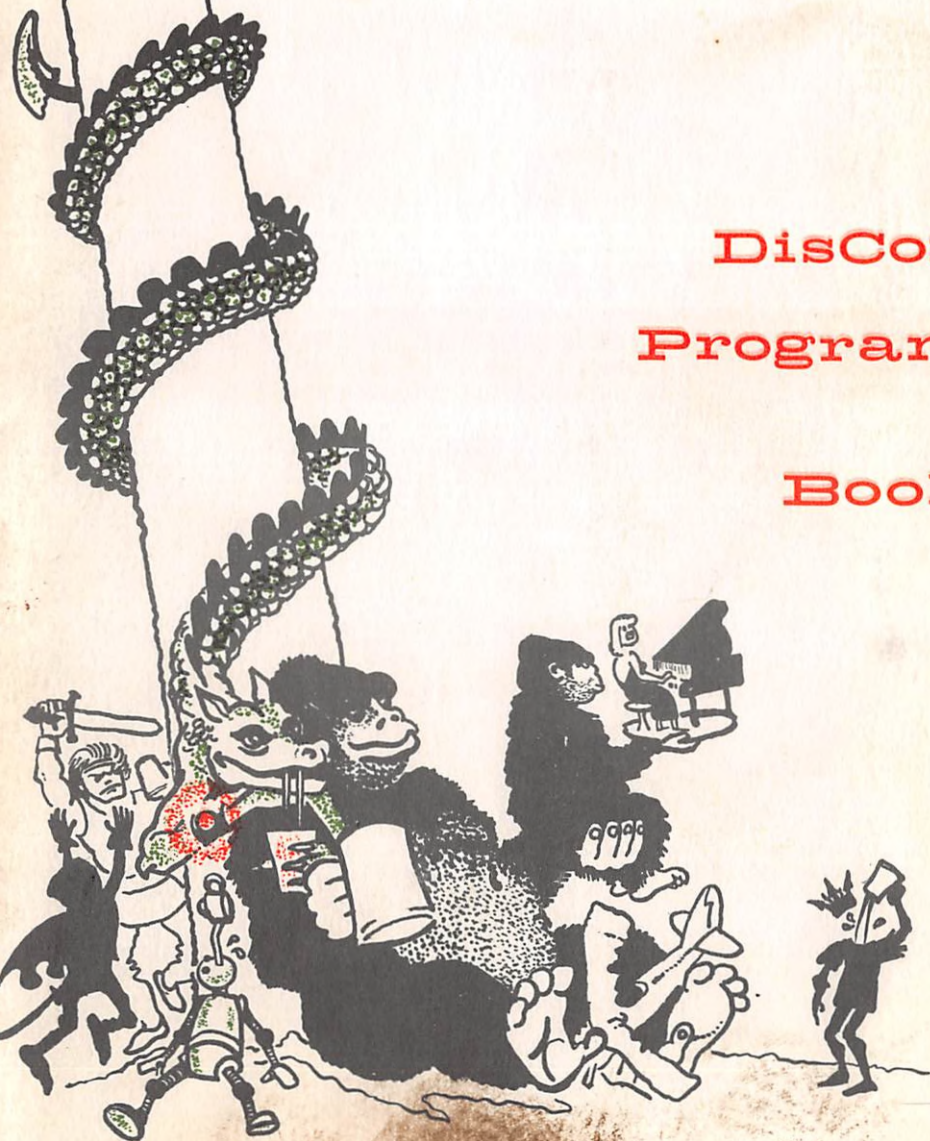


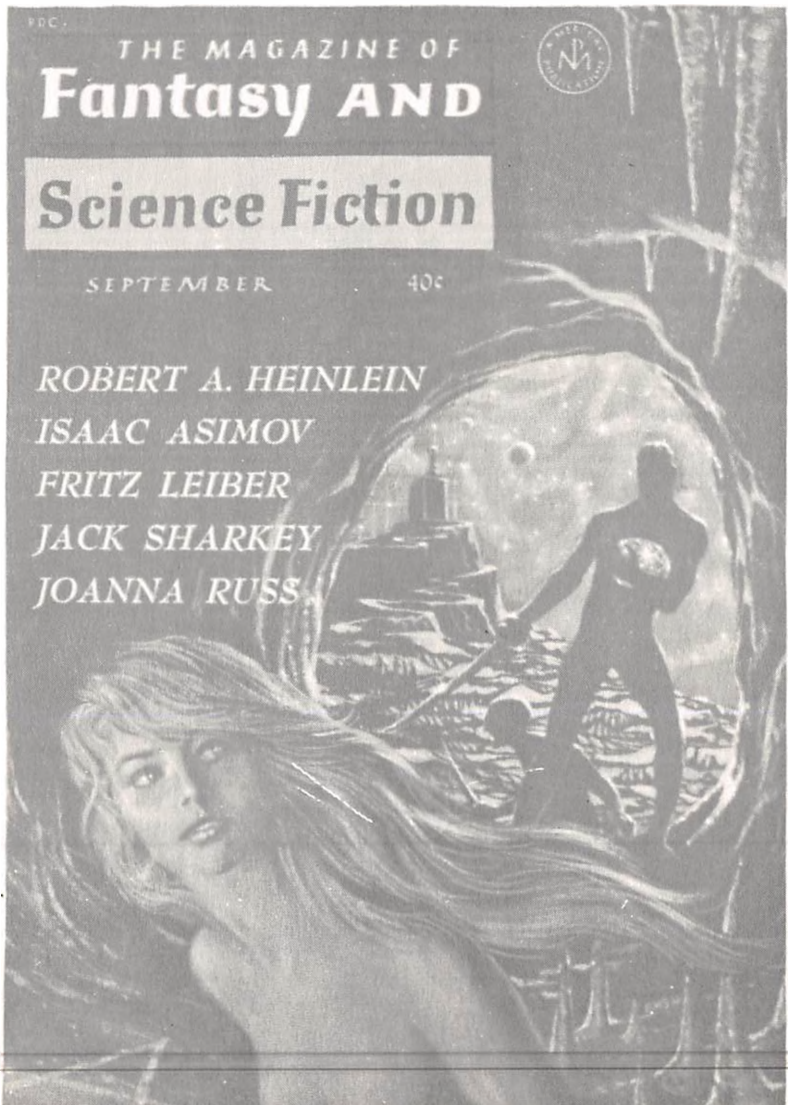


DisCon
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Book



GREETINGS to

The 21st WORLD SCIENCE
FICTION CONVENTION



Welcome to

The 21st WORLD SCIENCE
FICTION CONVENTION

Washington, DC

31 August
1 September
2 September

1963

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An Appreciation of Murray Leinster

It was in the year 1919 or '20, when I was fifteen and every fine Fantasy story I read was an electric experience, that I read "The Mad Planet". It was a terrific nightmare vision and instantly I added the name of Murray Leinster to the list that already held A. Merritt, Edgar Rice Burroughs, and a few others. I have been reading and admiring his stories ever since, and I hope they go on forever.

Mr. Leinster is a professional, in the finest sense of the word, meaning that he has the skills of his profession at his fingertips. And his profession is that of a master story-teller. His stories take hold of you from the first page and build with a sheer craftsmanship and economy of effort that are the envy and despair of anyone who has ever tried to do the same thing.

In science-fiction, imagination is even more important than writing skill, and the boldness of his imaginative concepts is one big reason why Murray Leinster's name has been up there in the bright lights for so long. I doubt if many people in the field realize how much originated with him. In these days, many science-fictional ideas have been around so long that they're considered standard literary properties that have been there forever. But somebody originated them, and if you trace them back, you'll find in an amazing number of cases that it was Murray Leinster. He wrote the first, and the best, story of alternative time-tracks over 30 years ago, "Sidewise in Time". In "Power Planet", about the same time, he foreshadowed solar satellites that NASA is only beginning to talk about. "Politics" was a more powerful story than "Seven Days in May", and a generation earlier.

If ever a classic of prophecy was written, it was Leinster's "Murder of the U. S. A.". Here is a book, written in 1945-6 right after the explosion of the first Hiroshima bomb, that accurately predicted in almost every detail the grim realities of today...the missiles in their silos (called "burrows" by Leinster but exactly foretold), the great belts of radar warning, and especially and in detail the anti-missile-missile that at this moment is the preoccupation of great nations. It's all in there, and as a grim story of a possible tomorrow it makes "Fail-Safe" look weak and unconvincing...yet this was written almost twenty years ago.

One more point...his technical knowledge and his ability to use it lucidly are very unusual. A lot of us may glibly tell how our hero "quickly constructed a small instrument" that did unusual things. Not Leinster. He tells you how the gadget was constructed, step by step, how and why it works, and the whole business is so convincing that you feel he ought to go and patent it.

I know that Murray Leinster is a lifelong science-fiction enthusiast. He must be, because he has written with such notable success in almost every field of fiction, that only enthusiasm would make him turn to the comparatively small field of fantasy. I hope he never deserts us!

Ed Hamilton

Edmond Hamilton.

An Appreciation of Will Jenkins

I'm a little uncomfortable trying to do an appreciation of Will Jenkins, because I have a strong undercurrent hunch that "Will Jenkins" is really a character dreamed up by that science-fiction writer Murray Leinster. And of course every one knows that a professional fiction writer is a professional liar, that being what fiction is.

