Charlotte Hensley, and Mike McInnerney.

Rosemary Hickey came by with her fan table cloth. She collects signatures written on the cloth, which she then embroiders permanently. I was about to sign, when I recalled I had already done so in Chicago at the Hickey apartment in Old Town. Sure enough, there was signature already stitched in place.

Bob Tucker was master of ceremonies. He supervised the dinner arrangements, seeing that each table went in turn to the chow line. Bob started off the program. He said, "The Midwestcon is unique -- the only science fiction convention without Roger Zelazny as guest of honor." He told us that

professional writers can charge off their convention outlays as business expenses if they make a public address. Therefore he invited Roger to say a few words. Roger faced the audience and said, "A few words. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I came completely unprepared. Any questions?" There was laughter but no questions, and Roger sat down, having saved umpteen dollars on his income tax.

Bob took the floor again, saying, "The next character has been picking fueds with everyone, and now he has one with me." He explained that Ted White had backed off on the "Pong" because of fanzine editor complaints. Bob rocked everyone with the mock announcement that the name had been changed to the "Forry". He glared at Ted and said, "I've checked on the best method of nanging." Then he turned the floor over to Ted.

Ted went on to explain his position about the Fan Achievement awards. The point he made was that the majority of fans are ignored in conventions. They're not given any recognition. They're not on the programs, and so forth. He and Dave Van Arnam decided to make the worldcon a fan's con.

Ted explained that he thought Hugo awards for fanzine editors were unjust in that writers and other fanzine workers were excluded from any awards. He said that many persons had compalined unfairly about the change to "Pong". "One of them is sitting directly in front of me," he said. (A feeling of apprehension went through the audience.) He continued, "Bill Mallardi, your fanzine only received six votes. That's how much your readers think you need an award!" (The audience gasped, and hands started shooting up for recognition.)

He continued, saying he's given into the public clamor and restored the Hugo. However, he's angry over the criticism. He also spoke about plans for the Nycon III.

Lou Tabakow spoke next, saying he's all for editors and writers, but disagrees with Ted. The Hugos were conceived by fans for the awards they wanted. To separate fans arbitrarily from pros is not a good idea. The word "Hugo" has become a tradition. "These are fan awards carried on by fans -- the pros have nothing to do with them."

M Ted made his rebuttal, saying the name is meaningless in itself. The awrd has meaning only according to the number of persons voting it, and the new way will get greater participation. Ted made the statement that three committees falsified Hugo balloting. When he specifically named Philadelphia, the founder of the Hugos, Bob Madle stiffened up across the table from me. He had been on the Philcon II concom. He raised his hand for recognition to deny Ted's allegation.

However, Bill Mallardi was given the opportunity to address the banquet. He said, "I agree mostly with Lou said. I don't think replacing a Hugo fanzine award id legal. They are break-

ing the rules. I'm not against fan awards. I'm for them all the way." After the banquet, Bill explained to several of us that he feels the Nycon III committee has been too arbitrary, and that any changes of the magnitude proposed should be submitted at a Worldcon Business Session and voted on.

7 Bob Madle spoke to Ted after the banquet, and emphatically said that the Philcon II in 1953 was absolutely scrupulous in counting Hugo ballots. Ted told Bob he didn't have first hand information, but had repeated something someone told him about the balloting. Still, Bob feels upset that nearly 150 persons heard a charge based on hearsay without any public rebuttal. He also wanted to point that fans have always been on panels at worldcons. Possibly the best ever was the fan panel at Detroit in 1959. This started at midnight and carried on to 4:00 a.m. Pitchers of beer were carried to the panelists. And Bob took issue with another statement made by Ted.

Ted said Hugo Gernsback was embarrassed over the use of his name for an award. Actually, those present at the ESFA celebration of the 35th anniversary of Amazing stories in 1961 heard Gernsback say how pleased he was over the use of "Hugo" for the science fiction awards.

Bob Tucker broke off the banquet debate, realizing it could get out of hand. He brought to bear some of the famed Tucker humor. He pointed out that the 1967 Midwestcon had more people than the first convention he attended, Chicon I in 1940 (135 versus 120). And at Denver in 1941 there were less than 100 fans. Saturday night parties were announced by the St. Louis and Columbus worldcon bidders. Then as usual, Bob asked the Cincinnati group to stand up for a hand.

Howard Devore was called upon to give a sales pitch. He merely said in his usual Big Hearted way that his truck was backed across the exit and fans could make their purchases on the way out from the banquet. The banquet was adjourned at 9:30 pm and everyone went back to the Motel for some hard partying. Except Stan Skirvin. He kept glancing anxiously at a sheaf of papers brought home from the office, and finally took off early to get them done. There's a fine fan going wrong - done in by the horrors of work.

7 The motel was completely sold out that night. I heard several persons turned away at the desk. Remembering that Charlie Brown wasn't having a party, I went there to enjoy the clear air, cool atmosphere, and the spectacular view. Marsha Brown, Sheila Elkin, Cory Seidman, and Joni Stopa were all there in bathing suits. Banks Mebane, Bob Madle, and Rusty Nevlin joined us for awhile. Bob said he now understood why I hang out with Charlie so much. Martha Beck was there, too - a refugee from a folksinging party in her room. The non-party broke up after several delightful hours.

Sunday dawned bleary eyed. As I recall, I started life off with a hamburger at Frisch's. The die-hard party that evening included Bob and Fern Tucker, Dave and Cindy Van Arnam, Ted and Robin White, Banks Mebane, Lee Hoffman, Cory Seidman,

Marsha and Charlie Brown, Shelia Elkin, Bob Madle, Bill Mallardi, and Mike McInnerny. I stumbled off to bed relatively early, since I had to catch a plane to Chicago the next morning. It was several more days before I flew back to Syracuse. I was lugging my precious 81 stereo color photographs taken at the Midwestcon. The 56 developed so far are quite good. I hope to continue taking these at local cons and arrange a mass viewing sometime.

J. K. Klien

The Editors page

Lynn Hickman

I am pleased that material is finally starting to flow in for First Fandom Magazine. If it continues this well, I will publish the magazine more often. I have enough material for the next issue (including an item by Bob Madle that I will be reprinting from The Pulp Era) but will need much material for the issues to follow this. I do need the committee reports for next issue. Along with these and an article by J. K. Klien, I will publish a roster of the members and a list of those that owe dues and the amount owed. If things go right here, I plan to have the following issue in the mails by the middle of February, thus catching us up to a quarterly schedule.

To do this, I will need your help. Material must be here a month or more before publication schedule for me to meet the schedule. I only have so many spare hours and I do publish two other zines. One on a bi-monthly basis and the other on a quarterly basis. Of these The Pulp Era must come first, followed by F.F.M. and then Troat. Most of the typing of masters is done late at night as I have the time so the material must be here well ahead of time for me to work on it. Except for the committee reports, which must be mailed late to be timely, I would like to have enough enough articles ahead for at least three issues. Then as I have the spare time I can have them typed ahead and not be trying to rush around at the last minute just hoping to be able to get an issue typed up. Will you help? Its your magazine. I just do the work.

I will also start a letter column if enough letters come in. Only one from the last issue, and sad to say, it was misplaced and I haven't found it yet. So how about letters on this issue. And Len, try again. Am sorry I lost your last letter.

Lynn



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