

Noreascon Three

August 31 - September 4, 1989
The 47th World Science Fiction Convention



Progress Report 1

January 1987

The 47th World Science Fiction Convention

Noreascon Three

Sheraton-Boston Hotel

August 31 - September 4, 1989

Hynes Convention Center

Boston, Massachusetts USA

Professional Guests of Honor
Ian and Betty Ballantine
Andre Norton

Fan Guest of Honor
The Stranger Club

(Boston's First SF Organization)

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Box 46, MIT Branch PO; Cambridge, MA 02139; USA

The Fiftieth Anniversary Worldcon



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Progress Report 1

January 1987

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Progress Reports

With three years before the convention, we plan to issue progress reports roughly every six months to keep in touch with our members. Because of the three-year schedule, and with little increase in the amount of convention news over much of the time, we have chosen to print several of the PRs in newsletter format. The more traditional progress reports will be in a glossy, 8½" by 11", magazine format. The newsletters will have fewer pages (8-16), lighter paper stock, and will be folded for mailing. We anticipate that magazine PRs will be of lasting interest and retained, while the newsletters will be of temporary use.

All members who join before the convention will receive a complete set of the magazine-style PRs, but none of the older newsletters.

Progress Report Schedule

PR, Style	Ad copy deadline	Publication date
#2, Newsletter	May 15, 1987	July 1987
#3, Newsletter	November 15, 1987	January 1988
#4, Newsletter	May 15, 1988	July 1988
#5, Magazine	November 15, 1988	January 1989
#6, Magazine	February 15, 1989	April 1989
#7, Newsletter	May 15, 1989	July 1989

Your Mailing Label

Your mailing label consists of the following information:

- Your name as it appears in our records or possibly a more "familiar" form if you prefer, e.g., Rick instead of Richard.
- Your membership number followed by your status code (a=attending, s=supporting, [c=child, who won't receive publications]).
- Your address.
- If you requested a "fannish" name it will appear above your real name with a % attached to your real name.

We would appreciate it if you wrote us to correct any inaccuracies.

Advertising Rates

Rates applicable for *Progress Reports 2-3*. Based on print run and publication costs, rates may increase for later progress reports. Rates for later PRs will appear in *Progress Report 2*. Rates for the Program Book will be available in late 1988.

NEWSLETTER STYLE

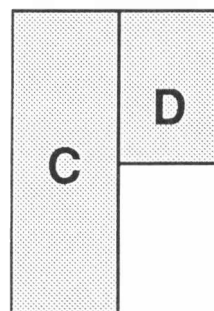
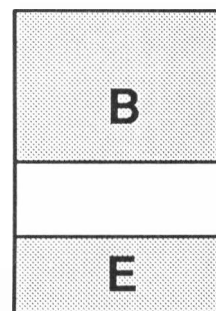
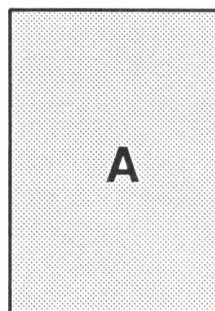
(see description in "Progress Reports")

Size	Image Area	Professional	Fan
Full Page	7½" x 10" (A)	\$110	\$60
Half Page	7½" x 4¾" (B)	\$60	\$35
	3½" x 10" (C)	\$60	\$35
Quarter Page	3½" x 4¾" (D)	\$40	\$25
	7½" x 2¼" (E)	\$40	\$25

- For newsletter format, no bleeds or half-tones are acceptable.
- All magazine-style progress reports will be distributed to all members who join before the convention. Newsletters will be sent to new members only until the next progress report becomes available.
- Please write to us with requests for special processing (including a full description of what is desired). Information on availability and costs will be sent to you as soon as possible.
- We request that payment accompany ad copy.

For more information, please contact:

Rick Katze
 % Noreascon Three
 Box 46, MIT Branch Post Office
 Cambridge, MA 02139
 USA



Membership Information

Memberships

Noreascon Three has two types of memberships: Attending and Supporting. Both include voting privileges on the Hugo Awards and on site selection for the 1992 Worldcon. Members registered before the convention will receive copies of all our major publications. This includes all magazine-style progress reports, all newsletter progress reports published after the time you join, the program book, and any post-con publications. An Attending Membership also gives you the right to attend the convention and the World Science Fiction Society business meeting.

Conversions

A Supporting Membership may be converted to an Attending Membership at any time by paying the difference between the Supporting price (\$20) and the current Attending Membership rate at the time you convert. If you plan on attending Noreascon 3 and currently have only a Supporting Membership, you should consider converting at this time, since the rates will only go up.

Membership Rates

All of our rates are in U.S. dollars. You can send U.S. or the equivalent Canadian funds to us, or the equivalent amount in the local currency to our agents. We also accept MasterCard or Visa. For the next few months our rates are:

	Voters (until Feb. 15, '87)	Non-Voters (until Feb. 15, '87)	All (Feb. 16- Sept. 7, '87)
Conversion from Supporting to Attending	\$15	\$20	\$30
Attending	N/A	\$40	\$50
Children's Admission	N/A	\$20	\$30

Supporting Memberships: \$20 at all times. (Please note that all 1989 site-selection voters automatically have Supporting Memberships in Noreascon Three.)

Currently our rates have been set only through the 1987 NASFiC. We don't yet have the rental fee schedule for the Hynes Auditorium, which we'll need for our final budgeting. The rates for the year between the 1987 and 1988 Worldcons will be announced in *Progress Report 2*, which will be out in July, 1987. We intend to do preliminary budgeting before that time and will do our best to keep our rates low.

Children's Admission

Children who will be less than 12 years old at Noreascon Three have three options:

- 1: Attend as a kid-in-tow.
- 2: Buy a full Attending Membership.
- 3: Buy a Children's Admission.

Children who stay with their parents/guardians throughout the convention are considered kids-in-tow and pay no attendance fee. Such children may use babysitting, for a fee which will be enough to cover what we have to pay the babysitters. However, they may not attend any convention activities alone and may not participate in Children's Programming.

Children can, of course, buy full Attending Memberships. This gives them the same rights as any other member. They can vote for the Hugos and future Worldcons and will receive all publications. They can attend any event (including Children's Programming) on their own. In addition, they can use babysitting with no additional charge.

The third option is to buy a Children's Admission, which may be purchased only in conjunction with an Attending Membership. Currently, Children's Admissions cost \$20 less than full Attending Memberships. Children's Admissions entitle children (under 12) to take part in any at-con activity on their own and to use babysitting for free. They differ from Attending Memberships in that the children do not receive any publications (including the Program Book), nor do they have the right to vote on the Hugos, or site selection. (Note that this implies that they will not be able to vote on the 1992 site selection and thus will not be eligible for any special voter rate.)

A Children's Admission may be converted to an Attending Membership at any time, by paying the difference between the price originally paid for it and the current Attending rate.

Transfers

We can not give membership refunds; however, a membership may be transferred. We would appreciate a letter signed by the original member stating the name and address of the membership's new owner. To avoid errors, please include your membership number in the letter.

Fannish Names

In an effort to keep from confusing the US Postal Service more than they already are, we ask that you register for the convention under your real name. All our mailings will be sent to you under that name. If you wish, you can also include a fannish name, which will be used on your badge at the convention.

Missing Fans

If you move, please send us your change of address. It's a long time until the convention and we don't want to lose you.

1939 WORLDCON SPECIAL

Members of the first Worldcon, and those excluded from it, will receive free memberships in Noreascon Three. Please write us if you plan to attend.



The Noreascon Three committee believes that good communication with our members is an important goal. For those of you who would like to know more about the behind-the-scenes work of the committee than we can include in these Progress Reports, we are also publishing a fanzine called *The Mad 3 Party*. *The Mad 3 Party* will be a working tool for the convention planning process, and as such will be sent to all of our convention staff.

We are also accepting subscriptions, and encouraging letters of comment from our readers. In this way, we hope to establish a synergy between the two groups. We hope to give our subscribers a true and unvarnished view of the inner workings of a convention committee. At the same time, we want to make our staff aware of the concerns of our members and our responses to them.

Each issue will contain minutes of Noreascon Three committee meetings and excerpts from the committee apa, as well as articles and an active letter column. The December 1986 issue, for instance, featured a multi-part article about the financial aspects of Worldcon bidding, including financial reports from several '88 bid campaigns in addition to our own Boston in '89 bid. As we move toward Noreascon Three, we will be including more and more details of our convention preparations.

If you are interested in what kind of Worldcon Noreascon Three will be, subscribing to *The Mad 3 Party* is your best way to learn about our plans, and writing to us is your best way to influence our decisions.

The subscription price is \$1 per issue, with 6 issues planned per year. The regular subscription price covers surface shipment outside North America; for shipment by air mail, please add \$1 per issue. We hope to hear from you.

News Releases

We plan to issue frequent news releases to keep fandom informed about our activities. Much of this information will also appear in *The Mad 3 Party*. If your club, organization, or newszine wishes to receive these mailings, please write to us.

Noreascon II Memory Book

This is a 48-page collection of photos and reminiscences of Noreascon II (the 1980 Worldcon). Members of Noreascon II are entitled to a free copy; write to us if you don't have yours yet. Others may purchase a copy for \$2.00 (plus \$1.00 postage and handling) from NESFA; Box G, MIT Branch PO; Cambridge, MA 02139.

How We Are Handling Requests for Information

Noreascon Three is the first Worldcon with three years between selection and the convention. It therefore will be the end of 1987 before we choose many of our major division and area heads. It will also be about that long before we settle on many details, including: Hucksters' Room prices, Art Show rates, and Masquerade info. Things will still be in place in plenty of time—in many cases, with more lead time than Worldcons have had in the past, given the extra year.

However, fans are already writing to us, asking for details, volunteering, etc. Please, wait until late 1987 before writing for information. We won't have much until then, and what we do have will appear in our Progress Reports.

What happens if you do write? We'll file your request, and when we have information, we'll send it to you. This may take a long time. If you move, be sure to send us a change of address or we may lose track of you.

Volunteers

We're handling volunteers similarly. When we choose our division and area heads, they can select people to work in their areas. Until then, we appreciate your volunteering. Your letter will be kept on file until the appropriate people are appointed.

FOR INFORMATION write to:

Noreascon Three
Box 46, MIT Branch Post Office
Cambridge, MA 02139
USA

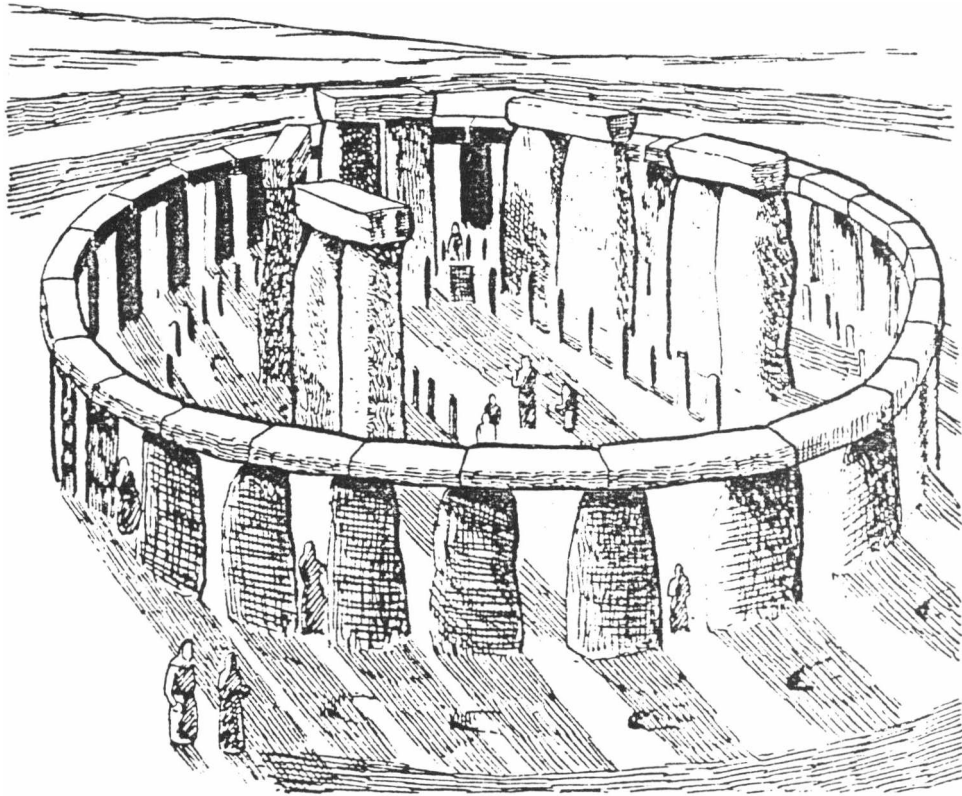
Hucksters' Room & Art Show

We won't be setting Hucksters' Room or Art Show rates, nor mailing out information, until 1988. If you send us your name and address now, and any address corrections in the future, we will be happy to include you on the mailing list for our first mailing.

Desperately Seeking Artwork

We need artwork for our publications. We especially appreciate artwork which uses our Alice in Wonderland/Mad Tea Party/Boston Tea Party themes. Please help us! Artwork will be returned if requested.





A convention at Stonehenge?

Well, we can't quite offer that, but Stonehenge is only 80 miles from Brighton, where we can certainly provide you with a convention. Not just a Worldcon, but a British Worldcon.

Conspiracy '87, The British Worldcon, has as its Guests writers **Doris Lessing**, **Alfred Bester**, **Brian Aldiss**, **Boris and Arkady Strugatsky**, film effects man **Ray Harryhausen**, artist **Jim Burns**, and fans **Dave Langford**, **Ken and Joyce Slater**.

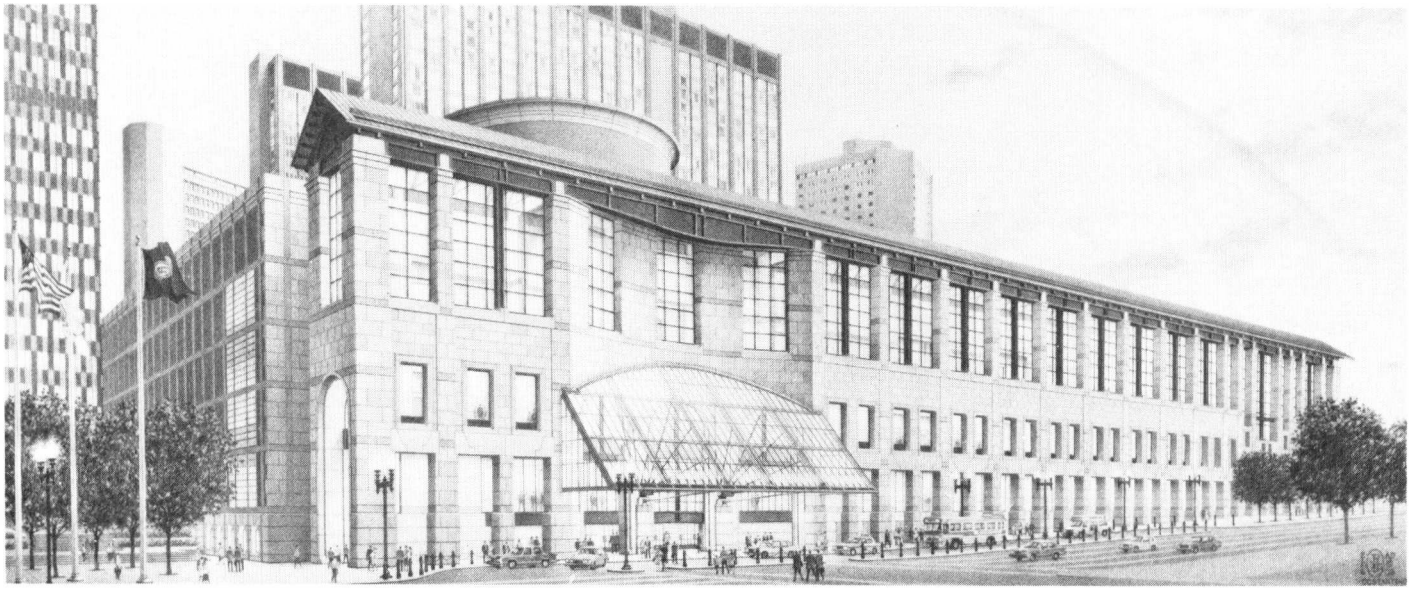
There will be three full programme streams brimming over with celebrities and personalities from the worlds of literature, science, movies and television. There will be fireworks on the beach, a major rock concert and that most British of events - **Teatime**. (You can buy one of our Conspiracy '87 mugs for your tea.)

And if that's not enough, there's always Stonehenge.

Send \$50 (Attending) - (children 7-14 \$25) or \$15 (Supporting) to:
CONSPIRACY 87, PO BOX 43, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, CB1 3JJ

or our agents : **Bill and Mary Burns**, 23 Kensington Court, Hempstead, NY 11550
: **Bryan Barrett**, PO Box 6202, Hayward, CA 94540

Conspiracy '87



Convention Facilities

Convention Center

Major program events, the Hucksters' Room, and the Art Show will be in the Hynes Auditorium, which is currently being completely rebuilt. The Hynes is scheduled to reopen in January, 1988.

The Hynes is going for a whole new look, similar to that of a five-star hotel. Marbled interiors, wall-to-wall carpeting, and a large glass foyer will replace the rather drab appearance that the Hynes had in 1980. A dining lounge on the Plaza (ground) floor will serve real food as opposed to the cheap hotdogs on stale buns we remember with such fondness from Noreascon Two. Seven elevators (two of which are capable of lifting vans or a small truck) and several banks of escalators will provide access between floors.

We have reserved the following space in the Hynes: Two large exhibit halls, each of which is over 36,000 sq. ft., an auditorium with a five-thousand-person seating capacity, a 24,000-sq.-ft. ballroom, and 26 smaller meeting rooms.

Hotels

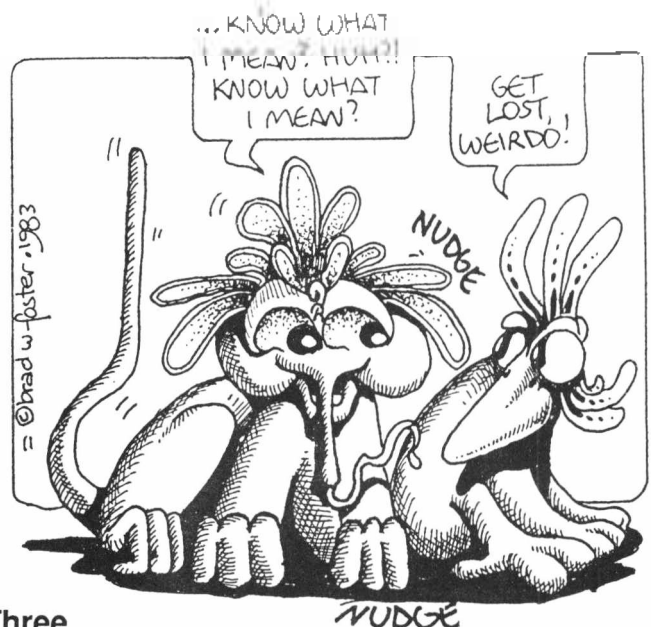
The main hotel of Noreascon Three will be the Sheraton-Boston Hotel and Towers. It adjoins the Hynes Auditorium and is located in the Prudential Center/Copley Place area of downtown Boston, where there are many shops and restaurants. The Sheraton, the site of the first two Noreascons and many Boskones, has also undergone extensive renovations since 1980.

The Sheraton has all the amenities a convention-going fan looks for in a hotel: a pool, a Jacuzzi, a coffee shop, a snack bar (the Edible Express), and cable TV. There are three restaurants (including Apley's, a four-star restaurant, and the Mass. Bay Co., which has been called the Best Seafood Restaurant in the city by *Boston Magazine*) and two cocktail

lounges. For those who have a larger than average purse, the Towers floors have rooms that offer 24-hour butler service, complimentary champagne, and an excellent lounge, the Towers Room.

We have reserved all of the Sheraton's function space, including the 10,000-sq.-ft. Grand Ballroom, 4,500-sq.-ft. Republic Ballroom, the 4,000-sq.-ft. Constitution room, and thirty-three smaller meeting rooms with a combined capacity of over 22,000 sq. ft.

We have a room block of 1,000 sleeping rooms in the Sheraton and 250 rooms in the Back Bay Hilton. We are negotiating for additional rooms from among the over 3,000 sleeping rooms within two blocks of the convention center. Detailed information, including room rates, will be available around January 1989.



Andre Norton: A Perspective

by C.J. Cherryh

Andre Norton is one of those people there's no explaining—by which I mean that in this field, like one of the constants of the universe, she just *is*, like matter and energy, no other explanation needed.

Without her, this field would be a lot different, that's one thing you can say. And I suppose if you have to figure out what the science fiction universe would be like if it had never had her input, you could start by saying it might have fewer readers and likely fewer writers—because there sure are a lot of us who, when asked what book started us in science fiction, will name *Star Man's Son* or *Witch World* or any one of—Lord! I've *seen* a complete collection of Andre Norton's books, and it haunts me to this day, sort of like the sight of an unscalable Everest.

It's hard to say exactly why certain few science fiction writers have this particular gift for writing books an adult can love, that still touch the creative spark in a young reader. I think it's that same quality that makes a Robert Louis Stevenson. There's something about *Star Man's Son* or *Treasure Island* either one that, once you read it, especially in your youth, you may forget who wrote it, you may forget the name of every major character, you may forget when you read it or think you dreamed it somewhere like the chap in *The Princess Bride*, but you get your memory jogged and back it comes like an old daydream.

It's a rare thing when you can create a story like that. They aren't always the complex ones, not always the ones that have an intricate structure or style or those sort of things the English departments love to analyze *ad somnium*; Andre Norton's way of working is more purely the storyteller's art, the round-the-fireside kind of story made for rainy days and winter evenings, a common man's kind of story that warms the bones and conjures pictures brighter and more real than where we sit...sometimes not even visual pictures, but an image of the soul—*Oh*, the reader thinks, *I've been there I'm in that situation*. Never mind that this lad has to cope with aliens and critters and goings-on that would turn the hair gray. The most sedate reader can empathize, because while Andre Norton's worlds unfold, so does something inside the reader, completely non-verbal, as if one's self had just sort of grown a size larger.

Andre Norton writes about the courage it takes to just get along and be what we are, in the face of a lot of people who get along by seeming what they're not. And maybe we've all met enough smiling sons and daughters of b----s in our lives that we can empathize. Maybe that's why so many young people have a special affection for Andre Norton, and why those particular stories stick in the subconscious with virtually mythic force.

If Andre Norton hadn't written, a good many fans might have never found their way to the field, and a good many lives



would be the poorer—that's one thing you can say with surety. It's hard, once you've been firmly hooked on Andre's stories, and really understand what she's saying, to go off and become one of the smiling s.o.b.'s that make the problems of the world, unless you've got the soul of a crocodile or you only get off on the colored lights or the fuzzy critters instead of the substance of science fiction.

If Andre Norton hadn't left a career filing other people's books and taken to writing her own tales down, a good many writers wouldn't have gotten into the field, or having gotten here, wouldn't write quite the way they've written. Andre Norton helped no few of us through our own identity crises, male and female both; and she contributed to the field in a very unique way by being a first-rate story-teller, accessible to young people as well as adults, and being a woman in what was at the time a stereotypically male domain.

She was writing and published by at least 1947, at which time yours truly was fighting scraps over having her pigtails pulled by the second grade bully. I hadn't read anything of hers yet, but I sure could have used it then.