This "Will Jenkins" character is much too improbable to be quite acceptable as a real person; he sounds much too much like something to be expected in an early Murray Leinster story. You know--the amateur scientist, working at home, who has invented ways of separating nuclear isotopes in apparatus costing about \$10 before the US got into WWII... who holds patents on systems of optical projection whereby movie and TV producers can project background scenery, in color and motion, on a screen using front projection--i.e., right through the actors!--without having the actors cast any shadows in the scene, and without having the projected scene show on the hero's boiled shirt front. (Obviously impossible!) Moreover, this Will Jenkins' system of projection is supposed to let an actor walk out of a projected doorway in the projected scene!

Then too, this Will Jenkins character shows all the pattern of a legendary person--time goes on, generations rise and change, but he goes on and on and on and on...unaging, still as full of bounce and new ideas and off-beat angles on things as he was supposed to have been when the legend was first presented.

what makes things so hazy and confused for me is that Murray Leinster claims that he's just a pen-name of Will Jenkins--that this Will Jenkins, amateur scientist, is really a highly successful slick-fiction author, doing boy-meets-girl things for the mass-media "Mediocrity Be Praised" magazines like Sat. Eve. Post, Colliers (typically, the magazine has died, but the Will Jenkins legend lives on), and a dozen others.

I don't really know when he was born, or where; as I say, I keep having an uneasy feeling that he wasn't born, but like other legendary heroes, was created. I know one of the first Murray Leinster stories I read, as a teenager who'd just discovered the old Amazing, was "The Runaway Skyscraper", and it was years before I learned that was a reprint from the old Argosy that had first appeared about the time that Norman Bean was having his first novel, "Under the Moons of Mars", appear there too. Of course "Norman Bean" turned into Edgar Rice Burroughs, and he died years ago, as mortal men do, but Will Jenkins.....?

When those stories first appeared, I wasn't old enough to be buying magazines.

I first really encountered Murray Leinster stories in the old Argosy years later, with the magnificent "Darkness" series. (And what the heck's wrong with the book publishers; you can't get those yarns anywhere I know of now!)

Astounding Stories of Super-Science appeared on the stands in January, 1930 (the same month Amazing carried my fledgling effort; I was then a sophomore at M.I.T.) and to help the new Clayton Publishing Co. magazine get started, there was Murray Leinster with a bang-up yarn called "Tanks". (The term "blitzkrieg" hadn't been dreamed up then--and wouldn't be for almost a decade.)

Some seven-and-three-quarters years after that, I was a very new editor of Astounding Stories, and having certain difficulties. I'd asked my boss, "What does an editor do when he doesn't get enough stories to fill the magazine?" and gotten a completely cogent, and equally unforgettable answer--a sort of sardonic grin, and "An editor does." Which closed the discussion, but didn't solve the immediate problem much.

It was immediately after that that I wrote Will Jenkins, hopefully asking for stories. He was busy with commitments just then, and couldn't send stories, but very warmly offered to help me by sending me technique suggestions for getting stories written. That, too, was very cogent and unforgettable, though again it didn't solve the immediate problem.

Sometime after that, though, I first came into direct face-to-face contact with the Will Jenkins legend. It's kind of hard to remember just what he was like; legendary characters have a slight mistyness about them, you know. As you encounter them in one episode or another, the story-tellers vary slightly as to just what their hero is like. I'm not sure how many children Will Jenkins is supposed to have; my impression is that, at first, he told me he had four daughters, but later forgot what he'd said, and discussed five daughters. That they went touring in a small bus he'd bought as a practical family vehicle.

I know for some while the story was they lived in Flatbush, N. Y., but their home was in Gloucester County, Virginia. There's a running, vague inconsistency about all this that's very much like John Carter's background, you'll notice.

But mostly, Will Jenkins was emitting ideas like a 4th of July sparkler--only an enchanted one, that didn't burn out. An idea for a story about the first contact between human beings and truly alien people, when both met by accident near a star that was not home for either, and each was afraid of leading the unknown aliens home, sort of mixed up with discussions about work he and another mad scientist character were supposed to be doing developing contact lenses that could be worn indefinitely, instead of only a few hours at a time. And how to make glass or plastic surfaces perfectly clean and wettable by using milk of magnesia as a cleaning agent.

It's hard to realize that was nearly two decades ago; that's part of what gives me that persistent feeling that Will Jenkins is a legendary character, really, dreamed up by a science-fiction author. I've changed, as mortal men do...but he hasn't.

I can remember Will discussing ideas about a galactic medical service and using something called a "water-pail forge" to drill a broken tap out of a drilled hole that somehow involved a 400 volt, low-current DC arc under water to cut out the intractable hardened steel.

I get extremely confused trying to remember what Will Jenkins is supposed to have done. During the War, I believe he was reported to be with the Office of War Information, dreaming up sabotage schemes, and methods for underground groups to publish newspapers that couldn't be detected. As I recall, he came up with some mad-inventor's basement-genius gadget involving a press that required nothing more revealing than a wooden bench and a pile of dampened newspapers for press and platen...and could reproduce photographs!

He's kept that promise he made in that first letter I got from him, back in 1937, too--he's certainly showed me a lot of story-telling tricks and techniques. Which have, of course, been passed along to all the authors in the field at one time or another.

But somehow that reminds me of another quasi-legendary inventor-genius. I understand that Leonardo da Vinci was supposed to have worked out a mathematical-geometrical formula that prescribed precisely what colors an artist should use in a painting to get perfect balance of aesthetic appeal. Leonardo himself used the formula; his best and most successful students used it and said it worked perfectly. But somehow, the not-so-good students, who most needed the crutch, didn't seem to be able to make it work.

I remember Will telling me that he had, for several years, practically made his living by using the formulas in a book on How To Write Short Stories. The way you do it, he explained, was to take each rule the book offers---and dream up a story which specifically and flatly violates that rule. Since all short-story books have dozens...scores! ...of inviolable rules of story telling, you immediately have material for scores of stories. You know--like "All adventure stories must have fast action--movement--something happening in every line," so you write a story about a man sitting quietly on the bottom of the bay, with his foot trapped by a giant clam, waiting to see whether the clam's shell-muscle will tire enough to free him before his SCUBA air supply gives out.....

But that's sort of mixed up with his telling me about an improvement in his front-projection gadget for TV and movies whereby the camera could move in on the actor, making the actor's head enlarge on the screen, without having the projected scene enlarge equally, and thus reveal that it wasn't actually a distant background countryside.

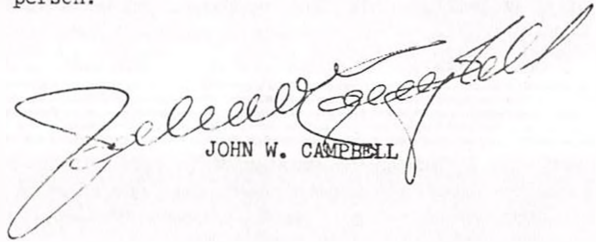
Or was that the time he told me about how to separate nuclear isotopes in your basement with \$10 worth of equipment?

Heck...I can't remember.

The whole thing must be a story I read somewhere!

It just isn't reasonable that any real person could have been doing top-notch stories back before I was reading, and has a bang-up serial scheduled in Analog this fall. With a lovely, cockeyed character that only someone like Murray Leinster, who I'm sure invented Will Jenkins, would have dreamed up. Spaceman character, who wins his fights by reason of clean living, constant exercise, careful training in Judo, savate, boxing, other forms of hand-to-hand combat....and having grown up on a 1.7 gee planet!

That spaceman's certainly a lot more believable fabrication than this "Will Jenkins" person.



JOHN W. CAMPBELL

& a Personal Note

One of the things you may have noticed most about Murray Leinster stories is the vividness of his personal descriptions -- the special way he has of delineating skin textures, hair colors, height, build, eyes. That's his mark: while reading the story, you know exactly what the character looks like. And... just maybe you can't remember it afterward.

You know why that is?

Because Will (let's call him by his real, personal name, because this is a real, personal tribute) never describes a character! The reason for your satisfaction with the way an actor in his dramas looks is that you did the portrait yourself -- or took it off the cover, in those rare instances where the cover had anything to do with the story, and it was done, in that case, by a professional.

This is the least of tricks from a bulging bagful, filled over the years by one of the most competent writers alive. What I personally owe Will Jenkins can't be calculated. It's all very well to have a facility with words and a love for the field, but there's no substitute for know-

ing what you're doing, and why. I know writers -- good ones, too -- who do this and that because it "feels right". This is great, and great good luck, when it comes off, but it's not a substitute for understanding the reasons for doing what you're doing.

Will taught me, just for example, to plot a story from a character. Plenty of writing courses will tell you that, but I have never heard it described the way Will described it to me one day in 1945. Create a character, he said, preferably someone you know well, who is something to the marrow of his bones: a cobbler, say, or a prude, or a Catholic, or a railroad man; it almost doesn't matter what. Then put him in a situation where he isn't permitted to be this one special thing. A gross example would be to put a man (who is, to the core, an oxygen breather) out into a vacuum. The plot, then, consists of his working his way out of his predicament by being what he is. Aside from the breath-taking simplicity of this idea, I applaud the aim; for in this day and age, when so many people get paid off in one way or another for being hypocrites, there's something rather wonderful about a man who repeatedly inoculates the public with the idea that it might just pay off to be yourself.

