

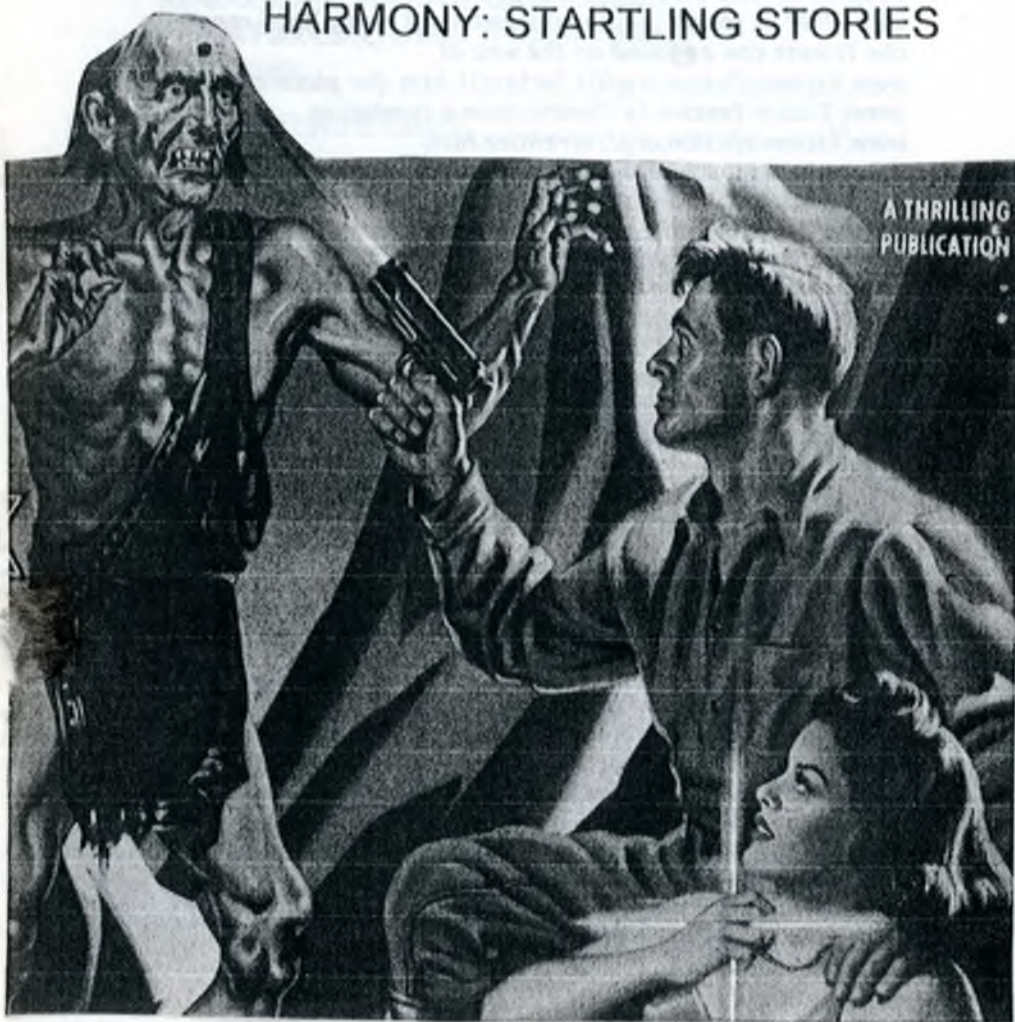
# SCIENTIFICTION

THE FIRST FANDOM REPORT

FALL  
2001

HARMONY: STARTLING STORIES

A THRILLING  
PUBLICATION



## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I hope that everyone has had a great summer, I have. It was filled with time to enjoy my family and friends. In May I went to Conquest in Kansas City. They have a terrific small convention every Memorial Day. Next year will be an especially good convention as 2 of the GOH's will be Frank Robinson and Frank Kelly Freas. If you can make it I highly recommend it.

In August I attended the Tucker Tribute. A special get together just for the sole purpose of getting Tucker to a convention. We honored Bob and Fern, for a lot of good reasons but mainly because he is so beloved by all of Fandom and Fern has put up with all of us for all these many years. A really good report on the Tribute can be found on the web at

[www.ksciencefiction.org/O1TuckerO1.htm](http://www.ksciencefiction.org/O1TuckerO1.htm) (for pictures) and the great Tucker fanzine Le Zombie (now e-zombie) at [www.ksciencefiction.org/currentlez.htm](http://www.ksciencefiction.org/currentlez.htm).

It has pictures, a brief blurb on the activities and Tuckers latest edition which is now only published on the web.

Which leads me to the next part of the summer World con. It was in Philadelphia this year and they did a pretty good job of running such a big con. There are always little snafus but not so bad as in some years. The worst thing I think was the size of the names on the badges, which in the scope of things is pretty minor. The convention facilities were monstrous to get around in, and very cold. The dealers' room was filled with a lot of book dealers and I visited with old friends along the way. Dave Kyle's table was next to a friend's dealer's table and I spent some pleasant time talking with Dave and Ruth. The Retro Hugos were Friday evening. They were the 1951 awards for work done in 1950. Bob Tucker was up for 2 Hugos one for Best Fanzine and one for Best Fan writer. I was beyond excited when Tucker ask if Keith Stokes and I would accept for him if he should win. Tucker won for best Fanzine Science Fiction Newsletter. He came in second to Robert Silverberg for best fan writer. Which Silverberg said was a gross miscarriage of justice as Tucker was a much better writer than he was in those days but he wasn't giving it back. On Sunday evening they held the Current Hugo Awards. I presented the Hall of Fame award to Frank Robinson. In a smaller ceremony earlier in the week the Posthumous Hall of Fame award went to Gordon R. Dickson and the Archives award went to Bob Weinberg. I am extremely pleased at the Fact that Kelly Freas got an award at the Chesleys' and Jack Williamson won a Hugo for best novella. All the way around I have to say it was a great summer. - President Joanie