Where it really mattered, though, was later. You see, if you were a kid of the war years as I was, you were growing up in an era when the gender stereotypes had already been shattered by the participation of women in the war effort; and while Rosie the Riveter might go back to her cottage and her kids



and her returning husband, her daughters grew up seeing Amelia Earhart and the legendary Rosie, Mata Hari, Tokyo Rose, the Dragon Lady of the comic strips, the real women who served in the South Pacific, and who ferried the planes and did heroic things that gave us horizons somewhat wider than our mothers had had. And young girls of my era began to *notice*, mind you, heroic women and women who did things other than traditional. Mine may not have been the protest generation, but we were quietly saying no to counselors who wanted to put us into homemaking, we were fighting regulations that told us we couldn't take certain courses, and we were already discovering that the inertia of custom and vested interests is about equal to that of the galaxy's rotation.

We were the Silent Rebels, and it was generally, if quietly, supposed that as Rosie the Riveter passed from the public eye and the urge to Become Mothers overtook us all we'd settle down.

But the social theorists who predicted we'd go away didn't reckon with another phenomenon: that books are dangerous things. Now, Andre Norton is a little older still than us young hooligans of the war generation; and no knowing where she got *her* impetus to do the extraordinary, probably right down a similar chain leading from some earlier social earthquake, and some book at the right time; but whatever it was, she was there and she was writing.

And when a generation of us who thought we were alone in an uphill battle discovered that several science fiction writers were female, it had a special and unspoken significance, a confirmation that talent does matter more than custom—a theme, you may notice, which has figured in more than one of Andre's books.

Andre Norton may belong to the whole field, but she belongs to a certain group of us in a way that matters very profoundly. Like my generation, she launched no protests, she

just *did* what she does, past all the thoughtless rudeness (you mean a *women* wrote that?) and the tendency of reviewers to seek earnestly after traditional significances in uncommon forms and to miss the revolution that occurs in a body of work so untraditional beneath the traditional forms.

Had she not written, some of us would have, but because she wrote, and because she wrote positive stories about people who survive, we daughters of the legendary Rosie, had our own John Campbell to venerate, though she never, till recently, bought a story from any of us. (She's taken to doing that lately too, encouraging a whole new third generation of writers, but that's another matter.)

I read science fiction by many writers when I was young, and no few of them were seminal to what I do. But Andre was one of those special delights, because I began to realize that it wasn't going to be such an uphill struggle to do what I wanted, because she and a handful of others had opened the way.

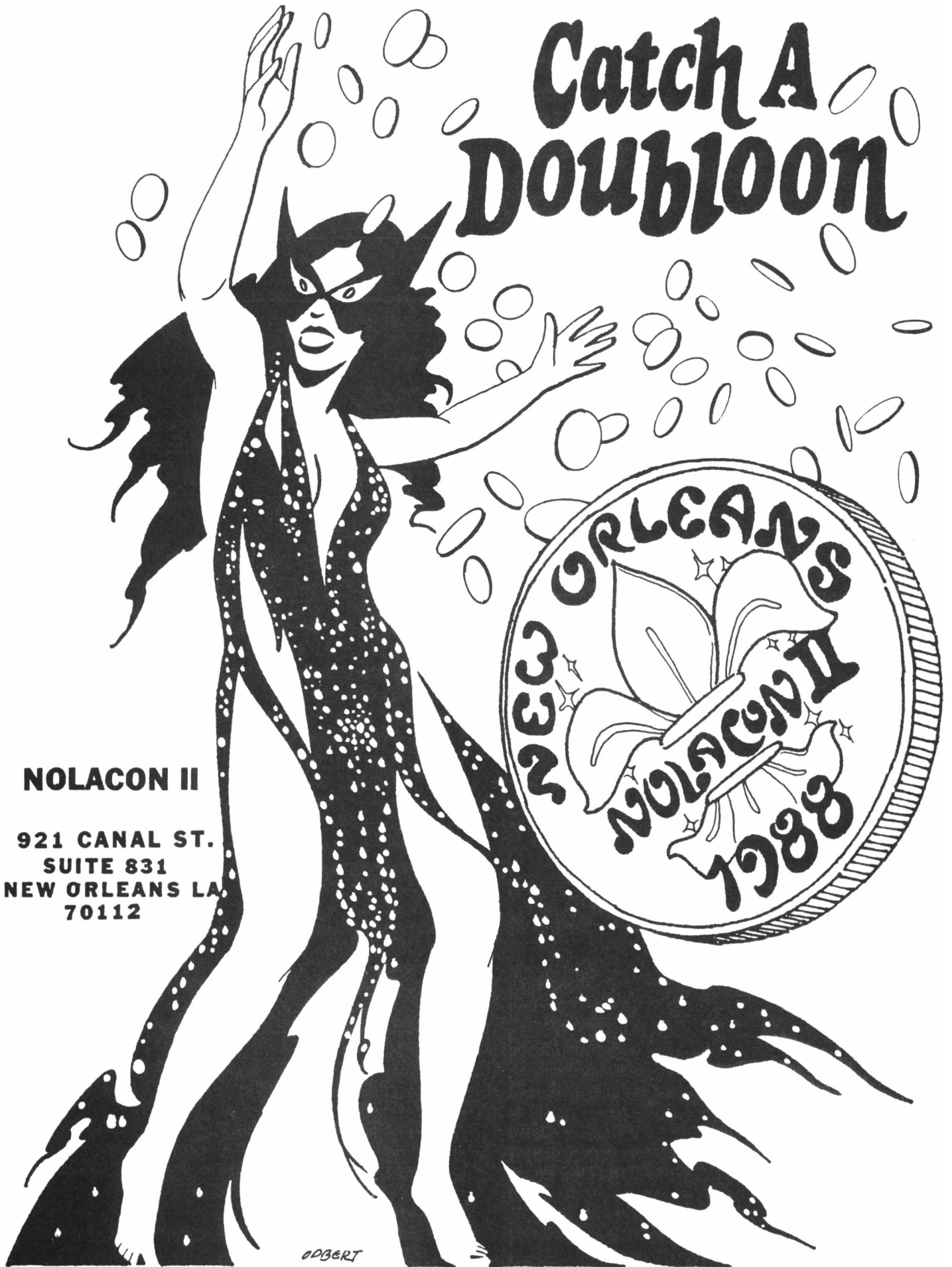
Moreover, they'd opened the way to a different kind of science fiction. The very fact that women had been barred from the sciences by custom, and in many cases by regulations that kept us from field work or from certain prerequisite experience, tended to push a unique group of minds that might otherwise have ended up in engineering or chemistry or whatever, over into the social sciences, the languages, the lit departments simply because they were the generally available fields that offered sufficient challenge to engage the interest of people who had a natural bent toward the technical—

And the end result was a group of people who practiced a curious fusion of science and literature, which is, of course, exactly what science fiction is in the first place—except that this time, science fiction was being created by a fusion not of the nuts and bolts variety of science, but of the so-called social sciences such as history and anthropology and behavioral science. Andre Norton, by virtue of being who she was, what she was, and when she was, had a strong impact on that particular group of writers, most but not all of whom were female—an influence because she was a successful woman, and an influence because that fusion of history and science fiction was precisely what she had done; to a second group of writers, both male and female, she was an influence simply because she existed and she succeeded.

Publishers, as a rule, truly like to know that what they're buying will sell. And Andre Norton's very existence not only as a successful writer, but as one of those writers who gets stocked and restocked world without end, has had its own influence on how soon a certain number of other things might happen in the field: women being published on a regular basis and the widening of the field to include social science sf. Would it sell, J.B.? Bet your backlist, J.R. I think we got another Andre Norton here.

And not to pass by the fact that more males than females read Andre's work to this day, those being the percentages of male and female in this field, though the gap is steadily narrowing—she has had a very similar effect on men in science fiction; *she* wrote the stories, with heroic females as well as males, which let our brothers do what we were doing—view the world in a non-traditional way; and grow up, perhaps, thinking that someone like Jaelithe or Kaththea of *Witch World* would be a very fine person to know—or even more

Catch A Doubloon



NOLACON II

**921 CANAL ST.
SUITE 831
NEW ORLEANS LA
70112**

**pro goh: DONALD A. WOLLHEIM fan goh: ROGER SIMS t'master: MIKE RESNICK
WORLDCON XLVI SEPT. 1-5, 1988 \$30 supporting \$50 attending (tl16/1)**

earthshaking, to *be*, the way several generations of young women had far more yearned to be John Carter of Mars than Dejah Thoris, simply because the reader of a book had a lot rather be the hero than the bystander.

Andre Norton has won awards beyond counting, including the Grand Master; she's an acclaimed master of science fiction; she's appeared in *LIFE* magazine and appears in any *Who's Who* worth its salt. She is a woman of definite ideas and definite principles, the sort who takes a position on things, which you might expect. Concerning her own work she has remained modest and sensitive to a fault, which reflects, I think, a working artist who cares profoundly about her craft, and who concentrates more on the struggle to get the present project right than to congratulate herself on past accomplishments.

Being beyond past accomplishments and what this woman did for us twenty years ago, Andre Norton's own work has remained readable and viable—a writer whose work preceded NASA and endures after *sf* left the solar system, whose work is still read by new generations, while she has gone on actively working on the new forms that have cropped up, from the historical fantasy to the shared universe.

If Andre Norton had not written what she wrote, apart from all the reasons a lot of us have to think of her as special, the field would be the poorer by *Catseye*, the *Witch World* novels, *Forerunner*,...well, you can read the bibliographies. But the concepts of Terrestrial heritage including more than humankind, done in her unique way—the concepts of the alien friendly as well as the alien menace, transport gates and the perceptions of science as magic, the notions that internal conflict and rebellion against the forms can be carried as a theme inside an adventure plot so that a social consciousness novel doesn't have to be heavy-handed or dreary, all of this quiet revolution in social sensitivity and ecological responsibility would not have reached the audience it did at the time it did, without her; and there would not, at this time when readers are flocking into the field and science fiction has become daily fact, with, Lord help us, academic respectability—be as adequate a body of accessible stories for those readers: because Andre Norton has a knack of explaining without making the reader aware that she's explaining, which is what makes her accessible.

More exactly, she's a master at that very difficult technique of science-fictional expositions, otherwise known as world-building; and, more difficult still, delivery of that world in between the lines of the story in such a way that it just happens. If you're a writer you know what I mean, and if you're not, ask one, and be prepared to sit in the bar a long while understanding how it's done, if the writer you ask can put it in words at all. It's very, very difficult to make the reader think he's always known something if he didn't know it when he picked up the book. Sometimes Andre Norton does it so slickly that even another writer doesn't see her do it, and that's really difficult... It's one of those arts that distinguishes science fiction from almost every other field of fiction; it's what we very aptly call world-building, and sometimes mistake for the diagrams and charts and maps and lists that may lie behind it. (I'm not even sure that Andre uses charts and maps and lists: it may all reside in her head and land on the paper at the right moment, but most of us mortals make

physical lists—and even agonize over just where to put what.) However she does it, it's something historical fiction and contemporary fiction doesn't much have to do: a historical can give just a sketchy description, and let the reader do the work. But on the art of constructing images and histories of what never existed yet—on that art our whole field lives and breathes. It is profoundly difficult to do well, and it is profoundly ironic that those writers who carry it to its highest level do it so smoothly that a good many analysts aren't aware of the skill involved in doing it: Andre Norton is one of those sleight-of-hand artists who always knows exactly how much to tell to get you to see a thing and to believe that you know a whole lot about the background that you've never seen at all. Study step by step what she tells you and how she tells it and when she reveals a thing, and you will know more about world-building than any college course in science fiction writing is likely to teach you.

But those are the things that a writer would tend to care about. What a reader cares about is the stories. And being a reader myself, and having not only grown up with them, but having the pleasure of going on reading new ones, and seeing Andre prove the exception again and pile up an Everest of books and remain a creative force in the field through transitions of technology and style and all the changes in a constantly changing world, proves her to be rather like her characters—there's something inside that's constant by the very means of change itself, *constans mutandis*, which still keeps her out front of the rest of us.





Betty & Ian Ballantine

by Frederik Pohl

The trouble with writing about Ian and Betty Ballantine is that I don't want to say how fond I am of them. After all, I'm in the middle of writing a book for them, and if they know the extent of my adulation I'll have no bargaining position at all. So I'll simply set down some of the objective facts and you can draw your own conclusion.

To begin with, Ian comes from reasonably weird stock. His father, Teddy, was an actor; his favorite great-aunt is best known to history as Emma Goldman, the celebrated anarcho-lefty-women's-rights-battler of a couple of generations ago. Ian was one of those conspicuously bright kids in school, going on to do post-graduate work at the London School of Economics just before World War II. I don't know how much he learned about economics, but it was a very good thing for his future life that he went there because that's how he came to meet Betty.

Betty Ballantine doesn't look Indian (because in any genetic sense she isn't) but that was her native citizenship because she was third generation born and bred in that country, her folks being one of those Empire-building colonial families who carried Britain's Burden abroad. She had come back to England at twelve to finish growing up and ran into Ian when she was still seventeen. They met at a party. "Ten minutes after I met him," Betty told me once, "I decided I was going to marry that man." And, in fact, she did. Six months later Ian came back to America with his beautiful British bride, and two months after that along came the War. And that's when it all started.

Ian had made friends with the people publishing Penguin Books in London, they being quite impressed with this young fellow from the States who had solved a major copyright problem for them, thus making it possible to import Penguins into the U.S. He organized and ran Penguin Books in New York, with Betty's able help. They were President and Vice-President respectively... The original importing scheme worked with only limited success due to the activities of German submarines, but in any case the Ballantines very soon launched their own wartime originals, which eventually included an anthology—*Out of This World*—of fantasy by H.G. Wells, Saki and others, edited by Julian Fast and



published in May, 1944. But at the end of the War, Ian Ballantine put together a consortium of hardback publishers willing to experiment with this new paperback idea and founded Bantam Books.

Ian founds good companies. A decade ago, when I was working for Bantam as their science-fiction editor, I learned that Bantam was probably the largest undiversified publishing company in the world; of the top five paperback houses in America, Bantam had something like 40% of the combined gross volume and almost 60% of the aggregate net profits. Bantam had become quite big business indeed. But when I first met Ian as its president, nearly forty years ago, it occupied part of a floor in a fusty old building near Madison Square and Ian was already chafing at the bit. There was an editorial problem. The problem was that the backers, hardcover publishers all, felt strongly that no upstart paperback firm, even their own, should fool around with original works. Paperbacks were meant to enhance the profits of the hardcover firms, in their view; they should take the books the hardcover people were willing to let them have and pay the royalties to the original publishers, who would keep half of the money for their trouble.

The money, in all truth, was not then that huge. A paperback book sold on the stands for a quarter. The royalty paid on each copy sold was one cent. A writer whose book sold 100,000 copies in paper would therefore wind up with 50% of the total royalties earned, or \$500, for his trouble. \$500 in the late 1940s was quite a lot more than \$500 is now, but even then it wasn't *big* money.

Funnily, none of that seemed to matter. Bantam was a fast-moving place to be. Judy Merrill was their mystery editor, and persuaded her boss to let her do one of the first anthologies of science fiction ever published in paperback—only Arnold Hano, the boss, worried whether paperback customers were sophisticated enough to know what this crazy new "science fiction" stuff was, and so he decreed she should call it *Shot in the Dark* and make it look as much like a mystery anthology as she could. (*O tempora, O mores*—which means, would you believe how things have changed?) But Arnold was a pretty bright editor, at that. He is dear to me for having invented

what he called "the all-purpose backcover paperback blurb," which goes:

The
ADJECTIVE,
ADJECTIVE,
ADJECTIVE
NOUN,
that will
VERB you,
VERB you,
VERB you!

A man that bright shouldn't waste his time being an editor, and indeed Arnold no longer does; now he's off basking in the sun in Southern California, writing pieces for large-circulation magazines.

Fun or not, the restrictions bothered Ian. So a few years later, in the early 1950s, Ian resigned from Bantam, found a few more adventurous backers, and organized a new company. He called it Ballantine Books, and it had some revolutionary new ideas. First off, it didn't price its books at a quarter but at 35¢. Second, he doubled the basic royalty—instead of 1.4 cents on each copy, he offered 2.8. Third, for selected titles he published simultaneously in hard and soft bindings. And, fourth, he not only was willing to consider original works, he positively longed for them.

And he got them, too. Ballantine Books' first book was Cameron Hawley's *Executive Suite*, which became a best seller and a major film and got the cash flow off to a very good start. And even before that first batch of titles hit the stands Ian had made another very good decision. He decided to publish science fiction—not just a title now and then to see what

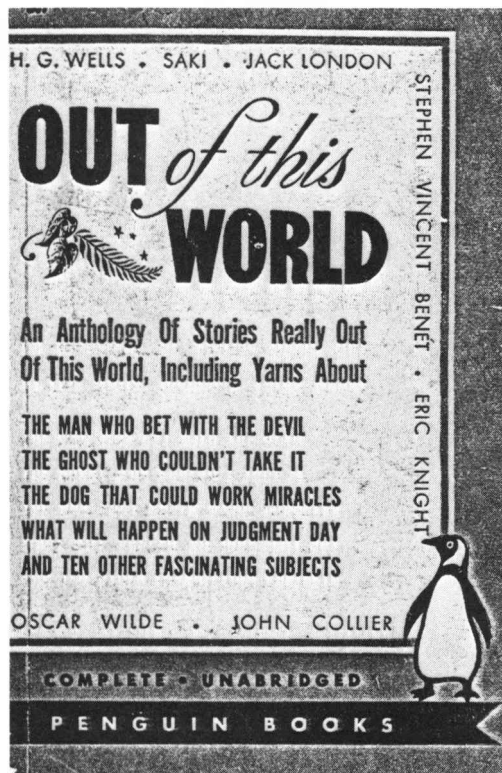
would happen, but on a regular basis, one science-fiction book every single month; and that's when he came into my life again. His first science-fiction title was an anthology or original stories, *Star Science Fiction*, which I edited for him; it did well enough so that I edited half-a-dozen more over the next few years, making *Star* the first series of original anthologies ever. And his first science-fiction novel was by Cyril Kornbluth and myself. It had run as a serial in *Galaxy* under the title of *Gravy Planet*, but Ian's editors thought that stank, so they changed its name to *The Space Merchants*.

Ballantine Books got started so fast that they didn't have time to get an office to run it in. For the first six months or so the work was done in the Ballantines' penthouse apartment far west on 23rd Street in New York. It wasn't easy to fit everything in. There were files in the halls and desks in the bedrooms and conferences in the living room, and the Ballantines' young son, Richard, wandered around past the clicking typewriters and the busy phones with the happy expression of a child who has been given a permanent circus in his own home. Come evening Betty would take whoever she was meeting with into the kitchen with her and carry on the discussion while cooking up something wonderful with, say, chicken breasts and frozen orange juice. Their main editorial staff was two young men: Stanley Kauffman (now retired from editing to be one of America's best film critics) and Bernie Shir-Cliff, now head honcho at Warner Books. Stanley was my own personal editor, and a brilliant one at that (both Cyril and I were delighted with the painstaking line-by-line attention he gave *The Space Merchants*), but I had a fondness for Bernie because he owned a tiny little Aircoupe, and every once in a while he would fly it over to the Red Bank airport, near my home, and take me up for a free flying lesson.

When they finally managed to take time to find an office, just off Fifth Avenue, south of the big library, they were able to take on more editorial staff (plus an art department and any number of people to deal with the more mundane parts of publishing), but, in fact, the brightest editorial minds they had were Ian and Betty themselves. Betty took over more and more editorial responsibilities, and Ian spent his time devising new kinds of things to publish.

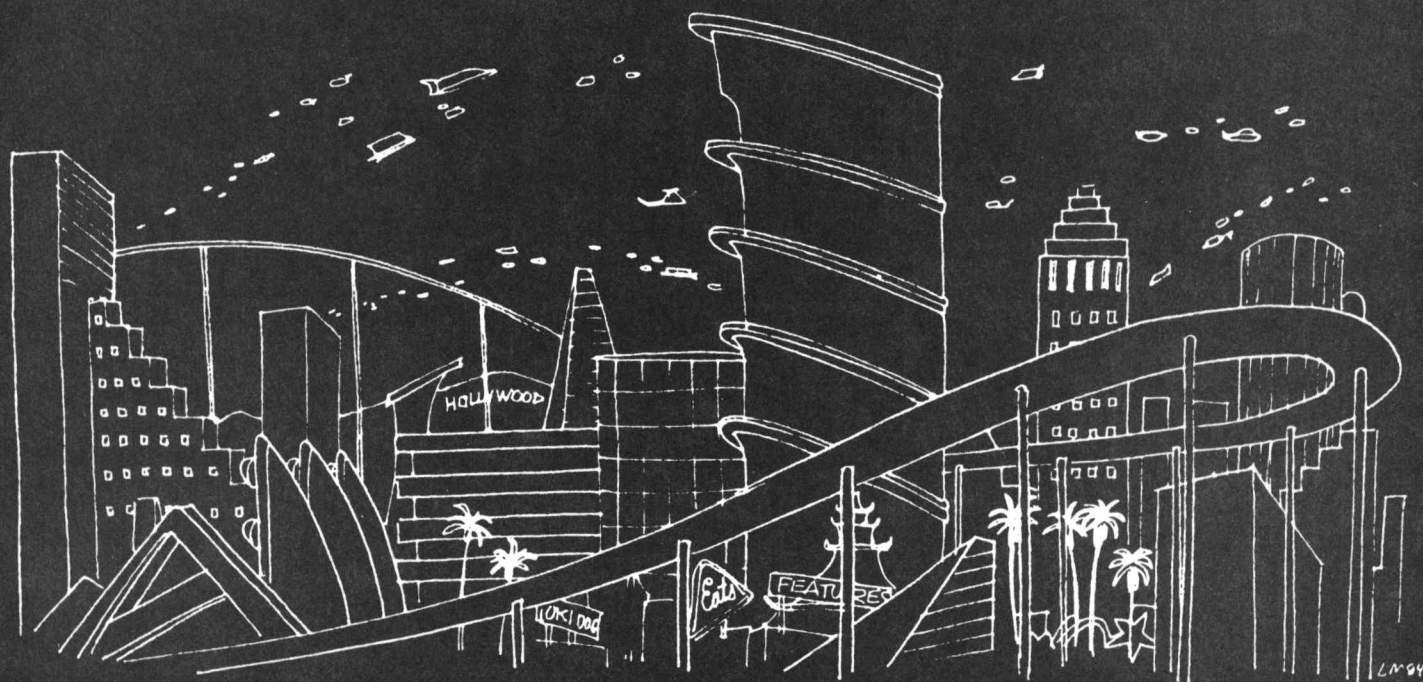
If you look at the paperback racks these days you will find half-a-dozen major categories that were pioneered by Ian Ballantine. (Some, alas, didn't really survive. The category I regret most was his series of "lemming books"—non-fiction books demonstrating what weird causes and fads human beings would fall for.) The most conspicuous success is the one we all love so dearly, namely science fiction. Ballantine Books took off from a running start. They had the best books by the hottest writers in the field—Robert Sheckley, Theodore Sturgeon, John Wyndham, Arthur C. Clarke, William Tenn (I am far too modest to mention Pohl and Kornbluth) and any number of others. And Ballantine Books has kept that leadership in the science-fiction field right down to today.

The distressing thing is that neither of the Ballantines is now connected with Ballantine Books. It is hard to be a small success in publishing. Unfortunately, in order to be a big success you need quite a lot of capital; and in trying to bridge the gap between small (in the "bottom line" sense) and big, control of the company passed to other hands to whom the company was simply an adjunct: eventually it was rescued by



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Random House. The whole maneuver left Ian and Betty with time on their hands and talents unused.