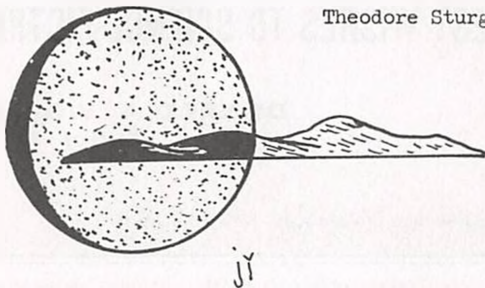
Will Jenkins can see around corners. I've remarked publicly, more than once before, about his ability to make science demonstrations out of a pane of window glass, a No. 6 dry cell, cardboard, glue, and paper clips. In his living room one afternoon he showed me an oval wheel which always keeps its long axis on the ground, a monomolecular layer of grease, and a method of drilling a 1/2500" hole through glass, all with strictly scissors-and-string equipment. What has preoccupied him for years are natural phenomena which, though observed, have never been used because technology rushes by too quickly. I suggest to those of you who are lucky enough to bat the breeze with him that you get him started on this subject; I can promise you an entralling time of it.

I would like especially to pay tribute to Will for his generosity. Years ago when I was an ordinary seaman on a tankship I was fussing with a rope's end and asked a skilled old shellback how to tie a certain knot. He turned his back. I thought he hadn't heard me, and called to him and asked him again. He whirled on me and snarled, "Why the hell should I teach a man how to take my job away from me?"

Well, Will hasn't an atom of that kind of thinking in him. When I asked it of hem, when I needed help the most, Will gave, and gave, and gave.

Will probably has something to say about being honored by these attentions. Saving your presence, Will, but -- nonsense! All the rest of us are the honored ones.

Theodore Sturgeon





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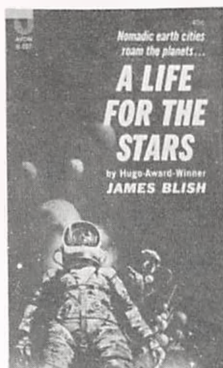
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AN OPEN LETTER TO MEMBERS OF THE BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES, AND ALL
BURROUGHS FANS:

The highest honor that the science fiction community can give to an author is the Annual Science Fiction Achievement Award, popularly known as the "Hugo." If you agree with us at Canaveral that ERB was one of the great s-f writers of all time, you will surely also agree that it is regrettable that the Hugo was not instituted in ERB's lifetime, and so Science Fiction was never able to honor suitably this great science fiction adventure writer.

In a few weeks Canaveral Press will have the honor of publishing the first book edition of SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR, the seventh novel in ERB's marvelous Pellucidar series. Under the Hugo rules, SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR is eligible in the "Best Novel" category for 1963.

Will you join me in working to bring this posthumous and long overdue honor to Edgar Rice Burroughs? To do so, a sufficient number of individuals must send nominating ballots to the 1964 World Science Fiction Convention Committee. If we succeed in placing SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR on the final Hugo ballot, a sufficient number of us must also join the 1964 Convention and cast our final ballots for SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR.

There are over 500 Burroughs Bibliophiles, plus other, unaffiliated Burroughs fans. That is a more than adequate number of votes to bring this honor to the memory of ERB, if we will all exert the effort required to nominate and vote for his new novel.

Sincerely,

Richard Lupoff
RICHARD LUPOFF
Editor, Canaveral Press

THE PROUD &

It is a Proud and Lonely thing to be a Fan (even at conventions?) — and the same thing goes for publishers. There we sit on our Pyramid ▲, putting out all kinds of goodies by Top Writers — Heinlein, Asimov, Sturgeon, de Camp, that



whole crowd (not to mention an upcoming project from the Guest of Honor) — and Proud to do so. But we're Lonely, too . . . mainly because *we never see anybody reading them*. They're bought, yes (and thank you — we do like to eat) . But in the subways, on busses, at demonstrations, all we see is people reading Whitehead, Spillane — *that* whole crowd. No SF. This should not be. Read your SF — especially the High Quality, Prime Grade Pyramid ▲ stuff — in public. Display it boldly, insultingly if need be. When finished, rip the

THE LONELY

covers off and paste them onto your copies of *Fanny Hill*, or whatever. You may make no friends that way . . . but *we'll* know.

Here's some of what's current and choice from Pyramid:



a couple of Heinleins – WALDO & MAGIC, INC.: the original orbiting-genius story, plus the *Unknown* novella about bucking the Magician's Union – and 6xH: six stories of SF and fantasy by the Old Master

and, speaking of Unknown – THE UNKNOWN: first collection in book form of stories from that famous magazine, with an Asimov intro and drawings by Cartier

the Guest of Honor is represented by one of his most memorable short novels in THREE IN ONE – which has winners by Sturgeon and Simak as well

a new J. T. McIntosh dazzler – THE MILLION CITIES

the last (?) of the Queen's Own FBI in SUPERMIND

and coming up:

the above-mentioned tome from Murray Leinster ▲ a Poul Anderson novel of double war on Jupiter and Ganymede ▲ two more from Doc Smith – SKYLARK THREE and SKYLARK OF VALERON ▲ Ray Jones' famous RENAISSANCE ▲ Sturgeon's long-heralded work-in-progress, which is shaping up BIG ▲ and (AMRA please note) SWORDS AND SORCERY – a collection of stories of heroic fantasy edited by Sprague de Camp (yes, Conan's in it)

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THE NFFF ROOM

The National Fantasy Fan Federation is extending its hospitality to convention attendees again this year, providing a room where you can play a quiet game of chess, read, have a cup of coffee and a cookie, or -- best of all -- just chat with whomever else drops in. [The NFFF and the DisCon have agreed on a rule for this room: no overnight sleepers.] The NFFF room will be on the partyin' floors; the room number will be posted.

BEWARE CONVIVALISTS

Washington DC has some pretty noxious liquor laws -- laws which for some reason resemble those of the state of Washington. In bars, you've got to get a waitress to move your drink if you want to go from table to table, and you've got to be sitting down to drink. No hard liquor is available on Sunday; be warned and get your supplies before midnight Saturday. On Saturday, finish your drinks before 11:45 pm, or they'll clear 'em off the table. It is not advisable even to walk through the halls of the hotel with a filled glass in your hand. Minimum ages are 16 for beer and light wines, 21 for hard liquor. These rules will be enforced by the hotel and restaurant people, too -- not because they're naturally nasty, but because the bluenoses can and will get them in trouble for what we are doing. And a town like Washington just naturally has so many lobbyists and assorted pressure groups floating around in it that you can't tell when one may be around. Neither can the waitresses; hence the strictness.

CONTINUED BEWARINESS

Due to the unbelievable opportunities for confusion, the hotel requests that the becostumed masqueraders do not appear in the first floor bars.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We want to thank:

those who contributed material to the convention -- Ace Books, Galaxy Publishing Co, Pyramid Books, Ziff-Davis Publishing Co, L. Sprague de Camp, Arthur C. Clarke, Earl Kemp, Larry Shaw, Roy Squires, Dean McLaughlin, Ben Stark, Dirce Archer, Dick Lupoff, Poul Anderson;

those who wrote the appreciations of our Guest of Honor -- Ed Hamilton, John W. Campbell, and Ted Sturgeon;

all of those who are appearing on the program;

and those unnamed members of the Washington Science Fiction Association who did so much of the dirty work.

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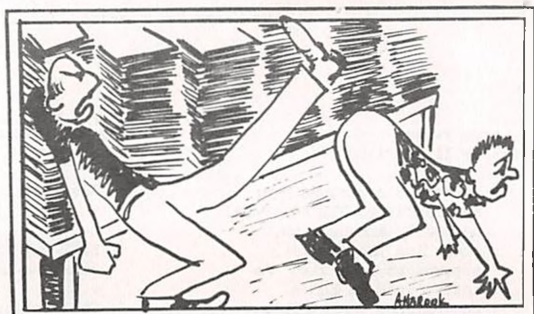
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Plans call for a general accumulation until 1964, when all material will be sorted and indexed. The Foundation now owns approximately 35,000 publications dated from 1933 to 1963.

We wish to publicly thank Larry & Noreen Shaw and Bob Tucker.

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The second Convention Annual -- 264 pictures of the mammoth 1962 Worldcon at Chicago, with complete explanatory text and convention reports (Don Ford, Jay Klein, Bob Madle, Jimmie Taurasi). Published quite a few months late.

Discon Edition

The third Convention Annual -- ??? pictures of the brilliant 1963 Worldcon at Washington, with complete explanatory text and convention reports. To be published January 1964.

The Convention Annual will again record for fandom the year's greatest science fiction event -- the Worldcon. The Discon Edition is expected to be at least as large as the Chicon III Edition, which has 264 finely detailed photos plus 50 pages of scintillating text in an 8 1/2 by 11 format.