# SCIENTIFICTION

## FIRST FANDOM REPORT

### CONTENTS: FALL, 2001

The editorial contents of this magazine are copyrighted and cannot be reprinted without the publisher's permission

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE . . . . .	2
Joanie Knappenberger	
DINOSAUR TRACKS . . . . .	4
Jon D. Schwartz, Howard DeVore, Joe Hensley, Frederik Pohl, Larry Farsace, William N. Beard, Terry Jeeves	
HARMONY: STARTLING STORIES . . . . .	11
Jim Harmon	
HUGO AWARDS . . . . .	14
Retro 1951 and present	
TRANSITIONS . . . . .	17
Poul Anderson Milton Rothman	
ARCHIVAL MATTERS . . . . .	18
Don Dailey	
IN THE NEWS . . . . .	19
Joe L. Hensley, Forest J. Ackerman	

Editor, Jim Harmon

Art Director, Barbara Gratz Harmon

Contributing Editor, Don Dailey

Cover, *Startling Stories*, Summer 1944, Earle Bergey

SCIENTIFICTION™ IS PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY FIRST FANDOM. PUBLISHER, JIM HARMON, 634 S ORCHARD DR, BURBANK, CALIFORNIA 91506, E-MAIL: [JIM.HARMONRDO@EARTHLINK.NET](mailto:JIM.HARMONRDO@EARTHLINK.NET). FIRST FANDOM OFFICERS: PRESIDENT, JOANIE KNAPPENBERGER, 1474 SUMMERHAVEN DR, ST. LOUIS, MO 63146-5440, E-MAIL: [kamp@netscad.net](mailto:kamp@netscad.net); SECRETARY-TREASURER, JOE L. HENSLEY, 2315 BLACKMORE ST, MADISON, IN 47250. THE NAME FIRST FANDOM, THE SLOGAN 'THE DINOSAURS OF SCIENCE FICTION' AND THE FIRST FANDOM LOGO ARE ALL TRADEMARKS OF FIRST FANDOM, AND MAY NOT BE USED WITHOUT EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE ORGANIZATION. COPYRIGHT ©2001 BY FIRST FANDOM AND THE INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTORS. ADDRESS ALL CONTRIBUTIONS AND LETTERS OF COMMENT TO JIM HARMON, EDITOR, SCIENTIFICTION. FIRST FANDOM PUBLICATIONS.



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

## DINOSAUR TRACKS

### Jon D. Swartz

*Scientifiction* just keeps getting better and better! You really are doing an excellent job with it. I hope you're getting as much pleasure out of the editing as I am out of the reading. I enjoyed all of your last issue, especially your "Harmony: The Ants" column and the material on the Science Fiction League. Just about anything about SF's early days is of interest to me.

Schneeman's cover reminded me of my first magazine purchases in the field. I can still remember eagerly awaiting the new *Astoundings* of each month. I recently bought several issues from the 1940s to replace lost copies from my collection. I liked just about everything about *ASF* in the 1940s: the stories, artwork, LOCs, Campbell's editorials, etc. Along with Schneeman, my favorite *ASF* illustrators in those days were Hubert Rogers and Edd Cartier. The only magazine I can remember liking more when I was growing up was *Galaxy* in the 1950s. Didn't someone who now edits *Scientifiction* play a role in those early *Galaxy* issues?

Speaking of your earlier writing, have you given any thought to reprinting your 1973

*Nostalgia Catalogue*? Issues are selling on eBay these days for very high prices. I think your section on fanzines in this book is one of the best brief descriptions ever written on the subject.

Is the readership aware of Bob Tucker's *o-Zombie* on the Internet? It's available at [btucker@davesworld.net](mailto:btucker@davesworld.net) and very entertaining, like just about everything else he's ever done. I love his heading: "First Fandom Is Not Dead, Only Doddering."

Can anyone in First Fandom tell me the dust jacket artist for the first edition of Daniel Keyes' *Flowors for Algemon* (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1966)? I need the information for a reference book my son and I are writing, and can't find any copy.

My issues of *Scientifiction* have been arriving in less-than-pristine condition. Is there a first class or "sent in an envelope" option I can exercise?

Georgetown, Texas

Jon – Yes, H.L. Gold referred to my many contributions to *Galaxy* in the fifties as the product of a "flaming Vesuvius of



*literary lava". Or perhaps highly acetic diarrhea. My Nostalgia Catalogue is pretty dated now. I think you could say I rewrote it as Radio and TV Premiums for Krasuo a few years ago. Now out of print but I see it constantly sold on eBay by various people for around \$8.95. I have a few copies left at my home address for that price, plus \$3.50 shipping. As for providing Scientifiction in envelopes there is no provision for it now, but you might ask President Joanie about instituting such an option. -- JH*

## Howard DeVore

Dear Honest Joe,

When Mark was treasurer there was a question about dues and I thought I'd clear it up with you before I get another nasty note. I recall that you were at St. Louiscon in '69 and assume that you attended the First Fandom meeting. You'll recall that Lou Tabakov raised the questions of dues owed and asked the membership if they wanted to throw those people that were behind on dues. During the discussion a couple of friends helped Bill Crawford stand up and he offered to pay the dues of anyone that was behind, then the friends helped him to sit down again. I think he figured if he was going to pay their dues then he was entitled to drink their share of the whiskey. You can go ahead and send me dues notice to Bill Crawford!

