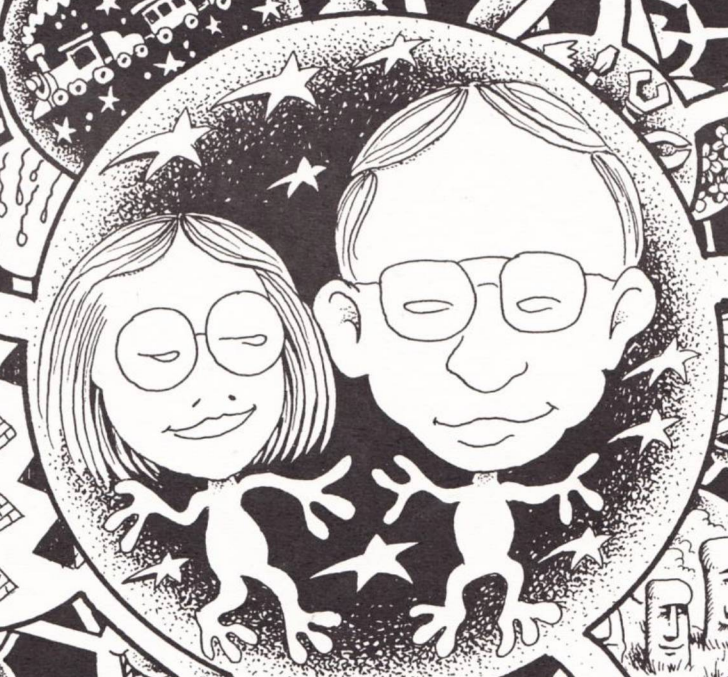
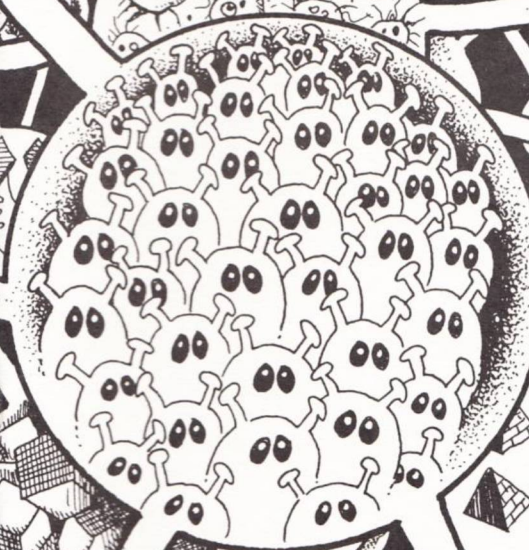
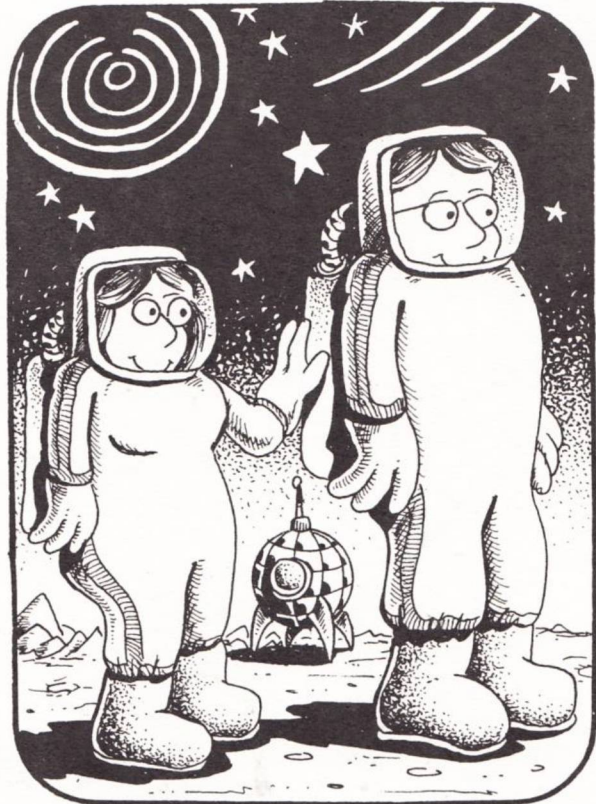


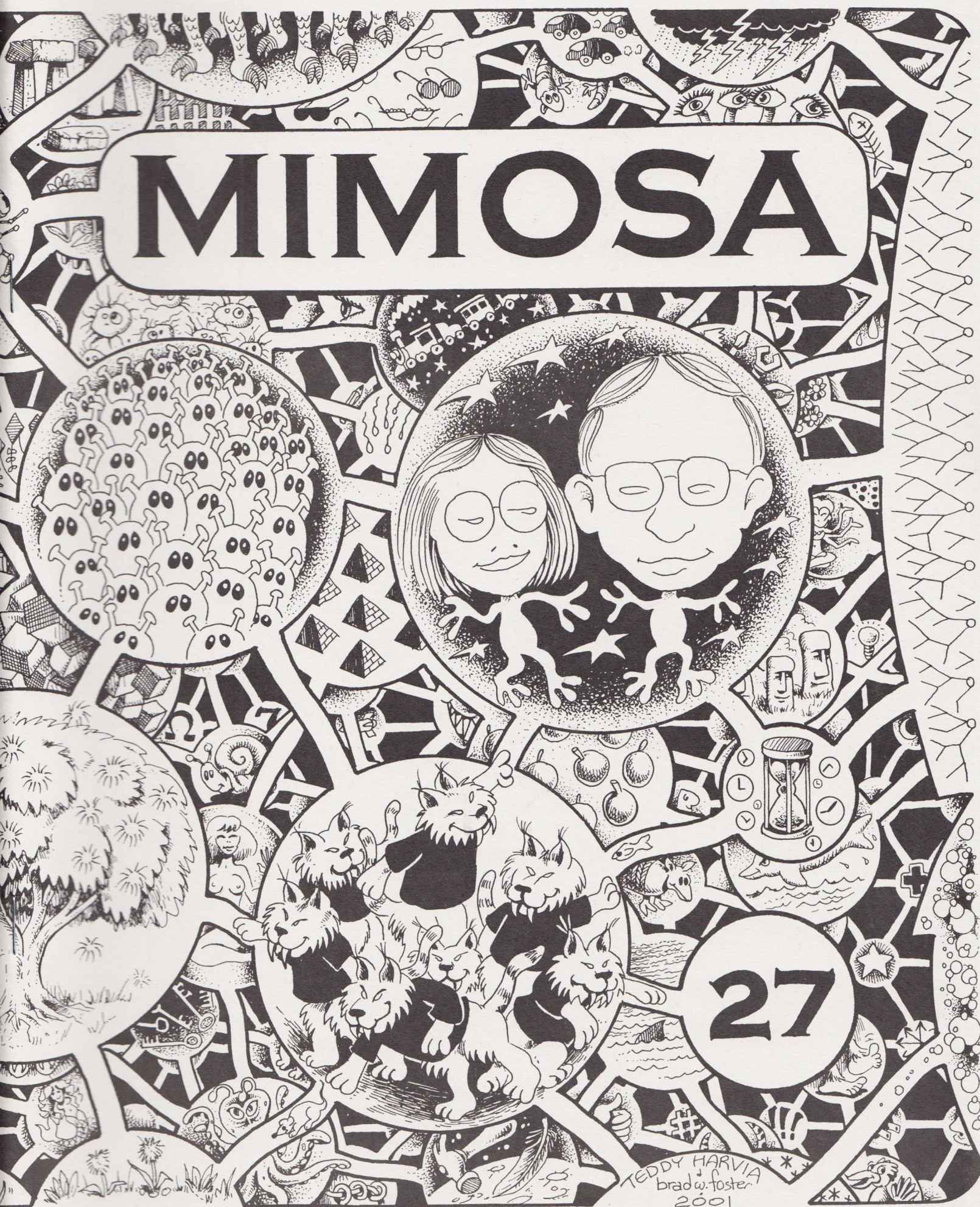
MIMOSA



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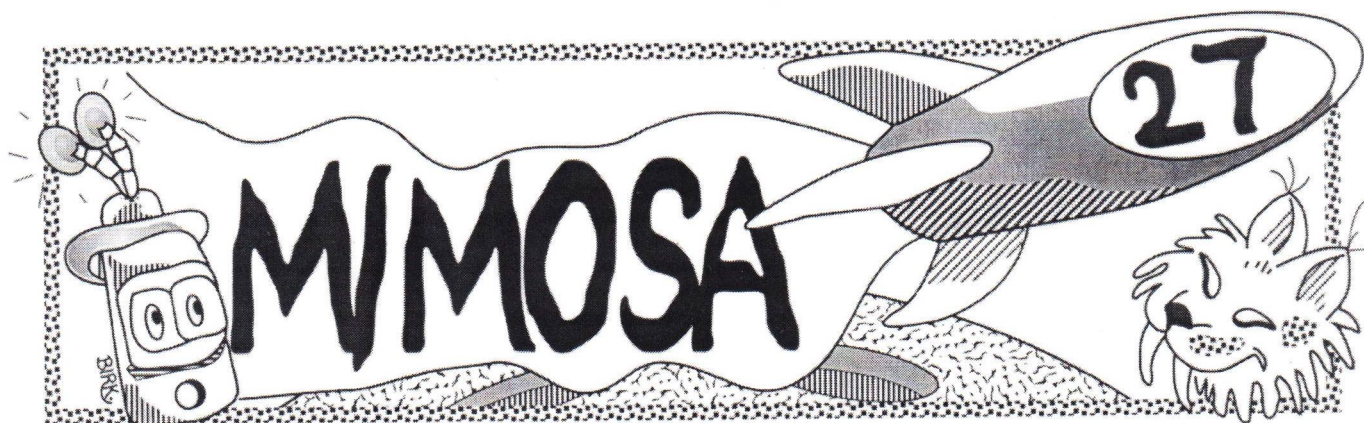
TEDDY HARVIA
brad w. foster
2001

MIMOSA



27

TEDDY HARVIA
brad w. foster
2001



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Mimosa is a fanzine very much devoted to the preservation of the history of science fiction fandom. This, our 27th issue, was published in December 2001, and is available via surface mail for US\$4.00 (and please add US\$3.00 extra postage if you're a non-North American address). Even though this issue may be the last one that has a letters column, your letters and e-mails of comment are still valuable to us; a letter or e-mail of comment on this issue, or a printed fanzine in trade, will get you a copy of the printed version of *M28*. Copies of most back issues are still available; please write us for more information on price and availability, or go to our web site to view some of them online. This entire issue is ©2001 by Nicki and Rich Lynch, with individual rights reverting back to contributors after this one-time use. 'Worldcon' and 'Hugo Award' are service marks of the World Science Fiction Society. All opinions and versions of events expressed by contributors are their own.

☐ If this box is checked, you should send us a letter or e-mail of comment if you want to receive a copy of *Mimosa* 28 (which will be a special 'fanthology' issue).

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It's Finally the New Millennium.

Welcome to the Future....



Most people have learnt to cope with the sudden initial acceleration of anti-gravity, but I still get that uncomfortable tickle in the armpits until we're well out of ionosphere. I leaned back in my personally moulded seat and watched the earth fade back in the retroport, switching to forward viewing as the anti-grav closed in on the space wheel.

The 2050 Worlds Convention was going to be another great one! By the time I'd registered and renewed acquaintance with several old friends my queasiness had long left me. It was great to meet T'ght'k'*llzz again. I hadn't seen him since he ran his home convention on Mars three years ago.

As usual, we had to take care not to tread the half a dozen official delegates from Mercury underfoot, but of course the first time attendees from Jupiter had the same problem with *us*. It was pleasant to see them now that the hostilities between us have ceased. Because of their size, there would be a few programme items they wouldn't be able to attend and of course there was always the fear that they might renew the ill-feeling between us by trampling on the odd attendee or two.

Once I'd thrown my suitcases into my room I headed for the lounge, sat with my back to the room-size ports and dug out my pocket screen so that I could see what programme items had been scheduled to take place so early in the weekend.

There was the usual introductory "Meet the Authors" panel in the main hall, which probably meant that most of them had already arrived, probably on a

priority anti-grav organised by the con committee.

It was a short event, chaired by Brian Littlemore whose brand of insulting humor went down well with the audience. I wasn't all that sure that the Jovians understood all of his pointed remarks but they certainly laughed loud enough. Three or four fans sitting in front of them were blown off their chairs and the poor Mercurians were propelled clear across the room, much to the Jovians' embarrassment.

I wasn't too sure, either, that new author Clarrie Biggs altogether got into the mood of the gathering, especially when Brian referred to her award winning novella, "The Lawns of Psychosis" as "The Yawns of Narcosis." But then, my initial view of her has been that she takes herself a little too seriously.

As usual, several items that held some sort of appeal were scheduled at the same time and decisions had to be made about which to see and which to miss. I decided against the "Who Remembers the Internet?" panel and opted instead for the Horror Writers' Symposium which I knew was going to debate the ethics of selling across the galaxy those episodes of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* that were filmed on Capitol Hill. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that if it helped the global economy, why not? Tracy Benton said that it was more likely to help the administration in New Washington and the only really dissenting voice came from Roger Zinat who said that making money seemed to justify anything these days. Tom Feller pointed out that it would be better if it were the administration that was sold.

The first fan panel was chaired by Jim Delany, the

Fan Guest of Honor. Its theme was "Do Fans Owe Authors Loyalty?" which I thought a clever piece of programming in view of a similar topic listed for a pro-writers' panel later in the con. This was an interesting item but it soon degenerated into each fan naming his personal favorite author and book or webpiece. The most interesting part of the discussion was when a pair of Martians in the audience joined in with some authors whom they claimed were their favorites, in most cases names of which the younger members of the panel hadn't even heard, like Raymond Gallun, Bertram Chandler, Anthony Boucher, Henry Kuttner, and Lewis Padgett. No one seemed at all certain, because of their lack of facial expression, whether or not they were joking, but I'd guess that anyone who has ever read a Martian fanzine would have a strong indication.

As one might have expected the upshot of the discussion was that readers owe the authors loyalty as long as the authors continue to turn out enjoyable pieces.

In the bar where Real Ale, Tandoori Red and Nettle Aborania were all being served at reduced prices, I met Johnny and Kate Winslow and the rest of the Vermont gang and was particularly pleased to note that George Haley was with them this time. It's been quite a while since he last showed up. I noted down on my notepad several of his puns to use in my conreport for *MimosaInterActive*.

This meant that I missed the showing of the color-enhanced *Metropolis in 3-D* once again. I seem to remember seeing a while back that "Maria" from *West Side Story* is being grafted on to a sound track for this movie, too. I do hope that it's included in some future con programme. The movie could do with a little livening up.

The committee had really gone to town on the art show this time, with four corridors of display boards and all four walls of the Bonestall Suite covered with a fantastic and colorful realistic wrap-around array of work by science fiction and fantasy artists past and present, from Hieronymus Bosch through Hannes Bok, Virgil Finlay, Margaret Brundage and Roy Krenkel to Debbie Hughes, George Metzger and Steve Stiles. There were some wonderful graceful sculptures by Mm'terhh Canly Zrr and I particularly liked the huge display by Philippe Druillet loaned to the convention by the Quai d'Orsai and spread across one entire wall.

I bumped into Ken Logie in the corridor and we carefully avoided a pair of Jovians who were intently

showing each other the ancient *Star Trek* paperbacks they'd purchased in the dealers' room. Together we went to the pro panel on "Do Authors Owe Fans Loyalty?" which was chaired by Don Lorimer. Guest of Honor Janet Kay said that she always wrote with her public in mind, and considering that she's sold over a hundred novels, she really would have a 'public', and her words didn't sound at all conceited.

Tammy Cornish's admission that she wrote entirely for the money seemed to shock some members of the audience who weren't sure whether she had her tongue in her cheek or not. Probably they haven't read any of the thirty-seven trilogies she had published last year. T'fghy T'fghy interjected, "@@Hjper**^ Mits';;' @ L. Ron Hubbard," and, while I wouldn't put it *quite* like that, I certainly wouldn't disagree with him.

Susan McKay, who has always been quick to voice an opinion or three, immediately said that for whatever reason anyone wrote anything, the financial reward should be the lowest priority. Some wag in the audience made a *sotto voce* remark here, which caused a good deal of merriment among those sitting near him.

Pam Baines told of how, at a signing session at a large store, she'd once been asked to sign the cover to someone else's holographic story and had debated whether to sign her own name or that of the author. When Janet Kay asked her what she'd actually signed, she suddenly became very demure and ducked out of the question. I can see that little mystery cropping up again on some future occasion when Pam is again on a panel. Josie Gonzales mentioned Raymond Chandler being surprised to find that he had a coterie of fans who eagerly awaited his next novel and commented with some feeling, "Would that we *all* had fans like that!"

Susan McKay pointed out that after reading that old story, *Misery*, and seeing any of the versions of the movie, she had no desire to have any fans; she wrote entirely for one reader only, the editor whom she hoped would buy her story. There was some uncomfortable laughter here and it was obvious that the audience was uncertain whether or not she was joking. I've heard her make this statement on a number of occasions and I've certainly never been sure.

I thought the fan room this time was especially good. There were holograms of so many well-known fans throughout the whole of the previous hundred and twenty years including those personalities from Maryland's infamous eleventh fandom who always

refused to have themselves photographed. A real scoop there!

There were, too, hundreds of issues of fabled fanzines, all capable of being zoomed in on and downloaded with provided scanners. I have a pile two feet high to get me through next winter and I was particularly pleased to obtain the full file of Les Nirenberg's *Panic Button*.

The dealers' room and the auction also provided excellent fare and I managed to obtain pristine facsimiles of the January 1930 *Astounding* and excellent reprints of the Gnome Press Conan books. At only \$75,000 for the lot, too.

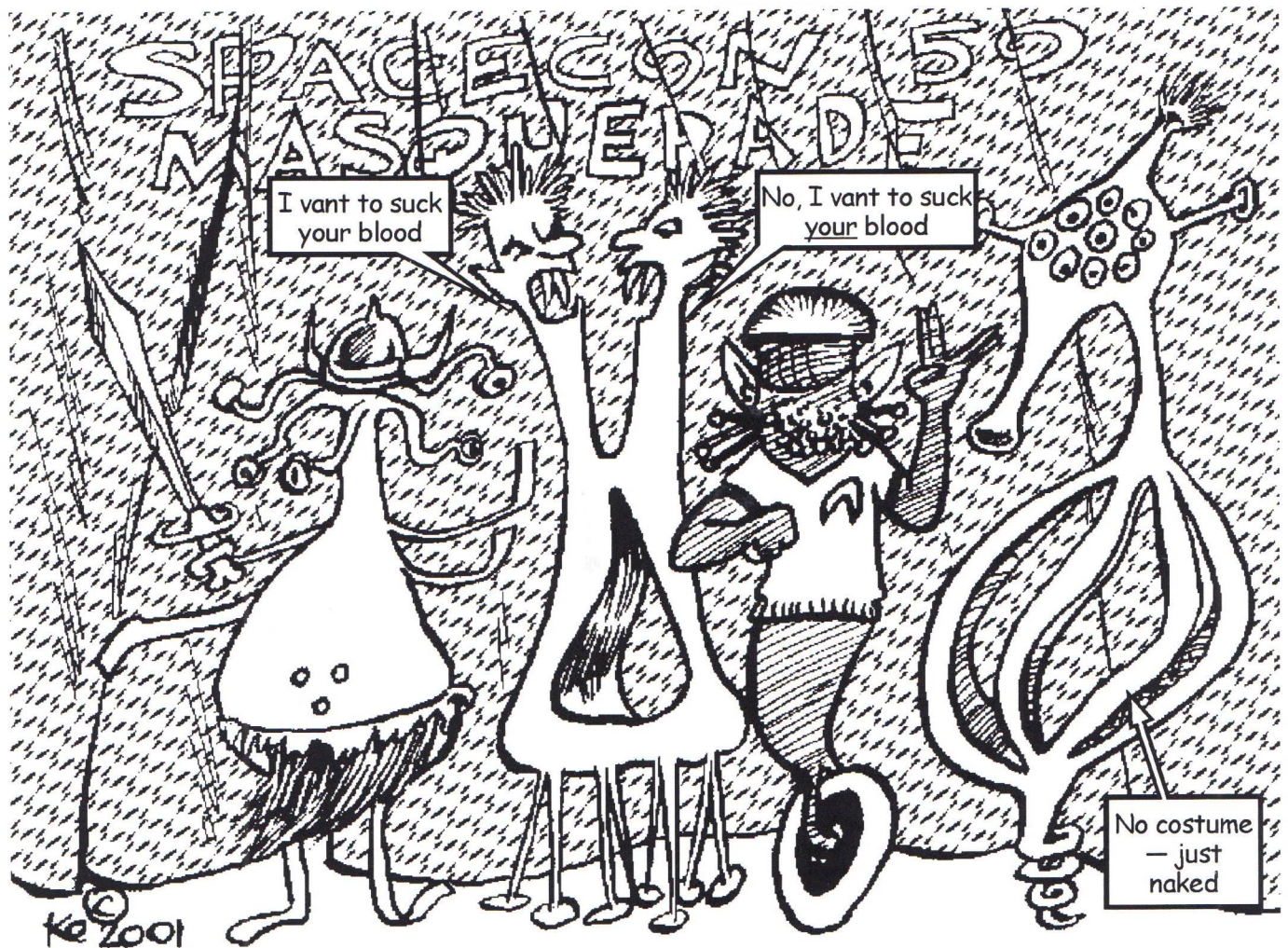
And then there were the informal fan room discussions, happily held during the night in the high atrium in order to accommodate the Jovians who responded by respectfully talking in a whisper.

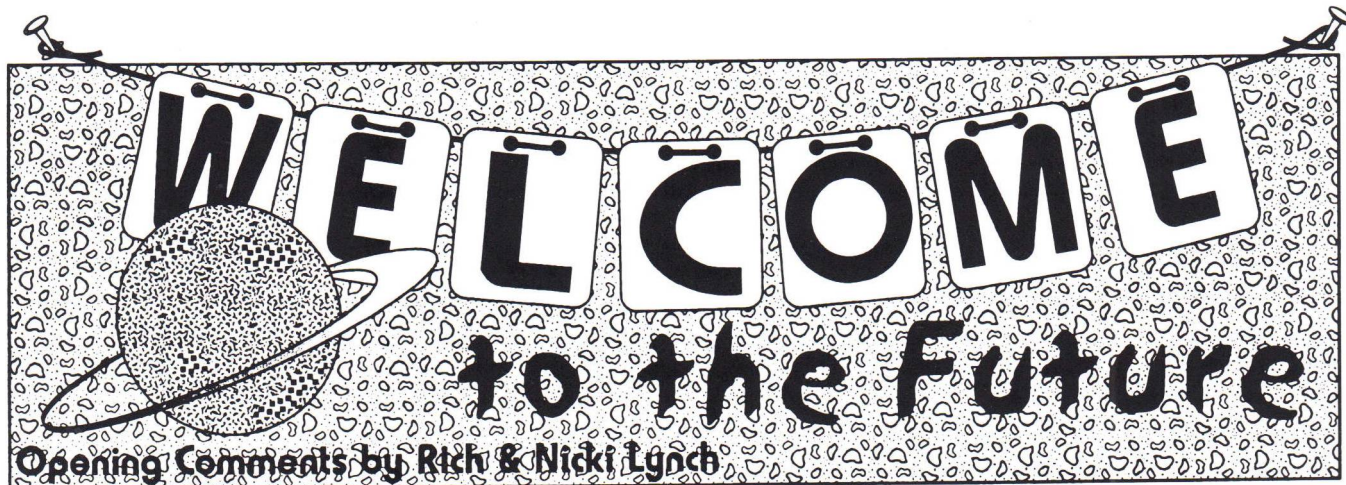
The Masquerade was definitely something special, a wonderful flight of fancy this time with those

taking part really giving full rein to their imagination and several of those in costume really put their hearts and souls into the parts they were portraying by flying around the atrium, which certainly added to the fun and the lavishness of the costumes. It was a pity that the Jovian fans had to be dissuaded from abseiling from the atrium balconies in their costumes depicting their planet's extinct prehistoric gigantic animals.

Still, their costumes were superb and deserved the delicate crystal statuettes which were this year's prizes. I particularly liked Jim Delany's two-headed Venusian Vampire from Alan Cherowski's *Footsteps in the Mirror* and Clair de Wolfe's recreation of the stunning diaphanous winged costume created those many years ago by Karen Anderson.

All in all, it was an enjoyable and stimulating con. I'm looking forward to the next year's gathering which will be back on Earth in Belfast over the Willis Weekend. ☼





Well, it's *finally* the new millennium, but in many ways it sure seems a lot like the old one to us. The Washington traffic has been as bad as ever, most of the tourists this summer still seemed pretty clueless with no sense of direction, and we had the same crappy February weather, with all the mist and rain, as last year. The one thing we *didn't* have was all the hoopla and fireworks celebrations at the end of last year, like there was at the end of 1999. The beginning of the actual first year of the new millennium, like Rodney Dangerfield, "just don't get no respect."

One other thing that's unfortunately the same in this world-of-the-future is that it's no less dangerous a place to live than it was in the previous millennium. If anything, we've learned that it's even more so...

Rich:

September 11th was a bright, clear day in Washington. I was at my desk at work that morning, doing web site development and listening to the local classical music station, when the hourly news had a report that an airplane had crashed into one of the World Trade Center buildings up in New York City.

I was able to get to the CNN web site before it was overwhelmed by the number of people trying to do the same thing; it had a photo showing *much* worse damage than I had expected to see; clearly this hadn't been just a terrible error by a pilot of a small plane. The radio station soon carried another breaking news story that the other World Trade Center tower had been hit by another airplane, and then from down the hall there were people saying the Pentagon, just two miles away from us, had been attacked. I went to the office across the hall (my office looks only onto an interior courtyard), and I could see huge billows of dark black smoke coming from across the river.

We were told to evacuate the building and go home soon after that; there were reports of explo-

sions up on Capitol Hill, at the State Department, and at the Old Executive Office Building. All hoaxes or runaway rumors, luckily. There was also a report that the subway was not running, again false – if it had shut down, I'm not sure how I would have gotten home.

The next few days after that had a feeling of unreality about them, as if I had been stuck in the middle of a Clancy novel, hoping to quickly reach the end and return to the real world. Some of the images from the attacks were terrible to see. I think the most disturbing ones were the shots of people jumping from the upper floors of one of the World Trade Center towers – there was a couple who held hands just before they jumped, and another of somebody who had transformed his death leap into almost an art form, head first with legs crossed as he fell. And there was a photograph of the upper floors of one of the towers, of people at the windows desperately looking out for the help that would never arrive; the photo was taken just before the tower came down.

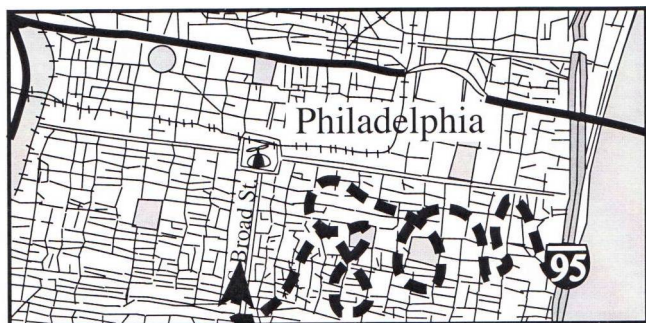
Nicki and I were relieved to find out that nobody we knew was harmed on September 11th, either in New York or here in the Washington area. The same cannot be said for my sister, though, who used to work at the Pentagon, in the same part of the building where the attack occurred, in fact – she was moved offsite when that section of the building was scheduled for renovation. Sixteen people she knew, including two fairly close friends, didn't make it.

###

Just a bit more than one week prior to that terrible day when the world changed, we had been in Philadelphia attending the 2001 Worldcon. This was the first time a worldcon had been held in the City of Brotherly Love in nearly 50 years and it was only the third Philadelphia worldcon ever, but because of the year it was held, the organizers did away with num-

bering and instead officially titled it 'The Millennium Philcon' (with no apologies to George Lucas).

MilPhil officially began on Thursday afternoon, August 30th, but for practical purposes it actually began the previous evening. It only takes about three hours to drive to Philadelphia from where we live in Maryland, and we made it to the hotel by late Wednesday afternoon, in time for the Boston and Charlotte bid parties that evening. There *were* some problems getting there. Even though Philadelphia isn't that far from us, we don't often go there, and we don't know the city nearly as well as perhaps we should. So we relied on the driving instructions that were in MilPhil's final progress report. That was a mistake. It turned out that Pennsylvania had recently renumbered the Interstate exits; when we left I-95 at the recommended place, none of the directions made sense after that. Luckily, the exit we'd taken was Broad Street, which leads directly to the city center, so it actually didn't cause too much of a delay; when you make a wrong turn in Philadelphia, you usually end up across the river in New Jersey!