All Annuals record sights never normally seen by human eyes! There are pictures of hundreds of fans and scores of authors, many of them sober. Pictures of the panelists, the audience, the NFFF Hospitality Room, the Parties, the Masquerade Ball, the Banquet, the Hugo winners....

Frank R. Prieto and Jay Kay Klein hoped originally to bring out a pamphlet -- and wound up with a book for the Pittcon Edition. And then the Chicon III Edition grew into a monster that defied all efforts to publish on time.

The Discon Edition will be another unique view of the science fiction world at play. The publishers are sure it will be the equal of the first two Convention Annuals in interest. It may even be out on schedule!

All three issues of the Convention Annual will be on sale at the Discon. The Chicon III Edition can be picked up on the spot, with about 250 copies left for sale. The Pittcon Edition will also be available, but may sell out. The Discon Edition can be ordered at a special prepublication price and will be delivered by mail.

For copies of the Convention Annual, see Frank Prieto or Jay Klein at the Discon. Sign up at the Convention Annual exhibit or buttonhole the publishers on the convention floor. Unfortunate stay-at-homes can order by mail.

Send \$2.00 for each Convention Annual -- Pittcon Edition, Chicon III Edition, or Discon Edition at special prepublication rate (\$2.50 after Dec. 31, 1963) to Frank R. Prieto, Jr., R.D.#1, Box 255, Warners, New York.

Special correspondence (and orders) may be sent to Jay Kay Klein, 219 Sabine St., Syracuse, New York.



JACK L. CHALKER & ASSOCIATES
5111 Liberty Heights Avenue
Baltimore, Maryland, 21207

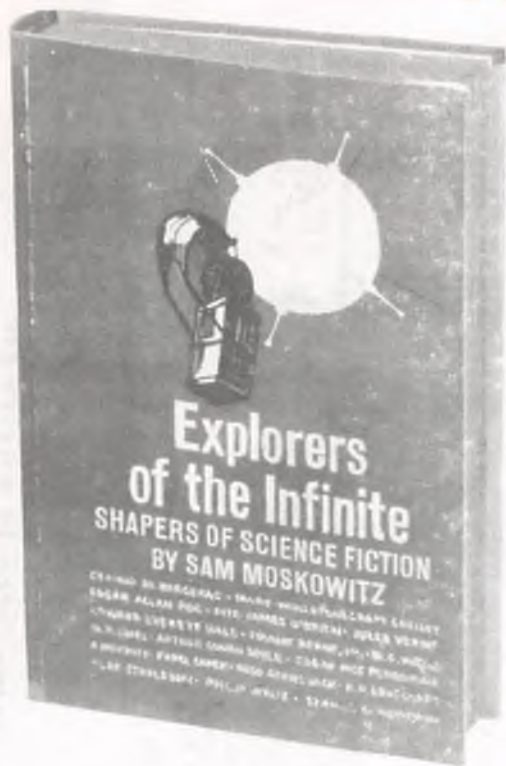
We wish to thank all of you who voted for, and subsequently nominated, MIRAGE for the Hugo. Competition is too great for us to win, but the knowledge that our efforts have been that appreciated is worth quite a lot. From all of us to all of you, our heartfelt thanks. However, MIRAGE is not the only publication we have. There are several on the schedule, not the least of which is the forthcoming IN MEMORIAM: CLARK ASHTON SMITH. This last book has run into innumerable delays due to many problems both technical and personal, and we would also like to thank the legions of you who have ordered and then waited patiently. We believe that the Discon will end your wait and reward your patience. If all goes as planned -- and all is well at this time -- we will have copies of IN MEMORIAM for you at the con. We may also have MIRAGE #6, which has been long overdue.

In IN MEMORIAM: CLARK ASHTON SMITH you will find penetrating studies of this great master of fantasy; coverage of all facets of his life. These are written by those who knew him -- his close friends and contemporary writers. Such noted authors as Fritz Leiber, Theodore Sturgeon, and L. Sprague deCamp give their memoirs and critiques, and there is an Introduction by Ray Bradbury. Also included is the widely acclaimed "As I Remember Klarkash-Ton," by George F. Haas...but we didn't stop there! Also there are numerous illustrations, primarily in the form of unusual fantasy borders to house the representative Smith poems we have included, as well as a Prosser portrait of Smith. What else, you say? Well, we also include the complete text of "The Dead Will Cuckold You," Smith's fantasy play in blank verse which has never before appeared in print, and a selected bibliography. All of this is well mimeographed and lithographed on fine, 70-pound book paper, with heavy paper covers, in an edition limited to but 500 numbered copies (of which 275 are sold!). And the price? Only \$3.00. A must for the lover of fantasy! Jack L. Chalker is wandering around the convention halls, and will be glad to sell you a copy. See him personally -- we have no sales table.

And so, GOOD LUCK DISCON! HAVE A REALLY FAANISH CONVENTION, and we all hope to see you there.

(Incidentally, in the year after the Discon we will have more MIRAGES, THE NEW H.P. LOVECRAFT BIBLIOGRAPHY: SECOND SERIES, MIRAGE ON LOVECRAFT, a new edition of A FIGMENT OF A DREAM, and more volumes by and on Howard, Lovecraft, Smith, etc. If you're not at the Discon now, why not write us? All correspondence is personally answered).

JACK L. CHALKER & ASSOCIATES
5111 Liberty Heights Avenue
Baltimore, Maryland, 21207
U. S. A.



ANNOUNCING A NEW BOOK FOR ALL SCIENCE FICTION FANS

EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE

Shapers of Science Fiction

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Sam Moskowitz

A history of the development of science fiction traced through the biographies of its major molders, among them Edgar Allan Poe, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, Jules Verne, Arthur Conan Doyle, Karel Capek, H. G. Wells, and Edgar Rice Burroughs.

356 pages, 110,000 words, 5 1/8 x 8 inches

\$6.00

At all bookstores
or from

The World Publishing Company, 2231 West 110th St., Cleveland 2, Ohio

THE 1963 HUGO AWARDS

The five top Hugo Award contenders in each of this year's six categories are listed below. Nominations were open to members of the DisCon and ChiCon III, but the final voting was restricted to members of this year's convention.

In the NOVEL category here were the top five for 1962:

"Vercors": Sylva

H. Beam Piper: Little Fuzzy

Phillip K. Dick: The Man in the High Castle

Arthur C. Clark: A Fall of Moondust

Marion Z. Bradley: Sword of Aldones

And the 1963 Hugo winner is

In the SHORT FICTION category, the top five for 1962 were:

Jack Vance: "The Dragon Masters", from Galaxy

T.B. Swann: "Where is the Bird of Fire?" from Science-Fantasy

Theodore Sturgeon: "When You Care, When You Love" from F&SF

Fritz Lieber: "The Unholy Grail" from Fantastic

Gary Jennings: "Myrrha" from Fantasy & Science Fiction

And the 1963 Hugo winner is

In the DRAMATIC PRODUCTION category, the top four for 1962 were:

TV series: Twilight Zone

Movie: Last Year at Marienbad

Movie: The Day the Earth Caught Fire

Movie: Burn, Witch, Burn

And the 1963 Hugo

In the PROFESSIONAL ARTIST category, 1962's top five were:

Ed Emshwiller, Virgil Finlay, Jack Gaughan, Roy Krenkel, and John Schoenherr.

And the 1963 Hugo winner is

The top PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINES of 1962 were:

Ted Carnell's SCIENCE-FANTASY

Avram Davidson's MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION

Fred Pohl's GALAXY MAGAZINE

Cele Goldsmith's FANTASTIC STORIES OF IMAGINATION

John W. Campbell jr's ANALOG SCIENCE FACT - SCIENCE FICTION

And the 1963 Hugo winner is

The top five in 1962's AMATEUR MAGAZINE category were:

Pat & Dick Lupoff's XERO

The Los Angeles SF Society's SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES

Jack Chalker's MIRAGE

Buck & Juanita Coulson's YANDRO

Richard Bergeron's WARHOON

And the 1963 Hugo winner is

Rocco-Cocco is a false god

SPECIAL ATTRACTION

And on Saturday night, there will be a costume ball . . . or have we used that line before? With a Band, Live. Bring your DisCon badges -- the ones with the owl-&-planet -- in order to get in.

This year we've a new procedure for getting people into the parade. On registering, you can pick up a small card, on which we want you to put the name of your costume/character; the source, if it's from a specific story; and your own name. At the ball, put this card on your costume (or on you, if it's that sort of costume) somewhere in the vicinity of the left shoulder (a piece of Band-Aid works well). Once in the hall, you can mill around, chat with friends, sit on the sidelines, and -- most important -- watch other costumes parade until one of our heralds, spotting that you are wearing a card, escorts you to the head of the parade runway. The announcer will take your card there and start you on your walk -- or run, or shamble, or whatever -- down the runway (which is about 8 feet wide), past the judges and the audience. The announcer will read the name and source of your costume as you begin, and your own name as you reach the end of the runway. [And the reading of the name is the signal for you to scat; the next contestant will be coming on.] The judges will hold the cards, to help them keep score.

For groups, the procedure is slightly different: until the group has paraded as a group, its members will keep their cards hidden; and the group leader will wear a special, red card. When he's tapped by a herald, the leader will round up his mob, shepherd them to the announcer, and turn over the group card. [The group card, incidently, should have the name of the group, not a list of its members.] After the group has paraded as a group, each individual member may display his individual card and be called to parade as an individual.