Oh, there's a story that goes with it. Bill was hanging around the LASFS and mentioned that he wished he could go to St. Louis, that he thought he could sell some of the books he had published. Well, a nice looking redhead said that if he'd pay for her room and food she

would go with him and help him sell the books. (Her name may have been Ginger?) Well, they loaded books, pamphlets in his station wagon (I think he'd bought it during the Hoover administration.) They loaded it and started out, she pushed the gas pedal down to 80 and he said she drove the whole trip, stopping every three hours to eat a \$7 steak. When they reached St. Louis he was almost broke, she'd eaten all of his expense money. He started to suggest some cost saving measures and she said, "If you're thinking about saving money by sharing a room, don't bother -- the deal was ROOM OF MY OWN."

So he found me about 3 AM of opening day, and I helped him unload the station wagon. He mentioned that he HAD to sell some books cause he didn't have gas money home. He had published some good books back about '47, '48, but he's published a lot of dogs because the authors gave him the reprint rights. Fans had passed them by, preferring books they could read without cringing. Now it's 20 years later and they have all the Gnome Press, Shasta, and such things, but they lack the FPCIs.

When the huckster room opened, the crowded around, buying the things they were missing. He raised the prices a couple of times, but that didn't slow the sales at all. After a couple of days, he had so much money it was spilling out of his pockets. The offer to fans to pay their dues came after this. Indeed, I suspect that this may have been the most cash he'd seen in years.

I thought people in First Fandom might enjoy the story.

-- email

*I think I may recognize the young lady referred to. I knew her under a slightly different variation of the name "Ginger". Although it may not be the same girl since I don't know if she would be such a stickler for a room of her own. Of course, poor Bill was kind of old and had remarkably bad teeth. He published my first story in Spaceway, so I'll forgive him his dental shortcomings (since I didn't have to share a room with him). I will say that if it is the woman I am thinking of, I saw her years later (but now years ago) at the home of Kris Neville and she had grown tremendously in intelligence, maturity and self-assuredness. -- JH*

### Joe Hensley

Some late dues have come, and I will deposit them tomorrow and will send along a treasurer's report the end of August and also an updated list of members who sent dues. Copies will go to you and Tucker's sweet granddaughter.

Nick Ringelberg wrote a note with his check saying he'd been lost and ill, so those of you who know Nick, please write him PO Box 351, Canaseraga, NY 14822. Richard Preston sent us a check payable to Scientifiction for \$60 and many others paid their dues up and past 2002.

I'm bush. A collection of 18 shorts was published this spring by Five Star (a part of Thorndike Press which is a part of Gale Press) under the title DEADLY HUNGER AND OTHER TALES. A third of the stories are science fiction-fantasy, the rest suspense of something. It drew some splendid reviews, notably a friendly one from Kirkus, which said I was almost

"poetic." Jeez. Not bad for an old dude who used to write poetry as "Joes" free for fanzines in earlier times.

The longest (at 80,000+ words) of the Robak novels will be out late in November or early in December from St. Martin's Press, my 22<sup>nd</sup> book. I've sold SMP another suspense novel working as SNOWBIRD'S RUN and am, at 75 years old, working on two other novels, one of them more than a bit weird for a suspense and the other a crossover SF and suspense.

I read Earle Korshak's letter with interest and agree with much of what he says. I've known bright and able Dave Kyle for many years and he was very kind to my wife and myself when I attended an International Crime Writer's meeting in London about 1975. But we parted ways when he began his own First Fandom and if he were to approach a Worldcon meeting now would it be for him or for us? I talked with Ray before he retired and we'd both like Dave back as a member. He has not applied or sent back dues since I was appointed sec-treas. To the best of my memory.

One story to finish this: I was with Harlan in Sherman Oaks and he told me that Bob Bloch was doing a signing at a book store, so we went there. Harlan hid in the stacks, and I approached Bloch and asked: "Could I get you to sign this book for me, Mr. Bloch?"

"Where did you get that name?"

"From a man named Tucker."

"That man doesn't even know what consonant his last name begins with."

And thereafter a merry time was had by all.

Madison, Indiana

*Bob Bloch and I were friends for years. We both came out to Hollywood in the sixties (and I will say he loaned me some money to help me do so, which I did repay). One thing strikes me as amusing now is that Bob always thought I would be much more successful than he would in films because I had the asset of youth. (He was all of forty something.) But as it turned out, talent is an even more valuable asset than youth. We drifted apart as he dealt with people like Hitchcock and I wound up with filmmakers like the legendary Ed Wood. Also Bob may have been afraid I would try to borrow some more money from him. -- JH*

## Joe Hensley

Hard Hearted Howard sent me a copy of his illuminating letter, and I remember StLouisCon '69, fine days of stealing books and drinks from Bill Crawford and Ginger. I assume he sent you the changes in status, addresses, etc.

I remembered other things about the '69 StLouisCon: I got to the con and about midnight someone beat on my hotel room door. Big Name Fans, truly big ones, running the Con and our world like the gods they were, waiting humbly outside my door. They spoke with great agitation saying that the hotel was not (gasp) following the contract. The films, supposed to be running at all times, had been shut down at midnight, some of the con rooms supposed to be always open were locked. I'd read the contract before at the request of the BNF Concom.