Our hotel, the Clarion Suites, was in the heart, literally, of Philadelphia's Chinatown. We'd chosen it partly because of its (marginally) lower cost than the other hotels in convention's room blockings, partly on the (mistaken) belief that the entrance to the convention center was just half a block away (only to discover that for most of the convention, the only way into the convention center was a door at the opposite end of the building, three blocks farther on), and partly because we'd very much enjoyed a stay at another hotel in that chain when we stopped in Cleveland last year on the way to the Chicago worldcon. However, *this* hotel wasn't nearly as nice as the one in Cleveland – it had the smallest elevators we've ever seen outside of Europe, each floor seemed to be designed pretty much as a narrow-corridor rabbit warren, and the view from the our room looked into somebody's small kitchen window (where a big pot of soup was simmering for the entire weekend). One thing the

hotel *did* have, though, was character – the building the hotel occupied had formerly been a mill that had produced bent-wood rocking chairs, and there were huge wooden structural beams in many of the rooms, including ours.

Despite our letdown about the hotel, staying in the middle of Chinatown was actually pretty fascinating. Unlike the rest of the city, it never seemed to shut down, even in the middle of the night or on Labor Day. There were almost always shops and markets open, and people out on the street. And there were many, many restaurants.

Chinatown proved to be a good place for food, and many of our dinner expeditions with friends went there. The most interesting of the restaurants we went to was the Kosher Chinese Vegetarian restaurant (complete with a letter of certification by a local Rabbi), where there were dishes with faux meats made from seasonings, tofu, and other vegetables of various kinds. Eve Ackerman, who was there with us, ordered one of the ersatz pork dishes; afterwards she had some fun telling people that she'd found a way to eat pork without violating Kosher.

Nicki:

We had some good meals in Philly, but I didn't manage to get a Philly cheesesteak at all. The closest I came was at the Reading Market, a huge indoor marketplace next door to the convention center that was subdivided into dozens of little produce and meat markets, and also many ethnic and specialty restaurants. The place that sold the cheesesteaks had a very long line so we opted instead for a Greek place. (I love Greek food!) Given our hotel's location, we also had Chinese food during the convention, but not as often as you might think. One of the places we did go was an Asian Fusion place not far from the convention center, as word had gotten around that it was not only very good, but also a bit different. And they were right – where else could you get a lunch of a grilled salmon Peking duck taco? And in addition to that Kosher Chinese Vegetarian restaurant, we also went to what would have been a more typical Chinese place, except for the tank of live frogs in the entryway. It was kind of unnerving seeing them hop and climb all over themselves. If anyone had ordered frog, I would have been out of there!

We never tried to fill ourselves during the dinner expeditions because there were usually a dozen or more parties to go to in the evening. For more than a year, Boston and Charlotte had been staging an in-

creasingly tense and unfriendly campaign for the rights to host the 2004 Worldcon (which Boston won, after all the votes were counted on Saturday night). They got started early, on Wednesday evening; the Charlotte crew had a suite up on the 21st floor of the Marriott and were doing their usual hot barbecue-for-the-masses, while the Boston people had all kinds of things to eat and drink, and were staging their event down on the 6th floor of the Marriott, where they had arranged five rooms in a row in an attempt to lower the population density. Besides those, the Japanese fans gave out samurai headbands and saki as they hosted two nights of parties to promote their 2007 Worldcon bid, the Los Angeles bid party for the 2006 Worldcon made us 'Space Cadets', and the Brits were once again pouring single malt Scotch for their Scotland-in-2005 bid. And there were more yet! Some of the parties were somewhat indescribable in theme – there was even one whose theme appeared to be 'worship of sugar' and had a table piled high with all kinds of sugary treats. If you were looking for anything other than pixie sticks, gummies, hard candy, and other sugary delights, you had to go somewhere else.

The parties were mostly in the Marriott Hotel, which attached itself to the Philadelphia Convention Center by an elevated walkway that ended in a large atrium just before merging into the Center. The atrium was an amazing place in its own right, complete with representations of constellations on the ceiling and a long, winding metal tubular lattice sculpture that possibly was intended to be a 'wormhole' to get to those far-off places. Perhaps the sculptor was a science fiction fan?

The Convention Center was where just about all the programming took place. The evening before the convention began, we had looked over the schedule and marked what we each wanted to see and what we each were committed to attend as participants. There was a lot of good-sounding discussion panels and we made most of them, even though it often meant dashing from the Convention Center to the Marriott and back again. There were also some interesting films and Anime scheduled, but they were either shown at a bad time (such as three o'clock in the morning) or else in conflict with some other programming event we wanted or needed to be at. The descriptions of the Anime were fun to read, though.

Nicki:

I was on five panels, one of which I had suggested (and as a result, was appointed modera-

tor). The programming was very well done and both Rich and I found so many panels to attend that a couple days we only met up at dinner time. My first panel was titled "Camera Obscura: SF and Fantasy Films You Haven't Heard Of." This was the second time I've been on a panel of this title and I still don't really have much of an idea on what to say (I brought a few notes on a movie I'd seen recently, *Six String Samurai*, that seemed to qualify). Still, the panel had people who did know movies and there was a lively discussion of the difference between 'unknown' and 'obscure'; one of the other panelists even came prepared with a list of his favorite obscure films and why they were noteworthy.

I was on only one fanzine-related panel, "The Well Read Fan: What Current Fanzines Should All Well-Read Fans Be Reading?" Again, an organized fan – two of them, in fact – were on the panel; Brad Foster had a list of all the fanzines he had received, so could talk to the health of the activity, while Leah Smith had a list of the 'good stuff' and some opinion as to why she thought so. We also talked a bit about fanzine production, so next year I think I'll ask for a panel on starting/sustaining a fanzine – a "Pub Your Ish" panel, perhaps. At a different fanzine panel, a person in the audience announced about having published her first zine right there at MilPhil, and was given on-the-spot advice on how to distribute it at the convention. It was a clear indication that people are still interested in publishing, whether online or on paper.

The panel that I moderated, "Xena: Warrior Princess Farewell," was one of the last ones of the convention. I wasn't really expecting a large crowd, but it turned out there were more than enough followers of the Warrior Princess to have a good panel. But, while I had hoped to have a panel that praised the show, it turned into a gripe session about what went wrong in the final episode and in the series in general. At least we did end on it on a positive note by having the crowd give the Xena battle yell!

Rich:

Last year, at Chicon 2000, I hadn't been on any programming at all, but there really hadn't been much that I would have been interested or able to contribute to, anyway. This year was different – I was able to find so many interesting panels that I was having trouble finding free time to do other things. I moderated two panels, one on the Heidelberg Worldcon of 1970 (I had some good panelists in Tony Lewis, Waldemar Kummig, and Robert Silverberg), and another on present and future means of energy production

(with Jordin Kare, Vicki Warren, and Greg Benford). The latter had more than 200 attendees, which made it the most well-attended presentation I've ever directly participated in, as fan or career professional. Except, of course, for the Hugo Awards.

For the 11th year in a row, we had been nominated for a Hugo Award for *Mimosa*. And for the second year in a row, we finished second behind Mike Glyer and his excellent newszine, *File 770*. Dave Langford won two Hugos this year, one (as usual) for Fan Writer, and the other for his Short Story, "Different Kinds of Darkness." Another winner was Jack Williamson, who at 90+ years old, is now the oldest person (while still alive) to ever win a Hugo Award.

Nicki:

We were allowed to bring two guests to the Hugo Nominees reception prior to the Awards Ceremony and to the Nominees Party afterwards, so we asked Cathy Green and Sheri Bell, two of the newer members of our local sf club WSFA, to be our guests. But we also had another person to be on the lookout for – our friend Sheryl Birkhead, who was a first-time nominee for the Fan Artist Hugo. Sheryl originally had not planned to come to MilPhil, but a few weeks before the convention decided she'd take the train to Philadelphia on Sunday and be at the convention for about a day to attend the Hugo Ceremony and see what she could of the rest of the convention.

Earlier, I had intervened on Sheryl's behalf for space in the Art Show for her; she had found out about two weeks before the convention that the Fan Artist Hugo nominees had been allotted free space in the Show, but she hadn't been previously informed because she wasn't on the Art Show list. (I guess the assumption is that any fan artist who is nominated will already be in the Art Show.) I was able to help clear things up, and we brought Sheryl's hastily collected artwork to Philly for display. Later, the Hugo Ceremony organizers didn't have a picture of Sheryl to show at the Hugo ceremony when the nominations were read, so they decided to show one of her cartoon illustrations instead. But the Art Show refused to let them photograph any since they didn't have Sheryl's permission. (Life is just so complicated!)

At any rate, Sheryl showed up at the Hugo Awards Ceremony with only moments to spare and vanished from the post-Hugo party almost as soon as she got there, not to be seen by us again.

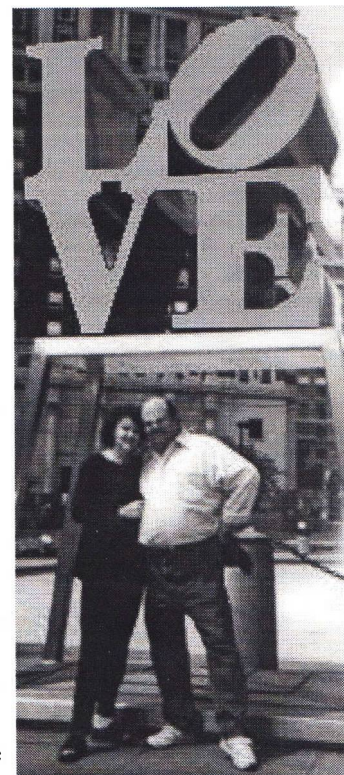
Our friend and fellow fanzine publisher Guy Lillian had also been nominated for a Hugo award, for

his fanzine *Challenger*; we think he's going to win one eventually, though Mike Glyer will need to end his hot streak first (and Mike will be tough to beat next year, out in San Jose). Meanwhile, let's repeat the mantra: "It really *is* an honor just to be nominated!" Believe it.

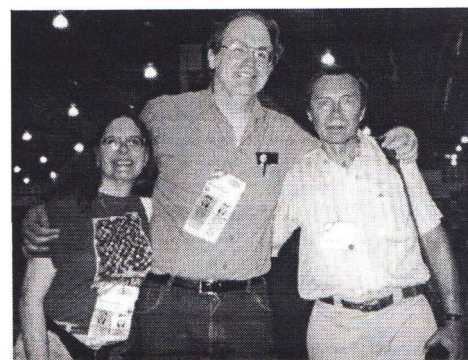
It was good to see Guy again, and especially nice to see his wife Rose. We had felt bad about missing their wedding, back in June, but we did manage to spend a bit of time with them, taking them to lunch one day at the Asian Fusion restaurant and taking a photo of them (for a wedding quilt Nicki will make for them) in front of one of Philadelphia's more famous sculptures. The subject of the sculpture seemed entirely appropriate.

There were quite a few memorable moments at MilPhil. Rich got to meet a fanzine editor from the early 1950s, Joel Nydahl, who became famous back then not only for the spectacular two-volume 'annish' of his fanzine *Vega*, but also in the rather abrupt gaffiation he made soon afterwards, attributed to burn-out (though he now claims there were other reasons, as well). We also got to meet a Russian fan, Dr. Yuri Mironets, who had been brought to the convention by a special fund administered by Philadelphia writer/fan Catherine Mintz; Yuri has been a recipient of *Mimosa* for several

years but we never thought our paths would cross, as we're not likely to ever go to Vladivostok. And even though we didn't win a Hugo, we



Rose and Guy



Nicki, Rich, and Yuri at MilPhil

still shared in the thrill of the moment; fan artist Teddy Harvia (a.k.a David Thayer) did, and his 16-year-old daughter, Matilda, was present to see it – MilPhil was her first convention!

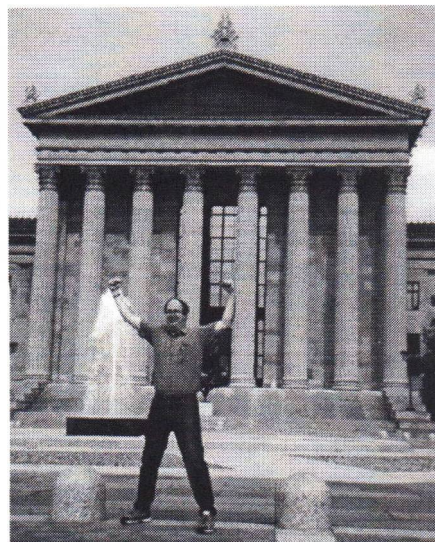
Rich:

The most memorable moment of all for me came early Saturday evening. For the past three years, the Bucconeer people have been using leftover resources from the 1998 Worldcon to fund an annual student science fiction essay, story, and artwork contest. There have been dozens of entrants each year, and the awards presentation is held at the worldcon. I sat through about half of this year's presentation (I was one of the readers for the essays) and then I left to go talk to Bruce Pelz, who was sitting near the entrance to the main concourse of the convention center. Not long afterward, there appeared a man and his wife and their little girl; they had driven from Maryland to Philadelphia so the young lady could accept her award and recognition as one of the finalists.

It seemed to me that neither the man nor his wife were SF fans; I don't think they had convention memberships and they were late because the woman had to work that day. They didn't know where in the convention center the ceremony was being held so I hurriedly brought them there, and it turned out that the ceremony was still going on and the young lady was able to go on stage, shake hands with Hal Clement, and receive her certificate after all. Afterwards, before they left to go home, the man took a photo of his wife and their daughter beneath the 'World Science Fiction Society' banner in the convention center, and you could see how happy the young lady was. They spotted me, came over and thanked me, saying I had "gone the extra mile" to get them to the ceremony on time. It was just a little thing, but it made my weekend. Losing a Hugo wasn't such a big deal after that.

There are other memories of Philadelphia we've brought back with us. The city itself was well worth a day's sightseeing, and there are two pretty good bus tours available to do so (though one of them is disguised as a trolley). The historic part of the city has the Liberty Bell (in its own pavilion) and Independence Hall, of course, but there's more in Philadelphia than just that. The Rodin Museum has one of the few castings of 'The Thinker', right out there at the street-side entrance. The U.S. Mint is there, too, and we took a tour, with some other fan friends, on Tuesday morning just before we left to drive back home. And, up on a hill at the far end of a long, wide boulevard is

the Philadelphia Museum of Art, made famous in the movie *Rocky* when Sylvester Stallone charged up the stone stairs in front of the museum and threw his arms in the air in triumph, a pose that many visitors to the museum have no doubt emulated. Philadelphia is a good city, and MilPhil was a good convention.



Rich strikes a pose

###

Not quite two weeks after the September 11th attacks there was more sad news, of the death of Meade Frierson. Back in the 1970s, Meade was the President of the Southern Fandom Confederation, a loose collection of fans and fan clubs across the southeast USA that did a very good job bringing new people into science fiction fandom and, in general, bringing needed visibility to fan activities there. His fanac was of many kinds – Official Editor of the apa SAPS and member of the apa SFPA for many years, one of the first fans in VCR fandom when home video became affordable for most of us back then, and, back before Internet access became widely available, a user and evaluator of computer bulletin boards (some of his reviews and recommendations were published in one of the personal computing magazines).

Meade was always the Voice of Reason in Southern Fandom – someone who was universally respected and above all feuds. He was also a visionary – he and his wife Penny were two of the strongest proponents of bringing a worldcon to the South (which finally happened in 1986 with ConFederation). We had been friends with Meade and Penny since our earliest days in fandom back in the 1970s; Meade was very much an actifan, and we saw him at almost every convention we attended back then and there were a lot of them – 10 to 12 a year, none of them very large, and all within a reasonably easy drive from where we lived. When we moved north from Tennessee to Maryland in 1988, we mostly fell out of touch, crossing paths with him only every few years and hearing disturbing reports every so often on how his overall

health was beginning to deteriorate.

Meade leaves behind a legacy as one of Southern Fandom's great organizers. The Southern Fandom Confederation, which has continued to have support and interest from fan groups across the South, is a living memorial to his memory.

###

If there was any happy news in September, it was that seventeen days after the September 11th calamity, the local sf club, WSFA, held its first convention in more than four years – its previous convention, Disclave, had been a victim of a different kind of calamity, one involving water instead of fire (but that's another story). The new convention, CapClave, was a relatively small and lightly programmed event with only about 300 people attending, but it was the first chance we had to talk with some of our friends from the New York area since the day of the attacks. The overall mood of those who attended seemed to be almost that of an extended family, and the convention almost seemed like one huge room party with a little bit of programming going on over at the far end.

And about two weeks after that, it was on to Bloomington, Illinois, for this year's Ditto fanzine fans' convention, which also doubled this year as a FanHistoricon. Bloomington is the home city for one of science fiction fandom's most illustrious personalities, Bob Tucker. Bob has been our friend for more than 25 years; back when we lived in Tennessee, he would spend a night or two at our house just before and after the Chattacons each year. Bob doesn't go to conventions any more, so the convention came to him instead. It was the first time we'd been on an airplane since Sep-

tember 11th, and while the flights themselves were totally uneventful, the increased security

and long lines at the airports as well as the subliminal sense of anxiety in the departure lounges were more indications that the world was now a different place than it was just a bit more than a month earlier to that.

The convention itself was an absolute delight; it

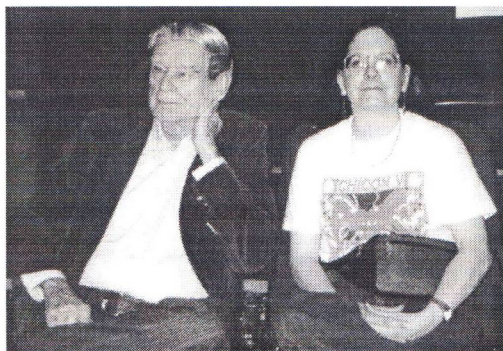
was a pleasant, relaxing weekend, and we're happy we made the trip. Tucker was there, of course, as were several other members of First Fandom: Art Widner, Jack Speer, and Forry Ackerman. As you might expect, there was a heavy emphasis on What Has Gone Before in fandom, and there was a reasonable amount of fanhistorical-related programming – Art Widner had a slide show from conventions in the 1940s, there were interviews of Speer, Ackerman, and Tucker, and a panel with the four of them remembered other famous and infamous fans of decades past. All the panels and interviews were audiotaped by Dick and Leah Smith, who also organized the convention.

For the fanzine part of the convention, Dick and Leah had produced a superb issue of their Hugo-worthy fanzine, *Spirits of Things Past*, subtitled titled *Contact!* – it was a collection of vignettes and longer tales of how 72 fans found science fiction fandom, from Forry Ackerman in 1929 to Lisa Freitag in 1984. The stories were fascinating and add to the preservation of the history of sf fandom. It's the best single issue of a fanzine we've seen in a long time.

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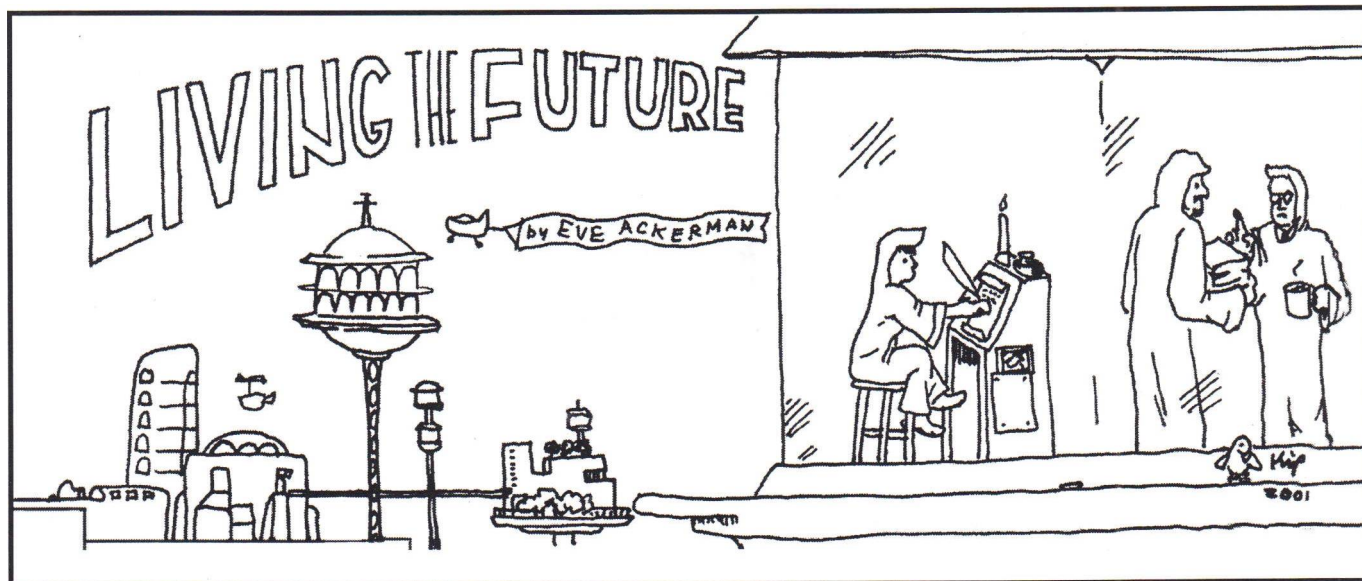
And speaking of fanzines, this seems a good place to talk about the future of *this* fanzine. We mentioned as far back as *Mimosa* 24 that it was unlikely we'd publish beyond issue 30, and that decision is now final. There will be three more issues after this, but only one more issue (#30) that will feature original material. The next two issues, #28 and #29, will be a two-volume 'Best of *Mimosa*' fanthology, and both will be published in 2002. The final issue, #30, will be a 'FIAWOL' theme issue, and will be published in the first half of 2003. Also, we probably will not include a letters column in any of the last three issues, as we'll likely need that space for other material. (But please send us a letter of comment on this issue anyway; we'll forward your comments on the contents of the issue to the respective writers and artists.)

As for this issue, we're featuring articles and essays on a variety of things – the dream of future travel to the planets and bad dreams while traveling home from a worldcon of the past; an homage to a noted futurist and remembrances of some storied past fan activities; of the future of publishing and a famous movie star of the past; of the beginning of gaming fandom and a night in a structure designed to survive the end of the world. In short, we hope you will like this issue; we think we've filled it with entertaining things to read, and we hope you think so, too. ✨



Bob and Nicki at the FanHistoricon

☞ Since this is supposed to be a 'Welcome to the Future' theme issue, we should begin the issue by speculating a bit about the future of publishing. Actually, not all that much speculation is even necessary; already, paper-based fanzines like this one are becoming an endangered species in favor of 'electronic' publication, on the World Wide Web; we have an electronic equivalent of many issues on our web site, but some newer fanzines – Joyce Worley Katz's *Smokin' Rockets*, for instance – exist *only* as a web-based publication (at efanzines.com). Book publishing might also be headed in the same direction, which brings us to this next article. The writer, besides being a welcome addition to our pages here twice previously, also writes Romance novels under the pen name Darlene Marshall. Her first book, *Pirate's Price*, is available from LTDBooks (www.ltdbooks.com) and Powell's Books (www.powells.com), and she's just finished her second, which has a working title of *Pirate's Hope*, and is about to start novel number three. Here's a look at the brave new world of e-publishing.



I am not a Luddite. Every morning when I pop my disposable contact lenses into my eyes, when my coffemaker's timer goes off making sure I have a fresh brewed cup at hand without me having to think about the mechanics of making coffee, when I boot up my computer to begin the day's work, I'm glad I'm living in the here-and-now.

Think about it for a minute. We're living in the 21st century. We're living in *the future*. How cool is that? Even though we don't yet have weekly shuttles to colonies on Mars we do have palm size computers and cars that ask directions for you. We have polio vaccine and penicillin. My dog takes a pill and doesn't get fleas. Men can take a pill and get an erection.

And we have a whole new world of publishing, electronic publishing. I see e-books as being right now in a sort of fuzzy area between fanzines and professional publications, which is to say while much of what's being put out in e-format is royalty-paying publishing, there's also e-pubbing in the vanity press mode, a chance to get your work before some audience even if you have to pay the freight yourself.

My first book is published in e-format. It's not SF, but a historical romance. What can I say? Au-

thors are told "write what you know" and I know more about 19th century Florida history and piracy than I do about FTL space travel. When I completed *Pirate's Price* and sent it out for publication, I got back some nice responses along the lines of "it's a very entertaining story, but it's too *short*. Make it about another 50,000 words and we'll talk."

The problem was, the book was done. Finished. Oh sure, I could have padded it, thrown in another 50K's worth of adjectives, adverbs and modifiers, but then it wouldn't have been the same story and I didn't believe it would be better.

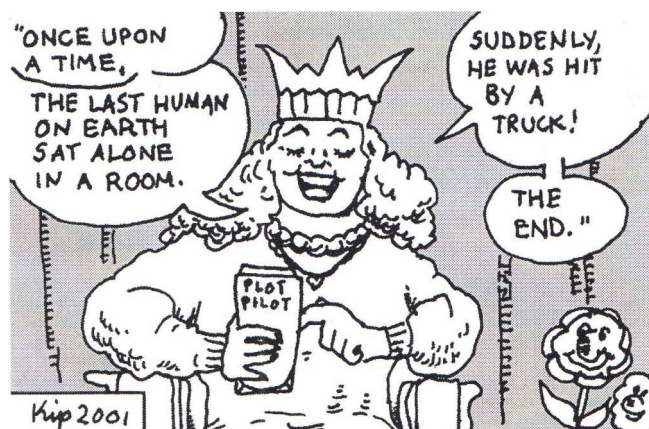
I belong to an on-line writing group on Compu-Serve (there's that modern technology again), their Readers & Writers Ink Forums. And let me say this about an on-line group vs. a face-to-face writing group: with an on-line group you can attend sessions in your jammies. You can download and read messages on your own time. And when someone critiques what you write, you can scream, "You stupid SOB! You couldn't write out a shopping list and you have the nerve to tell me to cut back on my modifiers!" and the person you're screaming at doesn't hear you.

When I was discussing with an on-line writing friend the publisher's responses to my novel, he said, "Why don't you contact an e-publisher?" and sent me to a site for a company that had published his wonderfully amusing romance novel, a novel just like other romance novels I'd read, except instead of a hero and heroine the two main characters were the same sex.

The more I investigated e-publishing, the more intrigued I was. When it comes to a great deal of what's being published in e-format, you can say Sturgeon's Law is generous. But at the same time it's filling a niche and a need. As conventional print publishers tighten their submission policies and seem to publish a great deal of cookie cutter plot lines, the e-publishers are able to be a bit more daring and innovative.

One reason is overhead. There's just no comparison between the cost of production for an e-book and the cost of a print book. An e-book publisher doesn't have to worry about remainders, oversells, and books piling up in warehouses. If an e-book has a typographical error, it's simple stuff to get back into the program and fix it. You don't have to wait for another print run. And while e-book readers are nice, they're not necessary. Almost all e-books come in formats that make them readable on your desktop, notebook, or PDA.

From my perspective, one of the advantages of e-publishing is short is better than long. Where a print publisher wants books of a certain length for them to be saleable on the mass market and worth the cost of production, an e-publisher wants shorter works because no one wants to read *War and Peace* off a computer screen.



I've seen e-publishers bring back out-of-print books, release short stories individually and allow new writers an opportunity they might not otherwise

have. There are advantages for the consumer as well. If you travel with your computer you can have multiple books and articles loaded waiting for you to read them, lightening your travel load by not having to schlep a lot of printed material around.

But there's a downside to this new technology too. For many people it's not a book if you can't caress its cover, smell the ink, stuff it in your purse or prop it up on your chest to read in bed at night.

Selling my novel to the e-publisher wasn't hard. Selling my novel to the reading public *was* hard.

The general reaction was, "I want, y'know, a book. If I have to read it on my computer, it's not a book."

Not surprisingly, people under the age of 30 were much more open to the idea of my e-book. In an age when college students take their lecture notes on laptops, getting someone to download and read a book is not such a hard sell. And for the reactionaries I used different sales techniques.

"Look," I said, "it's a short book. You download it onto your computer at work and when the boss isn't around and you need a break, read a chapter or two. It's got sex and pirates. Much more entertaining than Minesweeper."

Part of the problem is we do not yet have a standard, cheap e-reader. My dream as I watch my teenagers struggle out the door each day, looking like turtles under the weight of their backpacks, is to see an e-reader emerge that will fill a market need. Something extremely durable (bounceable from a height of 1.5 meters would be nice) and relatively inexpensive (under \$100) that would serve one primary purpose, to display text comfortably. For students, it's a natural. Textbooks that now get replaced every ten years could be updated and replaced quarterly with a quick download. The back troubles would disappear. Students already get notes off the 'net, accessing school websites or teacher's homepages, or e-mailing school assignments and notes to their friends. Wouldn't it make sense to have their textbooks as easily accessible?