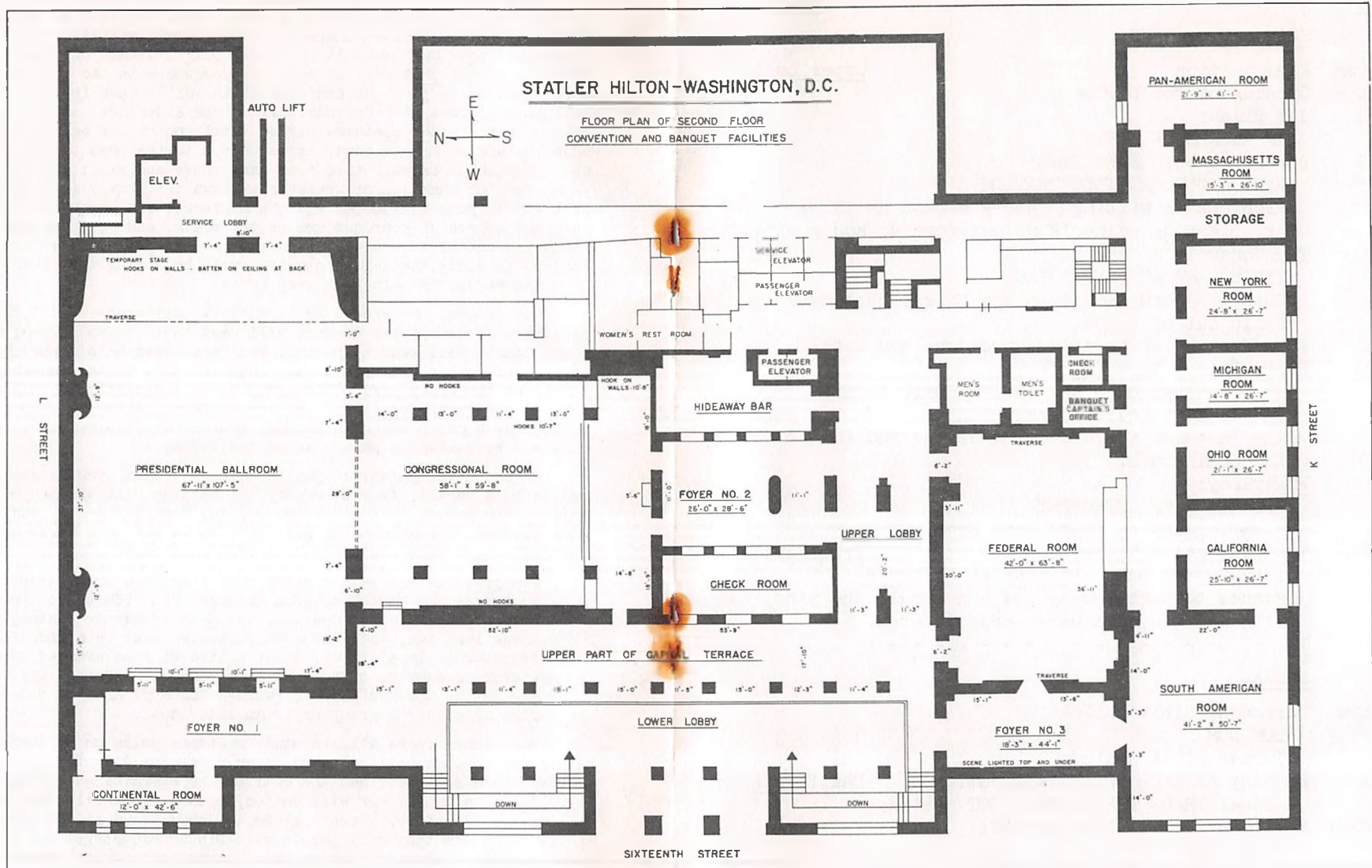
An essential point: if you're wearing a card, you'll eventually be called by a herald. If you're not, the heralds will assume you've been through the parade or that you're waiting for your group. And, whether your costume is elaborate or just for fun -- put on a card, and let the rest of us see your costume to its best advantage.

The prize categories? A mixture of fixed and open categories. There will be awards for Most Beautiful Costume, Most BEMish Costume, Most Authentic Science Fiction Costume, and Most Authentic Fantasy Costume [for these last two, the character portrayed must be a specific one from the literature]. In addition, three prizes will be awarded for excellence in whatever categories or for whatever reason the judges may choose. One of these may be for Most Heroic Sword-&-Sorcery. And the judges may award any prize to either a group or to an individual.

Now, since there will be other meetings going on in the hotel, and since the costume ball entrance is on a balcony directly over the main lobby, there's danger that the ball may be overcrowded by curious passers by. [This isn't just our wild notion, either -- exactly that happened in the past.] Therefore, there will be an Armed Guard at the entrance to the ball, to ensure that only people with DisCon badges get in. However, if you're in an elaborate costume which lacks pockets and things to carry the badge, you may leave the badge off and we'll pass you on in. Of course, the committee members will act as a screen at the door too; the reason for the flamboyant gesture of getting Real Detective Agents is the effect on non-fan gatecrashers. Intruders from among the Earth People are unlikely to cut up with somebody with uniform and badge.

And if your costume involves special effects, special timing by the announcer, bombs or bloodshed, tell the con committee in advance!

Down with Beer



in the Presidential Room --
Costume Ball
Banquet

Congressional Room --
All convention features
not noted elsewhere

California Room --
FAPA session
South American Room --
Project Art Show
SF Book Sales

The PROGRAM

Congressional Room, unless otherwise indicated.

<u>Time</u>		<u>Place</u>
<u>Saturday</u>		
9:00am	Registration	<u>Upper Lobby</u>
12:30pm	Opening of the DisCon	
12:45	Jim Blish: AN ANSWER OF SORTS	
1:30	Bob Silverberg & Ed Emsch: RING AROUND AN ILLUSTRATION Problems in writing a story around an illo; or, pleasing editor's whimsy for fun and profit.	
2:00	Ted Cogswell & Cohorts: HIPPOCRENE AND HYPERSPACE Cogswell struggles with the Muses, best two falls out of three.	
2:30	Introduction of notables, auction, and break.	
3:15	Larry Ivie & Dick Lupoff: SF ILLUSTRATION & ART IN THE COMIC BOOKS (Me to Your Leader Take) All in color for a dime: the rise and fall of the comic book.	
4:30	Willy Ley: MYSTERIES OF ASTRONOMY A spring day on Pluto, and such.	
7:30	The Convention Members: THE COSTUME BALL [<u>Admission by badge</u>] Scenes to numb the senses and appall the mind, with music by Ira Sabin and his Orch.	<u>Presidential</u>

<u>Sunday</u>		
11:00am	Burroughs Bibliophiles: DUM-DUM Tarzan Rides Again.	
11:00	Fantasy Amateur Press Association: Annual THROW THE RASCALS OUT meeting.	<u>California</u>
12:30pm	Fumio Suzuki via Dick Lupoff: ASTRO BOY A Japanese s-f cartoon film in English.	
1:00	Hyborian Legion: MUSTER de Camp and his cohorts on Conan.	
2:00	The Convention Members: BANQUET LUNCHEON Guest of Honor: Will F. Jenkins [Murray Leinster] Toastmaster: Isaac Asimov. Hugos.	<u>Presidential</u>

- 5:30pm L. Sprague de Camp, Isaac Asimov, Willy Ley,
Ed Emsh, and Fritz Leiber
WHAT SHOULD A BEM LOOK LIKE?
- 6:30 Seabury Quinn:
SCIENCE FICTION VERSUS FANTASY
The difference in treatment of a theme.
- 7:00 Auction and intermission.
- 7:30 The Convention Members:
THE ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING
Presentation of special awards. Reports of
Committees. Choice of site for the 1964
Convention.
- 8:00 Don Wollheim, Dick Lupoff, Sam Moskowitz:
SWORDS AGAINST EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
Alan Howard will moderate this affair.
- 9:00 Juanita Coulson, Ted White, D&M Thompson:
DE STIJL MIT DE STYLUS
The art of putting art on stencil and
other aspects of good mimeography.
- - - - -

Monday

- 11:30am Auction
- 12:00n John Campbell, Don Wollheim, A.J. Budrys,
Cele Goldsmith:
THE EDITORS SPEAK
Fred Pohl moderates this discussion of
the problems of the editor.
- 1:00pm Barbara Silverberg, Elsie Wollheim, Carol
Pohl, and others:
LIFE WITH A SF WRITER
Ted Cogswell has induced the wives to tell
their side of the story.
- 1:30 Intermission
- 1:45 Hal Clement & P. Schuyler Miller:
IS THE SF STORY A MENTAL EXERCISE?
Hal says it is, like a detective story.
- 2:15 Judy Merrill and Fritz Leiber, with aid:
SKIT
They've whipped up something, but won't
tell us.
- 2:45 George Scithers, Ben Stark, Earl Kemp:
THE FOURTH CONVENTION
[You thought there were only three, didn't you?]

And for last minute changes and additions . . .

Bulletin Board

In the Upper Lobby, just outside Foyer Number 2.