Would I, Honest Joe, a tough, private eye kind of superlawyerfan, inquire?

"Yes. I'd inquire, damn them to hell," I answered gently.

1969 was a bad, bad time for poor old Joe, then aged 43. I'd quit smoking two weeks before the con. I was on a diet where I got all the water I wanted and nothing else. I'd been asked earlier that evening to depart Kate Wilhelm's welcome and celebration party, intercepted even before I'd consumed any of the strong looking, good smelling party punch liquid.

Sweet Charlotte and son Miko were with me and Sweet Char was firmly in charge of diet and now and then would check my breath for the odor of cigarettes, booze, and Twinkies. My temper was short. People watched my eyes, prepared to flee if I started a rumble.

I moved downstairs to the reservation desk. I did this after checking the movie room and other function rooms because even big name fans will sometimes lie. The rooms were closed. I inquired as to the why of this. A snotty clerk (SC) said those were his orders. It was midnight, he said. Young Fan people should be in bed.

I showed a copy of the contract to SC. Soon as assistant manager (AM) appeared. He looked at the contract. He made ahs, and then baldly refused to change things. By that time an any, rowdy fanmob lurked in and about the lobby. I had previously loudly mentioned the St. Louis Federal Courts to the SC and AM. I told them I knew "some people" in St. Louis. They began to watch the door and made more calls. A house

detective (HD) appeared and wanted to know who'd pooped all over the floors and walls in a hotel first floor public restroom. Fans listened to his shock and anger and many of them vanished to poop all over other public restrooms, break windows and mirrors, and do the many other gentle, fan things. I got belligerent with both SC and AM and HD got belligerent with me. I thought I could take HD, and maybe all three of them bastards if someone friendly would get me a drink, a butt, and half a Twink.

About that time Tucker managed to pass an anonymous note to me saying the hotel was owned and operated by crime folk, Mafiosos intermarried with Sopranos. I became visibly calmer, but still wanted food, smoke, drink, and justice.

A Big Time Boss (BTB) wearing a dark, expensive suit and a lovely tie appeared. He was smoking a black, cancerous appearing cigar which I envied all to hell. The lobby was very crowded, but some fans were elsewhere about the hotel stalling care of restroom detail.

BTB visited a public john or two. Someone peed over pay toilet transom onto his pant legs and Johnson & Murphys. Angrily he peed back, but at his age lacked elevation.

He reappeared, capitulated, and ordered the movies reopened. BTB said all terms of the contract would be followed to the letter. His hands were wet and shaking some as he finished a reconciliation speech. He gave me his tie and I asked for the cigar instead.

Big Name Concom members wandered the halls saying all was now well thanks to Honest Joe, but some faaaaans still

weren't sure of it. I found Beam and asked him what the story was and could he spare a Twinkie. He'd heard there was a contract out on me. Then he talked about me being secretary-treasurer of First Fandom, but I told him I was far too young. He gave me half a twinkie in advance and said we'd talk again in the future.

Char smelled a sweet, tarry, alcoholic something on my breath, and I was ordered back to our room in disgrace. Son Mike (age 14) vanished into the movie room to be seen no more until he wanted breakfast the following afternoon. I realized I'd sired a born faaaan.

When I got back to Madison I inquired about Kate's punch. Gordo Dickson and Tucker both wrote that it was smoooooth."

And so it went

Madison, Indiana

*Ah, Bob Tucker -- long may he wave! Sad to think that the seemingly always youthful Gordon Dickson is no longer with us. -- JH*

## Frederik Pohl

Dear Joe:

All the talk about how right and proper it would be to have Dave Kyle back in FF has convinced me.

I don't see any point in waiting for anybody to sacrifice their pride or make the first overture, so I have a better idea. As an early surprise birthday present, I



am prepaying Dave's dues for him for the next five years, and now he is once more a member and our world is healed again. Check enclosed.

Palatine, IL

*I hope this settles with matter once and for all. There would BE no Fandom if it weren't for a select number of people prominently including Dave Kyle. -- JH*

### Larry Farsace

I can't understand why some people throw raspberries on the pretty Horses on Parade. One curmudgeon said, "It's all just for business." I would call him a gloomy Gus.

They were a pleasant diversion one afternoon, when I was going to the main library with a young nephew and his school buddy on class assignments. They also got me down East Avenue, past the Eastman House, for a nice walk to Culver Road, camera in hand.

I wonder who else knows that Buffalo has buffalos, Chicago has cows, New York City has cows and that Cincinnati wanted goats but has flying pigs. There is now even a Flying Pig Park. I should also add that Toronto has moose.

One of the most interesting horses is at the main library, since it is especially meant for children who surround it every day, with its plethora of toys, and even a kaleidoscope built into it. It is certainly a good note in what many forever call a drab city.

Incidentally, the only line they left out of my letter was how I knew about

Cincinnati: "my wife, Hazel, having just come back from visiting family (there), proms, etc." But why did they put cows instead of angels for Chicago? Hazel ways maybe they know something I don't!:

But radio host, young Allen Harris, on WHAT, 10 P.M., August 15<sup>th</sup>, only talked about John Albert's letter instead of mine about Buffalo, Toronto, Chicago, New York City, Cincinnati and the flying pigs!

Rochester, New York

### William N. Beard

In Defense of Dead People:

Hey Korshak, you guys don't give up.

Dave Kyle wanted to boot out all the associate members and make the club A LAST MAN'S CLUB.

Right or Wrong?