Once that market has been opened, then it's a small step to provide the product for the e-readers. Books, periodicals, professional journals, monographs, all could be downloaded and printed if necessary, but if not they're not printed-out – there are that many less trees being pulped, that much less space taken up at the landfill.

There will always be a market for quality printed books, but let's face it, a great deal of what's pub-

lished now is highly disposable and prompts the great cry of reviewers everywhere, "trees died for this?!"

There is a lot of SF out there which doesn't reach the audience that wants it. Old stories out of print, books out of print, classic anthologies out of print. Some companies are already bringing the out of print material back as e-books and allowing subscribers to download single stories or combinations of stories. Just glancing at my shelves as I write this I see a number of SF books and collections that are currently unavailable but deserve another chance.

So, getting back to my e-book, it's been a struggle to get people to accept the idea of a book that's not like the books they're used to. Even the courts have been involved, arguing over whether e-books are true "books" as defined by publishing contracts. And I do have some concerns as an author over what's being marketed. I know my book is being published by a royalty paying publisher who paid me an advance and put me through an editorial process and sends me

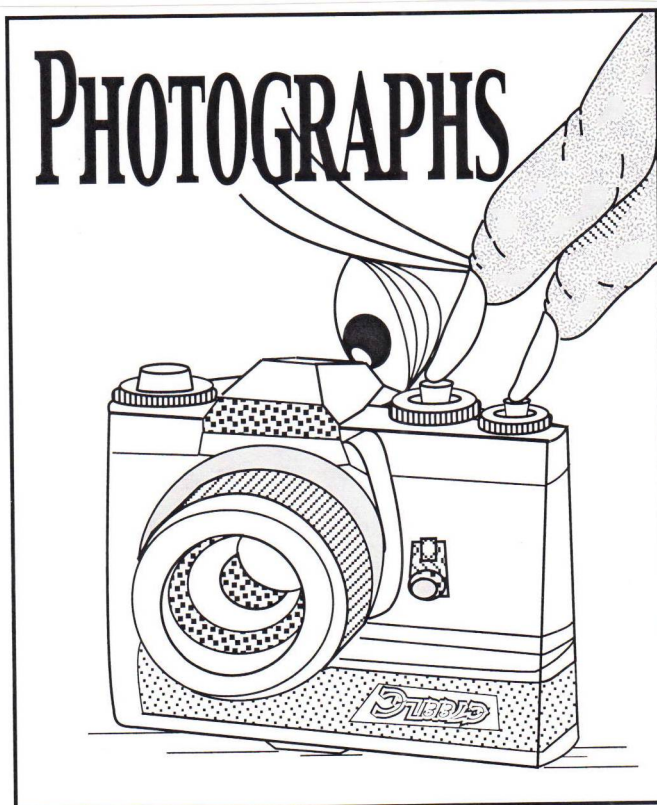
money. In other words, I didn't pay to have my book read, edited and published. But many of the new publishers are offering what is essentially vanity press service and there's nothing wrong with that. If people want to self publish, they're entitled to do so, but when your book has passed through the hands of an editor who isn't being paid by you the author, but is being paid by a professional publisher who sees some value in the story, it does send a different message to the potential reader.

But I can't complain. Because of the new world of publishing I've got an outlet that didn't exist a few years back. I've now finished my second novel, which is longer and perhaps will be considered more publishable by a traditional print publisher. But if not, I've still got the option of going the e-book route.

So when it comes to the technology of the 21st century, I'm an optimist. Who knows? By the time my grandchildren read my books, they may be reading them on those weekly Mars shuttles. ✨

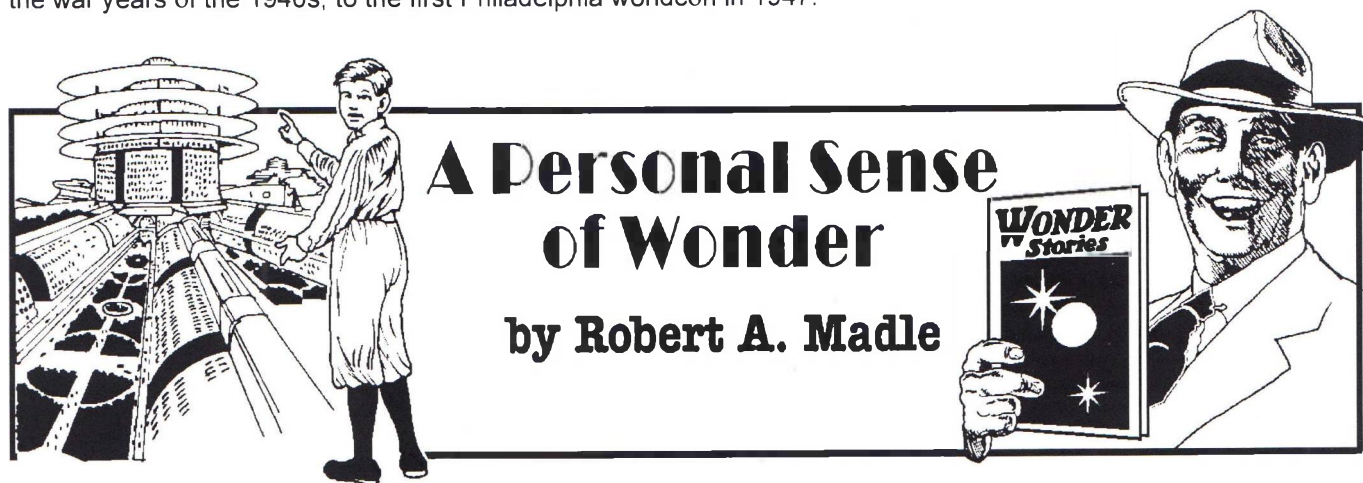


Sheryl Birkhead – pages 2, 6, 7, 14, 23, 28, 49
Kurt Erichsen – pages 3, 5, 34, 35, 37
Sharon Farber – pages 29, 30, 31
Brad Foster – pages 32, 33
Teddy Harvia – pages 23, 41, 42, 48
Teddy Harvia & Brad Foster – cover
Julia Morgan-Scott – pages 20, 21, 43
William Rotsler & Alexis Gilliland – pages 50,
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Marc Schirmeister – page 26
Craig Smith – pages 24, 25
Steve Stiles – pages 38, 40
Charlie Williams – pages 15, 17, 19, 22
Kip Williams – pages 12, 13, 29



Nicki Lynch – page 10
Rich Lynch – pages 9 (top), 11
Craig Miller – page 9 (bottom)
others unknown

☛ This year's Philadelphia Worldcon, MilPhil, was just the latest event in the long and storied history of Philadelphia fandom. This next article looks back at some of this history through the eyes of one of its founding members, Bob Madle. In this first of a two-part remembrance of his long and illustrious career as a science fiction fan, Bob describes his personal odyssey, starting with his discovery of science fiction from futuristic pulp magazine covers in the early 1930s, to the first-ever science fiction convention in 1936, to the beginnings of the worldcons, through the war years of the 1940s, to the first Philadelphia worldcon in 1947.



I was not quite a teenager when I first found my personal 'sense of wonder'. It was 1933, and I was walking past this back-date store, in Philadelphia where I lived with my parents, and there, in the window, was a copy of *Wonder Stories*. The cover of the magazine showed a giant moon coming towards the earth. It was so fascinating that I just had to have it, so I ran home and asked my mother for a nickel to buy it. And that's how I discovered science fiction.

Soon thereafter, when I was an active Boy Scout, my father told me that I needed a new pair of Scout pants and gave me two dollars. But on the way to the clothing store, I saw this magazine shop and the whole window was filled with *Wonder Stories*, *Amazing Stories*, and others. I went in there instead, and I spent the whole two dollars on magazines – they were a nickel apiece or six for a quarter. As you might expect, it resulted in some real trouble for me. But it did start my science fiction collection.

It didn't take me too long to discover there were others who were also interested in science fiction. I liked finding out what other people thought of the stories I read so I began reading the Readers' Departments in the magazines, and some of the letter writers soon became as famous to me as some of the authors. In particular there was one fan, Allan Glasser, who I really think, historically, can be named as the first real science fiction fan. He had letters in the old *Science Wonder Stories*, and had earlier won a couple of Hugo Gernsback's contests. He wrote some of the most

fantastic letters.

It didn't take me long to decide to write some letters of my own, but the first letter I ever wrote did not appear in a science fiction magazine. Gernsback, at the end of 1934, had started a magazine called *Pirate Stories*, in which he'd written an editorial that stated that 'We will print stories about pirates of the past, pirates of the present, and, yes, even pirates of the future'. So I sat down and wrote him a short letter saying that he should try to get a complete novel by Edmund Hamilton, who could write a great space pirate story. There was a free subscription to either *Pirate Stories* or *Wonder Stories* if your letter was printed, and so there I was, at age 13, winning a free subscription to *Wonder Stories*. I thought that was just incredible.

After that I began writing to *Amazing Stories* and *Wonder*, and my first letter to *Amazing* appeared in the August 1935 issue. It was also in 1935 that I discovered that not only were there other science fiction fans around the country, there were even some in my immediate area. By then Gernsback had started the Science Fiction League; he had mentioned it in the April 1934 *Wonder Stories* and in the May issue it was organized. I didn't join at the time because I didn't have the membership fee, but in 1935, Milton Rothman and Raymond Mariella announced that they were starting a Philadelphia chapter of the SFL. I sent a card to them, but for some reason, it wasn't until September that Milt got in touch with me.

By then I had made contact with some other local fans, and three of them – John Baltadonis, Jack Agnew, and Harvey Greenblatt – and myself had started our own little science fiction club, which we called the Boys' Science Fiction Club. Baltadonis was really the first fan I got to know. I'd met him in first grade, and we became friends for life – we discovered *Tom Swift* together; we discovered Edgar Rice Burroughs, and we discovered the science fiction magazines. We all were meeting once every couple of weeks at my house; when I finally got in touch with Rothman I found out that for their first couple meetings only a few people showed up and after that nobody showed up except him and Mariella. So, in October 1935 we all came over there, along with Oswald Train, who had just moved to Philadelphia from elsewhere in Pennsylvania, and it sort of reorganized. That the beginning of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society.

The seven of us were the founding members. There were others who attended, too; sometimes we had as many as 12-15 people at meetings. By December, when the club was only a few months old, Rothman came running over to my house waving this letter he'd just received from Charles D. Hornig, who was the Managing Editor of *Wonder Stories* and also the 'Working Manager' of Gernsback's Science Fiction League. He and Julius Schwartz, who was the editor of *Fantasy Magazine*, the leading fan magazine of its time, were coming to visit us!

Everything in fandom back then revolved around the professional magazines – *Wonder Stories*, *Amazing Stories*, *Astounding Stories*, and to a somewhat lesser extent, *Weird Tales*. They were the Big Four, and all of fandom revolved around them. In the early meetings of the club, we discussed the stories that appeared in those magazines, and we discussed the authors. What Schwartz's *Fantasy Magazine* did was publish interviews with the editors, articles about the authors, columns telling what stories had been accepted and rejected – everything was about the professional magazines. Back then, and unlike today, the prozines were everything. When Julius Schwartz and Charles D. Hornig came to visit us on a snowy Saturday afternoon, we all sat around on the floor and they talked about the science fiction world, telling us many strange and wondrous things. Or so we thought at the time, anyway.

In October 1936, once again Rothman came over to my house waving a letter. This time he had received a letter from Donald A. Wollheim, who at that

time was probably the most well-known fan in the world. Wollheim was *the* number one fan then, even superior to Ackerman. Wollheim had stated, in the letter, that he and much of the International Scientific Association fan club, including such well-known fans of the time as Wollheim himself, John B. Michel, Frederick Pohl, David A. Kyle, Herbert Goudket, and William S. Sykora, were planning to come to Philadelphia. The date of the event was to be October 22nd, and when it arrived, several members of the Philadelphia group – Rothman, Ossie Train, and myself – were there at the train station to meet them.

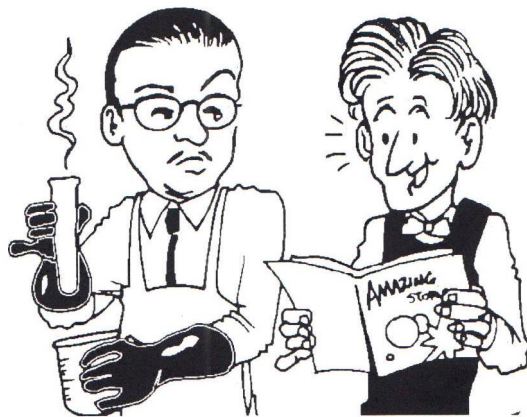
After they arrived, we wandered around Philadelphia with them and showed them some of the sights. We went over to Independence Hall and we all signed the book there. And then we went back to Rothman's home, where Baltadonis and some of the other Philadelphia fans showed up. Though Dave Kyle claims it was himself that made the proposal, I remember that it was Wollheim who suggested the event be called a convention.

Wollheim also said we could lay plans to have a real World's Science Fiction Convention in 1939 in conjunction with the upcoming New York World's Fair; of course, the World's Fair wouldn't know anything about it, but we could still say it was in connection with the World's Fair. So a business meeting was held, Rothman was elected chairman, and minutes were taken by John B. Michel which were later printed in *The International Observer*, the ISA's magazine. Sam Moskowitz, in *The Immortal Storm*, pointed out that except for this brief hour or so of formality, the first convention would have occurred in England in February of 1937. Now, I know that some British fans have recently claimed that this was done merely as a ploy to stop them from being the first, but the fact of the matter is that we didn't even know there was going to be a convention in England! It had nothing to do with us trying to beat them to it, because we didn't even know they were going to have a convention.

As for how the first World's Science Fiction Convention actually came about, it all started with the break in the New York City fan club, the International Scientific Association. The ISA was formed in accordance with Gernsback's vision: young people would read science fiction, thereby becoming interested in science, and eventually become scientists – that was the Gernsback ideal. The early clubs like the original International Scientific Association, and also the Scienceeers, which was headed by Allan Glasser, were

formed with that premise in mind – all the articles in their club magazines were about rocketry, how to make a telescope, things like that. But then you began to see things creep in like: ‘We went up to Gernsback’s office the other day and here are some of the stories that are going to appear...’. This was especially true in Glasser’s magazine, *The Planet*, which was the official organ of The Scienceers; you could see it was the beginnings of a fan magazine.

But there was trouble at the ISA. Sykora and Wollheim had a battle on what the ISA was supposed to do and what is it going to do. Sykora, who at that time was a scientific experimenter first and a fan second, had wanted to keep it as a scientific experimenters group, but by then the group was beginning to be loaded down with the pure science fiction fans. Sykora finally wrote a letter saying to the effect that, ‘I watched the organization change from what I intended it to be into something different because of the sheer activity of the science fiction fans vs. the sheer inactivity of the scientific experimenters.’ And so he resigned the presidency.



‘It’s POLYSTYRENE...!’

“Oh, yeah... She has a letter in the October issue!”

But there was more. After going into some detail why he was resigning, Sykora then made a startling (to me) announcement – he said, “I would like to nominate for the new president, either James Blish or Robert A. Madle.” Here, I had just turned 16, and he was nominating me for president of the group! At this point, Wollheim – who was like the ‘Master of Deceit’ in the early days of fandom, and could tell when somebody else was trying to deceive, too – correctly surmised that Sykora’s resignation was intended to get control of the International Scientific Association out of the New York area, and have someone else running it. So Wollheim, after Sykora resigned, said,

‘as Treasurer, I am senior officer and am now in charge of the organization, and I am abolishing it’. And so the ISA passed into history.

As a result, two former good buddies, Sykora and Wollheim, were now enemies forever. Sam Moskowitz came onto the scene about this time and got to be good friends with Sykora. Together, along with James Taurasi, they started an organization known as New Fandom, which was developed only to put on the first World’s Science Fiction Convention. To gain legitimacy, they held a one-day convention in 1938 in Newark which had more than 100 people in attendance. Editors of magazines, such as Campbell of *Astounding*, looked the situation over; they had to pick somebody to support for the convention running, and so they picked Moskowitz and Sykora over Wollheim and his group. The two magazines, *Thrilling Wonder* and *Astounding*, came out in favor of New Fandom for putting on the first worldcon; the magazines were very interested because it looked to be good public relations for them, and something that might result in an increase in their circulation.

So, when that happened, the Wollheim group sort of fell to the background, but didn’t dissolve completely. They changed their name to The Futurians, and out of The Futurians came such writers and editors as Wollheim himself, Robert W. Lowndes, Fred Pohl, and Cyril Kornbluth. And there was also John B. Michel, who had previously wrote a speech called “Mutate or Die,” which had seemed to advocate communism as a means for obtaining a utopian society. Many of The Futurians were active communists at that time. But it really didn’t bother too many fans because it was still the 1930s, and Earl Browder had just gotten over 80,000 votes in the 1936 election running on the Communist ticket.

By the time the first worldcon happened in 1939, the animosity between Wollheim and Moskowitz had become almost sheer hatred. Moskowitz had become convinced, and he remained so to his dying day, that the Futurians had intended to cause trouble at the convention. But they were still told they could come in if they agreed to behave themselves. But just about this time, a big pack of pamphlets had been discovered, which Moskowitz, Sykora, and Taurasi considered to be communistic propaganda that would be used to disrupt the convention. So six of the Futurians – Wollheim, Michel, Kornbluth, Lowndes, Gillespie, and Pohl – were turned away at the door, banned from the convention. Interestingly enough, one of the members of the Futurians who *did* get in was David

A. Kyle, who was the guy who had written and printed that pamphlet!

That whole controversy unfortunately overshadowed everything else that happened at the convention. It was a fascinating event, with many good speeches. There were about 200 people there, which was considered at that time as fantastic. Forry Ackerman came in from California, as did Ray Bradbury – Ackerman had loaned Bradbury the money to ride the bus to New York City, and Bradbury brought with him a bunch of illustrations by a friend of his named Hannes Bok. He peddled them around New York, and *Weird Tales* liked them. After that, Bok became a very famous *Weird Tales* artist.

One of the most interesting events, not part of the convention itself, was when a bunch of us, on July 4, 1939, went to Coney Island. Ray Bradbury was with us, as was Jack Agnew, the writer Ross Rocklynne, and also Mark Reinsberg, and Erle Korshak, who were in charge of the next year's worldcon, in Chicago. We had a picture taken of us in one of those fake cars, and it later showed up in many documents about science fiction fandom, including *The Immortal Storm*. Ray Bradbury has a big blowup of that picture on the wall of his basement.



Coney Island, July 4, 1939. Front row (l-r) - Mark Reinsberg, Jack Agnew, and Ross Rocklynne; Back row (l-r) - V. Kidwell, Robert Madle, Erle Korshak, and Ray Bradbury.

We even had a softball game where the Philadelphia club had challenged the New York fans, with Charles D. Hornig and Ray Bradbury as score keepers. Unfortunately, only about six of the Philadelphia guys who played on the team showed up for the convention, so we had to pick up three or four people. We were defeated, and we challenged them to a second game, but they wouldn't play us again!

Another interesting thing that happened at the world convention involved the Guest of Honor, Frank R. Paul. To fans in those days, there was no other artist like Frank R. Paul; he personified science fiction to all of us. I, Jack Agnew, Baltadonis, and Erle Korshak considered him the greatest artist in the history of the world, and there he was, talking to us. After we told him that, he said, "How would each of you boys like a free cover illustration?"

We all said, "Sure!"

He wrote us a note, and said "Go on in to see Mr. Gernsback tomorrow and give him this note. Tell him I said to give each of you one of the covers."

So the next day we hopped on the subway, and got over there and said, "We want to see Mr. Gernsback," and the next thing we knew we were sitting and talking to Hugo Gernsback. We told him what Mr. Paul had said, and gave him the note. Gernsback went into the back room, and a few minutes he came back out and said, "Well, the owner of the covers says he has to get \$10 apiece for them." But that was an enormous amount of money back then; we had just about enough money to be able to pay the nickel subway fare. One of the great gods crumbled that day for us.

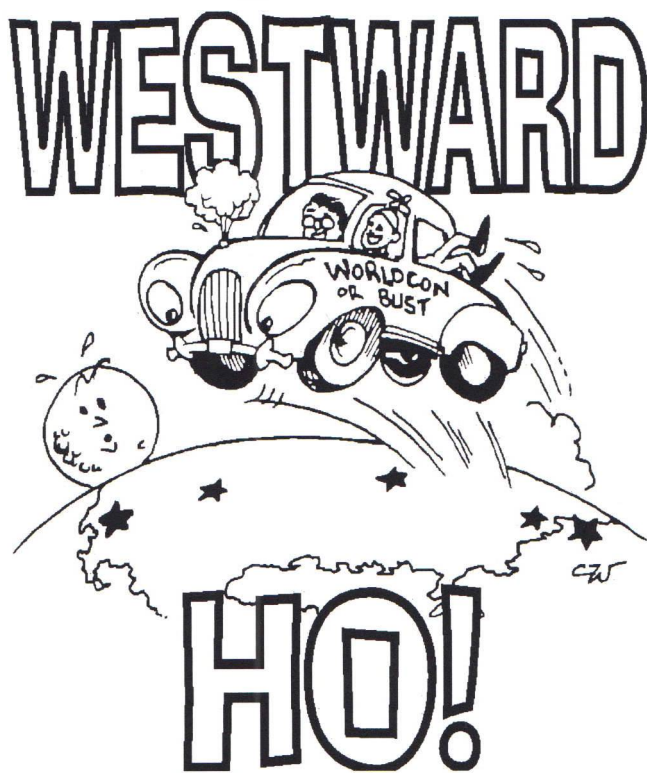
Anyway, except for the exclusion incident, you'd have to grade that first worldcon as an 'A'. Much was written about the convention in many, many fan magazines back then. Many people thought that Moskowitz, Sykora, and Taurasi had made a big mistake, while others, such as Jack Speer, agreed with them. I think history is still sorting it all out.

The next worldcon, in 1940, was in Chicago. New York fan Julius Unger had arranged to have somebody who was driving to Chicago get us there – all we had to do was buy some of the gasoline. Of course, neither of us knew how we were going to get back. I think I left home with five dollars in my pocket my father had given me, which had broke him.

Like New York the year before, it was also a great convention. Jerry Siegel was there, the creator of *Superman*. The masquerades were created at the first Chicon; it had all started in 1939 when Ackerman and his girlfriend Morojo showed up in New York dressed up in costumes from *Things to Come*. Ackerman really started the idea of costumes at conventions. At the Chicon, they actually encouraged you to have a costume, and they gave prizes for them.

The following year, in Denver, was the smallest worldcon ever – there were only about 90 people there. Lew Martin and Olon Wiggins had ridden the

rails in freight trains from Denver to the Chicago worldcon; they decided, or maybe were talked into bidding for the next convention. It seemed right that the worldcon was progressing ever westward, from New York to Chicago, and then to Denver.



Back in 1941, it was like going to the moon, going from Philadelphia to Denver. Art Widner and John Bell drove down from Boston to get me, stopping in New York first to pick up Julie Unger. After that, we went down to Washington, D.C., to get Milt Rothman, and then headed west. On the way, we stopped briefly in Hagerstown, Maryland, to see Harry Warner, and arrived very early the next morning in Bloomington, Illinois, to stay a day with Bob Tucker. By then we were all so tired that when Tucker answered the door, we crawled inside on our hands and knees. Later that day, Tucker brought Milt and me down to the local draft board in Bloomington, where we registered. It caught the attention of a reporter there that we were from out of town, so it got written up in the local Bloomington newspaper.

Robert A. Heinlein was the Guest of Honor at the Denver worldcon. Heinlein was a fairly new writer then; his first story, "Life Line," had appeared in 1939. He was a fairly young chap, a former Naval officer who had already been discharged for medical reasons. As it turned out, there was a science fiction magazine called *Comet Stories* that was being pub-

lished by F. Orlin Tremaine, who had previously been the editor of *Astounding Stories* until 1937 when John W. Campbell took over. Anyway, Tremaine had previously announced there that he was giving an award of twenty-five dollars to the fan who had "overcome the most obstacles" to get to the Denvention. (The winner was somebody who had hitchhiked all the way there from Ohio.) But by the time the convention occurred, *Comet Stories* had folded, so here was this prize that somebody was supposed to get, and he wasn't getting it. So Heinlein got up and announced that he would give the twenty-five dollars himself. It turned out that Heinlein's birthday was right after the end of the convention, so we all chipped in, 50¢ apiece or something, and bought him about a dozen books his wife had told us he would like to have. He was ecstatic!

And then came World War II. Los Angeles had been selected to host the 1942 Worldcon, but the War changed those plans – the huge majority of everybody who was in fandom went into the military service. There were a few people who didn't go; the only one from Philadelphia who hadn't gone into the military was Ossie Train, who kept in touch with others in Philadelphia fandom by publishing *PSFS News* and sending it out to everybody who was in the service. Only one of our members, Harvey Greenblatt, was killed during the War, and he had been active enough before the War where you have to wonder what he might have done if he had lived.

After the war, the worldcons resumed. I didn't go to the 1946 Los Angeles worldcon, but Milton Rothman did. He bid for Philadelphia for the 1947 convention, got it, and was elected the chairman when he returned. The 1947 Worldcon you could say was the first adult convention – the first convention where beer and liquor liberally flowed. Right after the war several small specialty publishers had gotten started – Lloyd Esbach, of Fantasy Press, Dave Kyle and Marty Greenberg with Gnome Press, and Tom Hadley with Hadley Publishing Company. At the Philadelphia convention in 1947, each one had a big suite where they would try to outdo each other with big parties, with beer and liquor. John Campbell was the Guest of Honor; he had intended to come to Philadelphia only to give his speech, and was going to leave after that. But he decided to hang around for one of the parties, and he ended up staying for the whole convention. He had a great time! ✧

✧ The concluding installment of this two-part article will appear in *Mimosa* 30.

☛ Back in the year 1936, the year 2001 was probably looked on not as just the future, but as the *far* future. Back then, things like spaceships traveling to Mars and manned landings on the moon were found usually only in magazines with strange, garish covers. As it turned out, the future doesn't always turn out the way it was expected to – but sometimes it comes reasonably close!



Television recently showed a series of three one-hour documentaries titled *Destination Mars* discussing the current plans for a manned expedition to the Red Planet with particular emphasis on the difficulties and dangers facing the astronauts. First, there is the length of the journey, six months, with the round trip taking about three years (unless they can develop something called a 'plasma' rocket which would reduce the one-way trip to three months). Then there is the muscle wastage caused by zero gravity, or rather, weightlessness, unless the ship is spun to create artificial gravity (which introduces problems for the inner ear). On top of that, radiation sleeting through the ship could cause early cancers, genetic defects, etc. As if all that is not enough, there are the psychological pressures on a small number of people confined in a ship about the size of a small house for months on end. Anybody getting pessimistic yet about the exploration of space?

Allow me now to introduce you to *Planet Plane* (alternate title: *Stowaway to Mars*) by John Beynon, i.e. John Beynon Harris, better known later as John Wyndham. This was, I believe, his second novel, first published in 1936 and, as the title suggests, about the first voyage to Mars. Considering when it was written and the state of knowledge at the time, it is surprisingly accurate. Beynon has his five-man crew (plus one girl stowaway!) travel by rocketship and the journey does take about three months. (Plasma rocket? He doesn't say.) The ship has to reach escape

velocity of seven miles per second, the crew are weightless as they coast and, yes, they turn the ship around and use the motors to slow down, landing tail first. So far, so good. The problems of radiation and weightlessness would, of course, be unknown to John Beynon at the time, but he does acknowledge the pressures of close confinement over a lengthy period by introducing conflict between the engineer and the rest of the crew – mainly due to the stowaway!

There are many things that the author gets wrong, however. Even in 1936, I'm pretty certain that it was already known that at least a three-stage rocket would be needed to achieve escape velocity – Beynon's is a nice all-one-piece spaceship (much handier for getting around!). Another anomaly is that when the ship lands, it immediately topples over onto its side without damage or injury to the crew (!) who seem to be totally unconcerned about how they are ever going to upend it again for takeoff. (They are helped in the end by the Martians but then, when they first landed, they didn't know that there *were* any Martians!). Unlike the thousands of people involved and the billions of dollars spent to mount the Apollo missions to the Moon, this fictitious spaceship is a private enterprise project (and *British*, at that!) constructed and launched to set records and win a prize in the fashion of thirties aviation pioneers. Newspaper reporters, radio commentators and cine newsreel people are on hand to witness the launch, but TV is conspicuous by its absence – a distinct failure of vision on the au-

thor's part, since infant television was at least at the crawling stage. No mention of radar or computers, naturally, for which he can hardly be faulted. Even by 1950, the makers of the movie *Destination Moon* seemed to be hardly aware of their existence!