In the meantime, Betty had formed another company called Rufus Publications. (The terms of their agreement with the people who had taken over Ballantine Books didn't allow them to name a new company after themselves, so Betty named her firm after the dog, who had enjoyed the position of Publicity Director at Ballantine.) And Rufus Publications, functioning mainly as a kind of packager, has created some of the biggest bestsellers of the past few years. *Fairies*, by Brian Froud and Alan Lee, went to 350,000 in hardcover. Ian was responsible for the Chuck Yeager book, while Betty was off working as a free-lance editor on, for instance, the Shirley MacLaine books, and, as writer, for the text of such charming art books as Charles Wysocki's *Celebration of America*. Together, they have worked most recently on such diverse properties as John Laszlo's *Understanding Cancer* and the *Illustrated History of the Vietnam War*, and as a follow-up to *Yeager*, Maryann Brinley's *Jackie Cochran*.

Of course, I have a special fondness for the Ballantines as publishers because they've been good luck for me. The first science-fiction novel they published, which was also the first science-fiction novel I (in equal partnership with Cyril Kornbluth) published, was *The Space Merchants*, and that has been coming off some presses somewhere in the world in new editions every year of the thirty-odd years since; I can't tell how many copies it has sold worldwide but it is certainly in the millions. That makes *The Space Merchants* my most successful book to date (though it's had more time to be that than any of the others, and sooner or later something else may catch up).

Then, ten years or so ago, when I was in the deep despond over some temporary personal matters, Ian took me to dinner, listened to my woes and said, "Well, look, Fred, I can't do anything about all that stuff, but maybe I can cheer you up another way. I'll give you a blank publishing contract, any book you care to write, with a bigger advance than you've ever had and no fixed delivery date, just as a show of confidence." And he did. Unfortunately he wasn't at Ballantine Books any more when the book finally got turned in, but it was *Gateway*, which won more awards than anything else I've ever written and I still think is probably my personal favorite.

And now he's done it again. In May he called me up and said, "I've been thinking that what the world needs is a novel about this Chernobyl disaster, and I've decided you're the fellow to write it." Thinking it over, I came to believe (or at least to hope) that he was right. That's what I've been doing with all my time ever since; and while the forthcoming *Chernobyl* may or may not be my best book or my most successful (I won't know about those things at least until I finish it), I've already come to the conclusion that it's the book I'm most glad I've decided to write. And those are only three of the reasons why Ian Ballantine is now, as he has been for more than thirty years, my favorite publisher.

There are only a couple more objective facts that I should tell you.

The thing remaining to tell you about Ian Ballantine is that he thinks in the fourth dimension. His mind goes faster than his tongue, and his tongue goes faster than most people's

minds, so when he speaks to you at Noreascon Three, as I am sure he will, you want to pay close attention. Otherwise you will get lost in the leaps between sentences, and then you will surely miss things worth hearing.

The thing remaining to tell you about Betty Ballantine is that she is a hell of a fine-looking lady. There's a story that I've never told her, but I'll tell it to all of you. In all my publishing life I've only once been busted for pornography. Actually it wasn't me that was busted, it was the book *Starchild*; and it wasn't really even the book, just the cover. (As a matter of fact *Starchild* was written in collaboration with Jack Williamson, who is a very clean-minded man, and it contains positively nothing in the text that would offend even your aunt in the convent.) The thing about the cover is that it portrayed a very beautiful young woman who was wearing very little; and in Terre Haute, Indiana (I think that was the place), some vice cops, shocked at such indecency, pulled every copy of the book off the city's newsstands. I've always been sure that when the artist painted that cover it was Betty Ballantine's features he had in mind. Somebody in the dealers' room is sure to have an old copy of that edition; take a look for yourself and see if you don't agree with me.¹

So these are the objective facts about Betty and Ian Ballantine. I am overjoyed that a Worldcon has finally come to its senses enough to make them Guests of Honor, but not really surprised. In my own heart and the hearts of many another science-fiction writer and reader who has known them, they have been present as Guests of Honor all along.

¹(How did you know? I actually was the model for the Bill Edwards painting—I still have the original. —Betty Ballantine)



The Stranger Club

by Art Widner

As we got out of our time machine on February 18, 1940, I said to Louis Russell Chauvenet (at whose home the embryo Stranger Club had its first meeting), "Well, I told you 'The Nameless Ones' wouldn't do. Fannish history, as we've seen from our trip ahead into 1987, will remember 'The Nameless Ones' as a *Seattle* fan group, publishers of the classic fanzine *Cry (of the Nameless)* in the 1950s."

"But it was so poetic," Russ grumbled. "Besides, I won't invent the term 'fanzine' for another year yet, so watch it."

"Yes, and if you really wanted to keep the record straight," added Francis Paro (editor of the bright new—kahumpf—fanmag, *Fanfare*), "why did you stop me from erasing that notation in the *Visual Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*?"

"C'mon, Fran," I said. "You've read enough time travel stories to know that meddling with the future in even the smallest detail is an absolute no-no. ...Oops, I meant absolutely forbidden. 'No-no' won't become a popular phrase for twenty years yet. You must be extremely careful. Isn't that right, Bob?"

As we were to turn to him for guidance many times in the coming years, I turned to R.D. Swisher, Ph.D., our senior member, chemist, personal friend of the Mightiest Campbell and author of a thousand-page treatise on time travel. "Absolutely," he agreed, then added, "If you have any doubts, just look at our two other founding members here." He motioned toward William Schrage and John Ferrari. "The rest of you didn't notice, but they tried to bring back copies of *Locus* and *SF Chronicle* with them, but Art had already thrown the switch for our return trip. See! They're beginning to fade already."

And fade they did, pale wraiths who returned for the second meeting almost transparent and then were seen no more. That meeting transferred from the Chauvenet home in Cambridge to the Swishers' in Winchester, where it stayed thenceforth, with occasional switches to Earl Singleton's MIT dorm. The name of the club was changed to the clunky "Eastern Massachusetts Fantasy Society,"¹ with dues of fifteen cents per meeting to finance *Fanfare*, which was to become the club organ and one of the top fanzines of the time.

Singleton, who joined at the second meeting and hosted the third, turned out to be the spark plug we needed, and may have been the one who suggested the name that finally stuck. I'm pretty sure that it was either he or Russ, since I never did read any of "The Man Who Awoke" series by Laurence Manning until just recently. "The Stranger Club" appears in

¹At a recent con ("recent," to one of my age, is any time in the last ten years) someone told me as gospel truth that there had been a sf club in Mass. before TSC, and that it was called "the EMFS or something." I accepted that at the time, but since researching this article, I'm inclined to think that my informant had heard about the earlier name and confused it with another club.

these stories, I'm told, but I just ran across the fifth of the series, entitled "The Elixir" (Aug '33 *Wonder Stories*), and no mention of TSC occurs. Even stranger, no mention of any elixir can be found except in the title and Gernsback's extravagant blurb.

Singleton also provided something even more badly needed, an MIT ditto machine, Paro having lost the use of his high school mimeo. He did something silly—like graduating. Perhaps he read *Doonesbury* on the time trip and related to Zonker Harris. He resigned his editorship with the third issue in August and Singleton and I took over.

Like a comet, Henry Peter Earl Singleton dazzled fandom for less than a year, then abruptly was gone. Besides improving and strengthening the literate side of *Fanfare*, he brought out his own zine, *Nepenthe*, a fine collection of

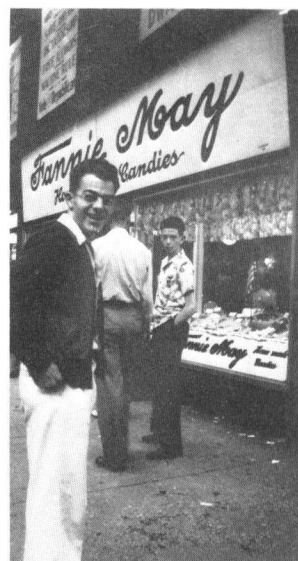


photo supplied by Robert A. Madle

Art Widner

fantasy poetry that is still a landmark in that area. He attended Chicon I with me in 1940 and staged a whirlwind romance with Trudy Kuslan, one of the very few female fen of that time. Perhaps her head was quite turned because he was so unlike the "typical" fan. Even taller and handsomer than his fellow Texan, Dale Hart (who was also a great hand with the ladies), he was the envy of the rest of us wimpy pimply adolescents.

Something had to give. In early February, 1941, a number of fen received the cold news that Earl had committed suicide by shooting himself. There was an outpouring of grief not seen since Stanley Weinbaum had gone untimely to his grave. Purple poetry appeared by the pound. Even Warner came out with a dedication. La Kuslan shed copious tears at the first Boskone, and even the lethargic Widner bought a hektograph and did the 6th issue of *Fanfare* in lovely lavender, magenta and jade, featuring eulogies by Doc Lowndes and Jack Chapman Miske. Perhaps memory exaggerates the bad as well as the good, but it seems like I had to do two masters of all 33 pages to get enough barely legible copies. I had nightmares for months afterward, and I think it had as much to do with my ultimate gafiation as did marriage and military service.

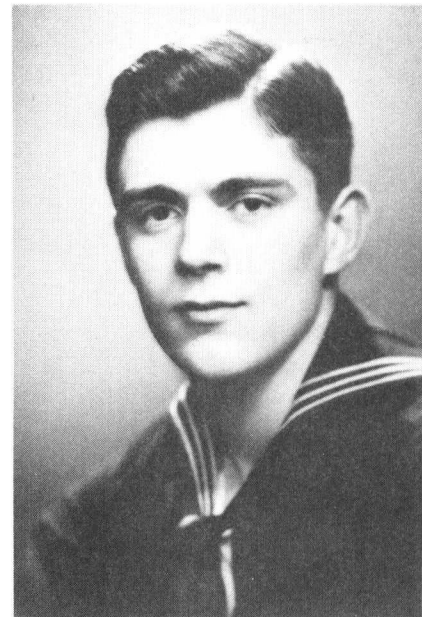
So you can imagine the bitterness that ensued when fandom found out that it was all a hoax. Unlike all the "Lanays" of fandom before or since, Singleton was "above all that" and cut the impervium cord with one swift stroke. Some thought it a classic jape, but others who really cared and had had their feelings wrenched around were reminded of Jim's words to Huck Finn after he had been similarly fooled. "...trash is what people is dat puts dirt on de head er dey fren's en makes 'em ashamed." Unlike Huck, Earl never "humbled himself" to apologize to us "n---s," but that was long ago, and if the committee succeeds in finding him and getting him to Noreascon 3, I wouldn't mind hoisting one with him and rehashing that epic Chicon trip in the old '28 Dodge, "The Skylark of Woo-woo."

An amusing sidelight to it all was that many fen hoaxed themselves later. They assumed that Oliver King Smith, a fringe fan and Singleton's roomie at MIT, was also imaginary, but I can testify that he was real. I think he regretted letting Earl talk him into his part in the hoax. After Chauvenet smelled a rat (back in Virginia) I went to MIT and did a Perry Mason on OK, and he wasn't nearly as good a liar as Mr. S. Many years later, Smith moved to LA and I met him at a Westercon. He told me that Earl was then a big veep in some Texas electronics outfit (and probably still is). OK Smith left us a year or two ago, and I doubt that *that* was a hoax. Those who want more details can find them in Harry Warner's *All Our Yesterdays*.

There was never another hoax quite like it. Some have cited the two Tucker death hoaxes, but these were not perpetrated *by* Tucker. In fact, the second one almost cost him his job, but he never really soured on fandom. Curdled a bit, but not completely sour. He still likes to pull legs a bit, but never maliciously. (And if you're one of those new-type, well-rounded fen, he'll be quite friendly about it.) At Torcon II, he was a bit put off by the hordes of neos who knew nothing of fannish history and cared less. He egged me to go up and pretend to be him as MC and present a Hugo to somebody, as I was completely unknown at the time, except to him and a couple of other old-timers. "Go on. Nobody will know the difference." I considered it for a nanosecond or two, but not having his chutzpah, I didn't egg very well. Um—what I did was—ah—chicken out.

In spite of the pall cast by the "pseuicide," as it came to be known, and the resulting lack of programming, the first Boskone was a success. It would be interesting if some historical statistician wanted to track it down, but I'd be willing to bet that it was probably ten years before there was another regional meeting where the outsiders outnumbered the locals. This was because "practically the entire active membership of the Futurian Society of New York," as Doc Lowndes wrote in *Fanfare* #6, came up for the affair. Other New Yorkers, such as Scott Feldman, Hyman Tiger, and Julie Unger, joined them, as well as the aforementioned Kuslan.

We didn't know it, but we had invented the relaxicon. 20+ fen crowded into the Swisher home and started chattering away sixteen-to-the-dozen. The closest thing to any formalities was a discussion of the infant NFFF. Quoting Lowndes again: "Widner took the chair, while Dr. Swisher, as sgt-at-arms, remarked that there would be no motions from the floor. After the laughter died down, Lowndes remarking, 'OK, Will,'



Chandler Davis

Widner went on...."

For those of you who have only been around a decade or two, the Futurians were a brilliant group of New York fen, soon to make their marks as pros. They included Lowndes, Fred Pohl², Don Wollheim, Dick Wilson, Cyril Kornbluth, David Kyle, et al. Of those not attending, Damon Knight (who was to write a book, *The Futurians*) was still on the West Coast and would join them much later. Isaac Asimov had never been a hardcore leftist or even a joiner, and was preoccupied with getting his own career off the ground, so he should be considered only a fringe-Futurian. I, Asimov, he was known as in the olden days.

Julie Unger, collector, dealer, and publisher of one of the best newsletters of that time, went to the Great Con in the Sky much too soon. I miss him. He was on both of the famous Widnerides as well. Scott Feldman is now better known as Scott Meredith, ace agent.

Why the laughter? And who was "Will"? Well, as bona fide Commie intellectuals, the Futurians were noted for their intense politicking and belief that sf should be influenced by ideology, especially theirs. Swisher and I were concerned that their tendency to parliamentary haggling at the drop of a hat could spoil the affair for others. "Will" was Will Sykora, head of the Sykora-Moskowitz-Taurasi triumvirate who ran the Queens Science Fiction League chapter (QSFL) and thus most of New York fandom until the Futurians seceded (or were kicked out, depending on which side you listened to). SMT had also controlled the First Worldcon in 1939, and refused admittance to their arch-enemies. Sykora was probably the most dictatorial of the three, altho I would part company with the Futurians in calling him a "fascist." In fact, Sykora & Co had been invited to the Boskone, but they politely declined. This was sneered at by the Futurians, but with 20/20 hindsight, I wonder now if both factions weren't engaging in

²He also wrote a book, called *The Way the Future Was*.

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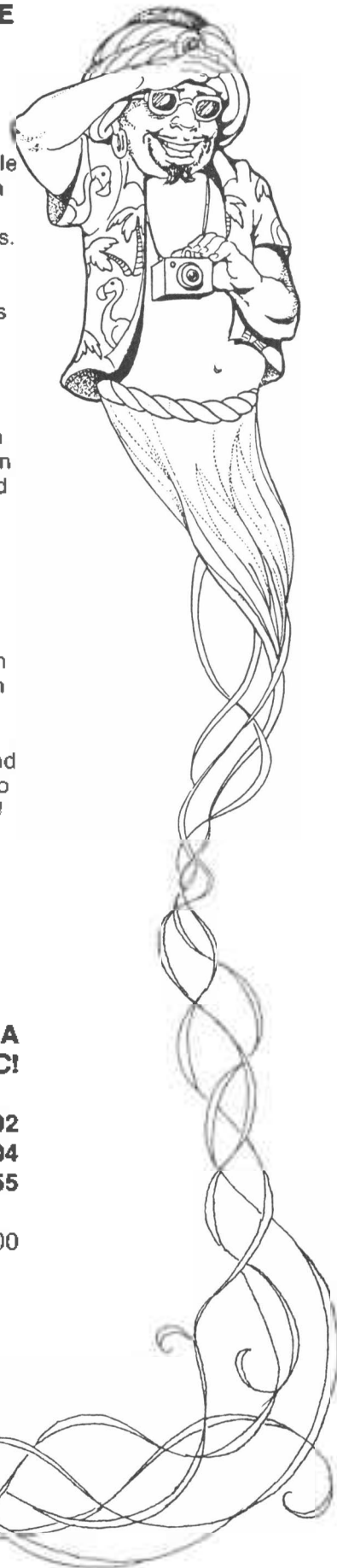
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Byzantine maneuvers we innocent Bostonians were unaware of. Perhaps the Futurians came en masse just to make sure the QSFL troops didn't do the same and "put something over on them." The Qs had the greater numbers, but most of them lacked the aggression of their leaders, and since they could not recruit enough to make the trip north, elected to avoid a confrontation. Maybe the wise counsel of Moskowitz prevailed. At any rate, I'm glad the Qs didn't show. There probably would have been a fistfight, altho Swisher and I were bigger than anyone there, except for Tiger, who could bend half dollars between thumb and forefinger. But he, no doubt, would have joined the peace-keepers had we needed any. I wouldn't be surprised that Swisher was hip to all this, and defused the situation with his dry wit. I was a pretty innocent booby in those days.

That innocence explains my grabbing Damon Knight's NFFF kickoff and running like crazy with it. I should have known as soon as the discussion veered off the main topic of how we could avoid tinhorn dictators seizing power and ruining the organization. We were soon talking about how TDs had ruined the QSFL. Even though it was finally agreed that Eternal Vigilance and All That was the only way to "prevent petty power politics" as Lowndes alliteratively put it, there remained a heavy emphasis on constitutions and organizational machinery, for which I bear a great deal of the blame. Not only was the bad example of the QSFL and squabbles in LASFS before us, but Mundania was cranking up for World War II as the result of the "inexplicable" rise of such madmen as Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco.

On the other hand, I turned out to be substantially right. I was quite astonished when I resumed going to Worldcons and found that the NFFF was still alive and kicking. Not only that, but the good-hearted fuggheads running the Welcome Room were pathetically eager to induct me into the mysteries of Trufandom about which they didn't know a blessed thing!

I felt exactly like Wells' Time Traveler when Eloi took him to the library where the books turned to dust at his touch. I never let on Who I Was, but questioned them about the organization and its purposes. They made glib but vague replies, until it became clear that it didn't matter to them any more than it matters to a Valley Girl who Thomas Paine was. Not that I'm any Tom Paine, but it's a little hard to think of yourself as Joe Nobody.

Far from being taken over by little Hitlers, the NFFF seems to have suffered the opposite fate. Although it has achieved far more than even I thought it would, it seems to be a rather ho-hum, cobwebby outfit that very few pay much attention to.

I believe it was at a Norwescon that I wandered into the SFWA suite and spotted Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm sitting by themselves waiting for something to happen. (I had last seen Damon in New York Central Park 40 years before, as we rowed a boat around the lake and played TSOHG, which is a spelling game spelled and played backwards, one of the ways the Futurians had fun at that time when they weren't wife-swapping. I stuck him on "osteomyelitis," which he should have gotten, since it was the disease from which fellow-Futurian Johnny Michel suffered.) We had both changed considerably, and I only recognized him because he was famous and had his picture in *Locus*. He didn't recognize me as

I sat down nearby. I kept mum and gave him a chance to see past the wrinkles and gray beard, but he apparently decided it wasn't worth the effort and resumed talking to Kate.

Finally I introduced myself and he cracked up. Turning to Kate, he said, "I'd like to have you meet the guy who helped me start the dumbest organization in all fandom."

I say I was substantially right, because, even though NFFF didn't reach the glorious heights we dreamed of, the WSFS did come along when it was needed, and filled one of the main purposes Knight and I had in mind, to be a responsible outfit that could deal with mundania, borrow money, sign contracts and all Big Time stuff like that.

The next red letter day in TSC history came on April 27th, when John W. Campbell showed up for a visit with the Swishers. I had recently acquired a snappy red and black '35 Ford V8 in anticipation of assembling a carload of fen for the forbidding trek to Denver and the third Worldcon, so I stopped in Whitman to pick up fringe fan Jack Bell to show off my new wheels. At the time I was living in Bryantville, a tiny hamlet not far from Plymouth. The Stranger Club was indeed "strange" in that (after Paro left) "the Boston group" hadn't a single member residing in Boston, and the director didn't even live in the Metropolitan area!

Not too many showed up, probably because Swisher was rather quiet about it, knowing that if it were widely known that Campbell was there, Mrs. Swisher wouldn't be doing much but baking tons of her famous pecan buns for a horde of voracious teen-agers.

So it was that besides the Swishers there were only Art Gnaedinger (son of Mary Gnaedinger, editor of *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*), Chan Davis, his cousin Allen, Bell, and myself to wallow in an afternoon and evening with the Great Man. And wallow we did, for twelve hours, as it turned out. I had a bad case of hero-worship, and Jack didn't succeed in dragging me away until 2:30 am, with everybody else propping their eyelids up with toothpicks.

Campbell played us like delicate instruments and we loved



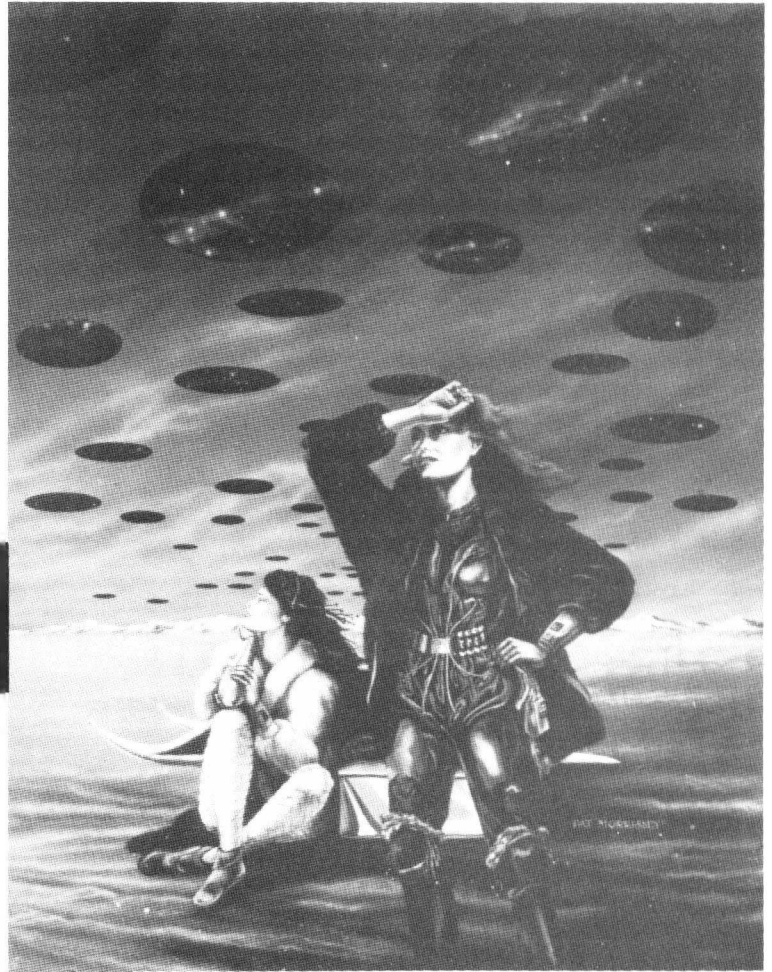
Robert D. Swisher

photo supplied by Robert A. Madle



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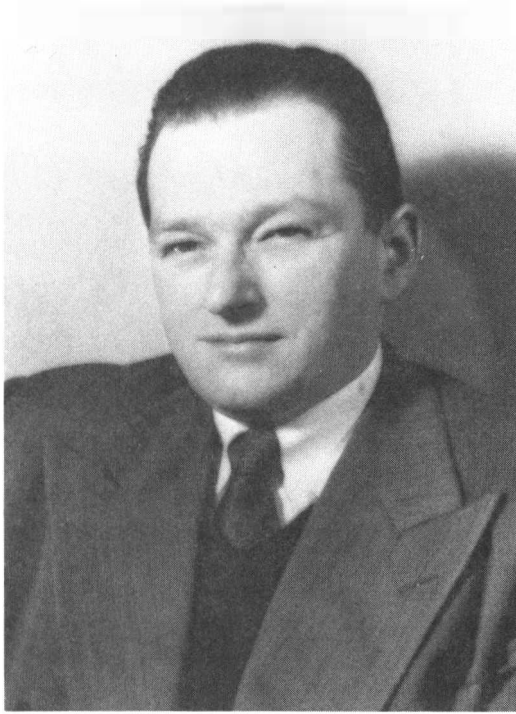


photo by Lloyd Arthur Eshbach, supplied by Jay Kay Klein

John W. Campbell

it; at least I did. He predicted that the war (which we weren't even in yet) would be decided by (gasp) atomic power. Four years later I remember quite vividly walking along the streets of Lawrence, Mass., with some army buddies from the Climatic Research Lab and passing a newsstand where the headlines screamed: ATOMIC BOMB USED ON JAPAN! ONE BOMB DESTROYS ENTIRE CITY!