18th

WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

SAYS
HELLO AGAIN!



RAYSMITH

LOOK OUT!!

The CenRiders are coming!

Membership

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Lenny Groll | 7. Scott Kutina* |
| 2. Al Eisenstein | 8. Gil Lament |
| 3. George Fergus | 9. Herb Laus |
| 4. Bob Greenberg | 10. Jerry McCann |
| 5. Steve Hodes | 11. Larry Pinsker |
| 6. John R. Isaac | 12. Mr. X |

S.F. in S.F.

London in 65

Cleveland in '66

Arkham in 67*

The Order of Cthulhu A club devoted to H.P. Lovecraft, and the Lovecraft writing school.



SK
With Apologies To
Richard Taylor

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THANK YOU,

DISCON COMMITTEE

CONGRATULATIONS,

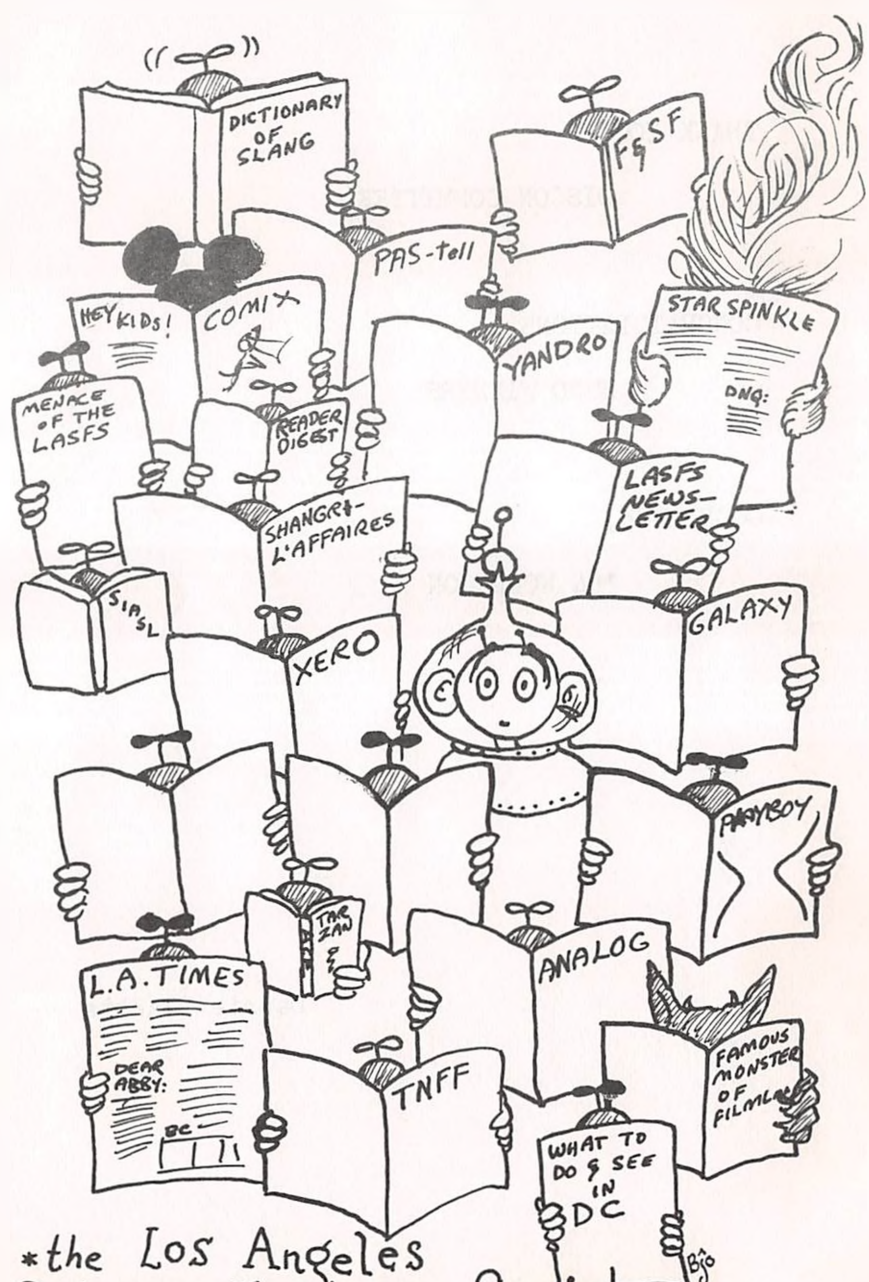
HUGO WINNERS

GOOD LUCK,

'64 WORLDCON

Dannie Plachta

GREETINGS from LASFS*



*the Los Angeles
Science Fantasy Society

THE

BALTIMORE SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

MEETS IN BALTIMORE CITY ON THE SECOND AND FOURTH SATURDAYS OF EVERY MONTH AT 8: P.M.

FOR INFORMATION, CALL 367-0685 (in Baltimore), write BSFS, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave, Baltimore 7, Maryland, or see any of our officers at the Discon.

HAVE A WONDERFUL CONVENTION!

JACK L. CHALKER, Chairman/Mark Owings, Vice-Chairman/
David M. Ettlin, Secretary/Enid Jacobs, Treasurer/ Jerry
Jacks/Steve Patt/Dave Katz/Robb Patt/Myron Seligman/Bill
Osten/John E. Westfall/Lynn Madsen/Alexander Freda/Larry
Zellers/ and the rest of the growing Baltimore SF group.

there will be a special party meeting for members only at the Discon.



Within

Paul Williams

163 Brighton Street, Belmont, Mass.

BEST WISHES TO THE CONVENTION

FROM

FIRST FANDOM

Our MEETING-PARTY will be held Sunday evening, September 1, at approximately 9:30 P.M.

If you were reading science fiction prior to 1938, you are invited, and may be eligible for membership.

Bob Madle, President
Don Ford, Sec'y-Treasurer
Roy Tackett, Publisher

Board of Directors

C.L. Barrett, M.D.

Dele Tarr

Lou Tabakow



NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION

founded 1941



Is the N3F purely a correspondence club?

Results of the latest membership poll show otherwise:

///"What is your favorite fan activity?"

50% checked "SF discussion"

59% checked "Collecting"

33% checked "Conventions"

43% checked "Fanzines"

13% checked "Clubs"

41% checked "Correspondence"

((Yes, I know this adds up to 239% = most checked two or three favorite activities, as requested.))

Is the club declining thru disinterest?

Let's see what members said:

///"Do you intend to continue membership when present dues run out?"

84% said "Yes"

9% said "No"

7% were uncertain. ((This does add up to 100%))

See the August TNFF for complete results of this questionnaire.

Join the N3F -- BRING ENTHUSIASM!!!! (Money is welcome too.)

Dues are \$2 per calendar year, \$1.75 for renewals.

\$2.25 at the Worldcon will pay for the remainder of 1963 and all of 1964. Send dues, or write for application blank, to:

Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tennessee, 37754.

VISIT THE N3F HOSPITALITY ROOM AT THE DISCON.

He's not hard to find--he's down in the bar, or sitting tailor-fashion on the floor gabbing incessantly, or in the art show room telling an unbelievable story, or playing poker. Whatever he's doing, stop him and ask him to explain the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund.

You can't avoid Ron Ellik when he's after something, and this year he's after your vote and contribution to make this the biggest TAFF campaign ever. Marion Bradley, Bruce Pelz and Wally Weber are the candidates--and you have only to next month to make your voice heard in the selection of one of them to represent America at next spring's British National Science Fiction Convention.

TAFF started over a decade ago, and sends an average of one fan a year across the Atlantic. In 1962 Ron Ellik traveled to England and Ethel Lindsay visited America, and they are now the Administrators of the Fund, helping get their successors elected.

TAFF has no rigid constitution, no board of directors, no membership, no waiting list. To participate you must contribute; to vote, you must be a fan (there is a cut-off date stated, to ensure that voters have been fans long enough to know somewhat of the candidates and the purposes of the elections). One of the current subjects for discussion is the \$500 award made from the Fund to each winner--the administrators are trying to get enough scratch together to up that to \$600, for obvious reasons including the high cost of travel, the expense of a leave of absence for the trip, and so forth. Your opinion about this raise will be greatly appreciated by either administrator--and, as said, you can talk face-to-face with one of them during the Discon.

He's the tall, blond, spectacled blabbermouth who's chasing girls or folk-singing; but he'll be glad to stop what he's doing (rather, he'll pause for a moment) to talk about TAFF. He may even stop you in a corridor and start the conversation. But you can't avoid him, because he's after you.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FAN FUND

Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Avenue, Los Angeles, California, 90025
Ethel Lindsay, Six Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain



The following magazines:

Adventure: 1911-Jl, Ag, De; 1912-Ja, Fe, Mr, Ap, My, Jl, Ag;
1913-Ja, Fe, My, Jn, Jl, Ag, No, De; 1914-Ja, Mr, Ap, Jn,
Jl, Ag, Se, Oc, No, De; 1915-Jl, Ag, No; 1916-Ja, Fe;
1918-De 3; 1919-Ap 18, Se 3; 1922-Ap 20, Jl 10
Everybody's: 1912-Ja; 1914-Ja; 1916-Jl, Ag, Oc, No, De; 1917-Ja;
1918-Jn
Romance: 1929-My, Ag All-Story: 1911-Jn; 1917-Ap 14
Argosy: 1918-Jl 27, Se 21, Se 28, Oc 19, Oc 26; 1920-Mr 20
Scrap Book: 1911-Fe, Se, Oc, No Pearson's: 1913-De
Cavalier: 1912-Fe 10 Popular: 1914-Fe 15, Mr 15
Grand: 1937-De SatEvePost: 1916-Mr 11; 1929-De 7
Overland: 1910-Oc, No; 1925-Nv; 1926-Ja, Fe, Mr, Ap, My, Jn, Jl, Ag,
Se, Oc, No, De; 1927-Mr, Ap, No
Delineator: 1921-Ap

Covers or no covers; these are for binding. Cash, too.