Now fast forward sixty years to Stephen Baxter's *Voyage*, which is an alternate history of what might have happened if NASA had continued with the manned interplanetary programme after Apollo instead of developing the shuttle and confining space flight to low Earth orbits. In Baxter's version of history, they are ready to mount an expedition to Mars by the '80s and the actual launch takes place in 1986. (John Beynon's novel, on the other hand, is set in 1980, so top marks for vision there.) *Voyage* relates the sequence of events from 1969 up to the launch, mixing factual history with fiction and real characters with invented ones, and interspersing the long, detailed story with snippets of the actual flight. Only the last twenty pages or so of the book are taken up with the landing on Mars itself and first steps on the surface of the planet. Baxter does take into account virtually all of the difficulties and dangers presently known, and his book is totally convincing in its presentation of an interplanetary mission as it might be carried out using current knowledge. But while the detail involved is fascinating in itself and there are some tense sequences involving a disastrous accident to an experimental nuclear rocket, somehow the romance of space travel is lost in the process.

The function of science fiction is not to predict the future, of course, but rather to *entertain* and, while *Voyage* does this well enough – at twice the length of *Planet Plane* – I would submit that the earlier book is, in fact, the more entertaining and, furthermore, more 'science fictional'. The trouble is that Stephen Baxter's novel is *too* factual and the old sensawunda tends to get lost in the process!

Ever since the neolithic times of the Gernsback era, science fiction has been closely identified with space travel, and now that space travel is a reality, stories dealing with it are hardly sf at all. Not only that, but it hasn't happened the way we always thought it would and it's almost boring now! I remember John W. Campbell many years ago predicting the coming of atomic energy and asserting that it would be the means of interplanetary flight "because space travel has waited for it." Well, we have atomic energy but again not the way we thought it would be used, certainly not for spaceships in the way that Campbell seemed to think. Remembering, too, how

Campbell used an atomic powered spaceship in *his* first flight to Mars (in *The Brain Stealers of Mars*) also, as it happens, in 1936.

Okay, so two of the stalwart topics of sf, space travel and atomic power, are now with us, but not in the way that was predicted exactly and somehow unsatisfying as a result. In fact, when the atomic bombs were dropped on Japan, I well remember the shock: this was *not* the way it was supposed to happen! And as for von Braun and his V2 rockets that "happened to land on the wrong planet"...

On the other hand, sf, even up to the sixties, failed to grasp the proliferation of communication satellites, the advent of personal computers, the Internet, unmanned probes sending back colour tv pictures of the planets, and all those other wonders brought to us by electronic miniaturisation. I can hardly blame science fiction for lack of vision though. At that time, I was engaged in selling the earliest electronic desk calculators made by Canon which cost, in real terms, about four times as much as the average PC of today, and weighed as much, too. (I could just about carry one in both arms.) At the same time, they could do no more than the cheapest pocket calculator does now, except that the current model does it better at literally a thousandth of the cost!



So where does all that leave us? Dissatisfied and unhappy with current sf, that's where. Or at least, it leaves *me* that way. When I go into a bookshop and scan the shelves, they seem to be full of grimly-earnest 'virtual reality' stuff or sword-and-sorcery fantasy. As a result, practically the only new sf books I now read are recommended (like *Voyage*), and even they are slightly disappointing. If this is the future, you can keep it! Like the music of the thirties, forties, and fifties the literature was much better. (And I was also much younger...) ✨

It would seem almost obligatory, in this 'Welcome to the Future' theme issue, to have an article about fannish time capsules. We know of one that was assembled by Walt Willis and the rest of Irish Fandom in 1965 that may still be buried on the grounds of Oblique House in Northern Ireland, and another that was put together at the 1992 Worldcon, though not where it's being kept or when it is scheduled to be opened (or if it already has been, for that matter). This leads to the thought that we could *all* do, or at least put together, a list of things that deserve preservation in a personal time capsule. Here's one fan's thoughts on that.

TIME CAPSULE

by Mike Resnick



My fandom is dying.

It's been dying for years. It'll be decades more before the last remnants are gone, and I have every hope and expectation that it will outlive me.

But it *is* dying.

I can remember when every fan at a worldcon (well, 95% of them, anyway) was an avid science fiction reader, and most of them aspired to write it professionally someday. Today, those Worldcon attendees who read and write science fiction are far outnumbered by those who are content merely to watch it.

I can remember when Midwestcon, the most faanish of conventions, drew close to 400 people. These days it's a rarity for it to pull more than 140.

I can remember not only when every fan read fanzines, but when there were a lot of fanzines worth reading. Today there are maybe six or seven, surely no more than ten.

So, since I'm feeling my mortality today, I'd like to consider what I'd put in a time capsule, for fans – or what passes for fans in 2100 A.D. – to open and learn about us.

I am only going to select things that I myself possess. (We ran into this problem once before, when I wrote "The Literature of Fandom" for *Mimosa* 21. So let me state it again: these are *my* preferences, based solely on what I have within the four walls of my house. If yours differ, I have no problem with

that...until you start writing in and telling my why *your* choices should have been *my* choices.)

They probably won't still have VCRs then, so I'll have to pack one in the capsule. And then I would include the following videotapes, some professional, some semi-pro, some totally amateur:

The 1989 Worldcon 50th Anniversary Banquet. Asimov toastmastered, and perhaps 20 pros and fans gave brief speeches about their first Worldcons or their love of Worldcons.

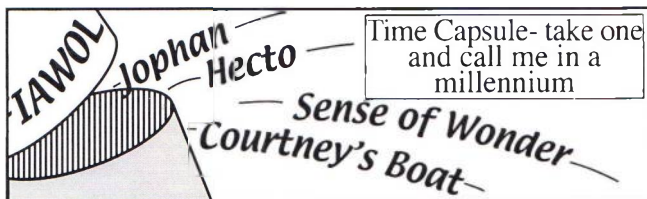
FAANS, the lovingly-made half-hour movie starring Roger Sims, Larry Tucker, Bob Tucker, and a goodly portion of midwestern fandom.

Uncle Albert's Videozine #1. This gave complete coverage to a typical regional con, the 1984 ConFu-sion. If there was ever a second issue, I'm not aware of it.

Galaxy Quest. The Hugo-winning box-office smash, which brought fandom to the general public in a much less frightening manner than *Trekkies*, which came out the same year.

The 1988 and 1998 Hugo ceremonies. I'm sure there are others in existence (I have a couple of truncated ones), but these are the only two complete ceremonies I have on videotape.

The 1972 and 1974 worldcon masquerades (I have these as film transfers to tape), and the 1982, 1986 and 1991 masquerades complete as video originals.



Then would come the books and the one-shots:

Fancylopedia II, compiled and edited by Dick Eney. *A Sense of FAPA*, the huge compendium edited by Dick Eney. *The Enchanted Duplicator*, by Walt Willis and Bob Shaw. *The Chicon III Proceedings*, edited by Earl Kemp. *The Discon Proceedings*, edited by Dick Eney. *The Noreascon I Proceedings*, edited by Leslie Turek. *If I Ran the Zoo Con*, edited by Leslie Turek. *Warhoon #28*, the enormous hardcover collection of Walt Willis' fanwritings. *Science Fiction Fandom*, edited by Joe Sanders. *Dwellers of the Deep*, by Barry Malzberg (writing as K. M. O'Donnell), the best novel ever written about fandom. *The Futurians*, by Damon Knight. *The Game of Fandom*, by Bruce Pelz. *The Eighth Stage of Fandom*, by Robert Bloch. *Out of My Head*, by Robert Bloch. *Fandom Harvest*, by Terry Carr. *The Immortal Storm*, by Sam Moskowitz. *All Our Yesterdays*, by Harry Warner. *A Wealth of Fable*, by Harry Warner. *Why is a Fan?*, edited by Earl Kemp. Jay Kay Klein's memory albums from Chicon III, Discon I, and Tricon. The Noreascon I, II and III memory albums. The 1979 NASFiC memory album.

And finally there would be two or three sample issues of each of these fanzines:

Mimosa ... *Science Fiction Review* ... *STET* (especially #9) ... *Amra* ... *Duende* ... *Quandry* ... *Granfalloon* ... *Beabohema* ... *Lan's Lantern* ... *Hyphen* ... *Slant* ... *Challenger* ... *Double Bill* ... *Outworlds* ... *Dimensions* ... *Luna* ... *Oops!a* ... *File 770* ... *Rhodomagnetic Digest*

There would be a few other books, one-shots and fanzines, too; I'm creating this off the top of my head, and when I go through all my boxes of stored treasures and memories I'm sure I'll find more that I wish I'd included.

But this list would be sufficient to show them what my fandom was like before it died twenty or thirty years from now.

And I think, along with all the tapes and books and zines, I'd also include a little note:

"Dear Citizen of 2100:

I hope you are living in the Utopia we envisioned when we were kids first discovering science fiction. I am sure you have experienced technological and medical breakthroughs that are all but inconceivable to me.

But I have experienced something that is probably inconceivable to you, at least until you spend a little time studying the contents of this capsule.

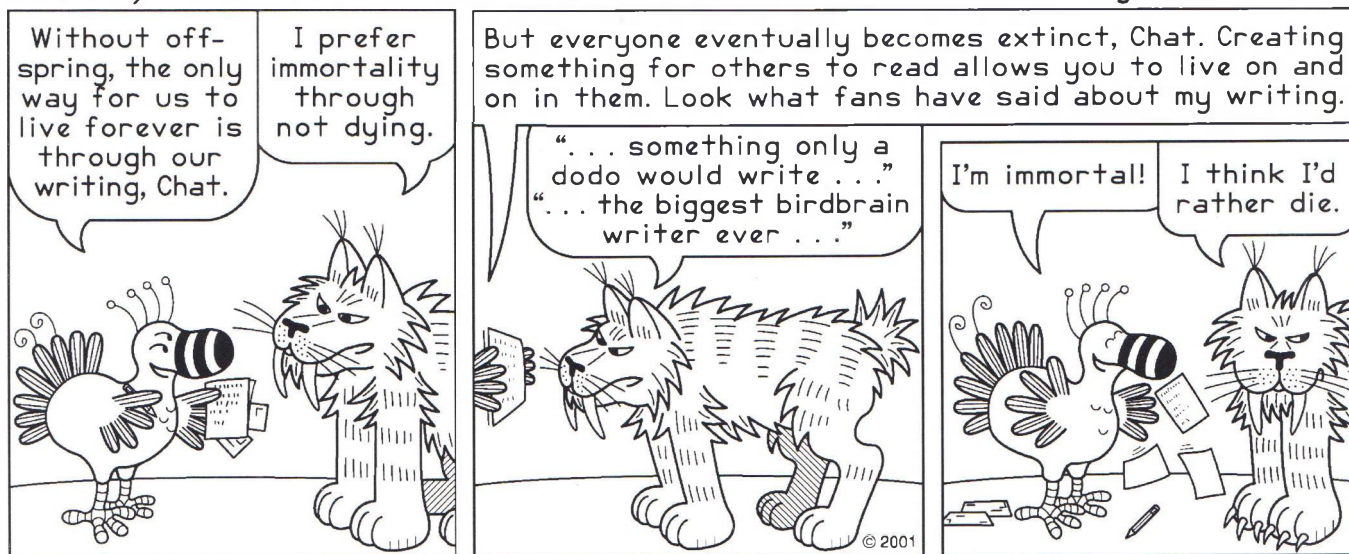
I wish I could see the wonders you daily experience. But you know something? As badly as I want to see the future, to see what we've accomplished in the next century, I wouldn't trade places with you if it meant never having experienced the fandom that this capsule will introduce you to.

Enjoy.

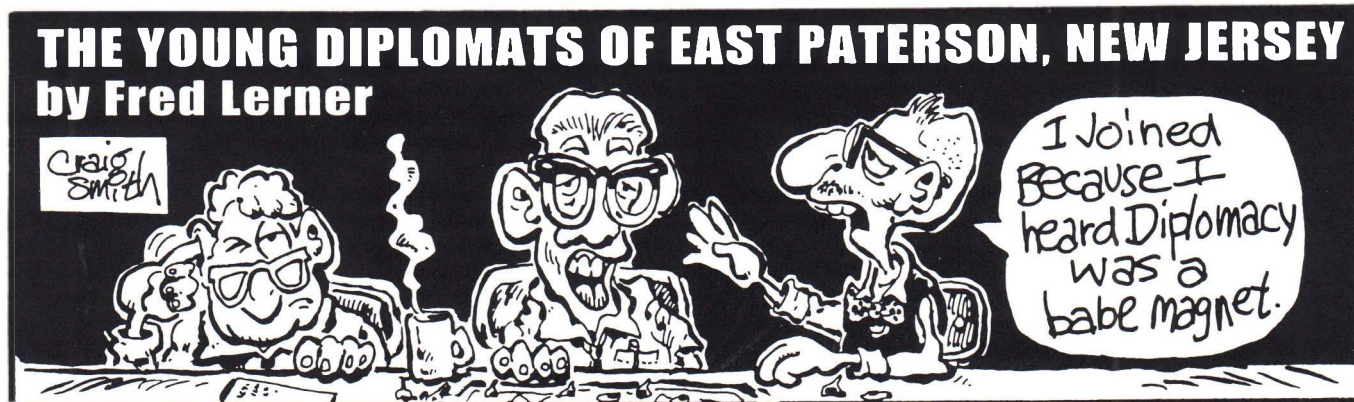
I certainly did." ✧

CHAT, the 4th Fannish Ghod

By TEDDY HARVIA



It's back to the decade of the 1960s for this next article. The era of personal computers was still about two decades in the future back then, and there weren't any electronic games to claim the attentions of high school and college students. Instead, people played games that required actual strategy instead of just fast reflexes to win. Today's gaming fandom can be traced back to these games of strategy, and perhaps the most popular of them all was Diplomacy. Here's more about it.



Sometime during the early years of the Kennedy administration, I founded "the world's first formally organized Diplomacy club." Or so I was told by Allan B. Calhamer, the inventor of the game. I had written him on our club's behalf to enquire into some now-forgotten detail of the rules of Diplomacy, and received from him a hand-written reply.

I first heard of Diplomacy from my best friend in high school. Tom Bulmer showed me a brief description of the game that he had found in *Science Digest*. It seemed to occupy a middle ground between chess and the Avalon-Hill board games, and it had a special appeal for people (like me) with an interest in history. After all, its playing-board was a map of Europe on the eve of World War I.

Games like Tactics II had no appeal for me. I was intimidated by the complexity of their rules and paraphernalia, and I had no great interest in military strategy. The only strategic games that had ever held my interest were the variants of Capture the Flag that I had played years before in Boy Scout camp. Nor had I any talent for chess. I never could think far enough ahead to anticipate the ultimate outcome of a move, and I agreed with Sherlock Holmes's contention that an aptitude for chess is the mark of an evil and scheming mind. And Risk was too simple-minded to appeal to me. It seemed another variant on such outgrown board games as Monopoly and Careers.

Part of the appeal of Diplomacy was that its rules and equipment were essentially simple. As with chess, this simplicity did not preclude a complexity of play: there was no reason to expect that one game of Diplomacy would much resemble another. But unlike

a chess match, a Diplomacy game involved several players: seven if we could get them, five or six if we couldn't. (Sometimes we might play a two-handed version that we called Tactical Diplomacy, but that was primarily to get some practice in handling the challenges facing a country we hadn't much played before.)

'We' were the East Paterson Diplomacy Club, a group of (mostly) juniors and seniors at East Paterson Memorial High School in Bergen County, New Jersey. Most of us were members of the school's Science Seminar or its debate team (I was in both), and many of us were science fiction readers. But none of us had any contact with fandom, or indeed anything more than a vague knowledge of its existence. Still, anyone who imagines us as a small group of teenaged proto-fans would not be too far off the mark. Like any self-respecting fan group, we had a written constitution, which we called our Charter. (A hand-written constitution it was, for none of us had any duplicating equipment.) We had no official connection with the high school, for we saw no advantage to seeking recognition as a student club. At least the way we played, personalities were too important for that.

I've played a little fannish poker in my time, and (at least in the low-stakes games that I remember) the satisfaction of winning a hand from a particular player often outweighed the trivial financial gain involved. So it was in a Diplomacy game, whether in the EPDC or in the early days of fannish postal play.

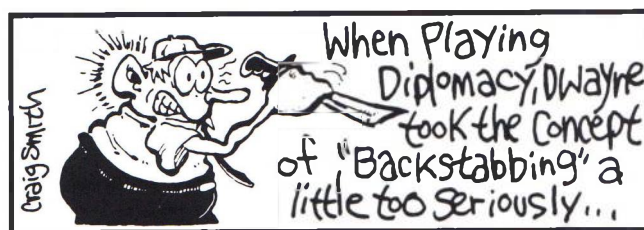
The East Paterson Diplomacy Club had its cherished idiosyncracies. Each session would begin solemnly with a mutual nonaggression pact, which of

course had no effect whatever on the making and breaking of alliances among the players that is the essence of the game. At the end of each fifteen-minute 'diplomacy period', the Gamesmaster – we invented that term – would call the players to the table, require all pens and pencils to be put away and the papers containing that turn's moves to be placed in plain sight on the table, and demand that all players keep their hands in view at all times. (By the time I bought my Diplomacy set, the rules had been changed to eliminate 'infiltration', the surreptitious sneaking of additional pieces onto the board, that had caught my eye in the *Science Digest* article. But the rules did not explicitly prohibit changing one's moves after hearing one's rivals' orders – if one could get away with it.) Then each of us in turn would read his moves aloud, and the Gamesmaster would change the position of pieces accordingly. (The published rules required that moves be unambiguous, but it was understood in East Paterson that a fleet ordered "from the Land of Milk and Honey to the BBC" would leave Brest and sail into the English Channel.) He would resolve standoffs, take care of any other necessary business, and send us off to another round of negotiation and betrayal. (And espionage: in one session held in my family's second-story apartment, a player climbed a nearby tree to eavesdrop through an open window upon the scheming of a rival coalition.)

In June 1962, most of us graduated and went off to college. During my freshman year at Columbia I discovered fandom, joined the Evening Session Science Fiction Society at City College, and met John Boardman. He, too, was a Diplomacy player, and he suggested that the game could be played through the mail. He organized the first postal Diplomacy game early in 1963, and served as its Gamesmaster. The five players (we couldn't find seven) were EPDC members Jimmy Goldman, Stu Keshner, and I, and LASFS members Ted Johnstone and Bruce Pelz (playing under the pseudonym of 'Adhemar Grauhugel'). I recall that I played Austria-Hungary – and played it rather well, considering the difficulties of its geopolitical situation. (As I recall, Franz Joseph had a few problems in his own game...)

I also got together a few fellow-Columbians for an on-campus game that met twice weekly in the lounge of Hartley Hall. This allowed plenty of time for negotiation between meetings, and gave me the idea for intercollegiate play. There are eight colleges in the Ivy League, so one could serve as host and Gamesmaster while clubs from each of the others

gathered for a weekend's session. Each college team would play a country, and would appoint from among its members ambassadors to each other country – these would conduct the actual negotiations – as well as military and naval chiefs of staff. Presumably the president of each collegiate club would serve as his country's prime minister. (I reckoned that this would afford endless opportunities for intra-club squabbling and politicking, which might well be more entertaining than the intercollegiate game itself.) Play would commence Friday evening at six, and continue night and day for forty-eight hours. I even fantasized some techniques of negotiation and betrayal that went beyond our wildest high school dreams. Who has not heard of Mata Hari?

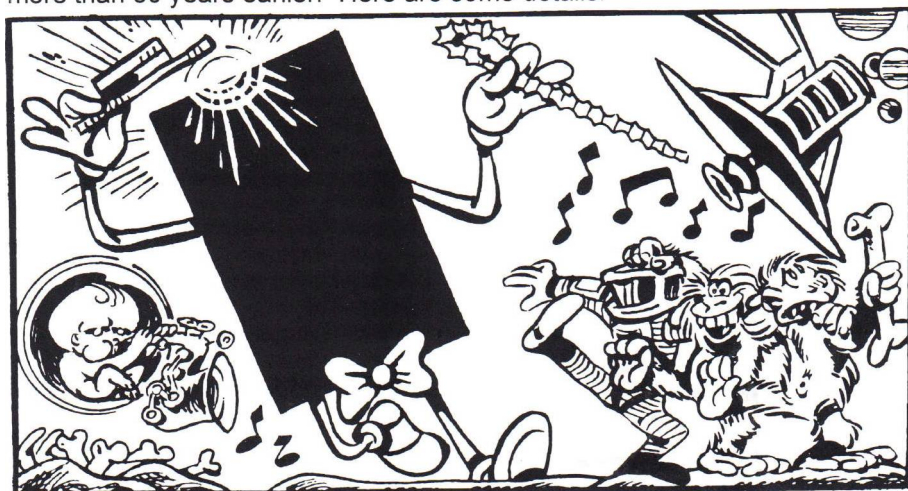


But this never came to pass. The logistics of getting this many college students together were impossible, even if there had been Diplomacy groups at each campus. Perhaps it could be done today, at a gaming convention. (Perhaps it *has* been done.) And anyway people had other things to do. I joined the Lunarians, where I found enough squabbling and politicking to satisfy the most ravenous appetite.

One evening in the fall of 1963, Allan B. Calhmer came up to the Columbia campus, and told us – a mixed audience of old EPDCers, Columbia students, and New York fans – something of the origins of Diplomacy. We bestowed upon him the title of Honorary Grand Gamesmaster of the East Paterson Diplomacy Club. And then the EPDC faded out of existence. My high school companions went their own ways, and I've had no contact with any of them for twenty or thirty years. I was too busy with college life and fan activities to take the time for Diplomacy games, whether in-person or postal. But the East Paterson Diplomacy Club left its mark on Fandom. Several of its customs and traditions were adopted by postal players, and the whole sub-fandom of postal game-playing evolved from John Boardman's first game with its three EPDC participants.

Postal Diplomacy is still played today, almost forty years on. But that's a story for John Boardman to tell. ✨

☛ This past September, the future look of Washington, D.C.-area science fiction conventions was unveiled with Capclave 2001, the first science fiction convention here since Memorial Day weekend of 1997. The convention took place less than three weeks after the September 11th terrorist attacks, which led to a proliferation of buttons that read 'No Stupid Terrorist is Going to Ruin My Convention'. There wasn't too much programming at the convention, but one of the things that did happen was a recreation, in part, of a fannish production that first took place more than 30 years earlier. Here are some details:



SOME NOTES ON **2001** A SPACE OPERA



BY ALEXIS GILLILAND

★★★... JED LELAND
—CHICAGO INQUIRER

3/22/2001

Begin at the beginning: in 1968, Dolly and I went to Baycon, where we saw Karen Anderson's *H.M.S. Trekstar*, which was a Gilbert and Sullivan spoof of the then fresh and brand-spanking-new *Star Trek*, which had not yet spun off its own subfandom. I thought *Trekstar* was a mildly amusing trifle, and Dolly thought: "WSFA can do this!" Dolly then got the script and permission from Mrs. Anderson, and the WSFA players put it on at the 1969 Disclave (registration of about 100) where it was well received before an audience of dozens or scores.

Later in 1969, WSFA had its first theater party, when we went to see *2001: A Space Odyssey* on the second night of its run. The movie generated a lot of discussion, a lot of buzz, and Dolly suggested that I write a musical comedy about it for the WSFA Players. So I did. We did, actually. Writing the script was a collaboration, in which I did all the writing, and Dolly, as musical director and producer, threw out everything she didn't like, until I got something she did. It was more painful and took rather longer than planned, and we were still working on the script during the 1970 Disclave – where we'd intended to put it on – finishing up that fall, when we went into rehearsal, at which time there was more rewriting.

The original opening number was borrowed from *West Side Story*, changing "When you're a Jet, you're a Jet all the way" to "When you're an Ape." A nice, lively opening number which was one of my favorites. But after the first rehearsal, Dolly said it had to go.

"Why?" I asked plaintively, "What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing's wrong with it," replied Dolly. "Only the WSFA players can't cut it. Write something they can sing."

We practiced after WSFA meetings at the old apartment at 2126 Pennsylvania Ave. NW, and when I say old, I mean old; it was a third floor walk-up which had been built with gas jets in the walls for lighting, and electricity added as a retrofit. The WSFA Players were not the most disciplined or smoothly professional group you could imagine, and Jay Haldeman, Disclave con chair and president of WSFA, saw all the awful stuff that happened in rehearsal. So, with a view to mitigating the impending catastrophe, Jay scheduled our performance for 4:00 PM of the last day of the con, with the idea that everybody would have gone home.

Wrong. Everybody stuck around to see the play, which, despite an absolutely awful dress rehearsal, went off just splendidly before the real, live audience. The WSFA Players had scored a triumph, and after WSFA meetings at Chez Gilliland, Dolly would sit down at the piano, and hand out the scripts, and they would waltz through it one more time because it was fun.

Time passed, and Discon II appeared on the club's event horizon for 1974. The decision to perform *2001: A Space Opera* at the worldcon might have been influenced by the fact that among our lead singers were Joe Haldeman, brother of Chairman Jay; Ron

Bounds, Discon II's Vice Chair; and Jack Chalker, who wore a number of hats. In any event, rehearsals were put into high gear, and changes were made in the staging. One particular change involved the Hostesses and the little dance number they did after a number based on "Row, Row, Row Your Boat." Dolly got the guys involved, so that you had a sort of horse chorus line as a comic interlude. We practiced it in the living room, and after the second or third time, there came a knock on the door. So I opened the door, and this shocked looking guy who lived on the floor below says: "Hey man, tha ceilin' fa down."

The WSFA Players were up and running at this point, and they swarmed downstairs with brooms, dustpans, vacuum cleaner, and the big trash can. In half an hour we took three or four trash cans of plaster out to the dumpster in the alley, and generally swept and vacuumed the place until it was habitable. Whereupon we went back upstairs and finished the rehearsal, though without any more dancing. The people downstairs told the landlord the ceiling fell down, he put in a new one, and we never heard word one about the matter.

The plan was to perform our play in the Sheraton Park's big auditorium, which was set up for Harlan Ellison's world premiere of *A Boy And His Dog*, and with seating for 2,000 the place was standing room only. Harlan hated the idea of having a fannish theatrical as a warm up act for his professional (albeit unpolished) production, and opposed it with Ellisonesque vehemence, a fact I learned at a Millenium Philcon panel on Discon II.

In the event, the people who made the decision were starring in *2001: A Space Opera* and they went for the big audience. I was in the control booth with the hotel's engineer so I could cue him in on the lighting, and I have two regrets. The first was that he offered to tape the performance, and I declined, because we already had a couple of people taping. Big mistake; one recorder was badly placed and missed what was happening on one side of the stage, while the other flat-out died. The second was that I had a microphone to announce the scene changes and didn't improvise when the chance presented itself. At the end of the performance, the audience gave the WSFA Players a standing ovation, and Harlan and his crew at once rushed out to put up the screen for the main feature. The thought, which came about five minutes too late, was that I should have taken the microphone to say: "At ease, Harlan!" my voice booming through the speaker system. "The WSFA Players need to give

an encore. Dolly, play the longest number we've got."

In the event, Harlan's movie had problems. It was a rough edit, and the sound track hadn't been integrated into a seamless whole so that periodically the sound would cut out until the technicians could restore it, as Harlan talked to the audience – in his best tour-de-force manner – to keep them in place till the end. The next day, he told me that he owed me an apology, that *2001: A Space Opera* had saved his ass by putting the audience in a good mood – that they were sitting there for him because they had already been entertained. Apology? I wasn't aware until this year that he had opposed it, but he told the concom, also, so why not the author.

#

One of my high points at the Brighton worldcon in 1979 was stopping outside a bar to listen to a group singing "The Ape's Drinking Song." *My* song. In England. Goshwow! To give you a sense of the thing, here are the lyrics, which were printed containing a mix of pronouns, referring to the apes as 'we' but also 'they'. In rehearsal, this was changed to a uniform 'we' and 'our', as shown here. It was sung to the tune of "The Whiffenpoof Song":

By the enigmatic space slab
With the purpose no one tells
With a spigot on its middle for our beer
There the ape pack stands assembled
With our glasses raised on high
And the song that we are singing
Starts a tear.

Chorus:

We are poor little apes who have lost our way
Baa, baa, baa
We are little black chimps who have gone astray
Baa, baa, baa
Here we are, masters of hill and glen
Doomed by the slab to turn into men
Couldn't our children be apes again?
Baa, baa, baa.

Yes the song that we are singing
Tells the future that we dread
Filled with hate and rapine
Murder, violence, lust
We will cling unto our apehood
Till evolutions end
Then we'll pass, and turn
As human as we must.

Repeat Chorus.