I remembered Campbell's prediction and the awed discussion that followed, and started babbling excitedly to my fellow-GIs. "It's the end of the war! It's not just the end of the war—it's the beginning of a whole new age! It's yabba dabba gibble gabble! Hoohah!"

My friends looked at me disgustedly as I stood there gibbering and pointing to the newspaper. "C'mon, Art," they said. "You've been reading too much of that crazy Buck Rogers stuff again. It's just another big bomb—no big deal."

"But—but—" I sputtered. "A whole city! Read it yourself! Look!" It was like Galileo telling the church fathers to look through the telescope. They physically took hold of me.

"Art!" said one, waving his fingers close to my eyes. "Pay attention! We're going to play pool—remember? Pool, Art. You know how you like to play pool. We'll just shoot a little pool and it'll clear your head." To the others: "Just bring him along; once he gets the cue in his hand he'll be all right." And they dragged me around the corner to the pool room, still feebly protesting.

What didn't we talk about that wonderful evening with Campbell? Shoes and ships and photographs, van Vogt slans and other things, among which is my favorite piece of Campbell Machiavelliana. He swore us to absolute secrecy just in case Heinlein might get wind of it. RAH was just hitting his stride, and Campbell knew that he was going to be one of the greats. But Heinlein was already getting bored with

the whole business and wondering if perhaps he couldn't turn his talents to something more interesting. He had an income of sorts, and the top dollar Campbell could afford to pay, even with bonuses, was no longer sufficient to keep him tied to his typewriter. With diabolical ingenuity, JWC threw out hints of the complexities, the fascinations, the satisfactions of photography as a hobby. He got RAH hooked, who immediately went into it whole hog, going into hock for all the latest equipment, books, etc. Then he had to get busy and churn out stories for Campbell to pay for it all. That worthy sat back and rubbed his hands with glee at the thought of it, and we all know the rest.

Art Gnaedinger returned in May to become the star of that meeting. He was attending Harvard and involved in radio dramatizations, and had made a recording of an old *Amazing* story, "The Talking Brain," by M.H. Hasta. The story wasn't much, but the recording, in those days before TV, tape, or even wire recording, was Big Stuff, and we were all properly impressed. Even with Swisher's state of the art phonograph (no stereo, either, folks) they had some difficulty getting a 15-inch platter to work, but they solved it to a round of cheers. Art was embarrassed at all the praise and aw-shucksed that it twarn't nothin' but a rehearsal and he wished he could have got "The Country of the Blind," which was much better, onto a disc, but hadn't been able to. We wished he hadn't told us that.

Fanfare began to hit its stride with the eighth issue. I had purchased a simple Sears Roebuck mimeo with money from the club treasury, and learned how to use it on #7. Number eight blossomed out in color, no less. The Decker, Indiana, group was setting fandom on its ear with a beautiful fanzine called *Pluto*, and I was green with envy. Besides that, I put red and blue into *Fanfare*. The contents were getting better as well. We now had five of the best columnists in fandom: Joe Gilbert (South Carolina), Harry Warner, H.C. Koenig, Chauvenet (who converted his perzine, *Detours*), and one Ritter Conway, who snidely savaged F. Orlin Tremaine, Larry Farsaci, Fred Pohl, Joe Gilbert, and a couple of others all in three pages. Get the clue? Yes, it was Damon Knight, who, unfortunately, had just moved to New York and shortly moved on to better things, so he was seen no more in our pages.

I say "our pages," but I should be honest and admit that *Fanfare* was becoming increasingly *my* fanzine, and isolated as I was down in the boonies, I did most of the work and began even to think of it as "my" mimeograph. I was supposed to keep it and pay back the money to the club, but I never did, and nobody ever questioned me about it except Bell, and that jokingly, just to give me a bad time. I still have it out in the garage in the same crate it came to California in. That was in 1948. I'm going to get it out and restore it to working order Real Soon Now. Hmm. Maybe for my 50th Annish...Naaahh.

In June we had author Robert Arthur as guest—again, a friend of Swisher's. In late July Bell and I retold our adventures on the epic *Denveride*. Harry Stubbs (Hal Clement) attended his first meeting and I like to think that we interested him enough so that he became a regular member. More about Harry in a separate article.

In August we had George Foster, mainly, I think, because I went over to Stoughton to pick him up and bring him to the meeting. He had no wheels, and transport from Stoughton to Winchester was about as eccentric as he was. He was an older

man, and I was never quite sure whether he was an oddball genius or a genuine nut case. He had a sort of Jesus fixation, but unlike all the other religious nuts I've run into, he carried it off well. I wouldn't have bothered with him if he hadn't. Where the usual ID problem will harangue you about your sins and how the only way to save yourself is to give him complete control of everything, George acted a lot more Jesus-like. I believe he was bright enough to have been an engineer, but he felt that it was his destiny to remain a humble window-washer so that he wouldn't be corrupted by material temptations. He had a lot of strange, but possibly workable, ideas which he would expound upon only if asked. I could go on about him if anybody is interested, but the reason I mentioned him is that at the meeting, E. Everett Evans, Chairman of the NFFF Planning Board, had asked us by letter for ideas for NFFF functions. George came up with the idea of a welcoming committee for new fans, and I understand that has been one of NFFF's most notable achievements over the years.

In September we again heard from Evans with thirteen points he wished a vote on. Most of them passed, but I was subject to considerable heckling from Bell and Swisher, a forerunner of the organization vs. anarchy schism that still splits fandom today. Chauvenet, then President of the NFFF, couldn't follow all the chaffing and two-bit repartee because of his deafness, and went to sleep under the piano until it was time to eat.

Feldman and Tiger visited again on Labor Day, but I was the only one around to meet with them. It seems strange to talk about Labor Day with no Worldcon, but that's the way it was. We wandered around town, bugging bookstore clerks with requests for *The Necronomicon* and other such fannish twittery.

It was nice to have Chauvenet back in town. He had been studying at the University of Virginia, and now was taking some time off to try his hand at sf writing and to build a small sailboat. I had just made my first sale to *Weird Tales*, and I guess he figured that if I could sell a story, anybody could. We spent some time working together on the boat, but it was never finished, and he finally returned to Virginia, while I found a buyer to take over the project.

The Second Boskone got 1942 off to a good start. This time, the Sykoras came and the Futurians didn't. The total attendance was about the same, but represented a much wider geographical area than the first Boskone. At least six different states besides Massachusetts were represented: Speer from Washington, DC, Gilbert, Jenkins, and Eastman from Columbia, SC, Bob Madle and Rusty (Barron) Hevelin from Philadelphia, Sykoras and a Charles Hidley from New York, Trudy Kuslan from Connecticut, and Bob Jones, *Fanfare's* staff artist, from way out west in Columbus, Ohio.

This time we had a rudimentary program. I hired a hall and we had a proper meeting with entertainment and an art auction. "Suddsy" Schwartz, one of our newer members, was determined to have a Virgil Finlay cover that had been donated by Mary Gnaedinger of *FFM* and the bidding was hot and heavy. He finally got it for \$5.25. Later, he confided that he had been prepared to sacrifice his entire life savings of \$9.20 if necessary. I later apologized in print for not having refreshments, since I was afraid we might lose our shirts, but

we actually wound up a little ahead. I thought it would be nice for the members of Noreascon 3 to know that Boskones have always been solvent right from the very start.

The "business" part of the meeting was largely taken up with discussion of certain proposals for the NFFF in a letter from Milty Rothman. It was ghodawful sercon. What to do about the Worldcon was livelier, with Sykora wanting another biggie for the East, but the majority favored giving the Pacificcon committee a little more time to get their act together. As it turned out, the war interfered, and we never had the fourth Worldcon until 1946.

The "entertainment" consisted of a "performance" of Chauvenet's Williamson parody, *Legions of Legions*, dramatic adaptation by yhos. Fortunately, the "cast" had had little time to rehearse, since it consisted of just about anybody I could dragoon at the moment. Everybody had scripts, so the audience became prompters for the unhappy "actors" when they fluffed their lines, which was often. The result was hilarious.

As the gas shortage worsened, many of the widely scattered Strangers took to bicycles. These included Harry Stubbs and Arseni Karpovitch as well as yhos. At the April 19th meeting I did over 80 miles by combining the meeting route with a jaunt out to Framingham to follow the marathon runners in. But Chauvenet remained the top cyclist without fear of any competition. Not only had he been to New York and back (inspiring me to try it later on—I took much longer) but when he returned to Virginia from Cambridge he pedaled—by way of Ohio! Later he was to wear me out on our wartime trip to Rockland, Maine, when we visited Norm Stanley.

Evans himself visited us in May. Fortunately, there was his new zine *Nova* to talk about and Disney's *Fantasia* to see again, so we didn't have to talk about the NFFF all the time.

Not that the quality of bull sessions at TSC meetings was ever low, but the addition of Thomas S. Gardner, Ph.D., to the club lifted those discussions to a new high. For me, it was the equivalent of a college education. Later, in California, I was to go through the official motions and get the degrees, but after TSC it was anticlimactic. Tom had a great idea for one of my polls that I intended to use, but never got around to. Maybe I should take pity on it RSN, slouching along, waiting to be born all this time. Considerably over term. This would be a poll on fan's favorite sf characters. A quick canvas of those at that June meeting came up with Odd John and The Lieutenant, from Stapledon's novel of the same name and L. Ron Hubbard's *Final Blackout*. I would think they should still rate high even after all these years. Only Brother Francis leaps to mind to compete with them.

But speak of the Devil. The next meeting, with the exception of Boskones, hit the all time high in my memory. LRC and I were crogged when we arrived at the July meeting not only to find Campbell there, but that L. Ron Hubbard was coming as well!

I don't quite know how to sum up that afternoon and evening. I have never seen anything quite like it. It had elements of an intellectual Laurel & Hardy act (which I don't mean as a putdown, for I think of them as geniuses) but also on a higher level, something of a battle of wits between, say, Gore Vidal and William F. Buckley. Hubbard would toss up a "Probability Zero" skeet and Campbell would promptly shoot

it full of holes. Hubbard, with an ingenuity that left everybody but Campbell breathless, would immediately cover up every single hole and maybe stick a little flag on top just for good measure. Campbell would then shoot *that* down, Hubbard would reanimate the concept with even more outrageous props, etc., etc., etc.

Frances Nevada Swisher (Mrs.) was standing in the kitchen doorway, completely mesmerized by the show, which had been going on for about an hour. Suddenly she blinked, shook her head, and came back to reality. She retreated into the kitchen, checked the oven, then came back to the door, grinning evilly. "Pecan buns. Hot." she whispered, and that was *that*. Otherwise, I think the pair would have gone on all night.

Later, we were admiring Hubbard's special diver's watch (he was a Commander in the navy at the time), which was a real marvel for those pre-digital days. It had date, day of the week, barometric pressure, and you name it, all completely waterproof. We got a peek into the future of this charming conman as he told us how he used the watch to seduce waitresses in otherwise dull ports.

He would order a cup of coffee, then when her back was turned, hide the spoon and call her back. She would look a bit bemused, then: "Sorry sir, I'll get you a spoon right away."

As she turned to go, Hubbard would say "Never mind; I'll just stir it with my watch." She would stare goggle-eyed as he calmly did just that, got a conversation going and the next thing she knew she was in bed with him.

Oddly enough, he was the pessimist about the war in contrast to Campbell's "optimism." Elron thought it was going to last another ten years.

Things started to go downhill from there. Next month, Tom Gardner "had to go" back to his native Tennessee, perhaps to work at Oak Ridge, I never did find out. Harry Stubbs was nabbed by the navy just before Boskone III, February '43, and only three out-of-state fen made it to the con, so B3 was only a shadow of the previous ones.

The non-Strangers were Speer, Unger, and Bill Ryder from NYC. Nobody drove. No gas. Harry was to be the kingpin for the program, with a talk on the hypothesized planet near 61 Cygni, and it was too late to get someone else. Campbell failed to come through with originals, so there wasn't even any auction. But we did have a Finlay cover from somewhere, and a Roy Hunt cover from *LeZombie*, so we decided to have a game of INTERPLANETARY with the Finlay for a prize to the winner.

I had invented this board game and it was well received by the club, but like D&D and other modern games it took a LONG time to play, so we soon tired of it. When I returned to fandom in the '70s, I was astonished to hear that it had become quite popular at Worldcons in the '60s, with fancy boards and pieces and all-night sessions to play it.

The reason it took so long is that it was a combination of a standard "race" game and Monopoly. One had to get to a planet and bring back a cargo in order to finance a trip to the next distant planet where a still more valuable cargo would be obtained, etc., out to Pluto, which harbored "Immortality Dust," the game winner. The novel aspect was that the planets moved, making it difficult to land on one, plus such hazards as the "negosphere" (from EESmith epics—now

known as a black hole) and pirates, to say nothing of falling into the sun, getting hit with space junk, etc. Jules Lazar, who later gained some fame in the LASFS, won the game with a series of fantastically lucky rolls, literally million-to-one odds.

Another million-to-one shot was the arrival of Claude Degler, who had gotten the date wrong from a mistake in *Astonishing Stories* publicity, got bogged down hitch-hiking, and thought that he had missed it, but decided to keep going and visit me in Bryantville. He was going by an old Walt Daugherty directory and didn't know that I had gotten married and moved back to Quincy. Degler had walked by the hall earlier, all unknowing that Boskone was just getting started, and passed through Quincy on his way south. There he noticed the address of a fan who had never done anything but write a couple of letters to *Weird Tales*, but this fan's parents remembered that I had once come around trying unsuccessfully to coax their son into joining TSC. The only reason she remembered me is that I married the daughter of her neighbor across the street, which still wouldn't have done Degler much good except that my wife was visiting her mother and knew how to get in touch with me.

With my new family taking up most of my spare time and the sword of the draft hanging over me, *Fanfare* became less and less frequent, only two issues being published in 1942, and no minutes recorded after B3 that I know of. The little energy I had left I put into my fapazine *YHOS*, and the above mentioned bike trip with Russ Chauvenet.

Harry Warner chronicles that there was a fourth Boskone with Milty Rothman and Norm Stanley present, but I remember none of it because the much more traumatic event of my induction into the armed services was to be a week later. I was lucky, however, because I was "volunteered" to be a technician-guinea pig at the newly formed Climatic Research Lab in Lawrence, Mass., where I remained until VE day, getting home nearly every weekend, but not doing much fanac except *YHOS*, and even that petered out in 1945. There was another small con in Salem, put on by a Doris Currier, but I don't remember much about that one, either.

In 1946, I got out, but having no car, I had to hitch-hike to the long-postponed Pacificcon. The excuse I gave my wife was that I wanted to visit my parents, who had moved out in 1942, and look over the country for a possible move ourselves. Again, as far as I can recall, no other Strangers went to the fourth Worldcon or to Philcon in 1947, which I also attended. In 1948, we moved to LA and I gafiated completely, except for parties with Laney, Burbee, and other Insurgents. I'm afraid that the good old Stranger Club went out, "not with a bang, but a whimper" unlike many other fanorgs. Perhaps Harry or Chan Davis will chronicle the final days for you; I can't.

But while it lasted, The Stranger Club was the best. Unlike many of the early organizations, there was remarkably little of the dissension and petty politicking that other groups suffered from. And this was not because the membership was bland or stuffy. On the contrary, I have seldom been associated with a livelier or more interesting bunch of people in the forty years since. It was once a "proud and lonely thing to be a fan," but for me, The Stranger Club took the lonely out and kept the proud.

[Editor's note: The following articles are on the members of The Stranger Club who have confirmed as Guests of Noreascon Three. Some articles are full write-ups, others are short paragraphs. For those members for whom we only have short write-ups, full articles will appear in the later PRs.]



Art Widner and His Chums

- or -

Across the Plains in Search of Adventure

by Robert A. Madle

Arthur L. Widner, Jr. goes back a long way in the annals of science fiction and sf fandom. His name first surfaced in the October, 1934, *Astounding Stories*, the very last letter in that issue's letter section, "Brass Tacks." Even then he was complaining about his lack of success in finding other readers of sf, and how everyone thought he was a little strange.

About this time, young Art also was listed in the Science Fiction League department of *Wonder Stories* as desiring to start a chapter of the SFL in Quincy, Massachusetts. I doubt that he succeeded, but this was indicative of the appeal of Gernsback's SFL to his readers. There is little doubt that the SFL did more to create and unify fandom, as we know it, than anything else ever attempted. Art was one of the young fans inspired by Gernsback's SFL articles in which he stated that science fiction was a way of life, and that all his readers had a mission to fulfill: to help sf become the greatest force for future civilization that the world would ever know. Many young readers believed this; I know I did. And, perhaps to some extent, I still do.

Fandom in the mid-thirties was completely professional-magazine-oriented. Everything revolved around the "Big Three": *Amazing Stories*, *Astounding Stories*, and *Wonder Stories*. (A good percentage of fans were readers and collectors of *Weird Tales*, also.) All of these magazines printed lengthy readers' departments and this was how fandom started: the readers got to know the other letter writers, often writing to them. Art Widner was one of these letter writers and, consequently, discovered other fans and, the ultimate discovery, fan magazines! One of these was my own *Fantascience Digest*, which I started in 1937 with the final issue appearing in December 1941.

When I met Art for the first time, it was like we had known each other for a long time. This was because of correspondence and fan magazines and the incredible closeness fans felt for each other. We were an unusual group: in 1939 it was estimated that there were about 100 active fans and, perhaps, another 100 or so fringe fans. And there were just about 200 present when I first met Art. It was at Nycon I, the first World Science Fiction Convention, held over the July 4th holidays in 1939.

Art impressed me as a good-looking guy, quite muscular, and looking more like a boxer or an athlete than an sf fan. The only activity I remember sharing with Art at Nycon I was being on the same side in the highly-publicized softball game. Philadelphia Science Fiction Society members, such as Jack Agnew and John V. Baltadonis, played a lot of softball and we decided to form the PSFS Panthers and challenge the Queens SFL group to a game. Unfortunately, only about half of the PSFS team made the convention, so we had to pick up the

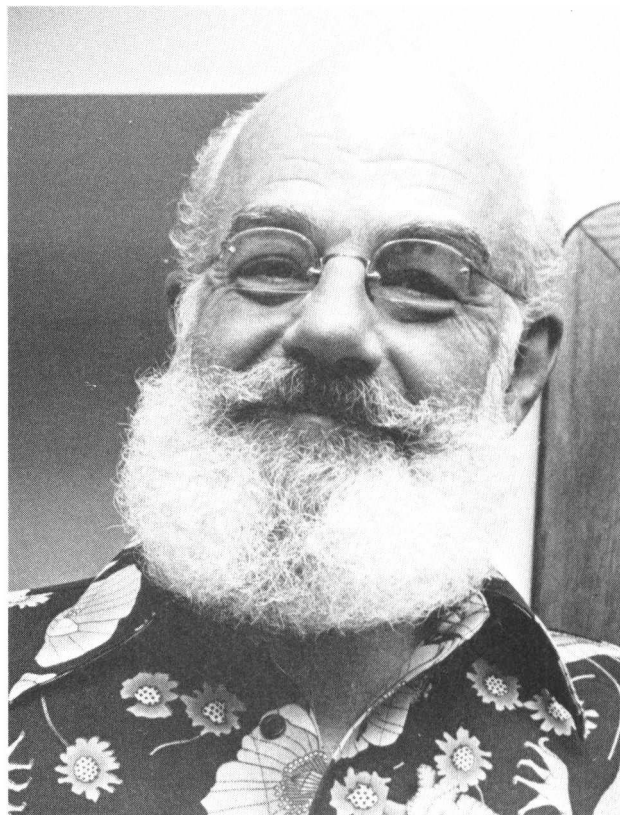


photo by Jay Kay Klein

rest. Except for Art, the pickups didn't do too well, and we were blasted by Queens, 23-11. Art was the big gun for the PSFS team as he hit a home run as well as several other hits. Other players in the game were Sam Moskowitz, James V. Taurasi, Langley Searles, John Giunta, and Oswald Train. Ray Bradbury and Charles D. Hornig were scorekeepers.

With the success of Nycon I, a second World Convention was voted for 1940: this time it would be Chicago, and it became known as Chicon. Erle Korshak and Mark Reinsberg had travelled to New York expressly to get the convention and it appeared that World SF Conventions would become annual affairs.

Art must have met some local Massachusetts fans at Nycon because about six months later he started The Stranger Club. It wasn't called that at first. The Nameless Ones was its initial monicker; then it was called by the more pompous name of the Eastern Massachusetts Fantasy Society. Then, thanks to the Gernsback influence, it was changed to The Stranger Club, inspired by the series of the same name by *Wonder Stories* author Laurence Manning. These stories appeared in 1934-36 and were about a club of inventors, travelers, etc., one of whom had a fantastic story to relate each meeting. And, I suppose, many strange and fantastic stories were related at the meetings of Art's Stranger Club also.

In 1939 I graduated from high school and was working as a stock clerk and order boy for the magnificent sum of \$5 a week. Even though I paid a portion of this to my parents for "board," it took me to Nycon and I was determined it would take me to Chicon, too. It did, thanks to Julius Unger, old-time fan and publisher of the newszine *Fantasy Fiction Field*. Julius had arranged to ride with someone driving across country on a share of the gas and driving arrangement. He talked the gentleman into picking me up in Philadelphia, even though I couldn't drive. But I *could* pay, so he agreed.

Chicon was held September 1-3, which, I assume, was the Labor Day holiday. Chicon was somewhat smaller than Nycon but was not tarnished with hostilities, such as the Exclusion Act at Nycon, where the Futurians were denied entrance, the culmination of the fan feuds of the '30s. Art Widner and Earl Singleton drove from Boston in the Skylark of Woo-woo, a 1928 4-cylinder Dodge sedan. Art and Earl must have been two of the most non-sf appearing fans at Chicon. As mentioned, Art was an athletic type in appearance and Earl was, perhaps, the most handsome sf fan I had ever met. He was tall, blond, and looked like a movie star of the '30s.

When Art and Earl arrived in the '28 Dodge, I was there to greet them. Earl I had known since the winter of 1939-40, when he lived in Philadelphia while taking courses at, I believe, the University of Pennsylvania, as part of his requirements at MIT. Unlike Art, who has described Earl as aloof and somewhat moody, I found him to be extremely friendly, personable, a real sf fan who looked like a ladies' man, but who had the heart and mind of a poet. In fact, he *did* publish *Nepenthe*, a hektographed poetry fanzine which sometimes had as many as 50 pages, a lot for those days.

But, as most New England fans know, Earl Singleton is noted in fandom for having faked a suicide in early 1941. The fact that it was a fake quickly surfaced, but Earl Singleton never did surface again in fandom. No one seems to know exactly why this pseuicide (or pseudocide, as it was also

termed) occurred. The most logical explanation was that Earl, with his MIT background, had been hired by the government and had to disappear for that reason. (About this time, the USA was *really* getting involved against Germany, even though not at war with her.) Another explanation given was that he was hopelessly entangled in too much fan activity and this, combined with a difficult MIT curriculum, made him decide to sever relations with both. At any rate, he made a complete break with sf and, today, is president of a large electronics firm in Los Angeles.