Are you going to deny this?

Dr. Mark Schulzinger and Ray Beam and Joe Hensely simply defended the clubs' existence.

Stop frothing at the mouth and get on with it.

New Castle, Indiana

*No comment. -- JH*

### Terry Jeeves

Please excuse the hand scrawl but we have the grand-children over for a week

and the PC has been stashed away for safety.

Very many things for the latest issue of *Scientifiction*. I really liked that cover. Without digging into my files I think it is a Schneeman illo for *Slan*?? I also liked the Dold illo inside. Ah, memories. The mention of Gene Autry and 'Phantom Empire' brought more memories – how he was threatened at the end of each installment, only to escape before the point at which we left him the week before. I also recall seeing (in a different film), Harry Houdini tackling a robot.

Enjoyed your piece about the book of the boy who became an ant. I had a "want" book for some sixty years – I finally got a copy of "The Echo Maid" by advertising in a national mag – and got one from a dealer those miles away. A similar coincidence happened when I had a letter in *ASF* asking for access to cover to compile a photo index of the mag's

The *SF League* pages were also "blasts from the past" I never got around to covers. I got aid from a chap living five joining as I was only ten when it started. Naturally I thought I was the only fan in England until I saw others listed from the UK.

Scarborough, New York

*Your handwriting wasn't bad at all, certainly better than mine or Jim's. – Barbara Gratz Harmon*

*Barbara has a very neat handwriting. She is just being polite about comparing hers to mine. As a matter of fact, my computer printer ran out of ink and I had to do a letter by hand, and I found I had virtually forgotten HOW to handwrite. But I can sign my name – not pretty but recognizable on checks. -- JH*



SCIENTIFUNCTION editor Jim Harmon on a typical day, wearing a Tom Mix Model Stetson, wearing the late actor, Tom Mix's personal dressing gown. A perfect fit in shoulders and chest  
Photo: Lloyd Nesbitt



## HARMONY

By Jim Harmon

Our former Art Director, Richard Kyle, who also acted as associate editor, finds he is no longer able to continue in that position. The club, including President Knappenberger and myself, wish to thank him for all his efforts to improve our publication.

Beginning this issue, the duties of Mr. Kyle will be taken over by Barbara Gratz Harmon, a science fiction fan, member of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society since the 1960s, and my wife of some two decades. She is a microbiologist in the laboratory at

Pierce College, Woodland Hills, CA., campus American Federation of Teachers Association classified employees grievance representative, and part time cellist in regional symphony orchestras. Previously she worked in the aerospace industry designing and editing publications.

Meanwhile I continue my career as a part time writer, and part time broadcaster, and editor of SCIENTIFUNCTION. Reports of my death were, if not exaggerated, at least premature.

## STARTLING STORIES

Before I discovered *Astounding*, before *Galaxy* was born, my favorite science fiction magazine was *Startling Stories*.

I discovered it when I was eleven years old in 1944. I had been reading *Weird Tales* for two years. (The first issue I read featured "Black Barter" by

Robert Bloch.) The first issue of *Startling* that attracted my attention resembled *Weird*. The cover showed a weird animated corpse, resembling a zombie or perhaps a vampire, being harmlessly shot in the head by a .45 automatic-wielding hero, protecting a beautiful girl holding a glowing cross. Surely this was more stuff like the *Weird Tales* I loved.

Moreover, inside was a story by Clark Ashton Smith, a name I was familiar with from *Weird*. This story was a Hall of Fame classic, a feature I would learn to enjoy, reprinting stories from the earlier days of scientifiction.

This one was "Beyond the Singing Flame", copyrighted by Gernsback Publications, 1931, which I now presume (without looking it up) came from *Wonder Stories*. With this reprint, I became initiated into being at least an adopted member of First Fandom.

The lead story, a "complete novel" (with a reasonable claim to that description) was "Strangers on the Heights" by Manly Wade Wellman. The story was not purely supernatural but one which attempted to give a logical view of supernormal beings influencing human life. Lovecraft had made his whole career on the subject, and C.A. Smith had embraced it. In an editorial piece, Wellman commented that many strange things had happened to him during the writing of this story, as if something were telling him to "lay off". So after this he was going to "lay off". I don't think he did quite quit, but perhaps did not deal so directly with the subject often again.

How Wellman dealt with the concept in "Strangers" can be glimpsed in this excerpt:

"... A certain operation on your nervous tissue, and I can do more than

read your thoughts. I can direct them, make you do as I think fit. I can even kill you by manipulation of your nervous reaction."

"I've seen it done," Gardestang told him, "but it won't happen to me. Before you would begin such an operation, I'd simply straighten out my knees and strangle myself. (*Due to the manner in which he was bound.* -- JH) You'd have only my carcass. Big enough to be awkward, even in Santiago."

"Perhaps your carcass would not need to be disposed of. Did I not speak of operation of bodies, like machines, by remote control? Some bodies, from which life has apparently departed still move. You heard of the vampire?"

Gardestang had always hated the word, and the thoughts it brought up...

"The walking dead?" he inquired, using the cliché with all possible disdain and disgust. "A body crawling out of the grave at night to suck blood and frighten children?" Is your science responsible for such things?"

"My science approximates them. And imitations, by my human scholars, bring about such inferior, creaky makeshifts at the zombies, which work so clumsily in West Indian plantations. How would you like to be one of those, Gardestang?"

The conversation between the unnamed supernormal being and Gardestang continued, with the being explaining he could operate even on the human soul, to bring it under his domination.