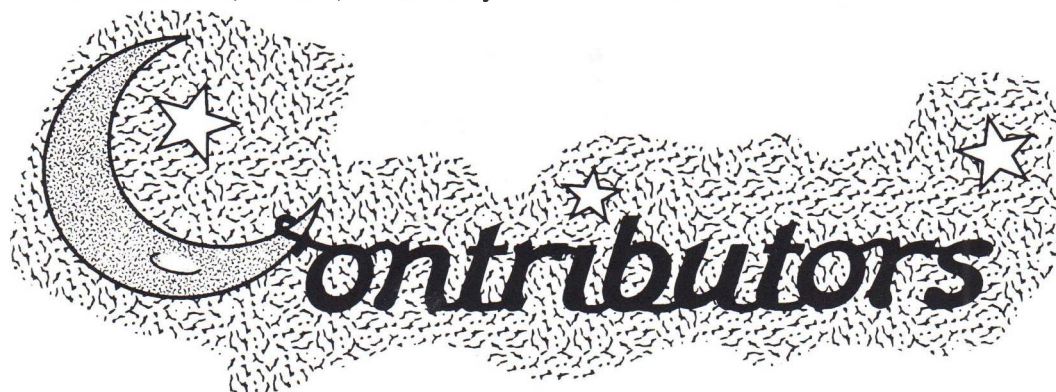
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We continued to read through the score at WSFA meetings, and picked up new voices even as we lost

old ones. We were asked to put it on at Constellation, and went back into rehearsal. This time I was in the chorus, and despite this, Dolly coaxed some really nice harmony out of her chorus. She told me that one of the numbers ended up with six-part harmony. Again, we performed in a large auditorium with about 2,000 seats, which was mostly full. Again, we were the lead off for the main event, this time a triple feature of Lucas's *Star Wars* trilogy. Interestingly, after we finished, about half the audience left, so they were there to hear *us*!

As time went by, Dolly's arthritis made playing less fun and we gradually stopped going through the post-WSFA meeting sing-alongs. Our very last performance was at Phrolicon 7, in 1991, where Dolly

and I brought in the scripts, the hotel moved an upright piano into the function room, and we had an unrehearsed one-time run through starring Sam Moskowitz as Hal-9000. The space opera itself was time and place specific; it required an audience which was not only familiar with the movie it parodies, but one which thought it important, a great addition to their stfnal zeitgeist. It also required the several skills of Dolly, who was the choral director, accompanist, and stage manager. This article is an expansion of the notes I made to help me with a reading *2001: A Space Opera* which I gave at Capclave *in* 2001. The audience has changed and Dolly is gone, and no future performance is contemplated. ✨



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Forrest J Ackerman, 2495 Glendower Avenue, Hollywood, California 90027

Ron Bennett, 36 Harlow Park Crescent, Harrogate, North Yorkshire HG2 0AW, United Kingdom

Sheryl Birkhead, 25509 Jonnie Court, Gaithersburg, Maryland 20882

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Kurt Erichsen, 2539 Scottwood Avenue, Toledo, Ohio 43610

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Steve Stiles, 8631 Lucerne Road, Randallstown, Maryland 21133

Charlie Williams, 1200 Woodcrest Drive, Knoxville, Tennessee 37918

Kip Williams, 118 Terrell Road, Newport News, Virginia 23606

In the old days of more primitive pagers, we received short verbal messages. This frequently led to jokes. There was the famous tale of the emergency room doctor unable to get rid of a malingering patient. Finally he held out his beeper saying, "This is a medical scanner, it will show what's wrong with you." His colleague down the hall promptly called him, so as he ran the pager up and down over the patient a flat voice recited "Sodium 145. Potassium 3.5. Lungs clear. Heart regular. Nothing is wrong. Patient is faking. Patient is faking." Legend has it that the guy promptly left.

Dave was a science fiction fan too, and a pal who

NEURO ROUNDS

AND OF COURSE THE DIFFERENTIAL MUST INCLUDE JAMAICAN MYELO-NEUROPATHY AND...

Beep Beep Beep

Heh heh. BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY.

BZZZZZZZZZZ

POP

WELL, I DON'T THINK WE'RE GOING TO HEAR THAT JOKE AGAIN FOR A WHILE.

BZZZZZZZZZZ

29

V.A. every night, he was on his pathology rotation and had time to watch late night reruns.

"Gee," I asked evilly. "Put the brain back in. That's impressive. Could you do that?"

He shook his head sadly. "No. But I could remove it."

Hence this cartoon:



I was the unofficial department cartoonist, scribbling on 3x5 cards during rounds in order to keep from tearing my nails to pieces. Most of the cartoons were lost; once an intern was witnessed stealing a dozen from the bulletin board. I found that people liked to be portrayed as superheroes or *Star Trek* characters. After a lengthy discussion on rounds of all that was wrong in the scene in *Star Trek IV* where Chekov is treated for an epidural hematoma, I drew the cartoon shown on the next page.

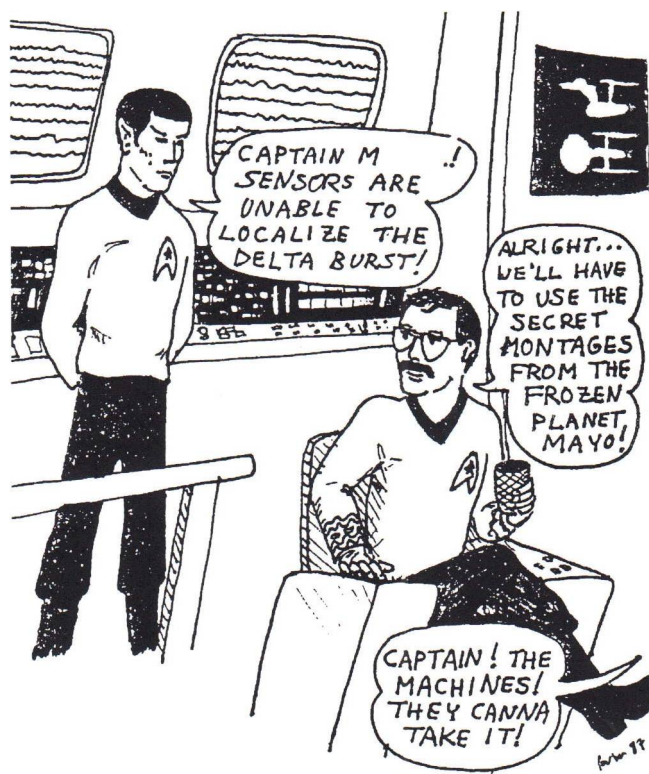
In my final year I spent three months learning to read electroencephalograms, with their inscrutable complexities, such as:

CONSTERNATION IN THE EEG LAB




Our department, having to some extent pioneered EEG, was resting on its laurels – still using eight channel machines when the rest of the world had gone to 16 or 18 or more. Moreover, we used a display montage called the O'Leary B, after the department chair who had invented it. I was proud when I learned that the montage had been devised at our institution – until later, when I realized that we were the only people in the world still using the antiquated thing. It was a bit like clinging to your eight-track cassette and Underwood portable (I should talk – I still use a Mac). I once asked an attending why we used this difficult and unintuitive method of displaying data. He said, "if you can learn to read the O'Leary B, you can read anything."

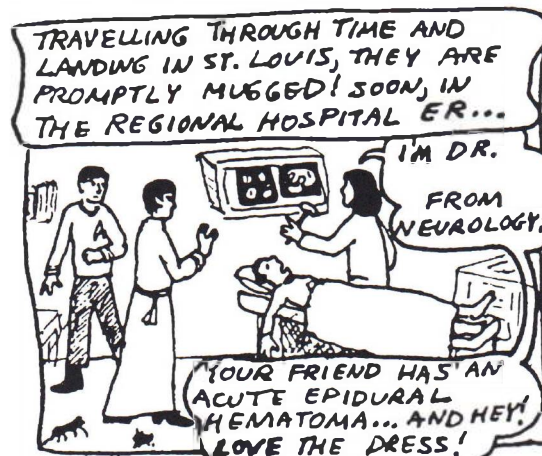
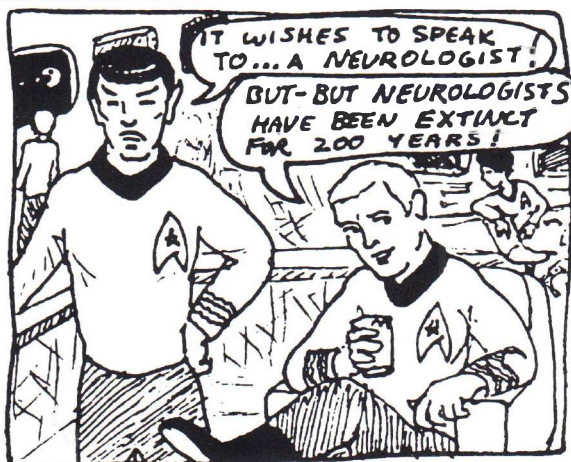
I was studying with a young attending fresh from the frozen north who was attempting to bring up-to-date technology and montages to the department. The older faculty grumbled, and the younger faculty snuck furtively over to whisper their plans. You would have thought they were plotting the death of Rasputin rather than linear electrode arrays. It led to the following cartoon:



After thanking me, the encephalographer said, "And you're right. The machines can't take it." ✱

STAR TREK V

OR: IF IT'S 1986,
THIS MUST BE
ST. LOUIS 



DON'T MISS STAR TREK VI: THE SEARCH FOR SUSHI!

Esther Cole returns now for the completion of the tale of a long cross-country trip to the 1952 Worldcon. In the previous installment, she described adventures she and her husband Les had at the 1952 Chicon, which was the biggest and perhaps most future-looking worldcon held to that time. After four frenetic days of Chicon, the trip home was supposed to a bit more leisurely, including a stop at Mount Rushmore. Instead, though, as we will see, there was one other unexpected stop... the Twilight Zone!



Are dreams prophetic? I don't think so. But there have a few incidents in my life that make me wonder. Many years ago, when my friend Annette was pregnant, she was so healthy that I was positive the delivery would be fast and easy, and I'd be ready to assist. Even though we lived miles apart and I had no training as a midwife, I dreamed I delivered her baby, a girl that weighed nine pounds. Annette went to the hospital and did not need my help, but she delivered a nine-pound daughter.

When it was my turn, I was so slow in labor, the hospital sent Les home and promised to phone him the minute anything interesting happened. Les dreamed I had delivered a boy and the hospital had failed to notify him. Half-asleep he stumbled toward the phone to give them hell. Just as he reached for the phone, it rang – it was the hospital, saying, "Come on down – your wife just delivered a boy."

There was one other time a dream seemed prophetic, and it was scary. It was on our way back to Berkeley after a long weekend at a science-fiction convention in Chicago, the 1952 Worldcon. We were: June and Dave Koblick (owners of the car), Les and I, and our 4½-month-old son, Dana. We had gone from Berkeley to Chicago without stopping, getting there in 2½ days. There we spent another four days science fictioneering, getting little sleep. By the time

the convention ended, we were all tired, edgy, and keyed up. But the return journey was to be a bit more leisurely with a stop at Mount Rushmore and another at Yellowstone.

We left Chicago in plenty of time to reach Rushmore during daylight. Except that Dana got sick. As a new mother, I panicked, and we started looking for a doctor. We finally found one – in a small town in South Dakota, in a saloon, no less – who proved to be smart and wonderful because he calmed me down before he looked at Dana. Dana had a cold, and his red face was a result of my bundling him up too well. He would be fine. His parents would be fine. And we could continue our journey.

All these reassurances cost us far more in time than in money, and it soon became apparent we would not get to the national park at Mount Rushmore until well after dark. We were very disappointed, and stopped along the way to find out when the entrance to the park actually closed. Everyone assured us that there were no barriers to the viewing area and that the lights illuminating the carved faces stayed on at all times. That was great.

The road to the Park was dark, narrow and winding, and there wasn't another car in either direction. We kept looking for the lights that were always on. We were still looking when we reached the parking

area – still no lights, but at least there was a brilliant full moon. We got out of the car and those huge carved heads were peering down at us. The mountains are gray granite, but where the granite had been chipped away to form the faces of Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, and Roosevelt, the carved areas were light, almost white by contrast.

The moonlight threw shadows and made the presidents look exceedingly lifelike, though not benign. We speculated about visitors from other planets, far in the future, looking at this place and wondering about the kinds of gods Earthlings had worshiped. We had walked away from the car and I suddenly started worrying about Dana. He was alone in there and the woods behind us looked dark and threatening. We tumbled back into the car, feeling spooked, started up and drove along the road past the monument. Abruptly, the lights came on, and we all jumped.



We sat and stared and realized we had to turn around to get out of the parking area. As we did so, the lights went out. Now we were convinced we had triggered an electric eye, but to make sure, we again

u-turned and drove forward. Nothing happened. That did it. Mount Rushmore was an eerie and threatening place, and it was time to get out of there. As we drove down that winding, narrow road, we imagined giant granite fingers reaching down to pluck our tiny car, lift it up to huge stone eyes, to inspect the puny humans inside.

None of us relaxed until we got out of the mountains and back on the highway heading toward Wyoming, with June driving. I guess the day's strain took its toll, as I soon drifted off to sleep. I dreamed I could hear a train whistle; I dreamed we were racing a train and that our road and the train tracks were about to intersect. June was driving very fast, and knew we could not outrace that speeding train. I woke up terrified and screaming to stop the car. Les was also yelling; he and I had had the same dream!

June pulled over and she and Dave stared at our hysterics. I recounted my dream, as did Les, and June assured us there was no danger. We actually *were* paralleling train tracks, and we *could* hear train whistles far in the distance. But there were no intersections – it was just a weird coincidence of bad dreams. It was two o'clock, and we'd be in Cheyenne in another hour where we'd take a break.

At a little after three in the morning we pulled into the only lighted spot in Cheyenne, an all-night coffee shop. There were a few other customers plus the employees, but instead of middle-of-the-night drowsy murmuring, the air was charged. Customers and employees were excited about something that had happened. We asked the counterman, and he said there had been a terrible train accident nearby. The conductor and the engineer had been killed. It had happened about an hour earlier, at two o'clock – the same time Les and I had those nightmares!

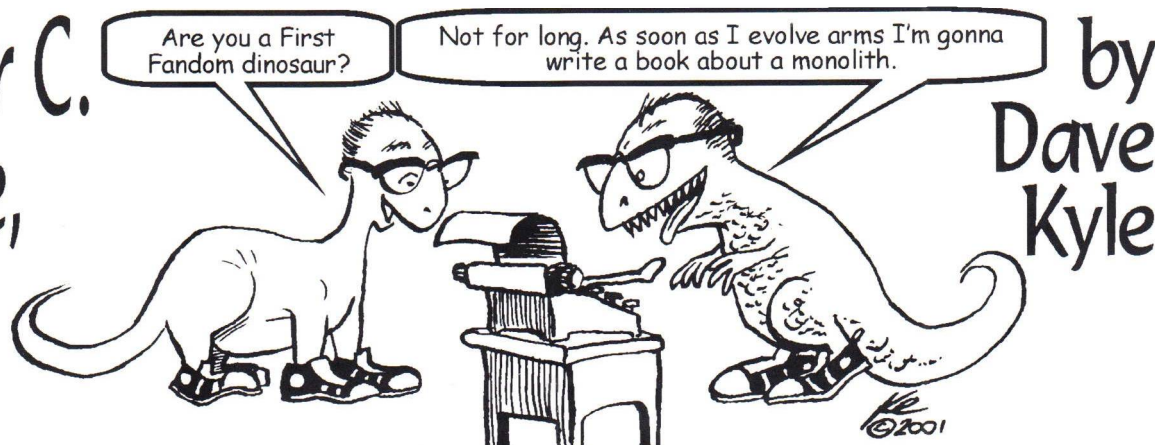
June and Dave and Les and I looked at each other. The Mount Rushmore tension came back strong. We didn't need coffee to bring us fully awake.

Before we left, we asked to use the bathroom and were directed to the police station next door, where only one lone policeman was manning the desk. As we waited our turn to use the facilities, we told him about our visit to Mount Rushmore and asked if there were an electric eye that operated the lights. The policeman mulled that over and shook his head. "No," he said, "there's nothing like that there. Those lights," he emphasized, "are always on."

I could see those huge disapproving heads reflected in the moonlight, and I felt, once again, icy, granite fingers looming over my head... ✧

☛ We didn't think that this 'Welcome to the Future' issue of *Mimosa* would be complete without an article about one of the world's most famous futurists, Arthur C. Clarke. Back in 1968, the movie *2001: A Space Odyssey*, based in part on Clarke's superb short story, "The Sentinel," gave us all a stunning vision of what the future might hold. At that time, he had been a professional science fiction writer for more than two decades. But what's less well known is about him is that he had been a fan for more than 15 years before his first professional sale. Here's more about...

Arthur C. Clarke, Fan



Here's a legitimate question: Is there an example of a typical genesis for a 'dinosaur' of First Fandom?

Consider this personal statement: "Sometime towards the end of 1930, in my thirteenth year, I acquired my first science fiction magazine – and my life was irrevocably changed."

Right on! Bull's-eye!

This confession marks the rousing beginning of a passionate science fiction fan. With few factual changes it could be the soulful admission of most any old-timer of First Fandom. It applied to me just two and a half years later in 1933, then also aged thirteen. Actually, however, this quote is the forthright statement of Arthur C. Clarke, printed as the opening sentence of his 1989 book *Astounding Days*.

What was the magazine which launched him into our fannish sf world? Obviously, by his book's title, it was *Astounding Stories of Super Science*. The boy had found an issue of that pioneering pulp, abandoned, in a room of his Huish's Grammar School in Somerset, England. There was no date on the cover, a marketing tactic by Clayton Publications which editor Harry Bates used monthly from its beginning, in January 1930, to nearly the end of 1931.

This pulp was, in fact, only the third issue, dated March 1930. It began Arthur C. Clarke's enthusiastic search for other such American magazines. Surprisingly, his opportunities in England were many. A welter of pulps were to be found randomly scattered around country stores, having been imported in bulk and dumped throughout the United Kingdom in the heyday of those popular, throwaway magazines.

The typically garish Clayton cover on this issue was by Wesso for the Ray Cummings story "Brigands of the Moon." That single magazine, as a founding, turned him into a true fan and began his cherished collection. Years later, in retrospect, keyed by his mature recollections of his childhood friendship with the neighborhood Krille family, he belatedly recognized a remarkable fact: this life-changing discovery might have come sooner. Two years before that *Astounding*, he had been exposed to the original science-fiction virus and he hadn't succumbed.

It might well have been Hugo Gernsback instead of Harry Bates who set him on his science fiction way. The middle-aged Larry Krille, now seen as an early, unrecognized prototypical sf enthusiast, had, back then, lent the young, precocious Arthur one of Hugo Gernsback's *Amazing Stories*. The time, however, hadn't been ripe for him – he had merely skimmed it. Many years later, recollecting his beginnings as an eleven-year-old, Arthur rediscovered and reconsidered that *Amazing Stories* issue for November 1928. However belatedly, he was excited by that lost moment – the 1928 Frank R. Paul cover was incredible to him because the painting so accurately depicted the appearance of the planet Jupiter, with its swirling clouds and Great Red Spot, as viewed by human beings standing on Ganymede.

Golly, gee! That Paul-Gernsback excitement was just like this writer's own initial, juvenile experience at the age of thirteen – with a back issue of the very first *Science Wonder Stories* and it's thrilling Paul cover!

Early fans like me have much in common with the youthful days of Arthur. There is a pleasant symmetry to our two lives: In 1936, Arthur left home to go to the big city of London and joined into a long-lasting social relationship with the famous urban sf fans of the time. In 1936, I also left home and found a similarity in New York City. In January 1937, Arthur made a train trip to Leeds with certain sf pals to attend 'the first (organized) science fiction convention ever'. Two months earlier, I had made a train trip to Philadelphia with sf pals to attend 'the first (spontaneous) science fiction convention ever'. Just before World War II, Arthur shared an apartment in London with William F. Temple and occasional fellow fans – as I also did in New York about the same time with Dick Wilson. Our convention-going coincided in 1956 when had I chosen Arthur as my Worldcon Guest of Honor (Honour?) and we sat together at the banquet's head table, he just then a Hugo winner for "The Star." In 1969, I came from upstate New York and he came from England to share in the memorable Apollo 11 moon shot at Cape Canaveral. A few years later, when I was reorganizing the British Science Fiction Association as its Managing Director, he accepted the position of Honorary President. Obviously, Arthur and I have shared fandom for our lifetimes. Decade after decade, the old timers and newcomers both knew Arthur more as a genuine fan rather than a prominent fiction and non-fiction writer.

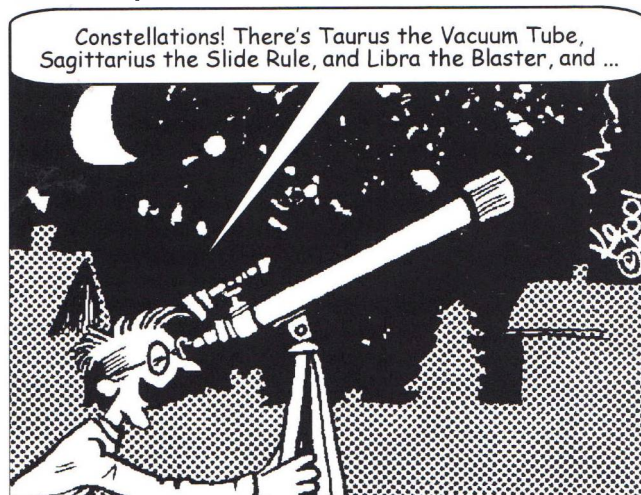
I didn't meet Arthur in person until the early spring of 1952. We were both officers in our countries' Air Forces in England during the war years of 1943-45, but were otherwise occupied than in fandom. Seven years later, our meeting place was in Bellefontaine, Ohio, and the occasion was the Easter weekend gathering at Beatley's-on-the-Lake for one of the earliest of MidWestCons.

That year of 1952 was Arthur's initial trip to America. His first hardcover sf book, *The Sands of Mars*, published by Gnome Press (me and the earlier 'other' Martin Greenberg), was appearing that year, but the royalties were not enough to finance his trip. It was actually the success of his non-fiction book, chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, that made his trip possible. This was the year that I identify as the real beginning of his professional career.

That special year of 1952, to my mind, also established him as a sf fan of worldwide fame. That spring, he made a big splash in my fannish memory as a trufan by jumping into Beatley's Indian Lake early on Sunday morning, not long after many of us had

gone to bed. It reflected his British heritage. It demonstrated his individuality. It also startled his new American acquaintances. Bear in mind the time of year – Beatley's was a summer resort, a big rambling wooden building, closed during the winter, and had opened early for the season just to accommodate our group. The early spring weather was chilly at night, and the water was still winter-cold. Arthur was courageous, enthusiastic, and a powerhouse of physical as well as mental energy. Nothing else that weekend personified Arthur more nor made such an unshakable, indelible impression on us all.

Had Hugo Gernsback only known, he would have used Arthur as his ideal science fiction reader – someone who was involved in every aspect of fandom. Gernsback fervently believed that his scientifiction mission was the furtherance of science knowledge and experimentation. That was the love of youthful Arthur, certainly, who did many exceedingly imaginative home-based projects which foreshadowed the wide range of successes he had later as a scientist and futurist. The night sky was fascinating to him and construction of his first telescope from bits and pieces is a testament to his remarkable ingenuity. He focused on the moon to make it a personal part of his neighborhood, and drew detailed lunar maps. I, also, at his age was an astronomy buff, like so many other youthful sf fans, but I merely adapted my father's surveyor's instrument (transit theodolite) to study our moon and planets.



He and I both had a natural fascination for space and space travel. Arthur, gaining experience by making fireworks, once constructed his own miniature rockets. I had my own brief taste of amateur rocketry, in 1936, as one of the supporting hobbyists of the International Scientific Association fan club of New

York. Old fans have similar stories and it's a wonder nothing worse than scorched vegetation, clothing, and basements resulted. In 1933, the British Interplanetary Society was established with perhaps a majority of the small membership being science fiction-oriented, so it was inevitable that Arthur, when he migrated to London to get into the mainstream of life, should be very seriously involved with the fledgling B.I.S., becoming one of its mainstays.

In the 1930s, London was almost exclusively the focal point of British fannish life (as London was for most everything else). Liverpool and Leeds were not yet of importance. And so Arthur went to London, got a government job and dipped into the frenetic science fiction scene. Arthur squeezed into London residency, was employed as a civil servant and made new fannish friends. Friendships grew, groups formed, discussions raged, and fanzines appeared. As amateur publications proliferated, so did Arthur's contributions – he wrote and edited, paid only by the satisfaction of the work. With his pal and later resident companion, William F. Temple, he co-edited the famous British fanzine, *Novae Terrae*. Much like the precocious New York Futurians who were banded together at this same time in the late 1930s, he and Bill and the talented Walter H. Gillings and their fellow fans were greatly influencing fandom and developing into sf professionals simultaneous with the expansion of the field. Much like the Futurian leadership of Don Wollheim in U.S. fandom, it was Wally Gillings, also a bit older, who most shaped London fandom.

Arthur was described in 'those days' as "pretty thin and tall. He always wore glasses, and he had all his hair then – lots of wavy, light brown hair. Even today when he speaks, he's got a little bit of west country burr." Bill Temple thought him "somewhat impatient and highly-strung, given to sudden violent explosions of mirth."

In 1938, the London domicile of Clarke and Temple, 'The Flat', became the natural gathering place for the science fiction crowd as well as the paralleling B.I.S. group, and the propaganda, fanzines and space journals were published with the help of all. That house, at 88 Gray's Inn Road, Bloomsbury, near the British Museum, was remarkably like a mirror of the fannish world of the Futurians' co-operative Brooklyn apartment, 'The Ivory Tower'. The two places were each a magnet for the active sf fans in their greater metropolitan areas. Over here were Don Wollheim, Fred Pohl, Richard Wilson, Dirk Wylie, Doc

Lowndes, Cyril Kornbluth and more. Over there, besides Clarke and Temple and Maurice Hanson, there were their frequent BNF visitors like Wally Gillings, Ken Chapman, and Ted Carnell.

Although Arthur doesn't drink alcoholic beverages, pubs have always been meeting places for sf fans and Arthur's writings, both fannish and professional, have acknowledged that reality. In the early days, sf fans would regularly gather at the Red Bull pub. But the most inspirational pub was the White Horse, fictionalized by Arthur as 'The White Hart', which was just off newspaper row on Fleet Street in the heartland of 'The City'. It was well patronized by both his B.I.S. cohorts and the sf fans and readers. By the 1970s, when I lived in the U.K., the fannish watering hole had shifted to The Globe. Once a month there would be meetings where newer fellows mixed with the older fans from the '30s – an ongoing miniature convention which attracted many out-of-town as well as out-of-country visitors. A most memorable occasion was when Arthur showed up, direct from the U.S., proudly showing everyone his latest technological gadget, a hand-held calculator made by Hewlett-Packard, a remarkable innovation which he was among the first to own.

I was in England for seven continuous years starting in 1970 and grew quite close to the Clarke family. Unfortunately for me, Arthur was mostly in Sri Lanka then, but I developed an exceedingly close relationship with his brother, Fred W. Clarke. The Clarke family home was originally in Somerset, but 88 Nightingale Road in North London had become the headquarters and home for the two brothers and for Arthur's world-wide activities, as managed by Fred. I first met Fred and Mother Clarke at the historic professional joint appearance of Arthur C. Clarke and Isaac Asimov in London, in July 1974, at that pair's entertaining verbal sparring match which resulted in the whimsical 'Clarke-Asimov Treaty'. Although Arthur is the more experienced world-traveler, Fred has been to America and Sri Lanka many times. He and his wife Babbs have attended worldcons on both sides of the Atlantic and have visited my home in Potsdam, New York. Like his older brother, he has boundless energy, is a public speaker, and is involved in numerous local and international projects, all the while handling Arthur's archives, public relations, and their Rocket Publications company.

It was Fred who organized an elaborate (and six months early) 75th birthday celebration for his brother in their town of Minehead, Somerset, in July 1992.

Arthur had come home from Sri Lanka for a week. An elaborate Space Exposition had been arranged by Fred, and Arthur, of course, had a full schedule of lectures and appearances. I had hitched a U.S. Air Force ride to Mildenhall Air Base, north of Cambridge, to attend the week-long Festival, and was a guest of the Clarkes at the small hotel in Minehead – they stayed there, too, even though Dene Court, the current Clarke country home at Bishops Lydeard, was not many miles away. The old Clarke home at 13 Blenheim Road bore the historical plaque which had been dedicated by the Mayor.

A book could be written about that exciting weekend, with so many things going on and so many people met. Two prominent sf writers were there, old and new – Bob Shaw, my long-time friend, and Terry Pratchett, a stranger. I saw Bob briefly for a moment and then was disturbed and extremely pained, after a frantic unsuccessful search in order to invite him to dinner and the inner workings, to learn he had abruptly left town for an obligation I know he could have delayed. Assorted scientists and B.I.S. types were everywhere. There were fans there too, of course – mostly Arthur's, but only a handful that were known by me.

The most amazing moment for me was at the intimate hotel dinner table with Arthur and family, when Arthur noticed me squinting through the crack between my thumb and forefinger. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"Focusing on the tiny printing of the menu," I said.

"Oh," he said, "does it work?"