At any rate, Chicon was a success (approximately 125 attended) and, as in 1939, a softball game was scheduled. Art, I believe, was to be Captain of one of the teams but, unfortunately, the game was cancelled. Chicon was noted as being the first convention where fans went out to bars and drank themselves silly. This is where I got to know Art quite well. After a few beers, Art lost whatever inhibitions he had, and actually stood up and sang the most outrageous songs. They could be called "sailor" songs and we called him Popeye. I distinctly remember one of his songs called "No Balls at All." During one of these songfests, Art found that Julie Unger and I had no way to get home and offered to take us back with him and "Tex" Singleton. This was a God-send.

The 1941 convention was voted to Lew Martin and Olon F. Wiggins, two Denver fans who "rode the rails" to Chicago. It was planned for the July 4th weekend and would be known as Denvention. (Imagine being voted the Worldcon today and having only ten months to put it on!!) Following this, Julie and I packed into the Skylark of Woo-woo and departed for all points East.

We hadn't gone far when it was discovered that Tex Singleton not only had a broken heart, but also a bad cold. Tex had gotten along famously at Chicon with Trudy Kuslan, sister of Louis Kuslan and quite an attractive brunette. I never could figure out if she was *really* a fan, or just a brother-follower. He was just madly in love and it wasn't long before we got tired of hearing about Trudy. Earl's cold gave us an idea—whose idea it was, I don't remember. There was an "old" fan who lived in Bellefontaine, Ohio, who was an MD and sent quarters in pill envelopes for subs to fan mags, as they were known then. His name was C.L. Barrett, and we decided to visit him. Not only would we be meeting this mysterious subscriber, but he might be able to take care of Earl's cold. We didn't think he could do anything for his broken heart. Why was his heart broken? I guess he thought he would never see her again, as he was from Texas and would be returning there after MIT graduation.

So we rode all night and early in the morning arrived at Dr. C.L. Barrett's home. We knocked on the door (it would appear that they weren't quite up yet) and introduced ourselves. (Imagine, if you will, four rumpled, bedraggled strangers knocking on your door in the early AM!) As MDs went, Barrett was a rather young one, although quite the senior of everyone except Julie Unger. He and his wife provided breakfast for us (I don't think we had a couple of dollars between us, except for gas money, so the breakfast was indeed appreciated). Doc Barrett showed us his collection, which was impressive, and I showed him a copy of *The Thrill Book* I had brought along in case of a starvation emergency. He bought it from me for a dollar—but that was enough for baloney and

bread the rest of the trip. I might mention that that was the only issue of *The Thrill Book* I ever owned. Despite the fact that I have sold and collected thousands of sf mags, another *Thrill Book* has never shown up. This was 1940. C.L. Barrett showed up at the 1947 Philcon. He said it took that long for his wife to get over the shock of her initial fan meeting.

Art did all the driving. I believe he was the only one of the group who *could* drive. Remember—back then every sixteen-year-old kid didn't get a car from his parents. It was a rare thing for anyone under 20 to have a car. In most cases, even at that, it was his parents' car. However, in Art's case it was his. Art, I believe, was over 21 at the time.

Harry Warner, Jr. was in 1940 a very active fan. But no one in fandom had met him. He published *Spaceways*, a leading journal of its day, and was active in the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA). But he did not attend conventions and became known as "The Hermit of Hagerstown." It so happened that we had to go close to Hagerstown, Maryland, and Art wanted to meet Harry Warner. So we arrived there about 9:00 PM and Art called Warner's home. His mother said he had already retired for the evening. Art then argued with us that we should sleep in the car so we could see Harry the next day. I'll always remember him saying, "I'd rather meet Harry Warner than get a piece of Ann Sheridan." Some of you old-timers will recall that Ann Sheridan was the sexy movie queen of the late '30s and early '40s. But the vote was to push on. Art dropped me off in Philly and the rest of the trip was completed in a normal manner.

Between Chicon and Denvention, Art was instrumental in the formation of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. In the fall of 1940, Damon Knight wrote an article called "Unite or Die," which envisaged one huge science fiction fan organization. The article was published in the October 1940 issue of Art's outstanding fan mag, *Fanfare*. Art was imbued with enthusiasm and wrote a constitution for the proposed organization. NFFF was formed at a meeting of The Stranger Club in April 1941. Whatever NFFF's successes, it still exists today and it is not the intent of this article to discuss it other than as a sidelight of Art's burning enthusiasm for sf and fandom.

Denvention was scheduled for the weekend of July 4th, 1941. Art, Julie Unger, and John Bell (a fringe-fan Stranger Club member) arrived at my house in Philadelphia Saturday evening. We started early Sunday morning as this time Art was determined we were going to stop in Hagerstown. (Art's car was a 1935 Ford sedan, called The Foo-foo Special.) The original plan had been to leave *real* early, spend an hour or so in Hagerstown, and then straight through to Bloomington, Illinois, where we would spend the night with Bob Tucker and family. As it turned out, we spent the afternoon at Harry's and arrived at Tucker's about four AM.

The next day was June 30 and an important day in the lives of Milton A. Rothman (who we picked up in Washington, D.C. on the way to Hagerstown) and yours truly: we both had to register for the draft. Tucker took us to the draft board, told a newspaper reporter we were famous authors headed for a Denver writers' conference, and we were written up in the evening paper. That evening we started out again.

The ever-innovative Art dreamed up nicknames for the

group: Julius Unger was "Old Moneybags," because he was a rich sf dealer and actually had fives and tens in his wallet; I was "Pretty Boy," because when I woke up after riding all night, I didn't even need a shave; Milt Rothman was "Tree Toad," but I don't remember why; John Bell I don't think had a nickname—but I always had the impression he thought we were all nuts (including himself for coming).

Anyway, we finally made it to Denver on Thursday afternoon. That evening several of us (Lew Martin, Art, and a new acquaintance, Rust E. Barron) had a good time and Rusty and I became great friends. Denvention was smaller than both Nycon and Chicon: in fact, only 89 people registered, including the five in the Foo-foo Special. It was a real fan convention and Robert A. Heinlein was a great Guest of Honor. His speech, "The Discovery of the Future," has become a classic.

F. Orlin Tremaine had been editing an sf magazine called *Comet* and had offered a prize of \$25 (a lot of money then) to the fan who overcame the most obstacles to get to Denver. But the magazine had just folded and the \$25 folded with it. Heinlein generously donated the \$25, which was won by an unknown fan, Allen Class, who had hitch-hiked from Ohio. Rust E. Barron (Rusty Hevelin, in reality) was a runner-up: he had hitch-hiked from Los Angeles. Milt Rothman objected: he said *he* should be the winner for having had to sit next to Bob Madle for 1500 miles!

The day before we left, John Bell informed us he couldn't possibly ride back to Boston with us and was flying home! He was the first person I ever knew who flew *anywhere!* This was in the earliest days of commercial aviation and we were really impressed. This left open a space in the back seat of the car which was taken by Rusty, who came on to Philadelphia and stayed at my house until we both went into the service in 1942.

Incidentally, there was a softball game at Denvention—the very last ever played at a Worldcon. Art managed one of the teams and the game ended in a four-inning 7-7 tie. It was originally planned to be the fans versus the pros, but it didn't work out that way.

Art changed the route on the way back and we went through the Rocky Mountains. Somewhere there is a photo of all of us having a snowball fight in July! We had a great time on the way back playing sf games, etc., but never staying at hotels. In fact, on the way to Denver, we stayed in a hotel once: in Benkelman, Nebraska, where the five of us stayed for about \$10 total. On the way back we did spend a night at Louis Russell Chauvenet's mansion in Virginia. In reality, it was his parents' place. But it was a real southern mansion.

We did have one almost-calamity. It appeared that the '35 Ford had seen its last days about Lincoln, Nebraska. But it turned out to be a cylinder head—the motor was still intact. If it had been the motor, I guess we would have *all* hitch-hiked home!

Los Angeles had been awarded the convention for 1942, to be called Pacificcon. Art and the rest of us were making big plans to make it in 1942. But, in December 1941, the world changed forevermore and it wasn't until 1946 that Pacificcon materialized. Art Widner did make the Pacificcon—he hitch-hiked all the way from Boston and back. But that is another story that only he can tell.



Essential Stranger Stubbs

(Harry "Hal Clement" Stubbs)
by Chandler Davis

Harry Stubbs was an undergraduate with me, forty-odd years ago—but that's an example of a factual statement which is bad history. It was not as a fellow-student that I knew him. He was a few years ahead of me at a large college, Harvard; then too, he was an astronomy major, and you know how the astronomers are—all the specialists draw off into a community so satisfying that there's not much room for chemists and mathematicians. So that I wouldn't have met him if not for science fiction.

He sold his first story to *Astounding* at just about this time. I have no reminiscences of that still more distant past in which Harry Stubbs was not yet Hal Clement.

Our chronoscope has a glitch. Until it is fixed I can't tell you how we first met. Maybe thru Walter Nichols, a cousin of Harry's who was one of the few sharers of my sf passion at high school (Newton, Mass., ≤ 1942). Maybe thru The Stranger Club. Harry is pretty sure, tho, that *his* introduction to the Strangers was not by any fannish connection, unless John W. Campbell, Jr. can be counted a fan. In connection with accepting Harry's story "Proof," John referred him to Bob Swisher, Campbell's friend from long since. This took, and Harry became a regular at the monthly Stranger meetings. He recalls one in the summer of 1942 at which, besides a clutch of younger fans, the Swishers' guests included John and Doña Campbell (with kids) and L. Ron Hubbard, Dianetics not yet discernible on the horizon.

Striking how our science-fiction universe was dominated by young men. There were some women among the writers we cared about (C.L. Moore, for one), and there were some older men (tho I think we didn't notice except in the case of E.E. Smith that they were older). But on the whole, the Stranger configuration was more like a boys' camp, with a uniform base population of adolescent males, and a few fatherly counsellors not much older than ourselves—Bob Swisher and John Campbell not many years out of college, after all. The worlds of school and of world affairs were



photos by Jay Kay Klein

nowhere near so skewed; by comparison, science-fiction greats were accessible and easy to empathize with. I don't know what effect this had on the way we approached fandom.

In Harry Stubbs' case, it may have made him feel right at home: he was a scoutmaster at the time! Indeed, one of his scouting charges, Tim Orrok, became an active fan thru him, and later one of my sf buddies.

The Club had the attractions for us that any fan gathering should have: the easy acceptance, the assurance of common acquaintance with a certain exoterica, the guarantee that bull sessions were always in order. Extra attraction, of course, was the marvelous Swisher collection of sf—intended to be complete for American sf magazines since about 1920—catalogued by himself—what a resource. Something else that was always in order was to take down an issue and look up a story. And for those like Harry Stubbs and myself who were just growing up into a life in science as well as science fiction, the foreshortened age structure may have given a more welcoming entree than we got at school. More on this presently.

To us in 1942, Campbell's *Astounding* seemed to be doing so much more what we wanted done in science fiction that there was a tendency to feel that the field was concentrated in that one magazine and had properly begun only about the time we became interested in it. Oh, let me not overstate this. We did have favorite stories from among older classics; and Bob Swisher and his library led us to notice authors like Raymond Z. Gallun and Stanton Coblentz whom we might have ignored; but Campbell's production dominated our view. There was not yet an interfluence between sf and the engineering of the space program, such as later developed—and yet, there was Willy Ley; we followed Campbell in a hard-headed realism which (like him) we also could adopt as a pose in contexts where it didn't apply.

Many of us believed (however much we might enjoy fantasy as a separate, less serious, amusement—here too following Campbell) that the Real Thing in science fiction, the High Point of science fiction, was stories about things that

could happen. We really did. Such a point of view seems preposterous since the '60s, and was in the minority even then, but it was tenable. The reasonableness of expecting plausibility was an issue that cropped up over & over in our debates about defining the boundary between sf and fantasy—but we ought to have seen it as more of an issue within the domain of undoubted sf itself. Could there be stories which had the sf values we cherished without any need for plausibility? Of course there could, and in later decades H.L. Gold and Anthony Boucher's magazines were to give us a subtler view; in the '40s, credibility seemed more of a key to the speculative essence. Hal Clement epitomized it. His first two stories, "Proof" and "Impediment," set a model which I often cited when trying to convey the excitement of the field to the uncomprehending, and a model which he lived up to in longer works later. They were about something; they straightforwardly organized themselves to say it; they invited you to think about it, and in such a way that the invitation was accepted with pleasure. The same can be said, I now realize, of many sf stories which accept implausibility because their burden is satirical, or allegorical/analogical. Genuine think-pieces can come (for example) out of the old Wells approach of introducing one wonder, no matter how incredible, into the causality of the commonplace. Harry was, and remained, one of the most fastidiously science-fictional of the writers. The wonder was in the ideas, not in their incredibility. What's written in a Hal Clement story is there because he really had something he wanted to say to us, and furthermore he thought it *could happen*.

I hope Harry reads this. He probably knows already how important his example was to his slightly-younger colleagues in science fiction. He won't know unless he reads this that he had an important part in leading me into science. I already felt before Stranger days that science was something I loved to hear about, and could get good marks in; I had yet to cross over into recognizing it as something I could do. The enthusiasm of Harry Stubbs about things he was just learning in school or on his own (calculating orbits of visual binaries and stellar atmospheres), and the example of Bob Swisher's independent investigation of the equations of motion of rockets, put me in the right frame of mind. Only a year later, I talked myself into an advanced course in mathematical astronomy with Bart Bok, got off on the right foot, and had a beautiful four months, dealing with statistics of stellar collisions and orbits of spaceships in a relatively reasonable fashion. It was a crucial fledging for me—even tho I never afterward did my work within that comforting astronomers' fellowship, and even tho celestial mechanics of whatever variety was never again the subject of my research. Harry may find it paradoxical that he had this role in my life, since he considers himself to have been the least mathematical sort of astronomy student.

The other attractive side of the fan world was the hijinks and the amateur publishing. Harry never took to this as much as I did. Not that we didn't all enjoy the Boskone in the winter of 1942-43, we did. But for him it didn't lead to years of con fever and mimeo cranking.

Harry left for combat duty in the Army in February 1943. After the war, when he was a BU grad student in science education, the science fiction interest kept up, as it did for

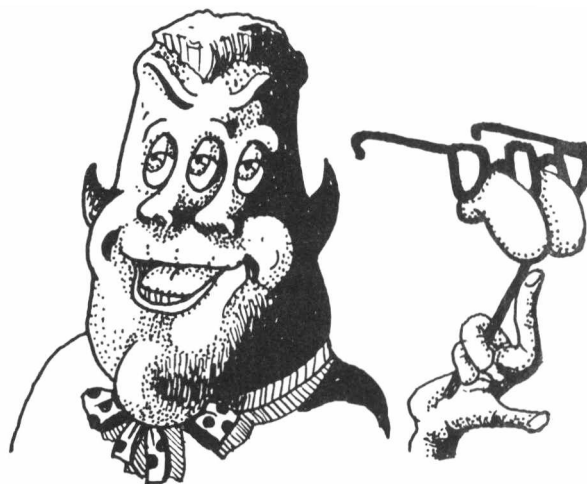
most of us, but the group had dispersed. He foregathered with fellow fans now & then, but not regularly.

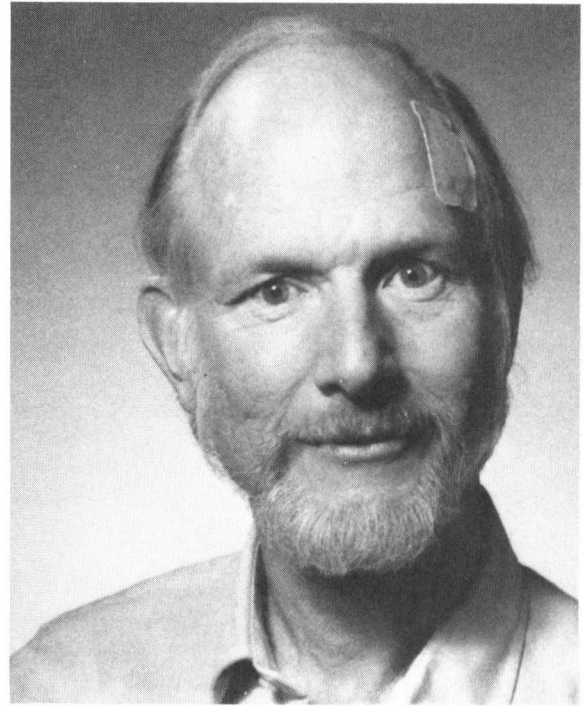
Nevertheless, even without an ongoing Stranger Club, his life has fit in just fine with maintaining his science fiction production. He's been a high-school science teacher since 1947, and since 1949 that's been at one place (how many people do you know who have been 38 years at one place? I mean, how many non-Japanese people?): Milton Academy. A plush private secondary school, okay, but intellectually serious (how many high schools do you know where students get to use a good telescope with a knowledgeable guide like Harry Stubbs? Wow!). Harry reports that today's Milton Academy, tho it has doubled in size, and has got away from the upper-crust homogeneity of the student body by a better scholarship program, still has the same attention to students as when he went there, and the same class sizes (~14) (how often does it happen that when the number of students doubles at a school, so does the number of teachers?).

So he went on with his teaching. He married a Milton Academy librarian and they had three children, now all grown—one of them a chip-off-the-old-Mr.-Chips-block, being a high-school math teacher. In the midst of, and for the sake of, his Milton teaching, Harry slipped back to university in the '60s for another master's degree, this time in chemistry. And the Hal Clement stories kept coming.

Since 1971, he has been producing astronomical paintings in abundance too. Many of you have seen them at science-fiction cons. Over 150 have been sold. His artistic work has also been recognized by the Milton Art Association, tho that, I gather, is an organization oriented rather toward a more mundane sort of landscape. Notice that in his painting, he takes the trouble to *get it right*. He does the figuring himself so he'll know he got it right.

And now he's due to retire. Eh? How's that? Retire? Yeah, you know—retirement—age 65—senior citizen & all that. For me, having known him so well for a short period in his youth and been out of touch most of the time since, there's a powerful tendency to think of Harry Stubbs as youthful now. In his case, as is already quite clear, the illusion parallels a deeper truth. Writing and painting have all the interest for him that they ever did, and maybe now there will be more time for them. "I'll have to die some time," he says, "but I'm pretty sure it won't be of boredom."





G. Timothy Orrok

Timothy Orrok writes about himself: I was born on November 25, 1930 in Boston and received a B.A. and Ph.D. from Harvard in physics. My wife is Dr. Francene Silbiger, a clinical psychologist whom I married in 1984.

I was brought up in Cambridge, where I met Harry Stubbs through the Boy Scouts, which led to my joining The Stranger Club. I attended meetings throughout high school and much of college. I was published in the Vanguard Amateur Press Association (VAPA) and contributed to Henry Spelman's fanzine, *Sparx*, which was circulated in Spectator (SAPS).

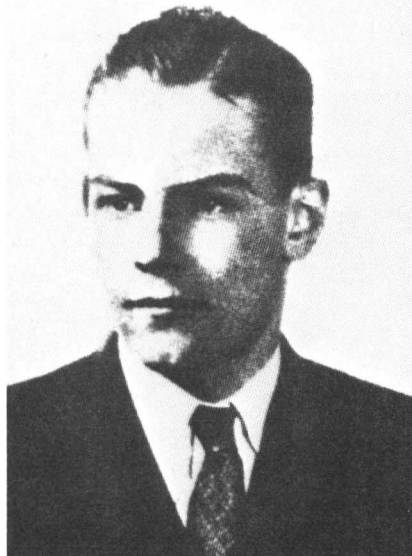
I continued to read science fiction throughout graduate school at Harvard, though I ceased to be an active fan. I became a physicist, with a specialty in Physical Metallurgy. For those years I worked for AT&T's Bell Laboratories in the semi-conductor device areas, making and measuring what at that time were far out devices! Then science fiction struck again.

I transferred to another AT&T Company, Bellcomm, Inc., whose charter was system studies in support of the Apollo program. My jobs dealt with scientific aspects of Apollo. In the early days, I worked on models for the design environment—how many meteors would an Apollo vehicle encounter capable of penetrating its skin? Data were few—extrapolation rampant—the range of prediction very wide. Experience was necessary, which NASA gathered with its Explorer XVI and Pegasus spacecraft. The answer was,

space is safe. We did not need Fred Whipple's meteor bumpers, which would have protected us from a much more severe environment. My compatriots, in NASA and in Bellcomm, generated design environments describing space radiation and the nature of the Lunar Surface. I had responsibility for publishing the summary book describing the Natural Environment.

Later, I contributed to imagining future scientific programs for Skylab, for Mars missions (which didn't get funded), and for the Space Shuttle (which did). The objective here was to size these spacecraft, to provide plausible futures suggesting how often they could fly and whether the scientific and engineering return was attractive. My own assignments mostly dealt with Earth Orbiting missions and comparable activities in deep space. I kept close watch on the next department, which was laying out model lunar exploration programs. They were very useful in the planning of Apollo XII through XVII. Our view of the Shuttle was that the launch and retrieval of independent satellites such as the Orbiting Telescope would be supplemented by flights like the Spacelab—but less formal, with more investigators and cheaper apparatus. Of course, we thought launch costs would be smaller, too.

After Apollo, I returned to Bell Laboratories. Recently I've been involved in the designs for AT&T's telecommunications network of the future.



Louis Russell Chauvenet

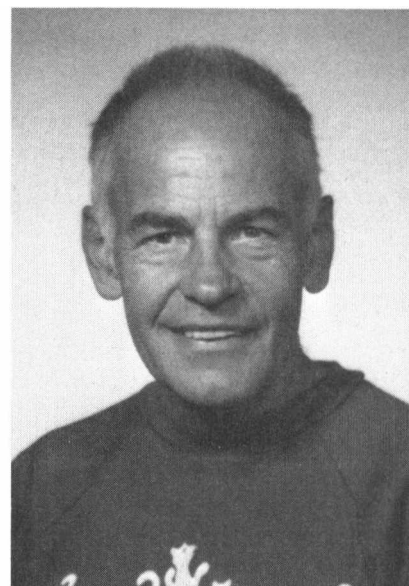
by Art Widner

"Fans are toads," said Damon Knight. "Fans are idiots," said Francis T. Laney. "What they mean," said a kinder critic, "is that the typical fan suffers from a handicap, either physical or psychological, which sours his peer-relationships and leads him to take refuge in fandom, where he can be at home with other misfits and handicapped."

L.R. "Russ" Chauvenet is the living disproof of this theory, or any variation of it. Struck down with spinal meningitis when he was 10, he recovered, but was left without auditory nerves, deaf as a post. But I never thought of him as "handicapped" because he simply did not allow himself to be. He is simply a friend with whom I use different means of communication. When I gaffiated, Russ was the only fan who kept contact with me. The others all dropped away, one by one, when I didn't get around to answering their letters or locating their fanzines. It got to be a joke between us, my triennial letters.

As it was with our friendship, so it was with with the rest of his life. He just went ahead and did whatever was to be done, like graduating from the University of Virginia, marrying his wife, Jane, and raising a fine son, Alan, who is now a doctor in South Carolina. Although he started out to be a biologist, he switched to computers early on and just recently retired from his work with the National Security Administration. Don't ask.

But bland normality is certainly not the sum of this man of many parts. His other facets include notable achievements in chess, sailing, running and tennis. He has been Southern States Chess Champion, National Champion of Deaf Players, and ranks just a whisker below the master category nationally. I have seen his shelf full of running trophies, which he is still adding to in the 10K distance for his age group, the "Over 60s." Another shelf holds trophies he has won with his windmill-class boat. I haven't played tennis with him and I don't want to. Getting trounced at chess, cycling, and golf is



enough. In fact, if I thought there was anything to the old "Fans are slans" theory, Russ would be my number one nominee. The crew cut has changed to iron gray, but otherwise he has changed very little. He still has the six foot, lean and mean frame that he had when he was a member of The Stranger Club. No paunch, no jowls, no stoop; only a couple of laugh wrinkles around the eyes. He looks even better than the ageless Tucker! (I hate both of them.)