Gardestang discovered there were not only the evil Others but benevolent shape-changers in the supernormal world beyond a mystic portal. The evil ones had good reason to be afraid of the crossed lines represented by the



crucifix. Caught in the crossed rays of the shape-changers, the evil Others were destroyed.

Glancing through the text in 2001 it seems almost a compulsive read today. Not literature, but great Pulp!

Following issues of *Startling* brought forth "Shadow over Mars", a sample of the stylish space opera of the incomparable Leigh Brackett, "Lands of the Earthquake" by Henry Kuttner whose early death deprived him of the recognition he deserved at the apex of SF, and "Oullaw World" by Edmond Hamilton, a Captain Future novel that introduced me to a pulp hero whom I had never heard of before. While Curt Newton, known as Captain Future, did not have quite the charisma of Doc Savage, or The Shadow, or certainly not The Spider, he was a charter member of the League of Pulp Heroes.

It would take me some years to discover in back issues earlier *Startlings* such stories as "A Million Years to Conquer" by Kuttner, "Tarnished Utopia" by Malcolm Jameson, and "The Kid from Mars" by Oscar J. Friend. I was also able to read such Hall of Fame tales as "The Worlds of If" by Stanley G. Weinbaum, "The Life Detour" by David H. Keller, and "Superman of Dr. Jukes" by Francis Flagg.

Later issues would introduce me to SF by Ray Bradbury (although I had already experienced his remarkable talent in *Weird Tales*) as well as other memorable shorts by Margaret St. Clair, Edmond Hamilton and a number of others.

In that first issue I read of *Startling* I also found letters by Chad Oliver, a future prominent SF writer, and Joo Kennedy, once the very model for a Big Name Fan.

There was also a fanzine review of a publication by Corporal Forrest J. Ackerman, reported by that embarrassing but amusing character, Sergeant Saturn.

All this for 15 cents. No wonder *Startling* was my favorite. Unfortunately, in those days of wartime rationing and limited appeal anyway, my town of Mount Carmel, Illinois only got in two copies of *Startling* (and *Wonder*, *Planet*, etc) and there were at least *three* of us in town who read science fiction and sometimes I did not get to the newsstand in time to get one of the two copies. -- JH

## CHESLEY AWARDS

(last minute addition)

The 16<sup>th</sup> Annual Chesley Awards, recognizing works and achievements in the year 2000. For more information on the internet, see [kcscefiction.org/01tucker](http://kcscefiction.org/01tucker) and [kcscefiction.org/currentlez.htm](http://kcscefiction.org/currentlez.htm).

Best Cover Illustration, Hardback: John Jude Palencar for *Forests of the Heart* by Charles de Lint (Tor, June). Best Cover Illustration, Paperback: Jean Pierre Targele for *Ciclo* at Center by Douglas Niles (Ace, July). Best Cover Illustration, Magazine: Todd Lockwood for *Dragon*, July. Best Interior Illustration: Kinuko Y. Craft for *Cinderella* (Sea Star Books, October). Best Color Work, Unpublished: Michael Whelan for *Reach*. Best Monochrome Work, Unpublished: Drew Willis for *A Wizard of Earthsea*. Best Three-Dimensional Art: Sandra Lira for *Millennium Angel* (resin). Award for Artistic Achievement: Frank Kelly Freas. Award for Best Art Director: Irene Gallo for *Tor Books*. Best Gaming-Related Illustration: Todd Lockwood for *Forge of Fury* (Dungeons & Dragons modules for *Wizards of the Coast*). Best Product Illustration: Donato Giancola for *Draconpalcontology* (Science Fiction Book Club flyer and calendar. Award for Contribution to ASFA: Todd Lockwood, Jon Schindehette and *Wizards of the Coast* for assembling, designing and printing last year's Chesley Awards color brochure.

## HUGO AWARDS

**The Millennium Philcon® is pleased to announce the winners for the 1951 Retro Hugo Awards:**

### **Best Novel**

*Farmer in the Sky* by Robert A. Heinlein (Scribner's)

### **Best Novella**

*"The Man Who Sold the Moon"* by Robert A. Heinlein  
(*The Man Who Sold the Moon*, Shasta Publishers)

### **Best Novellette**

*"The Little Black Bag"* by C.M. Kornbluth (Astounding  
Science Fiction Jul 1950)

### **Best Short Story**

*"To Serve Man"* by Damon Knight (Galaxy Nov 1950)

### **Best Dramatic Presentation**

*Destination Moon*

### **Best Professional Editor**

*John W. Campbell, Jr.*

### **Best Professional Artist**

*Frank Kelly Freas*

**Best Fanzine**

*Science Fiction Newsletter, Bob Tucker*

**Best Fan Writer**

*Bob Silverberg*

**Best Fan Artist**

*Jack Gaughan*

**The 2001 Hugo Awards:****Best Novel**

*Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire by J.K. Rowling  
(Bloomsbury; Scholastic/Levine)*

**Best Novella**

*"The Ultimate Earth" by Jack Williamson (Analog Dec 2000)*

**Best Novelette**

*"Millennium Babies" by Kristine Kathryn Rusch  
(Asimov's Jan 2000)*

**Best Short Story**

*"Different Kinds of Darkness" by David Langford (F&SF Jan 2000)*

**Best Related Book**

*Greetings from Earth: The Art of Bob Eggleton by Bob Eggleton and Nigel Suckling (Paper Tiger)*