I'm still bewildered. How could he suggest not knowing that one could focus light rays that way? It was the only time ever that I didn't feel inferior to him. I wrote down a couple of quotes from my memory book at the time: Fred Clarke: "That was a week that was! Wonderful to see so many friends at one time from all over the world. Especially Dave!" And Arthur Clarke: "How about Bellefontaine in 2001? Where is [and he named my former Gnome partner]? Do you have him under lock and key? ACC"

True to the enthusiast that he still is, Arthur honors the pulps of yore. He recalls "stories brimming with ideas," and says they "amply evoked that sense of wonder which is or should be one of the goals of the best fiction. Science fiction is the only genuine consciousness-expanding drug." The value of science fiction to Arthur is demonstrated by his observation that space pioneers such as Tsiolkovsky, Oberth, and

von Braun wrote space science fiction as a means of conveying their ideas to the general public.

There's little doubt that the monumental motion picture *2001: A Space Odyssey* will be Arthur C. Clarke's world-wide defining event. I've already reported {{ed. note: in *Mimosa* 16 }} about the production set at Boreham Wood Studios during my 1966 English visit when I first met Stanley Kubrick and he didn't meet me (because he was so engrossed directing a scene). What did he have to say about his one-time collaborator? He thought Arthur's artistic ability was unique – imaginative, knowledgeable, intelligent with a quirky curiosity, but "Arthur is not an anecdotal character."

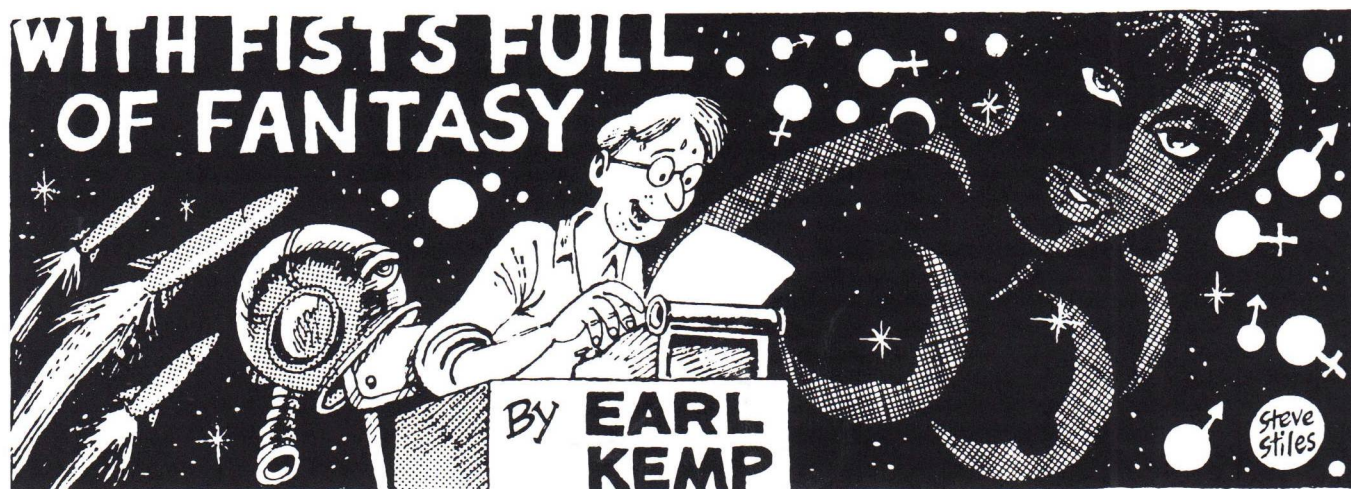
It was Bill Temple who hung the tag of 'Ego' on Arthur. Bill wrote a famous humorous sketch entitled "The British Fan in His Natural Haunts" in which he teased his good friend Arthur unmercifully. To this day, 'Ego' Clarke revels in the appellation, even putting out short personal newsletters called 'Egograms'. I've never heard anyone use that character description to his face, although I've detected it from time to time as reflective of envy and derision. No wonder – Arthur loves to talk about his life, discoveries and adventures. He often seems to be overwhelmingly immodest and boastful. The uncomplicated fact is that Arthur is indifferent to any appearance of self-aggrandizement – he is simply an unrelenting enthusiast. His interests are unbounded and his mind is super-active. At any opportunity, whether with a worldly personage or an enthralled teenager, Arthur will whip out his photographs of some current activity or opine on a new idea, bubbling with expressions of his keen feelings.

Those who understand him know the spirit and essence of Arthur Clarke, with his deeply rooted connection to fandom and its early sense of wonder. He's never lost that youthful exuberance. He's been to Buckingham Palace. He's received the C.B.E. (Commander of the British Empire). He's been knighted by The Queen. However, he is not merely SIR Arthur C. Clarke – he is Arthur C. Clarke, FAN. ✧

At 13, Science
Fiction changed
my life. Puberty
was a close
second.



Last year in *Mimosa* 26, we featured an article by Mike Resnick where he recalled his brief career in the 1960s as a writer of adult books. One of the people mentioned in that article was Earl Kemp, one of Chicago's (and the USA's too, for that matter) best-known fans of the 1960s decade. One of the ways of the future back then, at least to make money in the book publishing field, was the adult book industry, and Earl, too, was involved in it. The following article is offered as a response to Mike's article (and we'll have a final response from Mike in this issue's letters column).



There were porno mills by the dozens all over the place in those halcyon times, pouring out material for various porno factories. I was the recipient, sometimes the target, of many of them, as they hustled their wares to the only market worth a damn: The Porno Factory, Greenleaf Classics, Inc. I knew of many of them, but many more were deliberately kept secret from me, as if it would have mattered. And, in some fashion, almost every one of those porno mills was related to science fiction.

In fact, I was personally involved with a number of those porno mills, and operated a number of different ones of my own for different reasons. By far the most successful one of those, and definitely the most fun, was the porno mill my porno buddy and I operated – just the two of us. Ib Lauritzen, one of Europe's most honorable literary agents (A/S Bookman, Copenhagen) and my personal agent for years, and I, under various names and disguises, sold many Authentic Danish Sex Books. We came up with the idea in my house in El Cajon, California on one of Ib's visits. I would write the authentic Danish text in California or Jalisco. Ib would produce the rest of the package including original photography, and sell it from Denmark.

I always knew where the package could be sold as a last resort.

Every now and then we would get together and party outrageously around Europe and blow all the nonexistent loot in a couple of fantastic weeks.

Another personal porno mill that I operated occasionally involved extremely promising would-be writers who needed a push through the field in a hurry on toward where they belonged. Yet another involved charity cases where fledgling writers in extreme need of emergency money were quickly rushed to the head of the line for compassion's sake.

There were porno mills being operated from a number of European locations.

There were porno mills being operated by at least three of the editors working for me that were being fronted by others.

There was even one writer who deserves to remain nameless who thought of himself as being his own porno mill. He began selling the same manuscript to different publishers under different names. Three of them printed the same book before anyone caught onto his routine. Unfortunately we found ourselves with one of his manuscripts in inventory. I moved it into the next possible open spot and we published it *under his real name*. He also earned an honorable mention on our permanent blacklist.

There were porno mills being operated from literary agencies by underling clerks who saw the light and began moonlighting.

There were porno mills from the location of every significant science fiction fan organization. It turned out to be a major proving ground for fledgling writers, working their way into the real thing and paying their bills as they went along.

#

The grandfather of all porno mills was the original science fiction mill operated by the Scott Meredith Literary Agency. It was a simple matter back then to switch many of those writers over to a guaranteed steady source of income while they continued to try to sell an occasional science fiction piece.

It started out as a semi-secret, clandestine operation fronted out of a special mailing address – the Black Box operation – using special shipping cartons just for the ‘adult’ material so no one would suspect most of the pornography flooding the market originated with Scott Meredith. The actual operators of the Black Box, employees of Scott Meredith, changed from time to time, but it mostly fell upon Henry Morrison and Richard Curtis to keep shoveling it into those black boxes. Many of the original science fiction writers continued to write pornography (with or without their agent’s knowledge) from that point in time until the field itself completely disappeared.

The second-best porno mill that I knew anything about, and by far the most exciting and glamorous, was the ultra-suave operation maintained by Dr. Donald H. Gilmore in Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico. This one blew away all the stops.

There was an outgrowth of the Gilmore operation, much more of a social colony than a porno mill, in suburban Ajijic. This is where I had my own house and where I would encourage every suitable candidate to relocate. It was an extremely exciting artist colony with every kind of rather good expatriate talent available anywhere. Those were the very best times of all.

Several of the members of both those Jalisco groups were either science fiction fans or wannabe science fiction writers, and kept after me constantly to give them advice that would help move them in that direction.

And, best yet, the Guadalajara operation and the Ajijic operation (some 25 miles apart), being at a natural crossroads, hosted many science fiction people as they passed through. San Miguel de Allende was one of their popular destination spots, a somewhat upscale and better-developed artist colony. This one was the home of Dallas “Mack” and Jeanette Reynolds; science fiction hosts beyond compare. Their parties were famous all over the country: Ted Cogswell, Dwight Swain, Gary Jennings, Martha Beck, etc. trying to drink up all the tequila in Mexico.

#

There is a misconception about royalties that keeps cropping up: “...royalties were never men-

tioned, and certainly never received...” Mike Resnick (and others) wrote.

Even I have to keep reminding myself of some things now and then, like the fact that while we did publish books that were better in numerous cases than book publishers published, we really published periodicals. They only looked like books; they were dated products with exactly a one-month sale life and nothing ever beyond that point. There were no reprintings. There were no bookstores clamoring for reorders.

Another very overlooked factor is, in those days early in the ‘60s, there were little or no records kept regarding any of this commerce. This was for self-protection for every person concerned. The last thing anyone needed to come up with was detailed payment records for anything. Most of the people involved pretended they weren’t. Today, some of the people who wrote those books pretend they never did. This ‘covertness’ was abandoned in California where we were proudly up front and in your face about all aspects of our business.

When I first started asking for help and information about my memoirs, people turned up from all directions. “I’m one,” they would say, “I wrote some of those books.” “I’m one, too!” “Me...” It just amazes me who some of those writers were; though that was never any consideration when buying their manuscripts.

#

When the ‘photo illustrated’ novels appeared, we hired many photographers to do work for us. In most cases we would assign a writer to do the written portion of the book and a photographer to furnish the stills. There were already a number of people working in related areas and some of them came to us with projects of their own. One old-hand at the business was Stan Sohler, a sunbathing and nudist advocate, who did a number of the earlier packages for us, plus turning us on to some of the greatest get-away naked nature spots within 200 miles of San Diego.

His son, Gary Sohler, next became one of our major big-time partiers and package suppliers. He was already a well-known Los Angeles nudie photographer at the time.

And, my personal choice and all-time favorite was Bill Rotsler.

With all of these photographers, from time to time, I would accompany their caravans, visit their studios, or whatever, and find myself up to my earlobes in the middle of whatever was going on (being the boss sure had some unique fringe benefits). Rot-

There were many trips we took together, Bill and his cast and crew and me, into unknown outbacks or exotic Mexican locations, into sleazy cheap motel rooms with just enough room for Bill to stand while taking the pictures, on deserted beaches at sunset, etc. I have stacks of photos that I took of some of those exciting trips, sunburned focal points and all, and seed-burns in the fabric of my memory from all the joints, sniffles from the lines, that dominated those days. I haven't yet forgiven him for deserting me....

I had cut the rate to \$300 per manuscript by the time I quit the company, and that didn't cover childcare, typing, and postage. We were the fifth largest publisher in the United States, right behind Bantam Books then; it was unbelievably difficult to walk

#

Bill Hamling shared similar science fiction experiences with most of us. As a youngster he produced a damned fine fanzine named *Ad Astra*. When he moved into prodom it was as an editor at Ziff-Davis in Chicago (you might know today's leftovers as the really excellent ZDNet), publishers of *Amazing*, *Fantastic Adventures*, and much more. He worked with fellow editors like Howard Browne, LeRoy Yerxa, and Raymond A. Palmer, who later became publisher of *Other Worlds*. After that, he worked at a small little magazine named *Today's Man* where a fellow editor was Hugh Marston Hefner. After that, Hamling was publisher of *Imagination*, *Imaginative Tales*, *Rogue*, Regency Books, etc., a good friend, and a consistent supporter of Chicago fan activity.

#

“...and then they contacted all the photographers directly.” Again, not quite. The photographers contacted *us*. All of them. Too damned many of them. There seemed to be as many professional-quality photographers as there were future writers out there.

So you see, don't let anyone every try to fool you – it's not just those writers you can't trust.

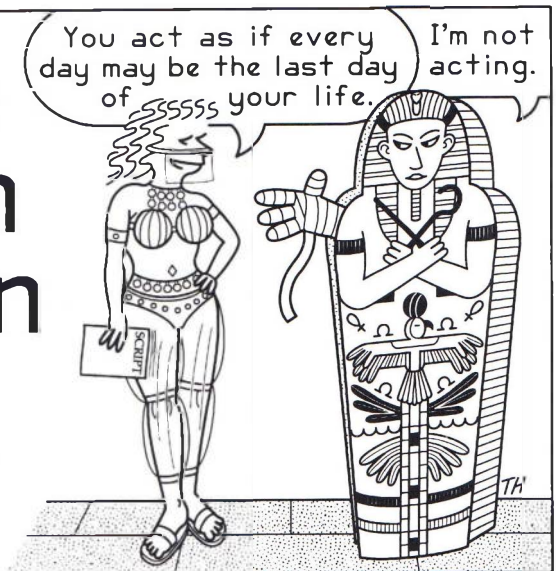
(In Memory of Bill Rotsler; I love you, I miss you.) ☼

Any look at the future really ought to pay homage to the past, too, so it's time for another visit with Forry Ackerman. Last time, Forry took us for a tour of his home, the famous Ackermansion, including one room where he has a 'life mask' of Boris Karloff. In this installment, Forry recalls a few of the occasions he was in the company of Boris Karloff, and some of the things that made those occasions memorable.

Through Time and Space with Forry Ackerman

PART XII

by Forrest J Ackerman



Boris Karloff, dear Boris, when he was nearly 80 years old, made his final four films in five weeks in a little hell-hole out in Hollywood – I don't even know if they had the nerve to call it a studio. He would get directly out of his chauffeured limousine into a wheelchair. He had a tank of oxygen by his side and metal braces on his legs, and was getting by on just half a lung. But he was a consummate actor.

Some of us who were there almost spoiled a scene by not being familiar with the script. Boris was busy being the mad doctor in his laboratory when he suddenly clutched his heart and fell against a wall. We were ready to run in and give him first aid. There were four little children who were very anxious to come on the set with me and meet Mr. Karloff. But mom and pop, rightly so, thought that four kids was about three too many underfoot.

The lucky one chosen was little Ricky; he was a little Korean War orphan whose G.I. father had abandoned him. The magic moment came for this little 9-year-old child to meet Boris Karloff. I took him by the hand; he was trembling and swallowing, and as he came forward and said, "Oh, Mr. Karloff, I've waited for this moment all my life!"

###

I've been in Boris's company nine times in my life, but I never really had him sort of all to myself. Robert Bloch was a very close friend of his, so I asked Bob, "Would it be possible for you to have him to

your home, and have your wife put on a little dinner for us?"

"Absolutely, Forry!" he said. "But we ought to have a quartet. Who would you suggest as a fourth person?"

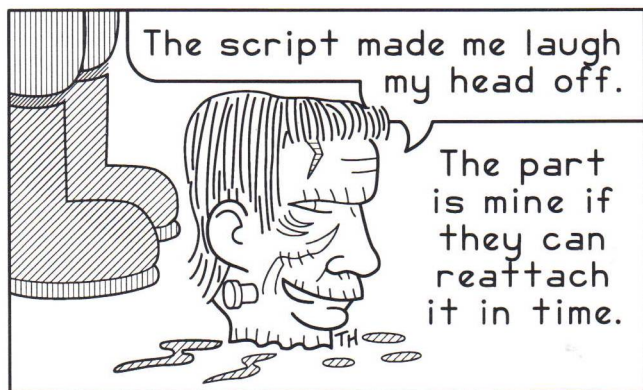
Well, I thought for a minute and then suggested Fritz Lang, who was about the same age as Boris Karloff. I thought that, with any luck, maybe they could be persuaded to talk about some of the classic movies they'd been associated with. So when the magic evening came, I sat down at a table with Robert Bloch across from me, Boris Karloff to the left, and Fritz Lang to the right. What an evening! Ordinarily, Bob and I could be depended on for all of the conversation, but that night we just zipped our lips and opened our ears. Boris and Fritz were great company, not only for us but also for each other; they laughed and remarked to each other, "Here we are, two old dinosaurs who have survived." And I sure wish I'd had a tape recorder under the table, because there was some marvelous conversation – all kinds of reminiscences, of *Frankenstein* and *Metropolis*, and a lot more.

I actually have many memories about Boris Karloff. Once, I had a telephone call from a friend, Verne Langdon, who said "Boris Karloff is in town. Don't you think it would be great if we could get him to do a phonograph album?"

And I said, "Well, I certainly agree with you!"

He said, "I've written a script. Would you take a look at it and let me know if you think he would find it satisfactory?"

So he sent it over and I read through it fairly quickly. It started out with a creaky door opening, and Boris would say "I bid you welcome... oh, be careful of the spiders, they're my friends, you know." Well, it looked okay to me – after all, Boris had been doing some funny stuff like *The Comedy of Terrors* and *The Raven*. He seemed to like scripts with humor in them.



But that night, I got a phone call from Verne, and it seemed like tears were coming out of the phone. "Oh, dear, Mr. Karloff let me down very gently. He said, 'No, no, dear boy, this is not my cup of tea.'" So I commiserated with him, and he kind of surprised me when he told me he'd be right over.

I said, "But, it's eleven o'clock!" And not only that, the crying towel seemed like it was soaking wet – what else could I do for him?

But then he said, "Mr. Karloff told me that if, by nine o'clock tomorrow morning, if I could show him a new script, one that he likes, he would stay an extra day and record it."

And then I made a mistake. I said to Verne, "But where in god's name are you going to get a new script before nine o'clock tomorrow morning?" I figured he'd need to find a couple of good professional script writers, and they would need about six months before they'd finally they'd have a rough script that Karloff might not reject.

There came the dreaded words over the phone: "You're going to do it!"

"I'm going to do it?? I've never written a script for a phonograph album in my life! I don't know anything about the format, or..."

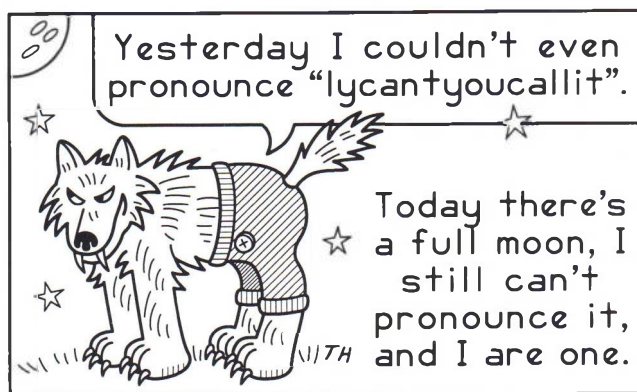
He cut me off: "Yes, yes, you can do it! I know you can!"

Well, he must have been very persuasive, because

by half past eleven he had arrived. All I could think of was that if Mr. Karloff didn't like the funny stuff, maybe I could remember some things that had pleased him over the years – maybe if I could sort of feed his words back to him he'd feel comfortable. The fellow wanted to watch the magic words come out of my fingers, but I said, "No, no... go to the piano and give me some mood music from *The Mummy*." So he sat down and played some of the Tchaikovsky theme from *Swan Lake* that had been used in *The Mummy*. It was kind of settling, actually. I found that I was able to make rapid work of it, and finally, at 2:30 in the morning I wrote 'The End'. And I thought that, boy, the world should never going to know that something like this was even attempted; it was all too ridiculous.

Anyway, the next evening I got a call: "Karloff loves it! His wife loves it, his agent loves it! The front office says 'Great!' Be here at nine o'clock tomorrow morning and you can hear it recorded!" So, for one magic hour the next day, every word that came out of Boris Karloff's mouth was a word I had put into it.

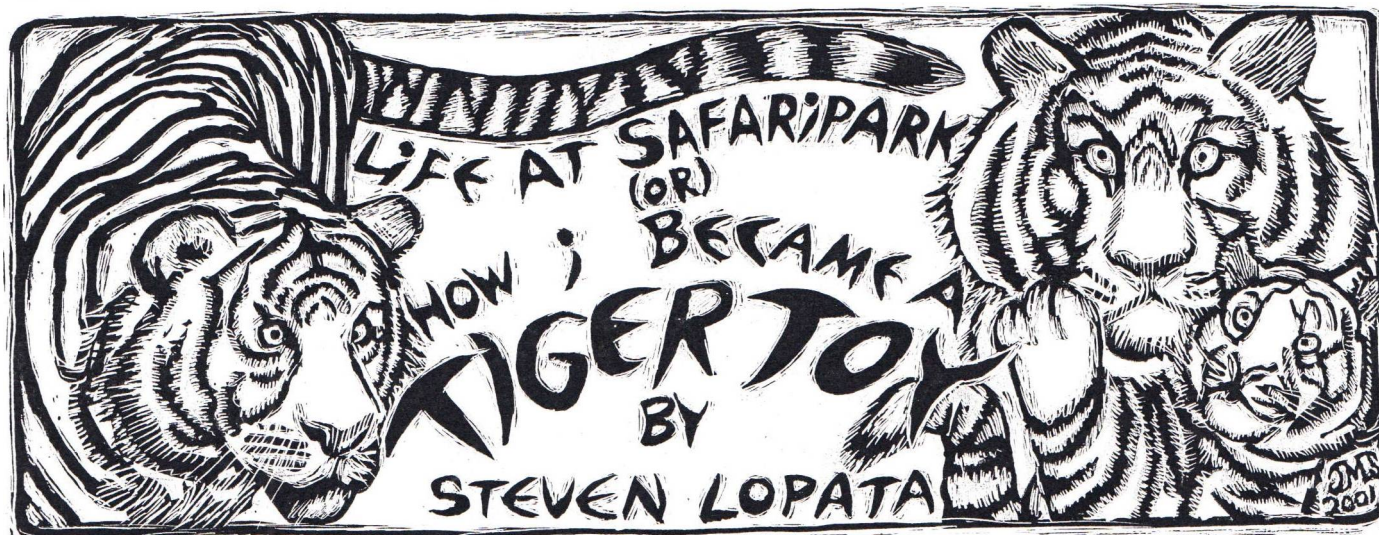
And he was just magnificent! He'd run a finger over a few lines, give the signal to the guy in the studio, and then record it flawlessly. He came to only one word he was unfamiliar with; it was then I realized that while he had been the Frankenstein monster and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, he had never played a werewolf – I had used the fancy term, 'lycanthrope'. Suddenly, the spotlight was on me; I told him how to pronounce it, and he did it just perfectly.



Afterwards, we all clustered around him and somebody said, "Mr. Karloff, we're aware of your advanced age, and you performed like a man of about one-third your age. Could you give us any helpful hints about how you accomplished that?"

And he said, with mock seriousness, "Well, I don't know, gentlemen, I guess it's just good clean living." And then he smiled. "Up to the age of 6." ✧

Worldcons are great places to network, especially when you're on the lookout for material for a fanzine. Some of the best articles we've ever published here in *Mimosa* have been the result of some chance meetings at world-cons with fans who have good stories that deserved to be told. MilPhil was no exception to this, and Nicki was introduced to the writer of the following article in the Green Room. We hope we will read more by him – in the future!



Introduction to a Tiger

One of the first questions I am asked when I tell people about working with lions and tigers is, "How did you get involved?" There are two answers. First the short, "I like kitties;" and the longer one, "I was at a convention and saw this guy walking a tiger on a leash. I asked if I could pet the tiger and about half an hour later, I was a volunteer at the breeding park."

Actually, it was even longer than that. The tiger was Romeo, one of the male Siberians at the park. He was a friendly, mostly biddable cat and we hit it off immediately. I sat with him in his enclosure for about half an hour, petting him and scratching his ears (see photograph next page). Then, Steve Henning, the owner of the park, asked me if I wanted to help take Romeo for a walk. I did. We walked around the convention center and chatted. Toward the end of the stroll, Steve asked me if I wanted to see something neat. I did.

From one of the stands nearby, he borrowed a helium balloon and showed it to Romeo. The tiger was excited and sat down expectantly. Steve released the balloon and as it passed his head told Romeo that it was okay. The tiger leapt, his back feet rising over our heads and grabbed the balloon in his paws. On the way back down, he bit it. On the ground, he rubbed his nose against Steve's hand and dropped the balloon's remnants into it. I always wondered if he had roared right after that if it would have come out falsetto.

The Heroine Lioness

As a volunteer at Safaripark, I learned a lot more about the park and its objectives. The first was to preserve the species of tigers still alive in the world today. There used to be seven distinct species. Today, there remain only three. The park has two, the Bengal and Siberian. We were in negotiation with the government of Indonesia for a breeding pair of Sumatran tigers, but the repeated problems they've had have pushed our chances to almost nil. The Sumatran tiger is the smallest of the extant species and the Siberian is the largest.

The second objective of the park is to breed the big cats and increase the available gene pool. We have about sixty cats, lions and tigers for the most part, but we have half a dozen cougars that have been rescued from abusive situations, a lynx that was brought in by Arkansas Game and Fish, and a South American puma who is the special pet of Debbie, Steve's wife.

Steve's interest in big cats began about a dozen years ago. At that time, he owned a Christmas tree farm near Kansas City. He was having some work done when he spotted a young lioness locked in one of the worker's cars. He protested about leaving the lion in a closed vehicle and was told that if he cared so much for the damned thing, he could have her for a hundred bucks. So he forked it over and began to discover both the rewards of living with big cats and the fact that it costs a bunch of money to keep them in

calories.

In his attempts to keep Sarah, the lioness fed, he began to take her around to his friends and customers and beg for money. After one of these evenings, he and Sarah were driving through one of the rougher areas of Kansas City. Sarah had her head in Steve's lap when he stopped for a red light. Three men approached the truck and yanked the door open. Their apparent intent was to take the truck, and when they saw Sarah, their intentions immediately changed to putting as much distance between themselves and the 200 pound lioness as possible. But they made the mistake of not closing the truck door first.

Now a lion is like a dog in one respect – if you run away, it'll chase you. The three would-be truck-jackers headed west at as many knots as their little legs would afford with Sarah happily in pursuit. Steve told me that he almost broke his neck trying to get out of the truck before unfastening his seat belt. He remembers yelling something intelligent like, "Hey, you guys, come back with my lion."

There wasn't far to run. At the end of the block, the young men discovered a utility pole and when Steve approached, they were trying to get as high as they could. Sarah had her front paws high against the pole and moaned an invitation to come down and play some more.

A bartender whose establishment was across the street looked out and called the police, and four police cars pulled into the intersection not too many minutes later. One of the officers rolled his window down a fraction of an inch and told Steve that if he would "control his lion," they would get out of the cars and check out the men who were still hanging from the pole.

A belt looped around Sarah's neck was sufficient to control her and the police began the process of arresting the utility pole ornaments. It is unlikely that three would-be felons were ever so happy to get into a police car.

It turned out that all three were well known to the gendarmerie, with long records. Steve went home after being interviewed repeatedly. About six months later, a certificate of appreciation from KCPD arrived, addressed to 'Sarah the Lion'.

Playing with Lions and Tigers

As I became more familiar with the individual cats, their habits and stories, I was used as a docent for visitors. We would walk around and I'd talk to them about the kitties. One of the things we tried to

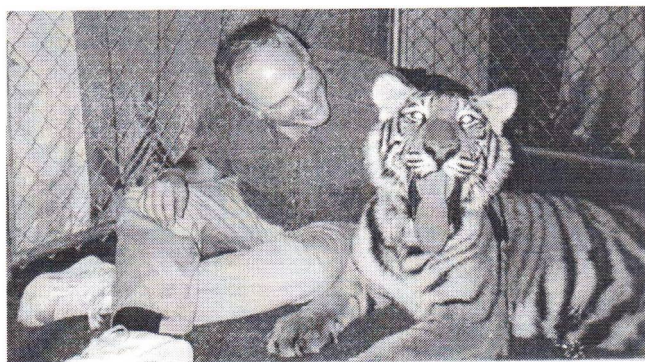
do was educate our visitors about the place and necessity of the larger predator in the ecologies where they live. We also did outreach programs at schools. The wonder in the eyes of a kid, who hasn't seen an animal except on television, as a cub is placed in his lap for petting is one of the real thrills of working for the program.

One Saturday afternoon, Steve Henning asked me if I would like to be his backup when he went into the Siberian enclosure. That was a compound with Romeo and three more tigers as occupants. All were about the same age, around 20 months and weighed around 200-220 pounds. I agreed and we prepared to enter.

At the gate, I told him in a loud voice, "If they kill me, let 'em eat me."