Even though fandom is fifth on his list of priorities (not counting family and job), he still has had a long and illustrious fannish career, one that might be envied even by those of us who have done little else. Besides being a founding member of The Stranger Club, he was the first president of the NFFF, editor of at least three apazines for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, and has been a member of that remarkable organization for most of its long life.

He started off with *Detours*, a genzine-perzine, then took it into FAPA. When college started consuming great chunks of time, I persuaded him to make it a column in *Fanfare*, but he was conscientious about doing more than just minac for FAPA, and soon had a fine commentary zine going, called *Sardonyx*. Sometime in the '50s he dropped out for a while, but was soon a mainstay in the famous "Shadow" FAPA, composed of the lengthy waiting list, a lively little apa all its own. The zine he published at that time and faithfully sent to me through all my long silences was called *Spinnaker Reach*, reflecting his sailing enthusiasm. In later years, he returned to full membership and resumed *Detours*, still one of the FAPA top ten, even with such competition as Robert Silverberg, Terry Carr, Gregg Calkins, Harry Warner, Redd Boggs et al.

Russ has one big accomplishment that no other fan can boast of, to my knowledge; he has actually added a word to the English language. "Fanzine" is now in the better dictionaries, i.e., those which make any pretense at keeping up with our fast changing muvver tongue. (You might argue that Ackerman's "sci-fi" is there too, but that expression is still controversial, only the ignorant using it to designate all of science fiction, rather than just the admittedly major but schlocky part.) Russ's contribution was poetic, as was his early nickname for the Bulletin of the NFFF (BoNFFF), "Bonfire," as Harry Warner has pointed out. Unfortunately,

that one didn't catch on, even within fandom, being replaced by the stodgy "National Fantasy Fan." The point is that LRC still has his poet's ear for language in spite of all the years of silence, much as Beethoven kept his ear for music. Russ still turns out a little poetic gem on occasion, and has recently published a collection of these, called *Tirion*. He may still have a few copies left for real poetry fans, at 11 Sussex Road, Silver Spring, MD 20910.

For an illustrious career of any kind, Russ has one advantage that most of us do not; he comes from an illustrious family. The Chauvenets are of French descent and came to the New World long ago. One ancestor seized the opportunities present during the railroad building period and founded the family fortune. This was wisely invested and preserved by subsequent generations.

One of my fondest memories is a visit to Tallwood Plantation near Charlottesville, Virginia, the Chauvenet ancestral home. Five fans, returning from Denvention I, exhausted from sleeping in the car for a thousand miles (pre-free-way) and not much of that, dirty and broke from unexpected repairs, gambled on our reception by these patricians, who might or might not share Russell's fannish sense of hospitality. We needn't have worried. When we called, we were promptly given detailed directions.

After leaving the highway we drove for some time on a one-lane red dirt road, typical of back-country Virginia. When we judged that we were nearly there, we stopped and scrounged around in our meager luggage, looking for that one last clean shirt and pair of socks. In a '35 trunkless Ford you couldn't put five people and have much room left for luggage. With me were original trek members Bob Madle, Milty Rothman, and Julie Unger. Raw neo Rusty (Barron) Hevelin had jumped into fandom with both feet by hitch-hiking to Denver from LA, becoming buddies with Madle, and decided to keep going all the way back east and meet the rest of this strange tribe called fandom, replacing Jack Bell on our return trip.

We kept driving through the pine forest, with the afternoon sun getting lower and lower. Doubts began to surface again. "Do you suppose this is the Southern brush-off for unwanted guests?" "Yeah, you didn't talk directly to Russ—you couldn't." "I wouldn't be surprised if his parents had no time for a scruffy bunch like us." Etc., etc.

In spite of Milty's reassurances (he had been there before), we were starting to debate turning around and retracing our path, when we came to a clearing—and my Ghod—there was Tallwood. It loomed up at the end of acres of green, green lawn like something out of "Gone With the Wind." I would not have been surprised to see Scarlett herself come sashaying—down the steps, twirling her parasol. Instead, Russell himself popped out of the shrubbery with two beautiful collies whose burnished coats would have made Lassie eat her heart out.

He was heading us off to give us a chance to make ourselves presentable, and primarily, to apologize for the fact that there was already a number of house guests, and that on such short notice, we would have to stay in the servants' cottage. Ho, ho—this "cottage" was bigger than any home we'd ever lived in, and the bathroom was bigger than most of our living rooms. We were delighted to get cleaned up and then go to "the big house" for dinner.

And what a dinner! Traditional baked Virginia ham, yams, sweet corn and the whole bit. Nothing unusual, you say? But oh, the *quality!* It was about as much like the standard market ham as filet mignon is like bargain hamburger. I was a little uneasy with all the silver—pardon—goldware, crystal, bone china and fine linen. I watched the elder Chauvenets like a hawk and switched forks whenever they did. There were so many servants anticipating my every wish and need that my glass was just as full when I finished as it was when I started. All this was lost on Russell, of course. When I raved to him about the meal afterward, he simply shrugged and said, "How about some table tennis?" His attitude toward food is about the same as mine toward putting gasoline in my car. "It's just fuel that you take on when you need it." I wish sometimes that I could acquire that attitude, but on the other hand, the pleasures of the table are such that I don't mind being a little overweight. However, it's a long time since I was only a *little* overweight.

The crowning touch of the whole experience came the next morning, as we tore ourselves away from the fond farewells and went to the car. It had been washed, polished and vacuumed, looking like the day it came out of the showroom! We drove off on cloud nine. We had often used the phrase "Southern hospitality," but now we knew what it was. Alas—Tallwood was too expensive to keep up and the family had to sell it.

Another relative of whom Russ is justifiably proud is a scientist who had a moon crater named after him. I think it's on the far side of Luna, and whether it was cleared with the Russians I don't know.

Yes, Louis Russell Chauvenet is a many-faceted individual, but the plane that shines the brightest and ties him all together is his poetry. Some poets are serious, writing of gloom and doom, lost loves, death, and mankind's follies; others delight us with felicitous rhymes, word play, and witty comments on the passing scene. Russ is equally effective in either mood, so it is most fitting that I conclude this brief biography by giving you the man himself, via two of his poems; an old one and a new one.

To My Unborn Son

Under this twilit sky, while pale daylight lingers
and muttered thunder rumbles, but still the storm delays,
the child stirs in his womb, with innocent greedy fingers
grasping for life, that brings him such store of unknown days.
Child, we, who love you well, who grew one in your making,
whose dreams are of your future, and wish you happy years,
say to you, child, "O, sleep! There will be time for waking
unto a world still trembling beneath man's ancient fears."
Where we would wish you born into a world of sunlight,
clean hearts and joyous minds, rich with the love of friends,
we know too well the flames where cities burn by night—
Hatred of man for man, and strife that never ends.
Forgive us, child, the world to which we bring your being
delight in all you may, while all seems fair and new;
trust in our steadfast love, and take life bravely, seeing
we could not hope at all, could we not hope in you.

(May 1946)

When Earth's last fanzine is printed
 and the inks are thinned and dried,
 when the oldest hektos have faded
 and the youngest neo has died,
 we shall rest, and Ghu, we shall need it,
 we will pass up a Worldcon or two,
 till the readers on other planets
 shall set us to publish anew.
 And no one shall edit for money,
 and no one shall publish for fame,
 but the sercon readers shall praise us,
 and the mundane types shall blame;
 yet each, for the fun of creation,
 and each, by a separate star,
 shall print the things as he sees them
 for the fanzine fans as they are.

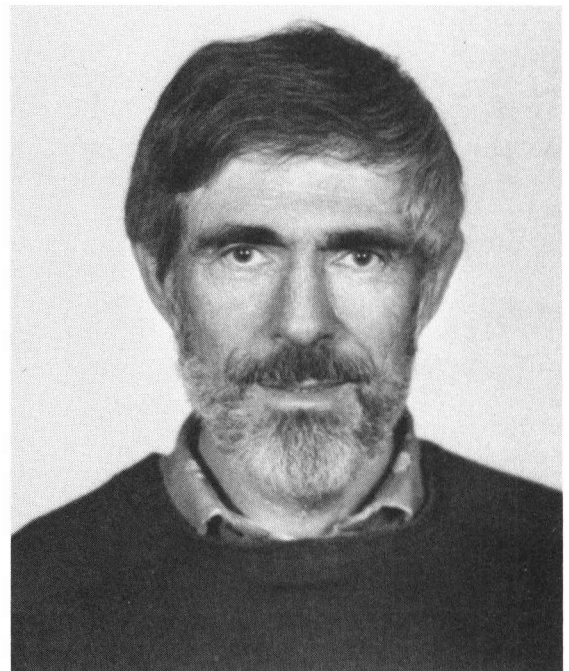
(1986)

Robert D. Swisher

Robert Swisher writes: Except for the occasional trickles of information from *Analog*, I have been quite out of touch with Strangers and fandom for the past 30-40 years. Hence there is little of fannish interest that I can recount for a biographical sketch beyond my continuing study of *Analog* and (as long as was possible) *Galaxy*. And the scanning of paperback racks and publishers' remainders of hardbacks for the infinitesimal yield (perhaps gradually increasing?) of interesting material. My wife Frances, herself a Stranger and well known to all Strangers, died in 1967 (cancer), ten years after our move from Winchester to Kirkwood, Missouri at the behest of my employer (Monsanto) and some ten years before my retirement (mandatory) from Monsanto employ. Our three daughters now reside in Marblehead, Mass., Nashville, and Memphis, respectively. Although retired I have continued to keep abreast of my specialty area in environmental research through reading, writing, committee service, and occasional consultation jobs. My *magnum opus* was published in November, 1986.

Chandler Davis

Chan Davis writes: I left Harvard for naval service from January 1945 till the summer of 1946. During that interlude I continued my science-fiction interest, and among the things I wrote were my first two professional stories, "The Nightmare" and "To Still the Drums." From 1946-50 I proceeded towards my Ph.D. in math at Harvard, and married my historian wife Natalie. I spent 1950-54 teaching at the University of Michigan. I was expelled from there in 1954 in the Great Fifties Red-hunt, in an action-packed thriller which left me permanently excluded from regular academic appointments in the US and also carried with it a 6-month prison sentence (served in 1960 after all my appeals had been exhausted). I've never written up this bit of autobiography myself—maybe I should—but those interested can read something about it in *No Ivory Tower* by Ellen Schrecker, just published. My fan activity had pretty much lapsed after 1949, and my personal friendship with John Campbell regrettably ended, but I kept writing, and some of my sf friendships proved permanent. During my spell of unemployment in 1954, I wrote two of my best stories, "Adrift on the Policy Level" and "The Star System," but they didn't appear until some years later. Since 1962 I've been professing mathematics at the University of Toronto. Great place. I still have the hobby of reading science fiction, with the sub-hobby, since 1969 when my Russian got good enough, of reading Soviet sf in the original. But my writing runs more to mathematics, essays, and, occasionally, poetry. With or without our help, the future comes, doesn't it? Welcome to it, I guess.



Fifty Years of Worldcons

An Overview of the World Science Fiction Convention

by Fred Patten

[Editor's note: This is the first of series of articles on the history of the Worldcon. Further installments will appear in our other two magazine-style progress reports (PRs 5 and 6) and in the Noreascon Three program book.]

Part I (1939-1947, The First Five)

1989 will mark the fiftieth anniversary of the first World Science Fiction Convention. Today's Worldcons are genuinely international. The convention will have been to Australia and Britain during the previous decade, and a Dutch site is a strong contender for the 1990 Worldcon. Attendance now regularly tops 5,000, with professionals and fans traveling from around the globe to be there, individually and in tour groups. This is quite an evolution from the beginnings of the convention. "Worldcon" was originally not meant to signify a world-wide sf convention, but merely one held in conjunction with New York City's 1939 World's Fair.

The First Worldcon

This was about ten years after sf fandom was born. Fantastic literature goes back to the beginnings of history, but until the 19th century it was intended to be either actual history or a satirical allegory on some topical social situation. Fiction which used technological advances or scientific discoveries to speculate upon the future did not appear until



Milton A. Rothman at 1937 Philcon

photo supplied by Robert A. Madle

the last half of the 19th century. These stories became popular from the 1890's to the 1920's in pulp-fiction magazines, where they appeared alongside Westerns, crime thrillers, pirate dramas, and similar light adventures. Harry Warner, Jr., in his history of fandom, *All Our Yesterdays*, shows that there is evidence that the "scientific romances" were favored at high-school and college popular-science clubs during this period. But fandom as an organized social structure did not develop until Hugo Gernsback began to publish *Amazing Stories* in April 1926.

Gernsback was a technophile who had been publishing popular-science magazines such as *Modern Electronics* and *Science and Invention* for the previous two decades. He regarded what he called "scientific fiction" as more than just another category of adventure stories. To him, it was an educational model to prepare the public for the marvels of the future. His mixture of uplifting technological speculation and pulp melodrama resulted in a unique fiction aimed at amateur scientists and inventors—or at least at boys who liked to imagine themselves as such. Readers, who were usually in their teens, wrote enthusiastic letters to *Amazing Stories* to praise the fiction and the science described in it. Gernsback printed these letters with their writers' full addresses. *Amazing Stories* was successful and it quickly had imitators, which also published letter columns.

The readers began to write to each other, then to form letter-writing groups such as the Science Correspondence Club, and finally to gather and meet in person. There are disputes as to what was the first "genuine" sf club, but there are strong arguments for the Scienceers, a New York club which first met on 11 December 1929. There may have been earlier clubs which went unknown outside their own groups, but the Scienceers published a club magazine which fans in other cities could get. There is no doubt that other early fan clubs were started in emulation of the Scienceers, with their own "fanmags" (later "fanzines"). During the early 1930s the correspondence clubs and a growing number of individual fans started to produce fanzines, with stories, articles, art, and letters from throughout North America and Britain. By the mid-1930s sf fandom had become solidly established. It was only a couple of hundred people, but it was spread throughout most of the English-speaking world.

The idea for a World Science Fiction Convention was Donald A. Wollheim's, but the concept of an sf convention was originated by Douglas Mayer of Leeds, England, in 1935. Leeds was the site of Britain's most active fan club of the day, and Mayer proposed that a convention be held there for fans and professionals throughout the country. January 1937 was the target date; all during 1936 the British fans wrote enthusiastically about their plans, which were reported in many American fanzines.

There was no real connection between this convention and the first American convention, which hardly deserved the name. During 1936 a New York City fan club, the International Scientific Association, wanted to hold a social event. Donald Wollheim, a member, proposed a visit to the Philadelphia club. On 22 October 1936 seven New York fans took the short train ride to Philadelphia and were met by three members of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, who took them to the home of the PSFS's President, Milton A.

Rothman. The day was spent in relaxed conversation, until Wollheim suddenly decided that the gathering should proclaim itself the world's first sf convention. The others good-naturedly agreed to his proposal that Rothman become its Chairman, and Frederik Pohl its Secretary.

This would probably have been a quickly-forgotten joke if Wollheim had not also proposed that a bigger convention be organized for next year. This October 1936 meeting at Rothman's home was reported in the ISA members' fanzines as "the First Eastern Regional Convention," and plans for "the Second Eastern Regional Convention" were announced. This was held on February 21, 1937 at the Bohemian Hall in New York. Thirty local people attended, including some writers, artists, and sf magazine editors as well as fans. It was at this Second Eastern Convention that Donald Wollheim proposed that New York fandom should plan a much bigger convention to be held simultaneously with the World's Fair two years in the future. This idea was enthusiastically approved, and Wollheim was appointed the chairman of its organizational committee.

But Wollheim's connection with the Worldcon ended there. Fandom during the 1930s, and especially New York fandom, was notorious for its abrasive nature and its feuds. Two months after the Second Eastern Convention, the ISA split up after a bitter debate over whether the club should devote its efforts toward popular-science projects or literary and fannish-social activities. Wollheim and the others became embroiled in more immediate affairs, and the Worldcon two years in the future was given a low priority. Then in May 1938, two of Wollheim's rivals, Sam Moskowitz and Will Sykora, held the First National Science Fiction Convention (a.k.a. the Fourth Eastern) in Newark, New Jersey. About 125 people attended, the largest crowd yet. Will Sykora announced that this success made him and Moskowitz the logical successors to Wollheim's "do-nothing" committee to organize the World Convention. Wollheim immediately protested, but Sykora persuaded the attendees to pass a resolution naming himself and Moskowitz as the new Worldcon organizational committee.

Wollheim and his supporters refused to recognize this resolution. So for the next couple of months, two rival committees claimed the authority to put on the World Convention. Both groups formed new fan clubs and lobbied for fandom's support. Wollheim's New York area preferred to stay neutral. But Wollheim made the mistake of continuing to ask fandom for resolutions and letters of support for the Futurians, while Moskowitz and Sykora claimed that their group, New Fandom, already had fandom's support and started to organize the Worldcon. By the end of Summer 1938, Wollheim was still pleading for support while New Fandom had a growing list of program plans to announce. At the next convention, Philadelphia in October, Sykora got the audience to endorse New Fandom as the sponsor of the World Convention. Fan clubs in other cities followed this lead, and by the beginning of 1939, New Fandom was recognized by everyone except the Futurians as the legitimate Worldcon Committee.

But the Futurians did not give up. Wollheim and his supporters made the further mistake of switching their propaganda to personal attacks on the New Fandom group.

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WORLDCON.

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YOU'D LIKE TO DO.

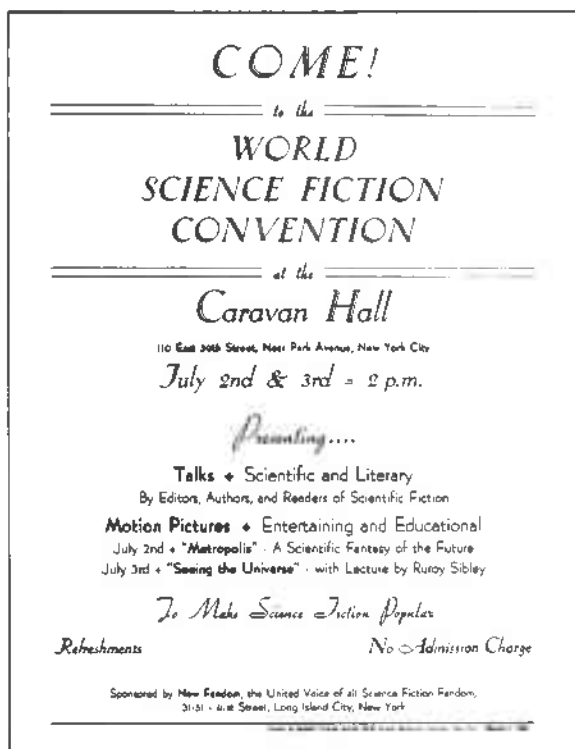


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Text of cardboard placard displayed in New York City just before the convention. Printed by Conrad H. Ruppert, a fan of the 1930s noted for the excellence of his publications.

Two widely spread claims were that the New Fandom fans were not experienced enough to run such a large event as a World Convention successfully, and that (after an announcement that the Worldcon's program would include a screening of the German sf movie, *Metropolis*) New Fandom was doing business with Nazi interests. These tactics accomplished the opposite of winning support. They made Wollheim's group look like poor sports, and they led some fans to believe (or claim) that the Futurians might try to sabotage the Worldcon.

The World Science Fiction Convention was set for the July 4th weekend, 1939. As the date approached, enthusiasm grew. Many professional writers and editors committed themselves to attend. So did prominent fans throughout America. In an era when most fans were teenagers who had never been more than a hundred miles from their home towns, it looked increasingly as though this occasion to visit a World's Fair and to meet most of the notables in the science-fiction community in person would be worth a trip to New York.

The Worldcon began on Sunday, July 2nd, 1939. It met in a cheap fourth-floor auditorium, the Caravan Hall, on East 59th Street. Admission was free. The Hall was decorated with original cover paintings from the sf magazines, and a small refreshment stand was set up. The New Fandom Committee was very self-conscious about the fact that this was the most important event in the history of fandom, and they hoped that it would lead to the growth of New Fandom into a nationwide sf club. They felt that the key to success was to run the convention with professional dignity, like a scientific conference. The two-day program would probably be

considered crushingly dull by today's standards. It consisted primarily of lectures and speeches by authors and editors on "the future of science fiction." *Metropolis* was shown on the first day, and an astronomical film and lecture were presented on the second day. There was no dealers' room, but an auction was held on each day of used manuscripts and artwork donated by the sf magazines. The second day concluded with a banquet at a nearby hotel, the Wyndham. The third and final day was set aside for informal socializing and a fannish softball game at a nearby athletic field.

This official program was well received by the approximately 200 attendees of the convention. There was a widespread atmosphere of self-congratulation that fandom had been able to organize such a convention. Chairman Sam Moskowitz pointed out that the popular mystery and Western genres had never held a convention. The Guest of Honor, veteran sf magazine artist Frank R. Paul, read a speech titled "Science Fiction, the Spirit of Youth" praising fans for their progressive outlook and their enthusiasm for the improvements in society that scientific advancement would bring. Leo Margulies, the editorial director of *Thrilling Wonder Stories* and *Startling Stories*, was impressed enough to tell the fannish audience that "I didn't think you fellows could be so damn' sincere!", which was quoted by *TIME* magazine in a humorous but favorable report on the convention. Fans appreciated the opportunity to buy collectibles at the auctions, even if many couldn't afford to take advantage of it. (The economic level of the average sf fan of the 1930s can be estimated from the fact that most fans couldn't bid more than a dollar for autographed manuscripts, or \$5 to \$8 for sf cover paintings. The banquet which ended the formal convention cost only \$1.00, but only 32 attendees could afford it.)

However, this official program was eclipsed by the unofficial political turmoil which went on throughout the convention. The Worldcon had begun on Sunday morning with a crowd gathering on the sidewalk waiting for the Hall to be opened. Many fans from throughout America met in person for the first time. Forrest J Ackerman and Myrtle R. Douglas had come as "official delegates" from the Los Angeles fan club, wearing futuristic costumes modeled after those in the movie *Things to Come*. The Hall was opened at 10:00 AM, and the fans were greeted by the New Fandom Committee as they got off the elevator on the fourth floor. But when Wollheim and the Futurians arrived, they were refused entry. The Committee claimed that there was too much danger that they were going to disrupt the convention; especially since one of the Futurians, David Kyle, had already started handing out leaflets denouncing New Fandom as "ruthless scoundrels." Wollheim admitted that the Futurians considered themselves a political opposition to the New Fandom group, but promised that their dissent would be limited to the leaflets and peaceful debate which would not disturb the convention. This argument was carried on in the midst of the arriving fans, many of whom joined in. Most fans felt that Wollheim's promise should be accepted, since the Futurians would only foolishly ruin their own reputations if they tried to wreck the Worldcon. The Committee finally agreed to admit the lower-ranking Futurians after they pledged to behave themselves, but the six Futurian leaders (Wollheim, John B. Michel, Frederik Pohl, Cyril Kombluth, Robert Lowndes, and Jack Gillespie) were ordered

to leave or be thrown out by the police as troublemakers.

This "Exclusion Act" became the main topic of discussion at the convention, and dominated its reputation in fanish history. The excluded Futurians hung around the entrance to the Hall for several hours, so new arrivals heard their story first. Several fans tried to talk the Committee into relenting, or to call for a vote to see if the majority of the attendees felt that Wollheim & Co. should be given a fair chance to prove their good faith. The Committee refused to be moved, and ruled out of order any attempts to hold discussions on matters that were not on the prepared program. After a while, word was spread that the Futurians would hold an open meeting of their club on the final day of the convention (opposite the softball game, so they could not be accused of setting up competition to the serious part of the Worldcon), at which NObody would be excluded and EVERYbody would be welcomed. This ended the direct confrontation, but the Exclusion Act remained the main topic of gossip. Most fans felt that the New Fandom Committee was either incredibly paranoid, or was using its power to vindictively humiliate Wollheim. Wollheim ended up with a lot of sympathy, but not much support. Most fans didn't attend either the softball game or the Futurians' meeting; they went to the World's Fair instead.