**Best Dramatic Presentation**

*Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*

**Best Professional Editor**

*Gardner Dozois*

**Best Professional Artist**

*Bob Eggleton*

**Best Semiprozine**

*Locus* edited by Charles N. Brown

**Best Fanzine**

*File 770* edited by Mike Glycer

**Best Fan Writer**

*Dave Langford*

**Best Fan Artist**

*Teddy Harvia*

**John W. Campbell Award**

*Kristine Smith* (2nd year of eligibility)

**Hall of Fame Award**

*First Nominator: Robert Peterson, nominating Sir Arthur C. Clarke*



**Poul Anderson** — obituary, New York Times, Friday, August 3, 2001, submitted by non-member Richard O'Brien

**Milton Rothman** — passed on, no details yet available. See next issue.

## Poul Anderson, Science Fiction Novelist, Dies at 74

By DOUGLAS MARTIN

Poul Anderson, who combined his education as a physicist with his passion for Nordic mythology to become a prolific and sometimes poetic author of science fiction, died on Tuesday at his home in Orinda, Calif. He was 74.

The cause was prostate cancer, said his wife, Karen.

Though he was known as a writer of hard science fiction, meaning science fiction with a scrupulously accurate scientific basis, Mr. Anderson thought of his books as magical realism, a phrase he adapted from the fantastical style of some Latin American novelists. In book after book, he returned to an amazingly detailed imaginary future.

Some of his better-known works are "Tau Zero" (Doubleday, 1970), which plays with the theory of relativity; "The Boat of a Million Years" (Tor Books, 1989), which addresses human immortality; and "A Midsummer Tempest" (Doubleday, 1974), in which all the works of Shakespeare are literally true.

In "Three Hearts and Three Lions" (Doubleday, 1961), he wrote of a modern-day engineer caught in a world of dragons and witches.

Last month his novel, "Genesis" (Tor Books, 2000) won the John W. Campbell Award, one of three major prizes for science fiction.

Michael W. McClintock, in a 1981 entry in the Dictionary of Literary Biography, called Mr. Anderson "one of the five or six most important writers to appear during the science-fiction publishing boom of the decade following the end of World War II."

Mr. Anderson's wife, Karen, said she did not know how many books he wrote. "We lost count after 100," she said.

Mr. Anderson would regularly consult with scientists at universities. In "Tau Zero" his meticulousness at

*Conjuring up fantasy that was grounded in meticulously detailed scientific fact.*

explaining how time becomes foreshortened through the workings of Einstein's theory of relativity packs a literary wallop.

Writes Sandra Miesel in "Against Time's Arrow: The High Crusade of Poul Anderson" (Borgo, 1978): "To convey the numbing, immensities of the time and distance traversed, Anderson begins slowly, letting a few hours elapse at the normal rate in the first chapter. Thereafter the tempo quickens at an exponential rate until eons fleet by in heartbeats and the reader unquestionably accepts all the marvels described."

Poul William Anderson was born on Nov. 25, 1926, in Bristol, Pa., to Anton and Astrid Anderson. His father had Anglicized the spelling of the family name, originally Andersen. He told his wife she could name their first child, and she chose Poul (pronounced PO-ul).

"That first name is a version of Poul; and I might have Anglicized that too, except that in grade school the teachers kept telling me I wasn't spelling my own name right, and I got my back up about it," Mr. Anderson wrote in an autobiographical essay in Contemporary Authors.

The family moved to Port Arthur, Tex., where his friends included a boy with a pet alligator. His father died in a car crash when Poul was 11. His mother took Poul and his brother first to Denmark, then to Maryland, and finally to a 40-acre farm in southern Minnesota.

Poul soon found himself spending



Poul Anderson wrote "Tau Zero" and "The Boat of a Million Years."

all of his tiny allowance on subscriptions to science fiction magazines. He went to the University of Minnesota to major in physics, but after graduating realized that he would never be more than a second-rate scientist.

He found a congenial psychic home in the Minneapolis Fantasy Society. He sold stories to magazines, particularly Astounding, now called Analog. In 1952, at a world science fiction convention in Chicago, he met Karen Kruse, who had founded a Sherlock Holmes Society while still in high school. "There is considerable overlap between followers of science fiction and of the great detective," Mr. Anderson observed

in his essay.

They moved to San Francisco and were married in 1953. They and their daughter, Astrid, who now lives in Lynnwood, Wash., founded the Society for Creative Anachronism, which goes in for medieval role-playing and combat in full costume and has spread nationwide.

Mr. Anderson is also survived by his brother, John, of New Harmony, Utah, and two grandchildren.

A former president of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America, he won numerous awards, including three Nebula and seven Hugo awards. In 1997 the association named him a Grandmaster and last year he was inducted into the Science Fiction Fantasy Hall of Fame.

A recurring theme in Mr. Anderson's writing is the importance of individual liberty and free will. Charles Platt, in "Dream Makers, Volume 2: The Uncommon Men and Women Who Write Science Fiction" (Berkley Publishing, 1983), said this focus earned him a reputation in science fiction circles "as being fairly far to the right."

When asked about this comment, Mr. Anderson once said he championed the "radically bold concepts" of the founding fathers, "from which we've been retreating ever since."

"And I don't believe it's necessarily reactionary to say so," he said.

He attributed much of his success to assiduous research, calling his writing "fantasy with rivets," explaining that if he mentioned Roman armor he would report precisely how it was made.

"We headed for museums instead of nightclubs," said Mrs. Anderson, who worked closely with her husband on developing ideas. "It was more fun that way."