"Oh no," came the instant reply. "You're too fat. We have to restrict the cat's cholesterol intake."

During that marvelous half hour, I realized that I really loved these big guys. (Well that's a generic really. The four Siberians were Romeo, Rajah, Fergie, and Tess – two breeding pair. We try to give the cats names beginning with the same letter as their sire's. In this case, both Romeo and Rajah were born to Tyson and Tia. Tyson Foods has been a consistent source of both food and cash for the park.) And I found out that they had a sense of humor, could laugh, and were practical jokers.



Romeo and Steve Lopata share a laugh

When I bent over to pet one, another would jump on my back and slide off. As I walked across the enclosure, one would throw itself down beside me and stretch out a hooked paw to trip me. With Steve watching my back (tigers love to attack from the rear), I stood in the middle of the compound and talked to the watching visitors. They were shouting and pointing, but if Steve wasn't worried, neither was I. I felt a warm, moist mouth close gently around my ankle, another attempt to trip me. When I bent to pet Fergie,

she regretfully released my ankle.

When a tiger was successful in either tripping me or sliding off my back, it would 'chuff'. Chuffing is the sound they make when they are happy to see you... Or laughing. It sounds like a low pitched putt, putt, putt. We chuff back, especially when we are training them and they do something well. If a tiger doesn't chuff when we approach their enclosure, we just don't go in.

When we left the compound, I felt energized as if I had taken some kind of tonic. The other volunteers told me that they thought that the cats had so much energy that some of it "rubbed off" when we petted them. I also learned that sometimes their practical jokes can be painful. A favorite trick is to bite the bottom of anyone bending over. Usually the bite is just enough to straighten you up with a snap, but sometimes the tiger misjudges and we get new holes in us.

Another thing that I learned right after I left the enclosure was that tiger spit would make a fabulous styling mousse. My wife was laughing at me as I walked out. Each tiger in turn had put its front paws on my shoulders and licked my hair. She showed me in a mirror that I was now 'punked up', with my hair standing in all directions, spiked and held by that spit. It happens that tiger's tongues are like other cats, rough, perfect for a styling comb.

When the cats got bigger, jumping on our backs would drop us to the ground with a huge "oof." Imagine three or four hundred pounds landing on your back when you're bending over. They would chuff and get off. Often, when I sat on top of their house to talk to visitors, one or another would leap to the roof (I had to climb) and sit next to me. They would lick my hair and nudge me or lean against me until I slid off the roof. Then they would dive down to lie atop me. That was when I learned that tigers can see color. When my face reached just the right shade of purple, they would hop off, chuffing.

I'm sorry to tell you that none of us can do that with Romeo and Fergie, his mate or Rajah and Tess anymore. When they reach sexual maturity, the tigers become more dangerous. We can still approach them as individuals. They still rush to the bars of their enclosure, chuffing and putting their noses through for a kiss, but going in with more than one is just too dangerous now. Romeo even snapped at Steve the other day, and Steve had raised him from when he was three days old.

While being with a group of young tigers is more

or less like visiting a locker room after a winning football game, the lions are an entirely different story. I think that since tigers are mostly solitary in the wild, they really don't know how to view us when we visit. Lions, however, have the pride mentality hard-wired into their natures.

Probably the most important part of that mentality is dominance. There is a definite pecking order within each pride. The lions have to establish just who is boss the first time we enter their compound. The upshot of finding out who can boss us and who we can boss is something like being initiated into a tough street gang. I ended up bruised and shaken.

Oddly enough, each day is a little different with lions. It can sometimes be my day to be boss and sometimes the dominant male's or female's. Luckily for all of us volunteers, lions are pretty transparent in terms of their emotions. There are no less than seventeen body language and vocal signs that it's their day. Ignoring these signs usually results in a painful lesson and more holes. The lesson doesn't seem to be vicious, just a reminder that it is their day.

Feed the Tiger

Lions and tigers in the wild eat differently than they do in captivity. Both cats tend to gorge in the wild, eating upwards of 60 pounds of meat after a big kill. Since they are both hunters, there can be some pretty slim periods between meals. But feeding our cats the way they eat in the wild would result in shorter life spans and sometimes very grouchy lions and tigers.

A lion needs about ten pounds of meat per day to stay healthy. Tigers eat about the same. We feed frozen chicken, beef from local farmers who have had a cow go down for various reasons, and any other animals we can get for free. I have to say that local chicken packers have been very generous with their waste parts like wings, backs and necks.

Frozen meat is fine for feeding the animals. We don't bother to thaw it since it gives their teeth and jaw muscles good exercise. We try to feed meat with the bones still in. We found out the hard way that feeding boneless meat can result in a calcium deficiency that kills.

The cats eat less in the summer than the winter. The caloric requirements for keeping warm aren't there in summer and the heat makes even the tropical cats torpid. We also do not feed the cats every day. It is a good idea to let them fast for at least one day a week. There are times during the summer that the

cats won't eat for a couple of days even if the meat is available.

Finding enough meat for our kitties is a tough job. We depend on donations from local organizations for most of their food. We're always on the lookout for new sources of food. That's the way we found out that the cats won't eat hotdogs, but the bears will. (Arkansas Game and Fish knows we won't say no to an abandoned bear cub. We care for them until they are old enough, then Game and Fish releases them in the back country.) And raccoons (kept for people to see and admire) too. When they got bored with the peanut butter and jelly sandwiches provided by the troop for their outing, a bunch of Boy Scouts discovered that bears are really omnivores. Huck, our bear of the hour, ate about 25 of them, and was begging for more when they ran out.

Neither lions nor tigers like to share. Individual animals stake out their portions and prepare to guard it from all comers, including us. Their behavior during feeding is quite different. Lions will roar to establish dominance and occasionally cuff each other. We have to know who is at the top of the pecking order and feed from top to bottom. If a mistake is made, it can be very noisy for a while as the lions work it out.

Tigers will claim their portion of meat, but some will move from one to another. We think that it's checking to see if their litter mate got more or better chow than they did. They can be quite hostile about eating. While I was training Bianca, a Siberian cub, I walked by her enclosure right after feeding time holding her training leash. She put her ears down and hissed at me. No mistake. I would not have a student until she finished eating.

Herding Cats

A couple of lion prides got together overnight by pushing out one of the panels in the fence between their enclosures. We had rebuilt the bear compound (we get the occasional bear from Arkansas Game and Fish, but all the current crop had been released) to handle lions. That consisted of strengthening the fence and putting jump guards across the top of the fencing.

The more difficult (and funny if you were just watching) part came next. We had a dominant lion and four lionesses, one of whom had the leonine equivalent of PMS and all of which weighed upwards of six hundred pounds, to convince to move next door, then next door again.

Our kitty roundup began with Paul making a hole

in the fence between the compounds big enough for the lions to pass through easily. Then we began to move cats... Or try to.

The three males who belonged in the compound lounged at the front, watching as we moved up to our four truants. They just didn't understand. Arthur, the male, paced around the house while two of the females, Cody and Cheyenne, raced up and down the wrong side of the enclosure. Using a piece of cattle panel as a come-along, we managed to get Arthur close to the opening. He raced past the panel and lay down. All three girls were thoroughly stirred up by this time. Cassie was snarling.

We figured that maybe it would be easier if the opening was close to the corner of the enclosure. While Steve wired the old opening shut, Paul cut a new one. As soon as we approached Arthur, he got up and paced out, his dignity waving over his head like his tail. Cody raced after him and after just a little persuasion, Cheyenne dove through the new opening.

Meanwhile, Cassie had taken refuge in the house and would not come out. Steve suggested that one of us go in and chase her out. That received the silent scorn it deserved. We tried beating on the walls and roof of the house... Nothing. Then Ailene got Paul's pry-bar from the demolition site (we are moving Safaripark to larger quarters and tearing down all buildings and enclosures while we build new ones) and we started prying at the corner of the house, hoping to get her out. Of course, as soon as we had one board partially loose, Cassie ran out of the house. She was truly upset and, trust me on this, you don't want to run afoul of 500 pounds of upset lion. Remember, it is the females who do the hunting.

A little coaxing managed to get her to the opening. When she saw the others of her pride lying there, she joined them. But not before letting us know in no uncertain terms that **she was not happy**.

The opening was wired shut and we began the process all over again. This time, the cats understood what we wanted. Arthur, Cody, and Cheyenne just walked to the opening and went into their new home. The enclosure was overgrown with high grass and some bushes. They picked a clear spot and lay down. Cassie was still very angry. We got out the Big Gun (a shovel) and banged it on the ground. The cats have been disciplined with a 'bite stick' (a fourteen-inch piece of 1/4-inch diameter plastic pipe) since they began training. When they get older, it is usually sufficient to show them a bite stick, but occasionally one

must threaten with a shovel. We usually use those for cleaning up cat feces and they understand the symbolism. Cassie snarled again to let us know that we were definitely on her bad list for the day and entered her proper enclosure. She lay panting from excitement and unease for almost the half hour it took to seal the now empty middle compound.

By the way, the bite stick really is used for bites. It isn't unusual for a lion or tiger to grab something you want to get away from him, something like a hand or pant leg. If coaxing won't do the trick, the bite stick is inserted into the corner of kitty's mouth and used to force their jaws open. When they're cubs, we can do it with our fingers at the jaw hinge like you do with a dog, but by the time they reach a couple of hundred pounds, some mechanical advantage is necessary.

Some Final Notes

As much as I love those tigers, I would not care to have one as a permanent guest in my home. First, a full grown male Siberian can weigh up a thousand pounds and be thirteen or fourteen feet from nose to tail tip. Imagine the toll on the furniture.

Second, there is the not-so-funny joke about where does a thousand pound tiger shit? Anywhere it wants. The big cats do not understand about litter boxes.

There is also the prospective food bill. And the fact that a quarter to a half ton of kitty cat moving at 20 miles per hour can hurt you without meaning to. Most of us volunteers have been knocked down, some have even had joints sprained or dislocated by one of our charges wanting to go somewhere quickly and just brushing against us in the process.

Finally, these cats are wild animals. As much as we love them, we understand that if triggered by some action of ours, an outside event, or an instinct of theirs, they can and will hurt us. While we delight in taking cubs home for a night or two, we do so with the knowledge that we'll all be happier if the arrangements stay the way they are at Safaripark.

We have rescued several big cats, lions, or cougars whose owners didn't understand these things. There are refuges full of wild animals whose past owners thought it would be neat to own a (you name it).

In spite of several corporate donors, we are always scrambling for money for food, for building materials and for all of the other things we need to keep our cats comfortable and safe.

Ever since starting to work with the big kitties, it has been my ambition to get them and fans together. This past October, it finally happened. We took some cubs to St. Louis to participate in Archon. In fact, we were the con charity.

One last thing – the government of Tanzania has contacted Safaripark and asked for twenty lions. The plan is to release them into the national park under the care of the rangers there. I think they will make sure the lions can hunt, and will feed them if they can't learn. The goal of a breeding/conservation park is to preserve the species, assure a large enough gene pool for eventual survival, and hopefully to release our charges back to the wild. We are all delighted that this has happened so soon.

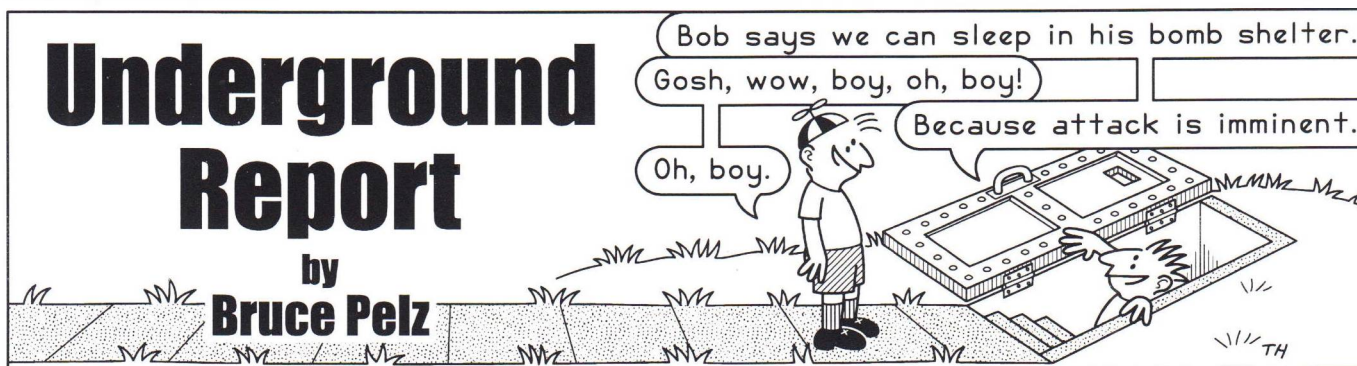
But that can't be done with tigers. At present, just a tiger skin is worth more than the average Asian farmer makes in a whole lifetime. Tiger parts are in demand for traditional Chinese remedies. In spite of international treaties against the trade in endangered species, poachers take a horrid toll every year. Until man learns to live as neighbors to the large predators, we'll be responsible for their preservation.

There is hope. Costa Rica has made a business of 'eco-tourism'. Instead of destroying the jungle around them, many villages are making excellent livings for themselves by caring for their forests and leading tours to visit the wildlife in its natural habitat. Several other countries are trying similar experiments.

If sufficient pressure is put on the governments responsible for assuring their habitats and if neighboring populations realize the possibility of making a good living by showing rather than exploiting their forests and jungles, the pressure on the cats can be relieved. A place can be made again for these wonderful animals. ✧



☛ An amusing vignette by Bruce Pelz rounds out this 'Welcome to the Future' issue. Back in the Cold War era of the 1960s, visions of the future were sometimes a bit scary. Even famous authors were not immune from apprehension, as we will see.



It started at the 1961 Worldcon in Seattle. The Guest of Honor, Robert Heinlein, used his GoH speech to predict Dire Events (of the nuclear kind) for the near future. He was talking about Fallout Shelters, Emergency Rations, and the many other things that were suggested for Survival in such perilous times.

His fans applauded, and for the rest of the convention he mingled in the pleasant party-like atmosphere of the smallest Worldcon in many years. My introduction to him was smoothed by my having set "Green Hills of Earth" to music a couple years previous. I had sent him a copy and he professed, Gentleman that he was, to prefer my setting to the professional one. If we were ever to come through Colorado, we should stop by.

The party rolled on, through the last day of Seacon. In spite of the transportation and inter-personal problems that the Los Angeles fans were having at the time – the former engendered by an accident rendering unusable the van in which a number of us had arrived, the latter being far too complicated even then to discuss in short form – I enjoyed the con.

I have no idea what the general audience reaction was to his speech, but RAH scared at least one person: himself. He promptly went home to Colorado Springs and built a Fallout Shelter.

At Chicon III the following year, RAH appeared in a figurative puff of smoke at the Banquet, to accept his Hugo for *Stranger in a Strange Land*. He then proceeded to Hold Court in a penthouse suite at night, and Many Were The Fans And Pros To Sit At His Feet. The invitation was renewed at some time or other as conversation swirled around the room.

When Discon came around in 1963, four Angelinos decided to drive across the country to Washington: Fred Patten, Ted Johnstone, Dian Girard, and me. Dian wrote up the trek – which we made in her car,

named 'The Dammit' (as in "Start, Dammit!" or "Move, Dammit!") – for the apa SAPS. And, of course, we inquired if the invitation to Colorado Springs was still open, and if it would be appropriate to accept it when we were going to be in the neighborhood. It was, and it was!

The Heinleinian House was wonderful, the hospitality delightful. I photographed the original illo from Colliers of "Green Hills," which they had hanging on the wall, and the delightfully convenient swinging wall between the kitchen and dining room, which allowed tables for parties or dinners to be prepared in the kitchen and rolled under the swung-out wall into the dining room. RAH spoke of many interesting things (including why the cat was named 'Shamrock O'Toole'.)

We were invited to spend the night, and when the time came to bed down we were offered two couches and two roll-away cots in the Fallout Shelter. Dian and Fred got the couches because Ted and I grabbed the Fallout Shelter, of course.

We gleefully followed our host outside to the Shelter, and after he showed us the available sleeping facilities and pointed out where important features like the light switch were located, RAH left. I got out the camera again, and we staged an Entry Scene anew, with Ted in the picture. As usual. We closed the door, looked around, and crashed out. We slept, quite comfortably, and departed in the morning extremely delighted with the event. For a couple of kids in their early twenties, it was a "Wow! Keen!" sort of feeling that I, at least, do not have the color-writing skills to carry onto paper.

It's been more than 38 years since that night, and neither Ted nor RAH are still with us. I guess that makes me the last remaining member of The Robert Heinlein Underground Fandom. ☼



{{📧 As we mentioned in our Opening Comments, this *may* be the final time we include a Letters Column in *Mimosa*. The next two issues will be 'Fanthology' issues, most likely higher in page count than any previous issue, so we'll need all the extra space we can get. It's possible we'll have a Letters Column in the final issue, *Mimosa* 30, but we're not ready to decide on that just yet. Nevertheless, we would still like to hear from our readers! Your comments are important feedback to the writers and artists who contribute to each issue, and we promise your comments will find their way back to our contributors.

As for the letters we received commenting on *Mimosa* 26, the most popular topics were the cover art collaboration of Ian Gunn and Joe Mayhew, and the remembrances of Joe. We'll start there. }}

**Rodney Leighton, RR3, Tatamagouche,
Nova Scotia B0K 1Y0, Canada**

I seem to be having conflicting emotions about the pending end of *Mimosa*. I know, it's two years away but that's pending in fantime, is it not? On the one hand, I will miss these fabulous covers with the amazing detail and depictions of entire stories in a foldout page; on the other hand, I can use the 15 or 20 minutes I spend cogging at *Mimosa* covers to do something useful like reading an entire fanzine or something.

{{📧 We're guessing this issue's cover must have taken up about a couple of hour's worth of your time, at least! }}

One thing I can't quite figure out is why I always get choked up and emotional at some section of *Mimosa*. I mean, most of these folks who have died mean nothing to me personally. Joe Mayhew was kind

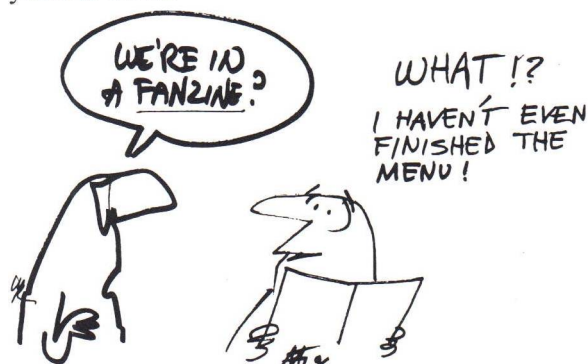
enough to talk to me in a couple of fanzines. I don't know why I grieved for him. Certainly a remembrance of a person no longer with us in body can not be called the highlight of the issue. I did think that the section devoted to Joe, both your part {{📧 "Joe - A Remembrance" }} and the essay by Kip Williams {{📧 "A Cup of Joe" }}, was the best part of this issue.

I also have some conflicting feelings about the photos you are now using. It was great to see that photo of Joe, although I had the eerie feeling that if one took off 50 pounds, many abilities and a large dose of geniality and added a large degree of grouchiness, one would be looking at a picture of me. It is always nice to see pictures of fans, giving me a face and figure to associate with what has been only names. On the other hand, you destroyed the image I have had of Leah Smith for about 10 years now. Interesting how when you create a mental image of a person that sometimes they look almost like that and sometimes very different. Joe looked a lot like I thought he did. Leah looks altogether different.

Marisol Ramos-Lum, 8738 Delgany Avenue #303, Playa del Rey, California 90293

I never met Joe Mayhew but I wish I had. There are so few people in library world (that I have met yet) that appreciate the value of fanzines and SF fandom. So it is sad to know that he has already passed away without me having a chance to meet someone so interesting. Joe seemed to have been a very nice person, whimsical and foremost talented cartoonists and writer. I thank you for writing about him, showing his art and sharing his writing. At least, this sampling made me feel that I have known him and I grieve for his passing.

I thoroughly enjoyed Forrest J Ackerman's piece about his house in the "Secret of the Ackermansion." Boy! I was salivating throughout the whole article. Being an information science student (a.k.a. library student and archives student) and a SF and Fantasy fan Forry's home is my dream home. May the Ghods let me accumulate such an awesome collection in the years to come.



Jon D. Swartz, 1704 Vine Street, Georgetown, Texas 78626

My wife and I visited the Ackermansion back in the 1960s, and were lucky enough to be there on a Sunday when several SF writers were in attendance, including Bradbury and van Vogt. We got the grand tour, including the chair Lincoln had sat in, and Forry told us his 'read every last word' story. I've gotten a lot of mileage out of that particular yarn, and was even quoted in a syndicated column by the columnist, a bibliophile who apparently had been asked the question himself a few times.

Sad to hear of the demise of Joe Mayhew. I believe I met him years ago when I spent a summer in residence at the Library of Congress working on my reference book, *Handbook of Old-Time Radio*. All the librarians there were most generous with their time and advice and helped me find my way around the LoCs extensive holdings. I remember vividly sitting at a table in the Recorded Sound Division, surrounded by books I'd previously only heard about, thinking that I was in a researcher's heaven! A corner was devoted to area SF associations and their activities (maintained by Joe?). Alas, I was focused on completing my OTR research and had little time for SF or anything else.

Dave Rowe, 8288 West Shelby State Road 44, Franklin, Indiana 46131-9211

The cover was bitter-sweet being started and completed by two great guys (and talents) that will

not be seen again. I will always remember a letter from Ian which mentioned he was making a display for Melbourne SF Club about the Ditmar Awards: "Not that anybody seems to know what a Ditmar Winner is. Perhaps I should pin myself to the board."

Ron Bennett's writing about Jan Jansen {{ in "Lord of the Jumble" }} brought back memories of a mid-'70s convention in Belgium. Jan was already the grand old man of Benelux fandom and chaired a panel with one other Belgian and a couple of Britons. When he opened up the panel to the audience the first question asked was, "What do you think is the main difference between British and other European fandoms?"

"Isn't it obvious?" said Jan. "The British have got the beer with them." And they had.

That was the con where Rambling Jake Grigg flaked out on Rog Peyton's bed and Rog, being too much of a gentleman and a friend, refused to move him off even after the room parties had finished and so Rog went to sleep on the stairs for the night.

Next morning he hobbled into the refractory and in a tired voice murmured, "Ghod! I feel like I slept on the stairs all night."

With regard to Ron Bennett's letter of comment in the issue: Rog Peyton has at least one other connection with fanzines – he put together a one-shot reprint of Bob Shaw's and Walt Willis' *The Enchanted Duplicator* with some really fine and individualistic illos by Andrew Stephenson. But I don't know if it ever saw the light of day.



Brad Foster, P.O. Box 165246, Irving, Texas 75016

It was kind of a bitter-sweet feeling on pulling this one out of the envelope to see another wonderfully inventive Ian Gunn wraparound cover. I mean, so happy to see a new Ian piece, and yet sad too. There was only Ian's name on the front, but when I



saw the contents page listed it as an Ian Gunn / Joe Mayhew drawing, well, I almost did cry when I read that. (I looked for some comments in the issue about how this collaboration came about, but could find none. Anything you could tell us about this next time?)

{{ Several months before he died, Ian told us he was working on a new cover for *Mimosa* that would be a sequel of sorts to his earlier 'Spaceport' cover that appeared on *Mimosa* 18. We scheduled it for *Mimosa* 24, but after completing maybe two-thirds of the drawing, Ian became too ill to finish it. After Ian's death, Karen Pender-Gunn sent us a photocopy of what he had been able to finish, but that might have been the end of it except for a chance comment in Joe's presence at a WSFA meeting about the partially-completed cover's existence. Joe immediately asked if he could look at it, and when he did he asked if he could finish it for Ian. Karen granted permission, and barely a month after that, we had the finished work in our possession. It was only a few months after that when Joe himself became terminally ill. We consider the M26 cover a tribute to the memories of both Ian and Joe. }}

The Quilt Museum you mentioned in your Opening Comments {{ "Summer" }} sounds very cool. I know I thought like most people about quilts up until a few years ago, that they were just large collections of colored squares, nice but no big deal. Then Cindy and I saw a TV show about a quilting convention, and the variety of approaches to the basic quilt were astonishing! Some took the graphical design nature of the whole thing to incredible extremes, some even looked like oil paintings. If we ever get a chance to check out the Museum, we definitely will.

Mike Resnick's memories of writing 'one hand wonders' {{ in "How I Single-Handedly Destroyed

the Sex Book Field for Five Years and Never Even Got a Thank-You Note from the Legion of Decency" }} was fun. I got into that sub-sub-genre in a much smaller way in the seventies, when the stuff went from soft to hardcore, and if you tried to put in a plot, it usually got edited out! (I actually had the entire last chapter of my first book cut out when it was printed, since there was no sex in it. Wrapping up plot lines? Not really needed, I found out quickly!) I made a few much-needed bucks off the sales of a half-dozen or so novels, and had fun trying to come up with different ways of describing pretty much the same few actions over and over again. Rule number one of smut writing: never use one adjective when four will fit. My main recollection of my experiences plays against two of Mike's points – I thought it was such a hoot to actually have something I had written get into print, I had to fight the editors to get my real name put on them, and I only managed to get it put on the last one printed. The other thing is his comment of dealing with men: I don't think I ever spoke to a male any of the times I called the companies. It seemed to me the entire industry must be run by women. Which made for odd, slightly stilted conversations the first time or two, until I realized they seemed to think it was as all a hoot as much as I did, and we got along fine.



Milt Stevens, 6325 Keystone Street, Simi Valley, California 93063

The first thing I noticed about the Gunn and Mayhew cover on *Mimosa* 26 was the duck bagpipe band walking across the front cover. After careful study of the entire cover (and it does deserve careful study), I discovered the bagpipe band was really made up of Sirian Jnr rather than ducks. They just happen to look like ducks. Elsewhere on the cover, I found what appears to be a punk gopher in a ballet costume and a three-eyed potato wearing a Stetson. That was about

it for things I could semi-easily identify. Most of the other hotel guests fall into a category somewhere between unnameable and unspeakable.

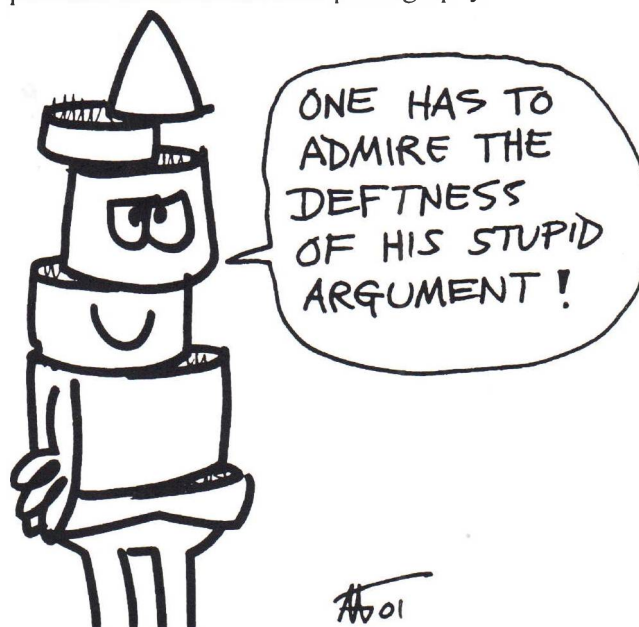
I can identify with most of the feelings expressed by David B. Williams in "That Was Then, This Is Now." I was born a couple of years before he was, but I attended my first con a couple of years after he did. Since it was about the same period, I went through most of the same steps. However, after joining LASFS back in 1960, there was never any period when I thought I had severed connections with fandom. There were several periods when I wasn't actually doing anything about fandom at the moment. So I've sort of been gradualized by the changes that have occurred to science fiction and fandom over the last forty years. That doesn't stop me from feeling that not all of the changes have been good ones. There are times when things seem to be too big and too diverse. I haven't felt that I really knew what was going on in science fiction for a couple of decades, and there are many more fanzines than I can conceivably keep up with. At least, I don't feel like worrying that fanzines are going to die out anytime soon.

There is one thing that is constant through the last forty years. Fans are never happy about the prices they are paying at the moment. They certainly were not thirty years ago. At LACon I in 1972, a worldcon membership cost \$10 at the door with hotel rooms going at \$14 single and \$16 double. Were fans happy? Of course not. There was much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth over the outrageous price of worldcon memberships.

There doesn't seem to be any reason to believe that the inflation of the last thirty years won't continue for the next thirty years. At that rate, by the time I am 90 in 2032, a worldcon membership will probably cost around \$1000 with hotel rooms going for about the same rate per day. I can't say that I really expect to be still attending worldcons at age 90, but the reasons for not attending probably won't be economic.

Mike Resnick gives a change of pace from conventions with his description of his career as a porn broker. I'm not in the slightest surprised that Mike was able to single-handedly destroy the market for porn novels, but I've often wondered why the market existed in the first place. Once a porn publisher has a backlog of several hundred novels, why not just reissue them every few years with new titles, new covers, and new pseudonyms. Who would notice the difference?