The World Science Fiction Convention was generally agreed to have been a big success. It ran smoothly and competently. In addition to the formal program, it was an occasion for fans throughout America to socialize in person. However, the bad feeling caused by the Exclusion Act ruined New Fandom's hope of building upon the Worldcon's success to become a national sf club. It never grew beyond being just one of New York fandom's feuding factions, and it soon drifted apart.

Chicon

At the time, nobody considered the World Science Fiction Convention to be anything more than a one-time special event held in conjunction with the 1939 New York World's Fair. But when enthusiasm for the Worldcon began to spread during early 1939, two fans in Chicago each got the idea of holding a second Worldcon there. William Hamling and Mark Reinsberg each started their own sf club and sought the support of Chicago's fans to organize a Chicago Worldcon. Reinsberg even attended the New York Worldcon and asked its Chairman, Sam Moskowitz, to appoint his Illini Fantasy Fictioneers as New Fandom's successor to put on another Worldcon. But Moskowitz felt that New Fandom would be criticized for exercising authority that it didn't have if it did this; and the rule forbidding discussions of new topics prevented Reinsberg from making a proposal to the convention at large.

Mark Reinsberg was not discouraged for long. A month after the first Worldcon, he attended a meeting of Hamling's club to suggest that they pool their efforts. Word of mouth about the Worldcon and the Exclusion Act was beginning to spread, and it was clear that fandom was disgusted by the feuding among New York's clubs. Reinsberg argued that fandom would never trust Chicago with a Worldcon unless it could be seen that all Chicago's fans were working together. He proposed that they form a united committee and send a delegation to the next regional convention, in Philadelphia

later that month, to lobby for approval to organize a new Worldcon. Hamling's club was so impressed by Reinsberg's planning that it agreed to suspend its own efforts and merge into the Illini Fantasy Fictioneers (IFF). The united club quickly set the Labor Day weekend, 1940, as its target date and decided to invite E.E. Smith, Ph.D., as its Guest of Honor, to have some specific plans to announce.

Reinsberg and three others drove to Philadelphia for its one-day conference on October 29th, to make their presentation. The conference turned out to be such a powder-keg of hostility between the Futurian and New Fandom factions (Will Sykora had to be restrained from physically attacking Donald Wollheim) that the idea of a city's fans working in harmony won everyone's support. The New Fandom and the Futurian clubs individually and the Philadelphia conference as a whole all voted to recognize the IFF's right to host a second World Science Fiction Convention the next year.

The first Worldcon had been so popular, despite the Exclusion Act, that all fandom endorsed the idea of holding another one. Fanzines everywhere gave it free publicity. Forrest J Ackerman, one of the most prominent fans of the day, humorously dubbed the New York and Chicago Worldcons the "Nycon" and the "Chicon." Mark Reinsberg liked the Chicon name so much that he adopted it as the 1940 Worldcon's official nickname (and fandom retroactively adopted the Nycon name for the first Worldcon). Reinsberg also urged fans to show their support for the Worldcon by joining the IFF by mail and suggesting program ideas. If the buildup for the Nycon had been New Fandom's press releases about "the

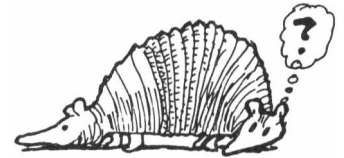
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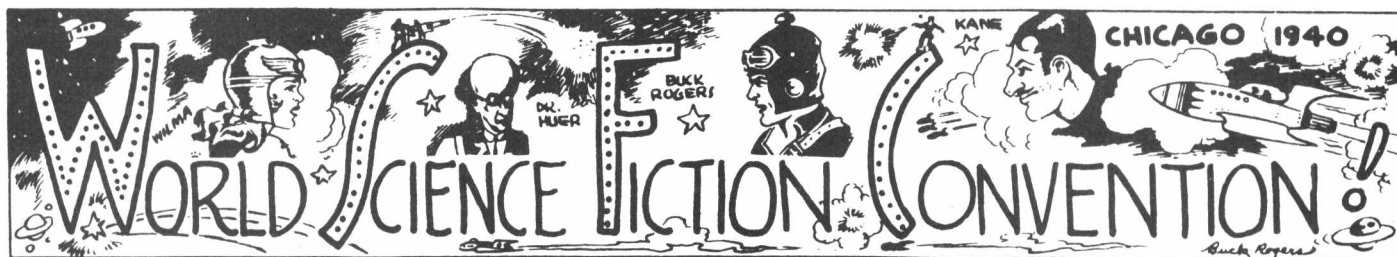
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Chicon Program Book heading by Dick Calkins, featuring his Buck Rogers comic-strip characters, courtesy of the John F. Dille Co.—a Chicago-based newspaper syndicate.

wonderful convention that we will host for fandom,” then the buildup for the Chicon was IFF’s publicity for “the wonderful convention that we’ll put on together.” This created a greater spirit of fellowship and started the concept that the Worldcon belonged to all of fandom rather than to any particular club or committee.

The Chicon turned out to be much more informal than the Nycon. It was the first Worldcon held in a hotel, the Hotel Chicagoan, which enabled fans to do lots of night-time partying. It officially ran only two days, September 1st and 2nd, 1940, but many fans arrived in town early or stayed a few days after to socialize. Travel tales abounded. Some fans hitchhiked to Chicago; two from Denver rode in railroad boxcars; and an auto full of Futurians from New York turned over en route. (Nobody was hurt.) Several followed the lead of Ackerman and Douglas at the Nycon by wearing sf costumes; Jack Speer was almost arrested for parading around in his costume on the streets. Many fans used water pistols and suction-dart guns freely throughout the con. Cyril Kornbluth demanded a bribe to refrain from giving Wilson Tucker a hotfoot. (He was bought off with a penny.) Fans sold or traded special Chicon souvenir issues of their fanzines. One club brought its mascot, a medical skeleton, which was given seats of honor through the con and at the banquet.

The program was also more relaxed. The sf convention masquerade was held; David Kyle won first prize as Ming the Merciless. Wilson Tucker, a leading fan (later to become an author) who was a professional movie projectionist, presented a gag film, *Monsters of the Moon*, that he had made from mismatched film scraps. There were the usual speeches and auctions. Most of the sf magazines, located in New York, had donated manuscripts and art again. *Amazing Stories* had recently been bought by a Chicago publisher which had named a leading fan, Raymond A. Palmer, as its editor. Palmer played “local professional host” at the con, handing out free sample issues to everyone. The most notable speech was E.E. Smith’s guest-of-honor address, “What This Convention Means,” in which he praised fandom even more effusively than Frank R. Paul had the previous year. Smith claimed that fandom’s camaraderie, its literary abilities as demonstrated through its fanzines, and its success in organizing a national convention without the financial resources that professional trade conventions were dependent upon, proved that science-fiction fans were more intelligent and talented than the general public. This speech had an impact that went far beyond the Chicon audience. Since most fans tended to be introverted intellectuals, and preferred to socialize with their own kind, they eagerly accepted this argument that fans were “better” rather than “weirder” than the masses. This attitude was believed throughout fandom for many years, with some fans carrying it to the extreme of settling into communes together.

The Chicon also held a business meeting. Aside from some gag proposals and local IFF business, the attendees passed a resolution to send a letter to the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. to request the production of more sf movies. There was also general agreement that the Worldcon should become an annual event. The Futurians volunteered to host the next one, but opinion was almost unanimous against dumping the Worldcon back into the morass of New York fan politics. Several cities were suggested, but only three had fans present who could seriously make offers in their clubs’ names: Chicago (again), Cleveland, and Denver. The attendees finally voted to accept Olon Wiggins’ bid for Denver, and to adopt Donald Wollheim’s suggestion that it be named the “Denvention.”

The 1940 Worldcon was recognized as an unqualified success, aside from a lack of dignity which nobody really missed. The only regret was that it had been smaller than the Nycon, since Chicago did not have as large a local fan population as New York. After weeding out various gag signatures in the sign-in register (such as C. M. Kornbluth’s “Samson Delilah Gottesman”), the IFF Committee announced that the actual attendance had been 128. The Worldcon had also made a \$70.97 profit, thanks to the auction and the fact that the Committee had sold soft drinks and home-made sandwiches to the fans.



photo supplied by Robert A. Madle

Earl Singleton(L) and Forrest J Ackerman(R)
at 1940 Chicon

Denvention

Before the Denver Worldcon could begin operations, a brief storm passed through fandom over a proposal that East Coast fans who could not travel to Denver should hold their own convention in Newark, New Jersey. Since Newark was the home of Sam Moskowitz, some fans immediately assumed that this was a plot by his faction of New York fandom to sabotage the Worldcon. It was soon proven that Moskowitz had nothing to do with the idea, and that the proposal had been intended to complement the Worldcon rather than to compete with it. But the final result was the informal agreement that there should be only one Worldcon a year, and that each Worldcon should choose its own successor by a vote of its attendees.

The Denvention was set up along the lines pioneered by the IFF. Denver's fans united into a single club, the Colorado Fantasy Society, to coordinate planning. Fans throughout America were invited to support "the Third World Science-Fiction Convention" by joining the CFS. As members, they would receive advance news through the club's fanzine, the *CFS Review*. This was the forerunner of Worldcon progress reports. It was not until May 1941 that the *CFS Review* announced that the Denvention would be held over the July 4th weekend at the Shirley-Savoy Hotel, only two blocks from the state capitol; and that Robert A. Heinlein would be the Guest of Honor.

The Denvention was like the Chicon, but less formal. It began on July 4th, 1941 with Chairman Olon Wiggins and the entire Committee getting stage-fright at the opening ceremonies, until Wiggins asked if anybody with public-speaking experience would like to moderate the convention. This offer was immediately accepted by Walter J. Daugherty, a go-getter from Los Angeles who had spent the morning setting up primitive sound-recording equipment to "preserve the Denvention for posterity." Fortunately, the next event was Robert Heinlein's speech, "The Discovery of the Future," which got the convention moving smoothly. The first day concluded with the masquerade and a screening of the silent film *The Lost World*. The program was sparse, leaving lots of time for the fans to socialize. The hotel had left a piano in its auditorium, and several fans used it throughout the convention. An impromptu boogie-woogie duet performed by Milton Rothman and Walt Liebscher was favorably mentioned in most Denvention reports.

July 5th was scheduled for "business and resolutions," and the now-traditional auction of materials donated by the sf magazines. Walt Daugherty took his role of moderator seriously. The day turned into a contest between Daugherty's attempt to accomplish something meaningful, and several attendees' attempts to puncture the seriousness with gag resolutions, such as Cyril Kornbluth's resolution to hold the 1942 Worldcon in a London bomb shelter. Among the serious proposals were a resolution to support a Texas fan's plan to send donations of sf magazines to fans in Britain, where all sf publications had been suspended due to wartime paper shortages; and to encourage fans to send their fanzines to the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, one of the first libraries to attempt to collect popular-culture ephemera. Daugherty felt that fandom should pick one of several existing clubs and turn



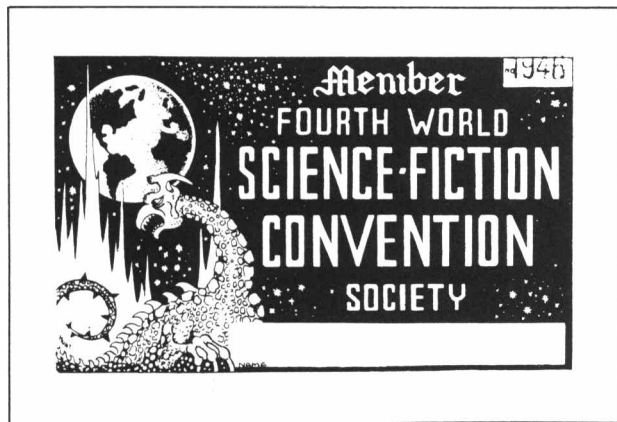
photo supplied by Robert A. Madle

Lew Martin(L) and Olon F. Wiggins(R)
at 1941 Denvention

it into a national sf club. As an example of what a national club might accomplish, Daugherty produced five medallions that he'd had engraved as awards for excellence in fan newszine publishing, fan art, fan humor, and so forth. He called the recipients forward to have their blue-ribboned medals pinned to their shirts. Daugherty urged fandom to adopt this as an annual custom. (It didn't.) The auction showed that fans were now wealthy enough to bid in the \$10 to \$20 range for sf manuscripts and cover paintings.

July 6th was scheduled for a softball game, more business, and the banquet. The softball game was so poorly attended that it was abandoned after four innings. This was the final attempts to include sports on the Worldcon's program. Damon Knight proposed that fan clubs should design their own flags and banners, and fly them at conventions attended by their members. The audience liked this concept (but no club has ever followed through on it). Prior to the convention, *Comet Stories* had promised a \$25 prize to the fan who overcame the greatest obstacles to attend the Denvention. But *Comet Stories* had ceased publication just before the con, and the question was raised of what to do about the contest. Robert Heinlein generously promised to contribute the \$25, and a committee of coast-to-coast fans at the con was appointed to name a winner at the evening's banquet. (They chose Allen Class, a young Ohio fan who had hitchhiked to Denver a month early and supported himself with temporary jobs until the con.) The main business was the selection of the 1942 Worldcon. A San Francisco delegation had brought an invitation signed by the mayor. The other contenders were Washington, D.C., Philadelphia, and Los Angeles. L.A.'s bid was presented by Walt Daugherty. It won hands down, since there was a general feeling that he had done such a good job of running the Denvention unexpectedly that a Worldcon prepared by him for a whole year should be superb. The banquet and an informal social closing session at which many fans improvised comedy routines were a relaxing conclusion to the third Worldcon.

The Denvention got a generally favorable fan press, but dismay was expressed over some aspects of it. Even allowing sympathy for the CFS Committee's unexpected stage-fright, the con had really been too lightly programmed. There was alarm that only 80 or 90 people had attended, and that only four had been professionals. Some felt that the juvenile clowning was getting out of control. Cluttering up the business sessions with silly motions was bad enough, but the evening parties had included fans locking each other into their rooms, staging a fake "hypnotism victim who couldn't be revived" which had alarmed the hotel staff, and a lie-in in the lobby to protest the closing of the bar. Fandom hoped that Walt Daugherty and L.A. fans would put the 1942 Worldcon back on the right track.



Pacificon membership card by Roy V. Hunt

Pacificon

The first indications for the 1942 Worldcon were good. Initial planning was conducted at the weekly meetings of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS). Forrest Ackerman's suggestion to name the next Worldcon the "Pacificon" was accepted. Daugherty proposed that the Worldcon should not be run by the LASFS itself, but that a separate Pacificon Society be created for the purpose. A goal was set to hold the Pacificon in a major Hollywood hotel.

These plans were cancelled with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in December, 1941. Los Angeles immediately began practice blackouts in expectation of a similar air raid. In January 1942, the Pacificon Society sent out an open letter asking fandom to vote on whether it should try to hold the Worldcon as scheduled, turn it over to some other city not in danger of an enemy attack, or postpone it until after the war. Before the vote could even be held, fans throughout America had begun receiving their draft notices, and wartime restrictions against unnecessary traveling were established. This left the postponement of the Worldcon, announced in May 1942, as the only realistic choice.

The surrender of Japan was broadcast on August 14, 1945. L.A. fandom's announcement of the reactivation of the Pacificon Society went out two days later. But 1945 fandom was not 1942 fandom. In 1942, all L.A. fandom had been united behind Daugherty's and Ackerman's leadership for the Worldcon. By 1945 some of the original Committee were no longer around, and a separate faction had grown up around a newcomer to L.A., Francis T. Laney. Laney was a prolific and popular fanzine writer, and he poured out sarcastic descriptions

of Daugherty's Committee meetings which made Daugherty sound like a pompous fool more interested in his own self-importance than in running a good convention. Fandom was settling down after World War II, and Daugherty's success at the Denvention was no longer fresh in fannish memories. Many fans were getting married and starting new post-war jobs, and it looked as though Los Angeles was split into factions as New York had been in 1939. Most fans wished the Pacificon good luck, but would not commit themselves to the expense of a trip to Los Angeles.

The Pacificon was held over the July 4th weekend, 1946. It seemed to be a mixture of compromises and last-minute substitutions. Wartime housing shortages lasted well into 1946, and a good hotel was not available. The Pacificon was held over four sites in the Westlake Park district, within an easy walk of each other. The program was in Farber's Park View Manor, a professional catering company with many meeting rooms. Evening events were held in the hotels Commodore and Mayfair, where most out-of-town fans were staying. The LASFS's clubhouse held an open house throughout the weekend. Many fans spent more time browsing through the LASFS's sf library, or hunting through the second-hand bookshops around Westlake Park, than they did at the Worldcon.

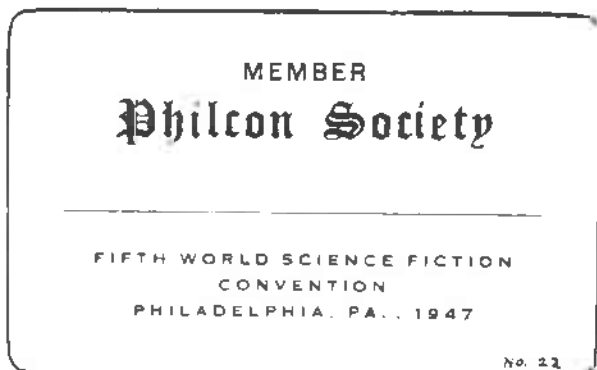
The Pacificon got off to a bad start. Walt Daugherty, the Chairman, opened it on July 4th by introducing the "notables" in the audience. He didn't want to hurt any feelings, so he introduced almost everyone at the con. This went on far too long. A. E. van Vogt and his wife/collaborator, Edna Mayne Hull, were the co-Guests of Honor. But Hull was recovering from an operation and could not attend. Van Vogt tried to deliver his speech from memory, rather than from reading his text, and he got it so garbled that most attendees couldn't figure out what he was talking about. (The printed text, which was handed out later, clarified it.) Forrest Ackerman had worked so hard during the final week before the con that he collapsed, causing general consternation, and was ordered by a doctor to spend the rest of the weekend home in bed. This forced the cancellation of a tour of Ackerman's famous sf collection, and the hasty reassignment of his Con Committee duties. The business session bogged down in long debates over such issues as whether to contribute part of the Pacificon's profits (if there were any) to a National Committee for Atomic Information (which was endorsed by many scientists including Albert Einstein), and whether a fannish archival library for fanzines should be supported. Problems developed with the auditorium. There were dances, a wedding, and other events going on in the Manor, and outsiders kept pushing into the Pacificon's room to see what was going on. Outside noise almost ruined a dramatic horror monologue by "Theodore," a professional actor whose presentation required a dark room and absolute quiet.

Not everything during the three-day con went wrong. The costumes at the masquerade were considered exceptionally good. Most of the literary talks were intelligent and well-received. Radio dramatizations of sf/horror stories were played, and the movie *One Million B.C.* was shown. The evening parties were enjoyable without going crazy. Philadelphia was awarded the 1947 Worldcon with no opposition. After the convention ended, almost everybody agreed that they'd had a

good time. Even Fran Laney complimented Daugherty's running of it.

Yet it was the things that didn't go quite right that made the best stories. Such as Daugherty's hiring of a professional model to appear as "The Girl We'd Most Like To Be Stranded On The Moon With" for newspaper publicity of the con. No newspaper covered the Worldcon, so this was futile. Some fans sent a hoax telegram in the Pacificon's name, which almost resulted in Western Union bringing legal action against the convention. Other fans almost got the con into trouble with the Park View Manor's management when they tried to nag a photographer at a wedding in another room into loaning them his equipment so they could take pictures of the masquerade costumes.

Fandom's final verdict on the Pacificon was positive. Most things had gone right, and those which hadn't were due more to bad luck or well-meant inexperience than to poor planning. Out-of-town fans who had been worried by Laney's harassment of Daugherty were relieved to find that all L.A. fans were on good terms in person. The Pacificon was followed by a whole week of socializing, which included a day-long picnic, before all the visitors left for home. Attendance had been around only 120, but after fanzine reports began to circulate, other fans around the country commented that they'd have attended if they'd known that the Pacificon was going to be so enjoyable.



Philcon

The first "convention" had been held in Milton Rothman's home in Philadelphia in 1936. Rothman became a scientist, and served in the Army during the war. He returned from Europe just in time to persuade the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society (PSFS) to bid for the 1947 Worldcon at the Pacificon. The PSFS voted him to be Chairman of the "Philcon Society" to organize it. Rothman was determined that, with his experience in military training and in scientific conferences, the Philcon would be the best Worldcon yet.

Rothman's abilities were soon challenged. In November 1946, Sam Moskowitz and Will Sykora visited the PSFS. The two were now running separate but amicable clubs in Newark and Queens. They proposed that their clubs and the PSFS should unite in a new federation. This would make it easier for the PSFS to run the 1947 Worldcon. Rothman commented that they were under a misapprehension, since the Philcon Society was an independent group not under the PSFS's control. The Philadelphia club agreed with this, and Moskowitz accepted it, but soon the fanzines from Sykora's

club began to editorialize that Rothman intended to run the 1947 Worldcon as a dictator, instead of submitting his ideas to local fandom for a democratic vote of approval.

Rothman replied with an editorial in the first *Philcon Progress Report*. He stated that the Worldcon would never get going if every decision had to be debated and approved by a vote of the membership. He invited fandom to send in suggestions for the convention, and promised that debate would be allowed through a letter column in the progress reports, but claimed that all final decisions had to be the Chairman's responsibility. This mixture of willingness to listen to fandom, combined with a pledge of realistic leadership, met with public approval. The Philcon's meaty reports, and frequent press releases inviting popular feedback on ideas that had been proposed, kept fandom talking constantly about the approaching convention.

The Philcon was set for the Labor Day weekend, 1947. It was booked into the Penn-Sheraton, one of the biggest hotels in Philadelphia. Rothman skillfully used his expertise with scientific conferences. The Philcon was the first sf convention to use membership name badges. Rothman contacted the sf magazines to suggest that they look upon the Worldcon as a special opportunity to meet both their public and their professional colleagues. He was the first to point out that the Worldcon was more than just a gathering of fans; it was the occasion for the entire sf community to get together for business as well as pleasure. This argument increased the number of writers, editors, and publishers who were willing to attend the convention, which also made more speakers available for the program.

1947 was also the year that the Worldcon began to consider becoming international in fact. Forrest Ackerman proposed a "Big Pond Fund" to pay the travel expenses of England's most prominent fan, Ted Carnell, to the Philcon. At first this seemed too grandiose to be practical, but Rothman agreed to let Ackerman promote the Fund in the Philcon's name. Ackerman solicited both cash donations and contributions of sf collectibles that could be auctioned through the mail. As the Fund grew, fandom took it more seriously. The Philcon arrived before the Fund reached its goal, but it did well enough that its supporters were optimistic about raising the remainder to bring Carnell to the next Worldcon. As it turned out, the Philcon got some foreign attendees anyway when a carload of Toronto fans showed up.

The convention took place on August 30th, 31st, and September 1st, 1947. Many speeches and events which would have been major items at previous Worldcons went almost unnoticed because so much was going on. One of Rothman's key achievements had been to get John W. Campbell, Jr., the editor of *Astounding Science Fiction*, as the Guest of Honor. (The Pre-con publicity had promised a "mystery" Guest of Honor. This was not because Rothman wanted to be coy, but because he wanted Campbell, who would not commit himself until the last minute. After Campbell did agree, a lot of *Astounding's* top authors also decided to come to the con.) Campbell originally said that he would come only long enough to give his speech on the first day. But he stayed to chat with some writers, accepted an invitation to one of the evening parties, and was soon enjoying himself so much that he stuck around for all three days. The Philcon was also the

first sf convention at which the fans' evening partying was outdone by the professionals. Three publishers brought in cases of booze and held all-night parties to promote their books to the fans, and to meet the authors. At least one contract was signed, by Lester del Rey for his first collection of short stories.