Bill Evans
Box 86
Mt Rainier, Maryland 20822

SILVER FOUR
A
'SIXTY CON

DON'T JOIN ...

THE COMMITTEE FOR INTERSTELLAR FRIENDSHIP ... UNLESS... YOU DARE TO BE DIFFERENT!

...dare to be thought an unrealistic, wide-eyed idealist!



I F you have what it takes - - guts - imagination -
and a wish for friendship with extra-terrestrials -
send for a membership application blank and the
club constitution - - right away!



THE ALL WORLDS AND ALL PEOPLES International Club

BOX 9098
CHICAGO 90, ILL.

After over ten years, the WSFA has finally secured the World Convention. Those of us who can make it are going to enjoy themselves. Those who are unable to attend it will wish that they could. But from all of us, there will be a lot of congratulations for WSFA and all the fine people in it.

Good Luck

from

The Mercurian Club
and
JELERANG!

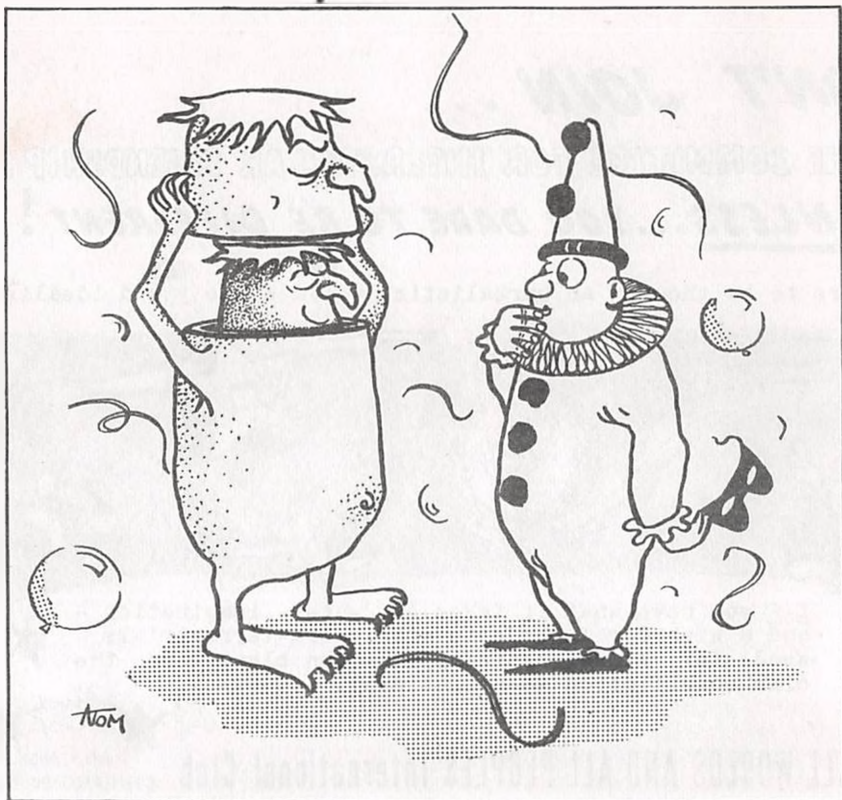
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Science Fiction Fans? Fantasy
Fans? Convention Fans? Fanzine
Fans? Club Fans? Fandom Fans?
Nothing Fans? To each his own...
To hell with the critics.
FANDOM FOREVER...Donald Franson.

FANDOM'S NEW BEST-SELLER! READ:
"MY LIFE IN COURT" by Ted White.
Only \$75,000 the copy, from
Moscowitz Press, Inc., Newark.

MIKE DECKINGER
WISHES TO THANK HIS
GHOST WRITERS:
Matthew, Mark, Luke,
and John.

See you in



LONDON in '65

For Sale

**Fantasy Books
& Mags**

FREE! SEND NOW for large list containing 1,000's of Science-Fiction, Weird and Fantasy magazines and books. Also have large stocks of old comics and various other magazines.

ALSO WANTED: all first edition, E. R. Burroughs books.

COMIC MAGS: 1933-1945

Claude Held
1152 Kensington
Buffalo 15, N.Y.

More Membership

- 336. Katherine Jacoby
- 337. B Phillip Walker
- 338. Nicholas Ringelberg
- 339. J. Bay Jacobs II
- 340. Fred Saberhagen
- 341. Perdita Girsdansky
- 342. Joseph Wightman
- 343. Andrew Silverberg
- 344. Joe A. Sarno
- 345. Edwin H. Arvin, Jr.
- 346. Joe L. Hensley
- 347. John R. Belov
- 348. Larry McCombs
- 349. Susie Beam
- 350. Bob Leman
- 351. James E. Lavell
- 352. Reva Smilay
- 353. Bill Conner
- 354. Ann Dinkelman
- 355. Pat Oswalt
- 356. Stanley C. Skirvin
- 357. Joan M. Skirvin
- 358. Isabel Fine
- 359. H. Beam Piper
- 360. George W. Andrews
- 361. Robert E. Margroff
- 362. Jim Goodrich
- 363. David G. Van Arnam
- 364. Lloyd W. Fonvielle
- 365. Raymond S. Brown
- 366. Barbara C. Johnson
- 367. Richard E. Johnson
- 368. John Flory
- 369. Helen Goodrich
- 370. Roger C. Smith
- 371. Sharon Towle
- 372. Esther Waymire
- 373. William F. Waymire
- 374. J. Woodrow Hagadish
- 375. Mark Christopher
- 376. Jack Clinton
- 377. Edward V. Dong
- 378. Edward L. Ferman
- 379. Avram Davidson
- 380. Tommy Long
- 381. William F. Deeck
- 382. Edward Krieg
- 383. Constance Mellott
- 384. Allen G. Kracalik
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- 386. Theodore L. Thomas
- 387. Karl Olsen
- 388. Lin Olsen
- 389. George Allen Wilson
- 390. Jesse Totten
- 391. Ethel M. Wood
- 392. Arnold Katz
- 393. Albert Ceciter
- 394. Marion M. Mallinger
- 395. Michael D. Resnick
- 396. George R. Tullis
- 397. Hellen N. Tullis
- 398. Gordon R. Dickson
- 399. Beatrice Taylor
- 400. Archie Mercer
- 401. Arthur W. Saha
- 402. Wendayne Ackerman
- 403. Jon P. Davison
- 404. Carl Lundgren
- 405. Don Hutchison
- 406. Arthur Davis, Jr.
- 407. W. C. Bowman
- 408. Bob Greenberg
- 409. Frank Stodolka
- 410. Paul M. Dellinger
- 411. Ted Isaacs
- 412. M. Shelley
- 413. James M. Gale
- 414. Richard J. Brzustowicz
- 415. Keith Otter
- 416. Donald N. Svenson
- 417. Michael O'Neill
- 418. David Trotter
- 419. Ian Lovestock
- 420. John E. Westfall
- 421. Philip Mashcovitz
- 422. John T. Warner
- 423. Grace Dickey
- 424. John Hartley
- 425. Bob Skevington
- 426. Harry Skevington
- 427. Claudia D. Galik
- 428. Tom DeWitt
- 429. Robert V. Stevens
- 430. Carol L. Resnick
- 431. John Dickson
- 432. Stanley Halperson
- 433. Donna M. A. Pallone
- 434. Dorothy Ann Martin
- 435. Kay Enders

- 131. E. Vernice Heckathorn
- 121. Boyd Raeburn
- 111. Judith Merril
- 101. Isaac Asimov
- 91. Carol Pohl
- 81. Fred Pohl
- 71. Jeannie M. Smith
- 61. Edward E. Smith
- 51. Larry Breed
- 41. Willy Ley
- 31. L. Sprague de Camp
- 21. Rlph Watts
- 1. P. Schuyler Miller
 - 1. Jim Caughran
 - 21. Dick Eney
 - 31. George Scithers
 - 41. Bill Osten
 - 51. Phyllis K. Berg
 - 61. William B. Berg
 - 71. Loftus Becker, Jr.
 - 81. George W. Price
 - 91. Lou Ann Price
- 101. A. J. Budrys
- 111. Jon Stopa
- 121. James O'Meara
- 131. Earl Kemp
- 141. Nancy Kemp
- 151. Henry Beck
- 161. Martha Beck
- 171. Joseph T. Mayhew
- 181. Phil Harrell
- 191. Robert Bloch
- 201. George McMullin
- 211. Gus Willmorth
- 221. Ruth Berman
- 231. Elizabeth Lökke
- 241. Alva Rogers
- 251. Sid Rogers
- 261. Tom Rutherford
- 271. Robert A. Heinlein
- 281. Alan J. Lewis
- 291. Robert M. Guinn
- 301. Baltimore Science Fiction Society

MOBY DICK S*I*I*N*K*S ,

LIN CARTER!