## ARCHIVAL MATTERS

Among the many items in the FF Archives are some awards that have not yet found their way into the hands of the recipient or their survivors. One such plaque was Theodore Cogswell's FF Posthumous Hall of Fame Award for 2000. After some diligent effort, his daughter Cathleen was located. I was able to forward the award to her and received a very nice letter of acknowledgment which read in part:

*"Thank you so much for taking the effort to track me down. I was delighted to receive my father's posthumous First Fandom award. He was an extraordinary man and a wonderful storyteller (both in print and in person). I am relieved to know he is remembered and that his work is still valued and read."*

*"Again, thank you and the First Fandom members for honoring my father and bringing a great deal of joy to me".*

*Sincerely, Cathleen Cogswell, Hoboken, NJ*

*"P.S. My husband is a science fiction and fantasy illustrator, David Mattingly. You can check out his work at [www.DavidMattingly.com](http://www.DavidMattingly.com). The Tradition lives on!"*

And our friend Noreen Shaw has again added to the FF Archives. I have received a packet of material from her "treasure trove of fannish lore" that included several news articles about Cleveland sf conventions of the 1950s. Among these clippings is an article by the late Gerry de la Ree and others featuring photos of Sam Moskowitz, Will Ley, Anthony Boucher, Noreen herself and others whose names would be familiar to First Fandom members. A color proof of a Frank Paul cover for the 1955 "Clevention" program book was also in the packet.

Once again, my thanks to Noreen for adding to the "institutional memory" of First Fandom.

Don Dailey, Archivist

**Hensley, Joe L.**

**DEADLY HUNGER:**

*and Other Tales*

Five Star/Macmillan (220 pp.)

\$24.95

Apr. 2001

ISBN: 0-7862-3141-6

## IN THE NEWS

Like his creator, Hensley's series hero Don Robak has been a lawyer and a judge, and it's judges rather than detectives who dot the landscape of these 18 stories, most dating from the 1980s. In fact, the stories that most resemble whodunits—"A Lot of Sense," "On the Rocks," "Decision," and "Trial," along with "Argent Blood," whose supernatural tinge reflects the author's SF roots—are among the least successful here. More often, though, Hensley's heroes, trapped in circumstances they can't escape, give themselves over to counterplots ("Widow," "Deadly Hunger," "Watcher," "The Calculator," "Shut the Final Door," "The Retiree") sometimes freelance, sometimes—the difference hardly matters—sanctioned by the law, and at this they excel. Hensley's gift of setting the emotional scene in a few swift strokes, which gives his expositions an economy almost poetic, lifts the best of these pieces—especially "Pain Doctor," a haunting reminiscence of military justice—above his novels (*Robak's Witch*, 1997, etc.). It's obvious from the hints "The Home" drops early on that its nursing-home setting is too disquietingly well-run to be on the level, but few readers will guess just where the tale will end up. Even a gimmicky anecdote like "Truly Yours, John R. Jacks" is so surely sketched that its dialogue will linger to disturb your dreams after the predictable ending.

Hensley's stories don't always fulfill the promise of their setup; but even when they don't, he makes you care about his crabbed judge-avengers anyway. The theater may be miniature, but the characters are never smaller than life.

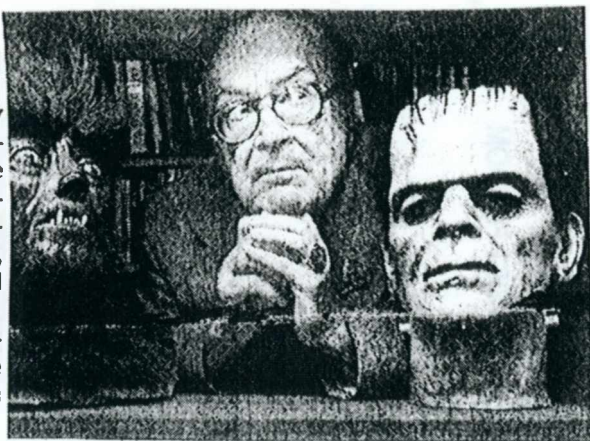
### Bad Blood Over Use of Pen Name 'Dr. Acula'

Ackerman, the former literary agent for Ray Bradbury, Isaac Asimov and L. Ron Hubbard, was the original editor of *Famous Monsters*. But a few years ago, Ackerman had a falling-out with Ferry, who was publisher at the time, and left the magazine.

He sued Ferry over unauthorized use of his Dr. Acula pen name and over failing to share profits from fan conventions.

Ackerman "is generous to a fault. He's been ripped off repeatedly," said director John Landis, who, like fellow filmmakers Steven Spielberg and George Lucas, counts the 84-year-old as a creative influence. Landis, who testified for Ackerman during his trial, said he is glad to see him finally fight back.

Last year, after the jury trial, Ackerman was ultimately awarded rights to the Dr. Acula trademark and a judgment of \$518,000.



Forrest Ackerman, the original editor of *Famous Monsters*

Though Ackerman got his pen name back, he said little else has come from his years of litigation against Ferry. "It cost me four years of my life. I've spent over \$100,000," he said. "It was a year ago that I got that wonderful judgment . . . and I haven't recovered one penny."

Severely  
Edited from  
Submission by  
Noreen Shaw

# SCIENTIFICATION

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF FIRST FANDOM  
634 S ORCHARD DR  
BURBANK, CA 91506

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

"PRESORTED STANDARD"

~~BULK RATE~~

U.S. POSTAGE PAID  
PERMIT #1  
DEARBORN, MI  
48120



Bruce E. Pelz  
15931 Kalisher Street  
Granada Hills CA 91414