Years ago, when Larry Shaw was editing porn in Southern California, I addressed this same question to him. He admitted that the same question had occurred to him. He had no idea why they didn't do it. Larry revealed one interesting thing about porn marketing. The company he worked for had test marketed selling the exact same book in different parts of the country with books sold in one part of the country priced two dollars more than the same book sold in a different part of the country. The more expensive volumes sold much better than the cheaper volumes. Porn buyers must think that more expensive equals dirtier. Some economist might be able to do a dissertation on the perverse demand curve for pornography.

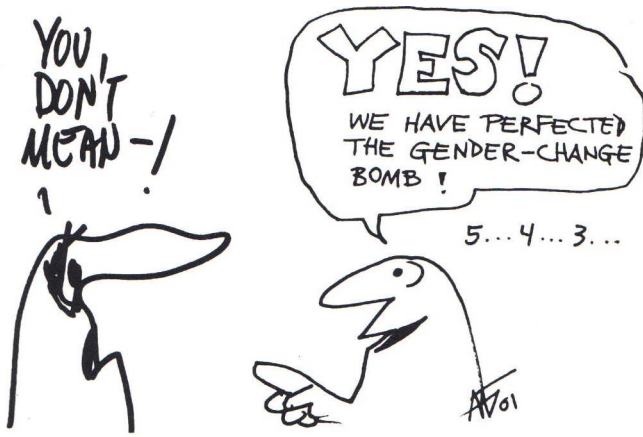


**Ted White, 1014 North Tuckahoe Street,
Falls Church, Virginia 22046**

I don't want to get into the habit of correcting Mike Resnick, but he seems to get a few details wrong in his otherwise entertaining pieces. This time it's his statement that Bill Hamling "was the former publisher of *Amazing* and *Other Worlds*."

Hamling was 'Managing Editor' of Ziff-Davis's *Fantastic Adventures*, the companion magazine to the pulp version of *Amazing*, in the late '40s. As such he was no doubt also editorially affiliated with *Amazing* (under Ray Palmer's editorship). But he was never *Amazing*'s publisher.

When Palmer was getting ready to leave *Amazing*, *FA*, and Ziff-Davis in 1949, he set up a pseudonymous publishing company and editor for his new magazine, *Other Worlds*, for its first few issues – until



he had officially left Z-D and could put his own name on the magazine. Palmer was *Other Worlds*' only publisher throughout the '50s, however, riding the magazine down into a subscription-sales-only publication largely devoted to UFOs (it became *Flying Saucers from Other Worlds*) and the Shaver Mystery.

Ziff-Davis moved their offices from Chicago to New York City, and this caused Hamling to leave the company and set up his own magazine, *Imagination*. Because he started the magazine before leaving Z-D (following in Palmer's footsteps), the first few issues were 'published' by Palmer and looked like a sister to *Other Worlds*. This may be the cause of Resnick's confusion.

Hamling put out two stf mags in the '50s, *Imagination* and *Imaginative Tales*. Neither survived the decade and the death of American News. But in the mid-'50s he started *Rogue*, an imitation *Playboy*. Heffner had offered him a significant stake (maybe 50%) in *Playboy* at the time of its startup, but Hamling turned it down – and kicked himself for it for years thereafter. *Rogue* was an attempt to make up for that mistake.

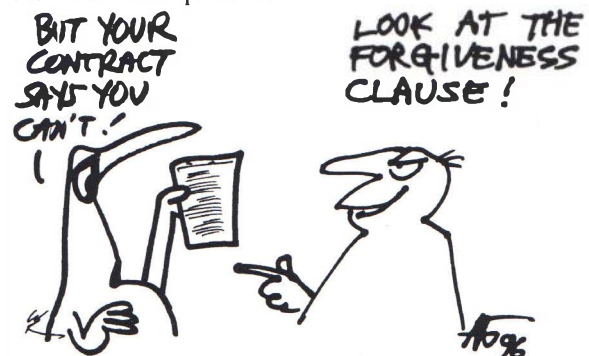
Hamling began publishing 'Nightstand' books – soft-core porn novels – around 1960. The series was created by Harlan Ellison and Bob Silverberg and virtually all its books were fed to it through the Scott Meredith Literary Agency via black boxes (normal submissions were in gray boxes) and a Grand Central Station post office box. The books not only fetched an immediate \$1,000 in payment, they earned royalties which Hamling paid promptly. In 1960 and 1961, Silverberg was writing a book every other week for this series, many of them published under the 'Don Elliott' pseudonym. Others writing these books included Larry Block and Don Westlake, and Block subsequently rewrote several of his as mystery novels. Harlan wrote the blurbs, earning around \$50 for each

book he blurbed, work which followed him to New York when he moved back in 1960 and stayed with me for several months.

I have no idea when Resnick entered the picture, but he was a latecomer to the sex-book biz. Most SF novels brought 'advances' (total payments) of only \$1,000 in the early '60s, although an author could jack this up to \$1,200 or \$1,500 with later sales. But \$500 for a book-length work was even then a pittance and I felt a mixture of pity and contempt for those whom I knew (including one notable ex-fan of the '50s) who actually wrote books for such payments. I wonder if those people were among Resnick's stable of hacks.

It was interesting to see Bill Mallardi in *Mimosa* {{§a in "Of Seabees, Moth-Girls and Heinlein – Memories of Chicon III" }}. I first met him in 1961 on The Great Caravan to the Seattle Worldcon. There were half a dozen cars filled with fans who met each night at a specified stop-over, creating convention-like parties each night. This included a night in Yellowstone and a big party at Guy Terwilliger's in Boise, Idaho. I have only one quibble with his piece. He states that "Walt [Willis] and his wife Madeleine were attending the convention due to a Special Fund set up by Larry and Noreen Shaw."

The fact is that Les Gerber and I set up the Tenth Anniversary Willis Fund (TAWF), with the *specific* intention of bringing over Walt's wife with him this time. I wrote the letter to Walt proposing the whole idea to him, and I published the 'WAWish' of *Void* which kicked the campaign off. Les and I remained the titular heads of the Fund after we'd recruited Larry & Noreen to help with it. (We wanted someone older and more mature to handle the monies.) But it is undisputable that Larry & Noreen put the most work into the Fund, especially by launching *Axe*, a newszine, to help publicize the Fund. They were an indispensable part of the Fund and I don't want to take any credit away from them. But they didn't create or 'set up' the Fund.



{{☞ Because there will be no Letters Column next issue, we're giving Mike Resnick a chance to reply to Earl Kemp's article in this issue that was, in a way, a response to Mike's earlier article. }}

Mike Resnick, 10547 Tanager Hills Drive, Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

In answer to Earl Kemp's article in this issue:

Mea culpa. Hamling was indeed the editor, not publisher, of *Amazing*, and the magazine he published was *Imagination*, not *Other Worlds*. Got him briefly confused with Ray Palmer, who had his own publishing problems, but porno doesn't seem to have been one of them.

Rotsler himself told me in a letter that he was selling tons of illustrated books to Earl. He never suggested or explained that he was only doing the photography, on assignment from Earl. Comes to much the same thing; those books weren't selling on the quality of their prose, trust me.

It's been 30+ years since all this happened, and since I was selling to a dozen or more publishers and Earl worked only for Greenleaf, his memory of the events is probably better than mine. If Greenleaf didn't contact all the photographers directly, than Publishers Export or Dick Sherwin or Joe Sturman or Midwood or Bee-Line or Softcover or some combination of them did. All I know was that one day there was a viable market and the next day there wasn't.

I was in Reuben Sturman's office (he was the *true* kingpin of porno, well-connected with the Mafia, and my most regular employer from 1971-75; he died in the federal pen a few years ago) when word reached him that Greenleaf had just released a photo-illustrated edition of *The Report of the President's Commission on Pornography*. He announced with absolute certainty that Earl and Hamling were going down. I said I didn't see why, since the report was public domain and they'd published many photos that were just as strong. (This was post-*Deep Throat* and *Screw Magazine*.) He said it made no difference, that this was a slap in the government's face and that the Justice Department would never let them get away with it, and sure enough, Earl and Hamling both went to jail on some unlikely charge, something to do with some postal violation, as I recall. Earl then sold off all or part of his fanzine collection to help pay for his lawyers, and I picked up a complete run of Harlan Ellison's fanzine and some early *Psychotics* from him. I haven't heard from him from that day to this; I'm glad to know he's still alive and in good health.

There was another skiffy figure involved at the highest levels of the biz, and that was Milt Luros. If you look as *Cosmic*, the prozine Don Wollheim put out for no budget back around 1942 or 1943, you'll see one of the cover paintings is by Luros. Next time I heard of him was when I toured his printing plant in the Van Nuys area around 1970. He had 14 buildings, and the ability to print stuff as beautiful and difficult as *National Geographic*, but instead he specialized in porn. He was an old guy by then, under indictment in 8 or 9 states, and he kept free by never setting foot or doing business in any of those states. One day, when he was flying to Cleveland (Sturman's headquarters) for a conference, his plane ran into trouble (real or imagined, I don't think anyone who knows will say) and the second it touched down in Idaho the FBI came aboard and made him an offer: divest himself of the printing plant and all porn holdings within 90 days or spend the rest of his life behind bars. He got out in two months and vanished from sight. For all I know, the printing plant is still there, churning out *TV Guide* or *Good Housekeeping* or something of similar respectability.



Lloyd Penney, 1706-24 Eva Road, Etobicoke, Ontario M9C 2B2, Canada

Another wonderful cover, by two artists I truly miss, Ian Gunn and Joe Mayhew. Yvonne and I have been selling our 1998 CUFF trip report, and Joe Mayhew had been slated to be our illustrator. It's possible that our report was on his desk when he died. Joe's pastel green cremation urn was the honoured guest of a party at Chicon 2000; we spent a few quiet minutes and tears with Joe there, and toasted him. Joe was a seminary student in his youth, in Kitchener, Ontario.

We never did find out why he traveled so far north to take in such learning, but that may be what attracted him to two particular Canadian fans at Worldcon. He seemed quite familiar with Yonge Street, Toronto's main north-south street in the downtown area, so we were able to tell him what was still there, and what had gone.

I'm a little younger than David B. Williams, but I do remember the 50¢ paperback (slightly higher in Canada). They were thin in comparison to today's paperbacks, perhaps 200 pages at maximum, but they were still complete stories, action-packed FTL jaunts into the unknown, with robots, brass-bra'd maidens, spunky professor's daughters, and BEMs. That was my personal Golden Age, and I got my goshwow fix on a regular basis. I also read about those amazing worldcons and dreamed about going. I wasn't working when I went to my first Worldcon (Chicon IV in 1982), but it was still affordable for me. Today, we scrimp and save to go because everything is expensive, and all prices are in those awfully expensive American dollars, too! If the Hyatt Regency Chicago hadn't fouled up our hotel bill to our great benefit, we might not have been able to afford to go to Philadelphia this year. I can't see being able to afford to go to San Jose, and even a local Worldcon like Torcon might be a real hardship to afford.



**Roger Waddington, 4 Commercial Street,
Norton, Malton, North Yorkshire
YO17 9ES, United Kingdom**

Reading the article by David B. Williams leads me to poke my head above the parapet and acknowledge being another displaced '60s fan, from that fa-

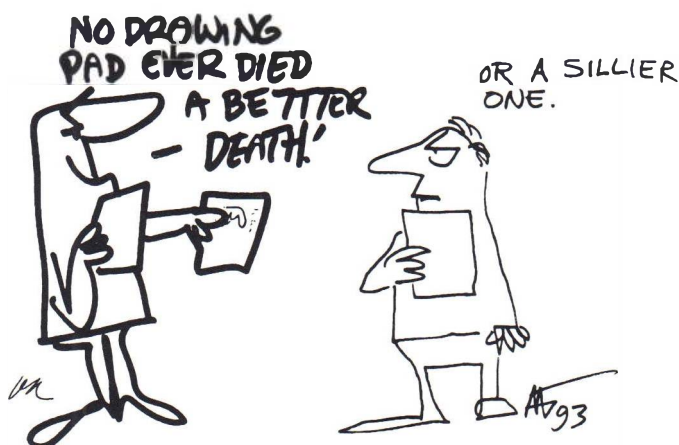
bled time when fandom was small enough to know everybody and (almost) read everything. I can accept all the awards, even all the different conventions; but my sticking point must be the wave upon wave of new books (and why are so many of them fantasies?); or, as I like to put it, "So much to read, so little time!" However much it may be keeping the genre in the public eye, there's just too much for one fan to keep up with, and I've had to give up trying.

In fact, we have something more in common; my introduction to the current sf magazines also came with the discovery of a shop that sold the lot; albeit of a slightly later vintage. It was during my London years, and my Store of Heart's Desire was in an alleyway just off the bottom of Tottenham Court Road. One half was given over to the glamour mags of the time (the innocent years, before today's gynecology) as well as films and slides; the other half had every sf magazine then being published, certainly all of David's list (except the Columbia titles) plus the British *New Worlds* and *Science Fantasy*. Looking back, I do tend to wonder which side was more profitable. Anyway, my first was also a single purchase (the issue of *Worlds of Tomorrow* featuring *World of Ptavvs* by Larry Niven), but after that, it became a weekly stop-off point to see what had arrived on the shelves. And my pulp-style discovery? That must have been the *Worlds of If* pile rescued from a secondhand booksellers in York, unless it was the pile of pristine, remaindered *Astounding* BREs I came across in a household goods shop in the centre of London. A shilling each, or three for 2/6d, in old money; I removed those week by week.

It seems a strange thing, but with my time machine of memories I can accept the worst with equanimity – the roads not taken, the various upsets over the years – except when it comes to the sfional. Then, as just now, it brings what could be only described as heartache; a longing to go back, to recapture the first impact of those magazines, see them again all new and unsullied and read them now as I read them then, full of wonder. But then, wasn't it Thomas Wolfe who said you can't go home again?

**Sam Long, P.O. Box 7423, Springfield,
Illinois 62791**

I enjoyed Dave Williams' piece; it reminds me much of my own fannish history, save that I wasn't into pulps etc. as a kid in the '50s, and didn't meet Tucker until the '70s. I started in SF by watching



Tom Corbett, *Space Cadet* on TV in the early '50s, and went on to movies (I remember cringing and covering my face with my hands when the Id Monster appeared in *Forbidden Planet*, for example), before I actually started reading SF in my teens. I do remember, though, one more-or-less SF children's book that I found in the school library and read in about the third grade. The title was *The Spaceship Under the Apple Tree* [1952], and it was the first of a series of children's books by (as I have since found out from the Internet) Louis Slobodkin. My Internet inquiries tell me that *TSUAT* is fondly remembered by many folk of my generation; but, though I remember the title, I don't remember anything else about the book. I know that a kid (a young boy, I think) meets, and has adventures with, an alien whose spaceship – it may have been a flying saucer – has landed under the apple tree in the title, but that's all. I'd like to read (not necessarily own) it again 50 years on, just for fun. I note that copies are available via Amazon.com for from about \$20 up to nearly \$200 – along with many other books written and/or illustrated by Slobodkin. *Sigh!* "Nostalgia ain't what it used to be."

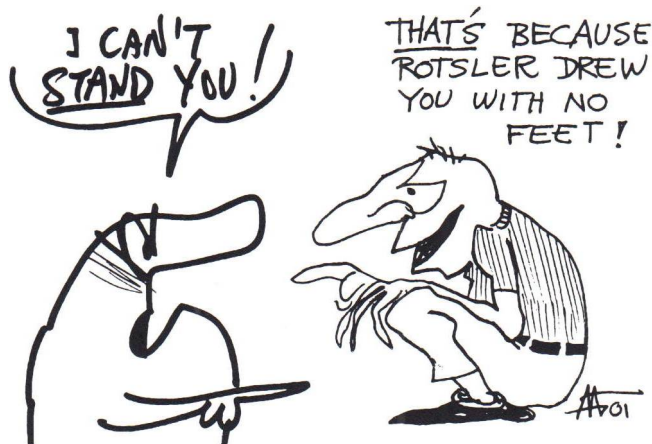
Patrick McGuire, 7541 Weather Worn Way, Unit D, Columbia, Maryland 21046

In your Opening Comments, I enjoyed the description of your travels, especially of Metropolis, Illinois, the official home town of Superman. (We will pass quickly over the point that the place really sounds more like Smallville.) Shortly thereafter you mention Central City, Kentucky. Isn't Central City where The Flash used to hang out?

{{☞ Yes, but apparently not the one in Kentucky. From what we saw of it, *nothing* there seems to move very quickly. }}

I had seen Joe Mayhew around in fandom since the early or mid-seventies, and have attended parties and other events where he was also present; I imagine we must have spoken a bit over the years, although I can't recall specifics. I know we exchanged opinions via fanzine lettercols. Even outside of fandom, I once knew a coworker of his from the mundane world, another librarian at the Library of Congress. Our circles, however, never really coincided, and I did not even learn of his death until several weeks after it happened. Many things in the reminiscences published after his death make me wish I'd known him better – but he often displayed a rather off-putting manner, both in person and in print. Perhaps I would have gotten past it if our paths had crossed more often.

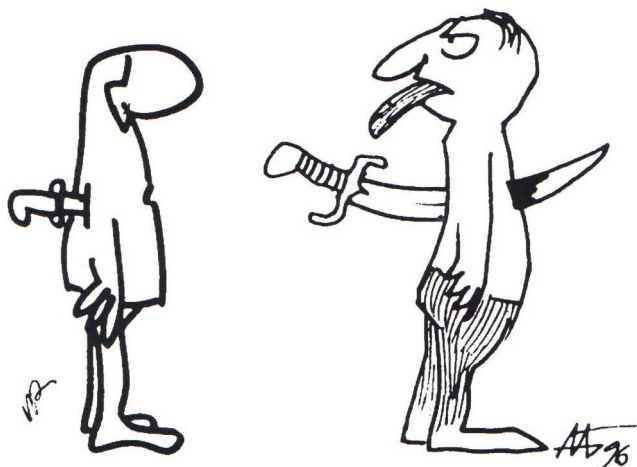
John Hertz {{☞ in "The English Regency and Me" }} puts forward together four non-sf phenomena as comparable in their impact on fandom: Georgette Heyer, Walt Kelly, Ernie Kovacs, and Patrick O'Brian. I am surprised that John does not go on to notice that O'Brian, like Heyer, is set in the Regency: most of the O'Brian books take place in the Regency strictly so called (1811-1820), and all of the Aubrey-Maturin books are set within the expanded sense that John offers. There is probably a fan-sociological insight lurking in there somewhere.



Pamela Boal, 4 Westfield Way, Charlton Heights, Wantage, Oxon OX12 7EW, United Kingdom

Hard to say which item most sticks in my memory, possibly John Hertz's "The English Regency and Me." To someone who has been around fandom for over thirty years, seen fads and topics come and go, it is good to know that there are parts of the richness and variety of fannish interests still to discover.

I attended Seacon '79 and yet completely missed the Regency costumes and never heard of the dancing. Although our correspondence tends to be erratic and spasmodic, Judy Blish, who attended the 1972 tea, is a dear friend (who shall be taken to task for never mentioning the matter) and I have met or at the very least read items by or about all those involved. Yet this fascinating and yes very fannish interest has through lack of knowledge passed me by. The chances of my now witnessing this courtly phenomena are low but long may it continue.



**Ron Bennett, 36 Harlow Park Crescent,
Harrogate, North Yorkshire HG2 0AW,
United Kingdom**

That is a terrific wrap-around cover by Ian Gunn and Joe Mayhew (wonder which of them did what) and with more reading matter and references than many an entire fanzine. I don't think I'd hang around for the bagpipe band, though, thanks all the same.

{{🐭 Much of Joe's contribution was the upper two-thirds of the back cover. We were impressed by his ability to seamlessly blend his work into what Ian had left uncompleted. }}

Fitting tributes to Joe Mayhew. Strange, isn't it, that there are enclaves of fans around whose names filter through from time to time to other enclaves, so that one is, well, simply aware of their existence without really knowing them and suddenly, zonk! They're gone, leaving behind sadness for those who've known them well. Perhaps we should insist that we don't get to know people?

That's a super trip report, in your Opening Comments, with the visits to all those different museums.

I'll bet you're inundated with people telling you all about their childhoodities, reading *Superman*, *Batman*, and, for all I know, *Foxy Grandpa*, *Little Nemo*, and even *The Yellow Kid*. I'll desist. It's still a sore point how my father dumped my comic book collection after having received a note from my class teacher to the effect that it might be an idea if I went to school to study rather than to swap comics. "You think you're going to grow up and make a living from comic books?" stormed my father, which, as I later became one of the country's first comic book retailers, was rather ironic.

But I am a museum freak, I suppose. Strangely, I can't rustle up any enthusiasm for visiting a museum for the first time... until I'm actually in the place. I'm sure that it is more than mere coincidence, then, that the museum theme is continued in the mouth-watering piece, definitely all too short, by Forry with his tour of the Ackermansion. Wow, a personalised tour through such halls of treasures has to be the highlight of one's funnish existence. Just the thought of a complete run of *Weird Tales* alone is mind blowing thought... and then... *everything else!* One's cup surely runs over.

I loved "That Was Then, This Is Now." David B. Williams has a smashing, informal readable style. David is wrong on one point, however, when he says that the pulps he'd bought in poor condition were not "the kind of stock offered to collectors." It depends on the collector. There are collectors around who simply want the magazine, in any readable condition, just as there are collectors around who want copies of magazines that don't even have an eye-track which might impair them. The only condition that doesn't seem to be wanted is the magazine that's turning to the paper equivalent of corn flakes. And, for all I know, there may be people out there who'll pay for *those* magazines, too.

As first a reader, then collector and eventually dealer, I was always impressed by the superior quality of Gnome Press' books presentation. Of course, I had no idea of the printing techniques involved nor of Dave Kyle's participation. I wonder how much a production such as *Typewriter in the Sky* or *I, Robot* would cost to set up like that today. In his article, Dave mentions so many great names whose reputations were fashioned on sheer quality. I'm forced to wonder, also, how many of today's readers and collectors appreciate their work. Or for that matter have

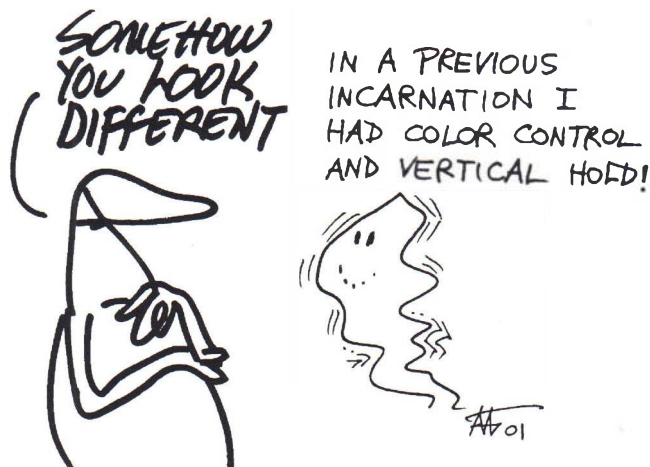
even heard of many of these worthies.

Esther Cole's Chicon II penthouse suite {{ in "Stalking the Vampire" }} sounds like a place in which one could have housed an entire 1950s British convention – and have room (or rooms, if you prefer) to spare. Loved the bit about the poor woman trapping her head in the elevator door.

{{ That lady was (and still is) G.M. Carr, who was noteworthy then for her feistiness and tendency to easily become involved in quarrels. The incident caused Max Keasler, one of the more prominent fans of that time, to make the comment, "I hope the hotel doesn't sue!" }}

Roger Sims' memories of Chicon II {{ in "Remembrances of Chicon II" }} reveals the source of the story I've heard (and told, too) several times over the years, the Willy Ley "Villey or Villey" quote. So *that's* where it comes from! So *that's* who asked the question! See? Fan history magazines have their value (you should publish one!).

{{ So we'd been told... }}



Steve Sneyd, 4 Nowell Place, Almondbury, Huddersfield, West Yorkshire HD5 8PB, United Kingdom

Intriguing proof how 'history' is a maze of divergent paths from different viewpoints – Esther Cole says 350 people or "most of the conventioners" came to the San Francisco penthouse suite at Chicon II in 1952, while the heading to Roger Sims' piece says there were "almost 900 attendees" at that same Chicon. And then medieval and classical chroniclers get criticised as poor historians for their divergent estimates of numbers in various armies!

{{ The 'official' number of attendees at Chicon II was 870. But if 350 people had been camping out in our suite for much of the weekend, we guess it would be easy to believe that it was just about the entire convention! }}



Ian Stockdale, 601 Forest Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94301

Having lived in Chicago, I especially enjoyed that portion of your Opening Comments. Your account of the other parts of your journey was also engaging; looking at the juxtaposition of photographs, I wondered if Superman was about to pick up the largest baseball bat in the world.

It was interesting to compare the various convention memories with current experience. Ron Bennett mentioned the 11:00am start of programming at various Eastercons. This, to my ears at least, sounds much more reasonable than the daily 8:30am start at Chicon 2000 (though a morning person might disagree, of course). Roger Sims recalls attending the entire program at an earlier Chicon. While that is no longer possible at a worldcon, there are still small conventions where it is both do-able and worthwhile. An example of that was the most recent Potlatch in San Francisco, which had a single track of all-around interesting and engaging panels. Many of them focused on (or at least touched on) Sturgeon's work, including a mention of his guitar playing (also mentioned in Bill Mallardi's article) and musicianship.

Regency dancing has been one of the 'must dos' since we started attending worldcons. It was interesting to read John Hertz's account of the background that led to this admirable institution. I recall talking to fans back in the late 1970s, and hearing that Regency dancing was "of course" a regular feature of conventions. I didn't know too much about fandom, aside from the fact that it largely consisted of people who liked science fiction. The connection with Regency dancing seemed surprising, but refreshing.

Unfortunately, it was over fifteen years before Ruth and I made it to a worldcon – and the Regency dance at Worldcon – but we’ve only missed one since.

I agree with John on the relative merits of the afternoon and evening schedules. The last several U.S. worldcons have scheduled the dance in the afternoon, and we’ve ended up dashing (sometimes several city blocks) about from programming or staff duties to the dance and then back for dinner before the Masquerade. It’s much more civilized to wait until after dinner, change into dance attire, dance, and then go on to the parties.



David B. Williams, P.O. Box 58, Whites-town, Indiana 46075

As I was reading your Opening Comments, I turned the page and the photo of a hectograph paralyzed me with fear. Your mention that, “It made us nostalgic for the past, but at the same time grateful we live in the present” hardly conveys the Lovecraftian horror these appalling devices should inspire. The worldcon demonstration was deceiving because the room was air conditioned. I still shudder when I recall a hot afternoon in St. Louis when I spread a sheet of paper on the gelatinous bed of a hectograph. When I peeled the paper off, it lifted not only the purple text but also a quarter inch of soft, quivering ooze. The hectograph could only be considered a practical method of reproduction by a slime mold.

At any rate, while I share the universal dismay at your intention to fold *Mimosa* with issue 30 (a canonical number, to be sure), I could take some solace in the event if it gave Rich the time and energy to polish up his history of fandom in the 1960s. I have learned more from the mere outline than I knew when I was actually experiencing the decade.

{{ Rich's 1960s outline is still a work-in-prog-

ress as of this writing. A major update is in the works soon, though. For those who would like to see where it presently stands, the web address is: <http://jophan.org/1960s/> }}

In addition, consider the possibilities for creating the legend of a ‘lost’ issue 31, composed but never published. In issue 30 you could print a list of supposed content for the next issue, and faithful readers can tickle their wits to come up with the fabulous items. For example, the Rotsler cartoon that gave breast implants a bad name; “Fandom on a Nickel a Week,” the travel memoirs of Claude Degler; and “FIJAGH!” by Charles N. Brown, reprinted from the final issue of *Locus*.

Who knows, the imaginary content might get you excited enough to keep publishing!

We Also Heard From:

Harry Andruschak, Catherine Asaro, Eloise Beltz-Decker, John Berry, Bill Bowers, Ron Clarke, Carolyn Clink, Juanita Coulson, Chester Cuthbert, Ahrvid Engholm, Seán Russell Friend, Steve Green, Teddy Harvia, John Hertz, Ben Indick, Terry Jeeves, Robert S. Kennedy, Irv Koch, Erica Maria Lacey, Hope Leibowitz, Robert Lichtman, Eric Lindsay, Joseph Major, Lisa Major, Bill Mallardi, Karen Pender-Gunn, Derek Pickles, Charlotte Proctor, Thomas Recktenwald, David Shallcross, Noreen Shaw, Alex Slate, Fred Smith, Dale Speirs, Gene Stewart, Alan Sullivan, John Teehan, Henry Welch, Art Widner, Charlie Williams, and Martin Morse Wooster. **Thanks to one and all!**