SO THERE!

Collector's Item

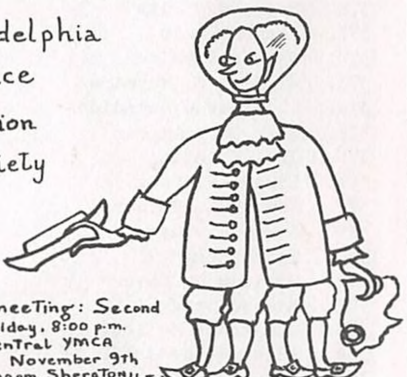
If we would collect
 A CRY and a laugh,
 We ought to elect
 W*A*L*L*Y***W*E*B*E*R
 for T.A.F.F.

LET'S SEND AVRAM DAVIDSON
 A SET OF LOVECRAFT
 FOR CHANUKAH

HELP SEND ANDY MAIN TO FINLAND!
 Contribute to the fund to allow
 Andy to freeze in the shadows of
 Russia. YOU CAN MAKE A BOY'S DREAM
 COME TRUE! Give generously to the
 collector when he calls on you.

fandom needs the
NEOFUND

Philadelphia
 Science
 Fiction
 Society



Monthly meeting: Second
 Friday, 8:00 p.m.
 Central YMCA
 PHILCON: November 9th
 1:00 p.m. Sheraton Hotel

This is no time for half measures, Gentlemen!

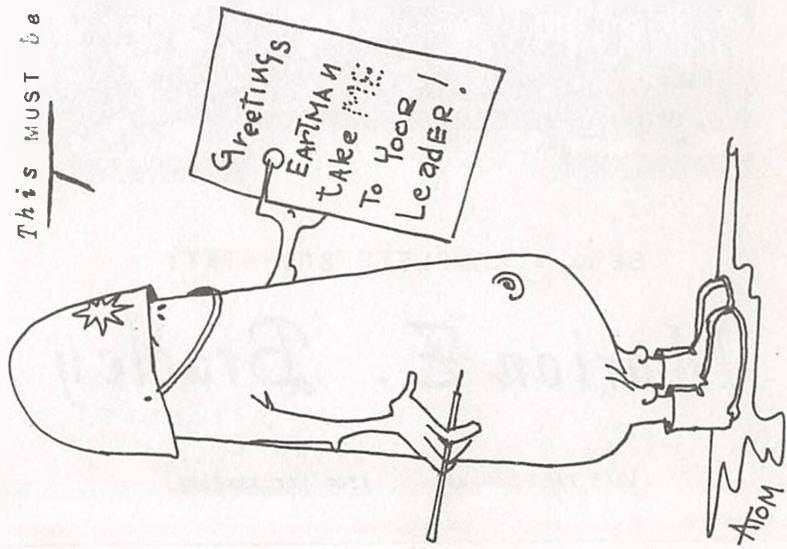


SEND A COMPLETE STEFNIST:

Marion Z. Bradley

1963 TAFF Campaign, *APON for JEXTAFF!*

This MUST be the place!



The Social Point

CARY

of Gandom

TOP SUBSCRIPTION FANZINE
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5 for \$1
from Box 92
507 Third Ave.
Seattle 4, Wash.

5 for 7/ sterling
from John Berry
91 Campbell park
Belfast 4
Northern Ireland

Atom

Femmesfans of the World, Unite!



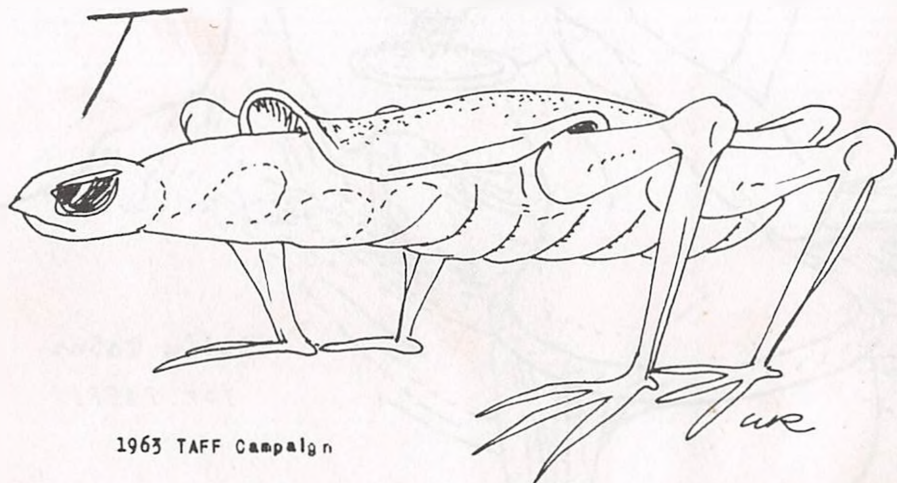
*Wally Weber
for TAFF!!*

ATom for NextTAFF!!

Let's throw ED MARTIN in the pool!



"What I want to know is, can I sue an Elephant for making like a grasshopper?"



1963 TAFF Campaign

Help send Bruce Peltz on a long hop!

AFOW for HexTAPPI!

Vicariously yours,
 Rosemary and Richard
 Kickey

The 21st World Science Fiction Con carries on the tradition of fannish gatherings in a line stretching back through uncharted ages as far as 1939

A clerihew dedicated to Elinor (she knows what for)

YEAR	CITY	NAME	GUEST OF HONOR	PLACE	ATTENDANCE	CHAIRMAN
1939	New York	Nycon	Frank R Paul	Caravan Hall	200	Moskowitz
1940	Chicago	Chicon	E E Smith	Chicagoan	115	Korshak
1941	Denver	Denvention	Robert A Heinlein	Shirley-Savoy	100	Wiggins
1946	Los Angeles	Pacificon	A E Van Vogt & E Mayne Hull			
1947	Philadelphia	Philcon	John W Campbell, Jr	Park View Manor	125	Daugherty
1948	Toronto	Torcon	Robert Bloch	Penn Sheraton	180	Rothman
1949	Cincinnati	Cinvention	Lloyd A Eshbach	RAI Purdy Studios	200	McKeown
1950	Portland	Norwescon	Lloyd A Eshbach	Metropole	200	Ford
1951	New Orleans	Nolacon	Anthony Boucher	Muldomah	250	Day
1951	New Orleans	Nolacon	Fritz Leiber	St Charles	325	Moore
1952	Chicago	TASFIC				
1953	Philadelphia	Philcon II	Hugo Gernsback	Morrison	1,000	May
1954	San Francisco	Philcon II	Willy Ley	Bellvue-Stratford	800	Rothman
1955	Cleveland	SFcon	John W Campbell, Jr	Sir Francis Drake	600	Cole
1956	New York	NewYorkcon (Nycon II)	Isaac Asimov	Manger	500	Falasca
1957	London	Worldcon (Loncon)	Arthur C Clarke	Biltmore	850	Kyle
1958	Los Angeles	Solacon	John W Campbell, Jr	Kings Court	425	Carnell
1959	Detroit	Detention	Richard Matheson	Alexandria	475	Moffatt
			Poul Anderson	Pick-Port Shelby	371	Sims & Prophet
1960	Pittsburgh	Pittcon	James Blish	Penn-Sheraton	568	Archer
1961	Seattle	Seacon	Robert A Heinlein	Hyatt House	300	Weber
1962	Chicago	Chicon III	Theodore Sturgeon	Pick-Congress	730	Kepp
1963	Washington	DisCon	Will F Jenkins (Murray Leinster)	Statler-Hilton	-7-	Scithers

Autografen

OBITUARIES CIRCULATED -- CHEAP!

NO QUESTIONS ASKED!

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(NOT a religious organisation)

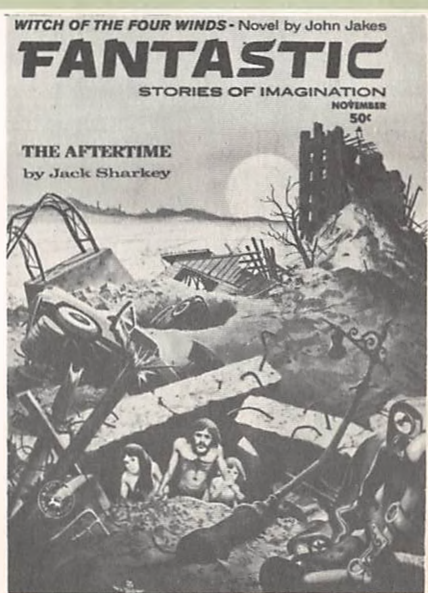


HARRISON

says:

“It's England in 1955!”

Best Wishes on Your 21st



THE

FIRST

MAGAZINE IN SCIENCE FICTION

...AND THE

LAST

WORD IN FANTASY