Some sharp debates took place at the Philcon. The first was so serious that it was grotesque. Ralph Milne Farley, an sf writer of the 1920s and '30s and a former U.S. Senator, visited the con unexpectedly. He proudly announced that he had just written a proposed Congressional bill that would take away the civil liberties of suspected Red subversives. This was not an attitude to win the support of sf fans, and Rothman cut short some heated retorts to rule that the topic was not pertinent to an sf convention. This did not prevent John Campbell from making some pointed comments in favor of personal rights, which the audience applauded. Farley got the message and quickly left.

A lesser issue was more pertinent to fandom. The sf community had been growing increasingly unhappy during the previous year over *Amazing Stories'* endorsement as fact of the "Shaver mystery," an early version of what was to evolve into flying-saucer cultdom. Most of the resolutions that were proposed at the Philcon's business meeting were passed without objection, until Jack Speer introduced a motion that the Philcon should formally condemn *Amazing Stories*, its editor, and its publisher. Many fans worried that this amounted to an attempt by fandom to tell the publishers what they should and shouldn't print. The debate rambled from arguments for freedom of the press to fears that fandom would make itself look silly by such a resolution, or even that it might cause the pros to cut off their friendly association with fandom. Rothman tried to substitute a milder motion which would put the Philcon on record as supporting every sf magazine by name, except for *Amazing Stories* and its companion, *Fantastic Adventures*. But Speer and his supporters rejected this as too wishy-washy. The business session crystallized around the rival motions, with neither side willing to give in. The argument continued throughout the convention, and the Philcon finally adjourned with the issue tabled until the next year's Worldcon.

Other debates were on a more personal level. John Campbell was famous for his thought-provoking letters to writers, and he demonstrated that he was equally argumentative in person. A crowd in the halls was usually a sign of fans listening to a free-wheeling political or scientific discussion between Campbell and one of his pro friends. Not all the disagreements were friendly, though. E.E. Smith used his programmed speech to criticize editors who tried to force their authors to imitate the styles and ideas of more popular writers of the moment. Everybody interpreted this as meaning that Campbell had told Smith that his space-opera was too old-fashioned.

The Philcon tried out a variety show instead of the traditional masquerade. L. Jerome Stanton, *Astounding's* associate editor, was the Master of Ceremonies. The acts included piano recitals, folk songs, some serious original sf music, and comedy routines, by both fans and pros. The show was well-received, but most Worldcon veterans added that they missed the masquerade.

Despite the success of the Philcon, it was a small event to a hotel the size of the Penn-Sheraton. A college fraternity convention and an American Legion party were held there at the same time. The three groups were well-separated during the day, but they tended to run into each other during the all-night partying. Several amusing incidents were reported, such as one drunken Sigma Alpha Rho locking himself out of his room and demanding that a passing fan help him break back in. The wild Sigma parties actually had the benefit of leading the management to blame the frat brothers for all of the rowdiness, except when fans were caught in the act. Jack Speer and Chan Davis climbed onto the hotel's roof at 3 AM with a box of fireworks, and shot off Roman candles until the Philadelphia police took them to the local precinct to sober up. The biggest conflict between the three groups came inadvertently on the last day of the holiday weekend, when it turned out that all three had scheduled their banquets at the same time. The hotel's kitchen gave the Worldcon its lowest priority, so the fans had to wait for over an hour to be served.

The major surprise was the selection of the 1948 Worldcon. During the previous year, San Francisco had campaigned so strongly with a "Golden Gate in '48" slogan that many fans expected it to win without trouble. But no San Franciscans came to the Philcon. The Worldcon attendees were reluctant to award the next convention to a city that did not make a formal bid. Two impromptu bids sprang up. The carload of Toronto fans campaigned humorously during the first night, and seriously on the second night after they realized that they had a good chance to win. Bo Stein, a popular fan from Milwaukee, bid for his city; but everybody knew that Stein was the only fan in Milwaukee. The Toronto fans, led by John Millard and Beak Taylor, passed around several issues of their club's fanzine to prove Toronto fandom's stability. They effectively used the argument of "Let's make the World Convention a genuinely international gathering at last!" They won by a wide majority.

There was unanimous agreement that the Philcon was the best Worldcon ever held. It had the most varied and the best-organized programming, the most successful auctions (\$450 raised), the largest gathering of sf professionals, and popular all-night parties. The attendance was estimated at 200, which matched that claimed for the Nycon by its Committee (though the Futurians had charged that this was exaggerated). Rothman was successful in getting some favorable local newspaper coverage of the con. About six months later, the Philcon Society as its last act co-published (with the National Fantasy Fan Federation) a thick *Philcon Memory Book*, filled with photographs and personal reminiscences of the con by many attendees. Milton Rothman had succeeded in setting a model for the Worldcons to come.

To Be Continued

1947 marks the end of the formative period of the World Science Fiction Convention. The Worldcon's stability and basic structure, and many of its traditions, were established. The next period, 1948 through 1951, was one of transitional informality and partying. This lasted until fandom decided in the early 1950s that the Worldcon was important enough to be taken more seriously.

Worldcon Trends, Part 1

Site Rotation, Site Repetition, and Attendance

by Donald E. Eastlake, III

This is the first in a series of summaries of Worldcon statistics and trends.

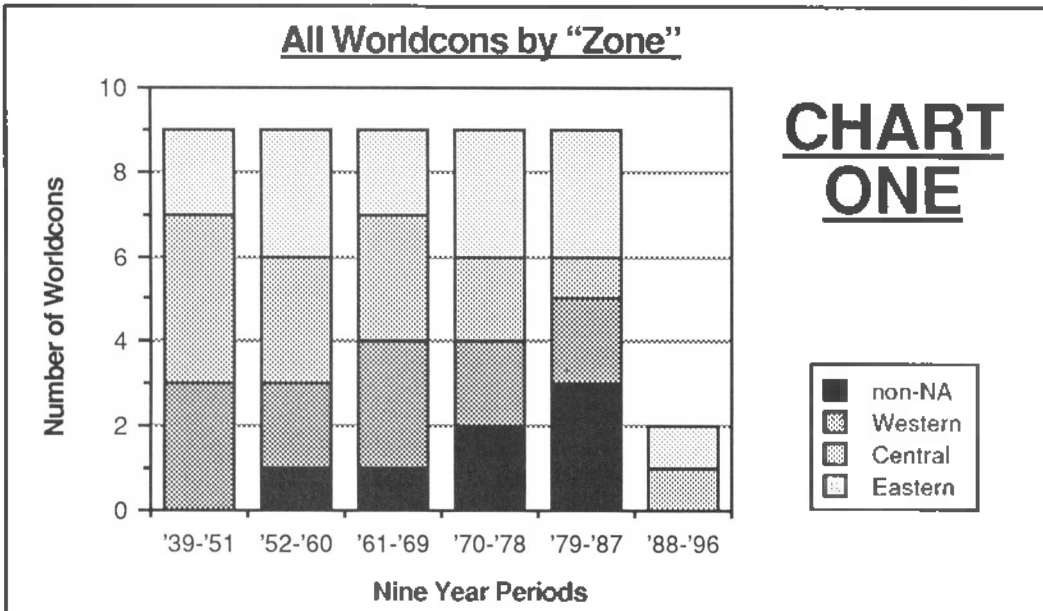
This time we will look at Worldcon site selection, site repetition, and attendance. Future installments will probably appear in our *Progress Report 5* and *Progress Report 6* and cover registration and voting fees, hotel room rates, etc.

zone having four Worldcons during one of these nine-year periods, possibly due to a more central location in an era when travel was more difficult. (This was before the rotation system was put into effect, which limits North American zones to a maximum of one out of every three successive years. See the WSFS Constitution as published in any recent Worldcon Program Book for the definition of the zones and rotation system.) The number of non-North American Worldcons has grown steadily and had a fairly balanced effect on the three zones until the 1979 to 1987 period, during which the central zone had only one Worldcon (Chicon IV), the only instance of a zone having only one Worldcon during one of these nine-year periods.

Chart 2 shows that for the first 27 Worldcons, exactly one out of every nine was outside the United States, but for the next 18, one out of three has been outside the United States. Of the nine non-US Worldcons, four have been in the United Kingdom, two each in Canada and Australia, and one in the Federal Republic of Germany (the only Worldcon thus far in a non-English speaking country).

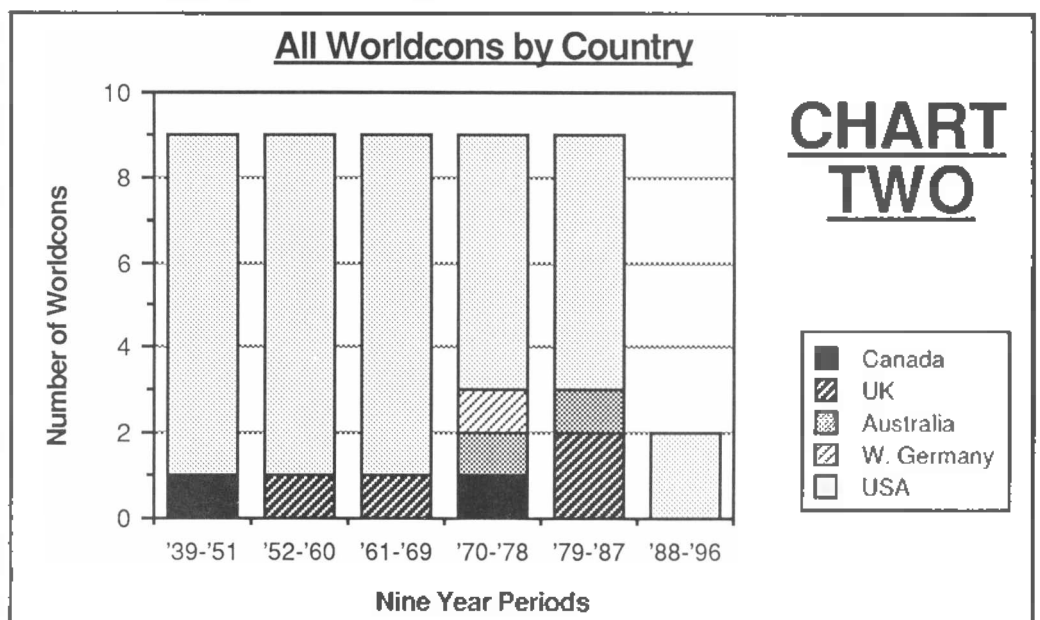
What about the repetition of cities? First, one has to decide when two close locations are the "same" or not. The WSFS Constitution provides an arbitrary but reasonable definition with its prohibition against selecting a site within sixty miles of the place where the selecting convention is being held. Sites this close may be "different" cities but they clearly

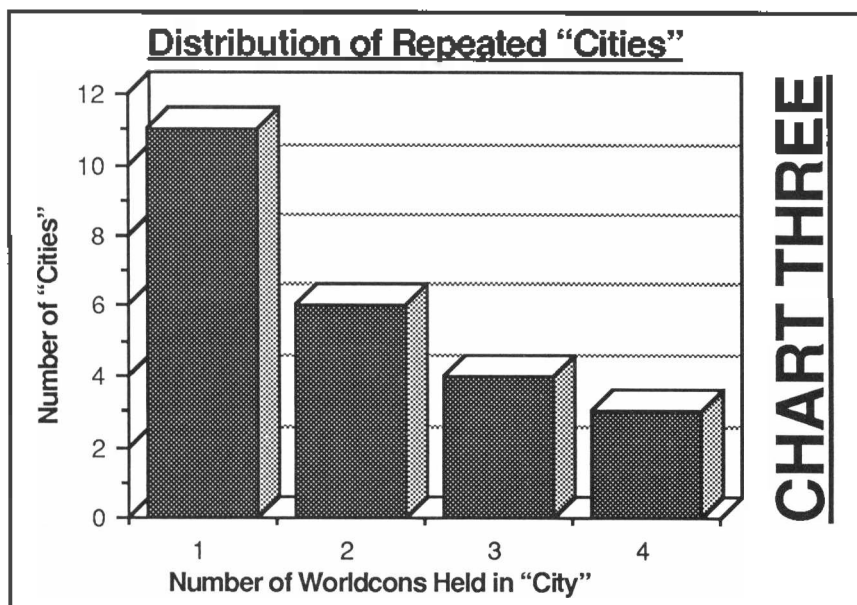
would have enormous overlap in local attendees and would tend to draw on much of the same fannish talent for running the



Let's start with the ever controversial topic of site selection and rotation zones. Chart 1 shows all Worldcons by rotation zone or as outside of North America. Chart 2 shows all Worldcons by country. The vertical axis is the number of Worldcons and the horizontal axis shows nine-Worldcon periods which cover nine years (with the exception of the first period, due to a four-year hiatus for World War II).

Chart 1 reveals some interesting things. Up through 1987 the three North American zones had almost exactly the same number of Worldcons, thirteen each for the eastern and central zones and twelve for the western zone. The central zone was initially the most popular, with four out of the first nine Worldcons, the only instance of a





convention. Using this criterion, we come up with Chart 3, which has the number of Worldcons in the "city" as the horizontal axis and number of cities as the vertical. (The pairs of cities treated as the "same" for this purpose are Oakland & San Francisco, London & Brighton, Baltimore & Washington, and Los Angeles & Anaheim.) As you can see, 11 cities have been selected once, six cities have been selected twice, four cities have been selected three times, three cities have been selected four times, and no city has been selected more than four times. Thus a total of 24 cities have had one or more Worldcons. The three cities that have been selected four times are Chicago, Los Angeles/Anaheim, and London/Brighton.

When locations are chosen more than once, how long is the usual gap between selections? Chart 4 gives the statistics on this. The most popular repeat interval is eleven years, followed by nine and ten years, although, with the rotation system in place, any North American repeats now have to be a multiple of three years apart. The two shortest repeat intervals ever were for Oakland, selected four years apart in 1964 and 1968, and for Philadelphia, selected six years apart in 1947 and 1953.

Moving on to attendance, Chart 5 shows "attendance" for all of the Worldcons that have occurred so far. There is some vagueness about this because in some cases there may have been confusion between "membership" and "attendance" and good statistics are just not available for all Worldcons. The vertical axis is number of people, and the horizontal axis is the year of the Worldcon less 1900. Different marks are used for North American Worldcons and Worldcons outside of North America.

This chart uses a logarithmic scale for the vertical axis. This means that a fixed vertical distance represents a particular ratio in the number of people rather than a fixed number of people. On this sort of graph, a straight line represents a continuous compound rate of

growth or shrinkage. The trend lines shown in Chart 5 are for all Worldcons and for non-North American Worldcons. The equation for the upper line, which is the closest exponential fit for attendance at all Worldcons, is:

$$(1) \text{ Attendance} = 97.8 * 10^{0.036 * (\text{Year} - 1938)} \quad \{R=0.90\}$$

The appearance of the year as a positive component of the exponent appearance in equation 1 indicates growing attendance. The "R=" comment after each equation gives the correlation between the data and the equation's prediction. R=1.00 means a near-perfect fit, while R=0.90 means that 10% of the variability is not predicated by the equation. The lower trend line is for non-North American Worldcons and has the equation:

$$(2) \text{ Attendance} = 50.2 * 10^{0.035 * (\text{Year} - 1938)} \quad \{R=0.90\}$$

This means that non-North American Worldcon attendance is, on the average, following almost exactly the same growth trend as all Worldcons but with a time lag of about ten years.

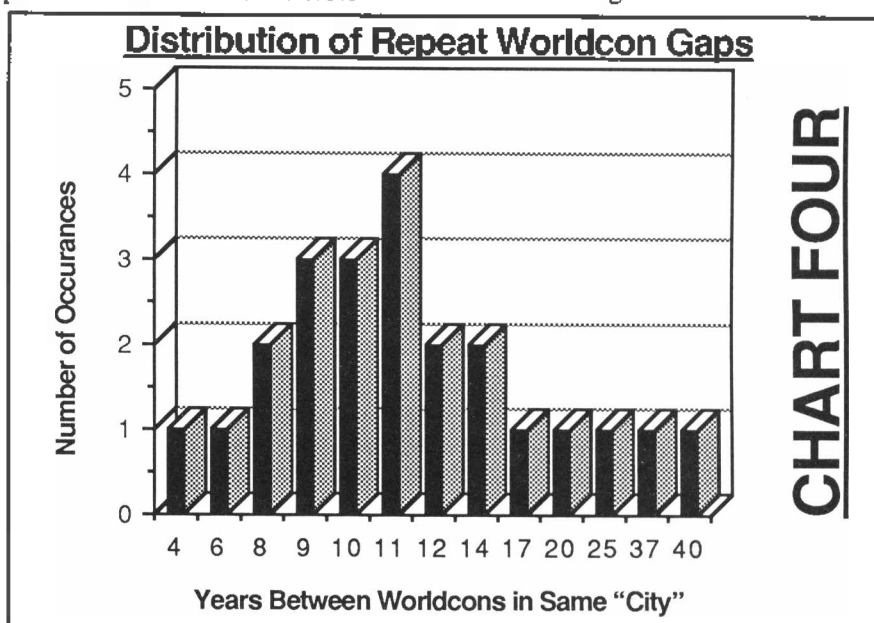
The final attendance graph, Chart 6, shows North American Worldcon attendance analyzed by rotation zone. The three trend lines shown are for attendance at all Worldcons in each zone and their closest exponential fit equations are as follows:

$$(3) \text{ Attendance} = 68.9 * 10^{0.0425 * (\text{Year} - 1938)} \quad \{R=0.95\}$$

$$(4) \text{ Attendance} = 89.3 * 10^{0.0385 * (\text{Year} - 1938)} \quad \{R=0.94\}$$

$$(5) \text{ Attendance} = 146.7 * 10^{0.034 * (\text{Year} - 1938)} \quad \{R=0.95\}$$

The increases in R indicate that using three trend lines for the



zones predicts one half of the variability that was not captured in the general North American trend line. Can you guess which of these three equations is which rotation zone?

Equation 3, which has the highest exponential factor (indicating the fastest growth), is the western zone. Equation 6, which has the highest multiplicative factor (indicating that it started with the largest values) but the lowest exponential factor (indicating the slowest growth), is the eastern zone. Equation 5 is the central zone. As you can see from the chart, in the early days, on the average, eastern Worldcons were the largest, followed by central and then western. Although there is probably little statistical significance to this, due to the small sample size and high variability in attendance, these trend lines predict a reversal, which has already happened for western Worldcons.

(Presumably this all has to do with the general shift of US population to the west. One can almost see the Conestoga wagons, heavily laden with hardcovers and fanzines, trekking across the country.)

What would all this predict in the future? The table below shows what these trend lines predict for a North American and a non-North American Worldcon for the next nine years. Of course these are just average trends and most Worldcons will be significantly (often 50%) above or below the prediction. For example, attendance in Brighton, UK, next year will probably be higher than shown because British Worldcons have been large compared with other non-North American

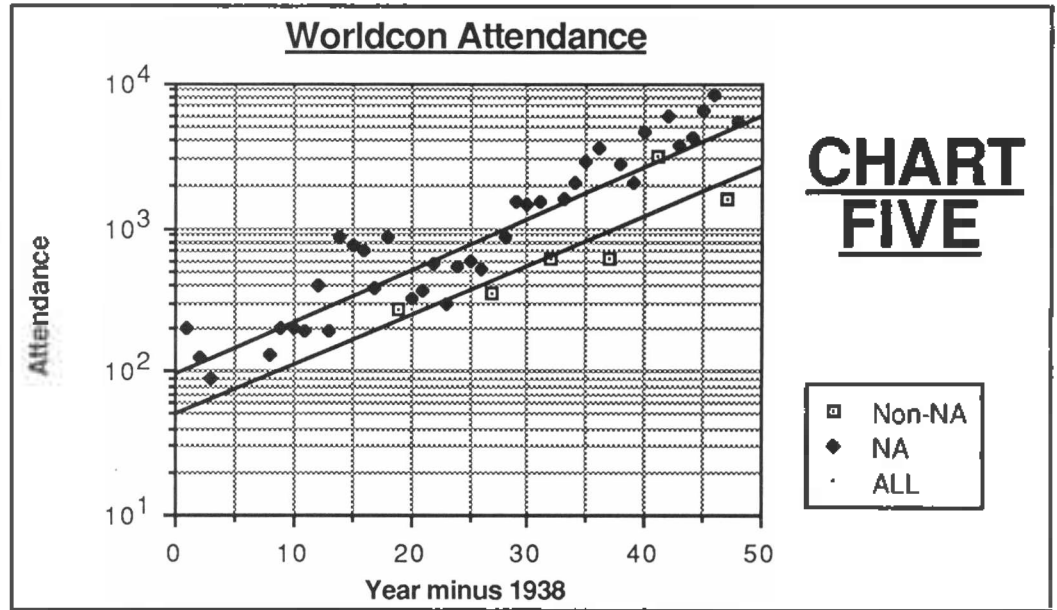


CHART FIVE

Worldcons. While it is dangerous to project such trend lines too far, since exponential growth generally breaks down sooner or later, Worldcons do not seem to be approaching any fundamental physical limits in the near future. Mundane conventions exist with year-after-year attendance over 50,000. It would also be quite easy for Worldcons to take steps to reduce or increase their attendance.

1987	W = 8,330	NNA = 2,600
1988	C = 7,510	NNA = 2,820
1989	E = 7,950	NNA = 3,060
1990	W = 11,170	NNA = 3,320
1991	C = 9,800	NNA = 3,600
1992	E = 10,060	NNA = 3,900
1993	W = 14,990	NNA = 4,220
1994	C = 12,790	NNA = 4,580
1995	E = 12,720	NNA = 4,960

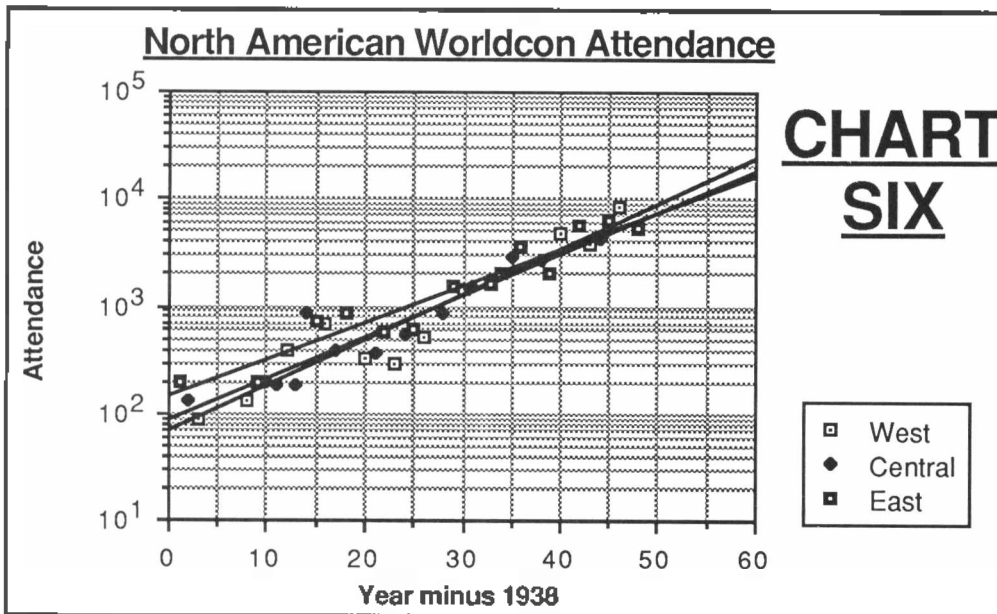


CHART SIX

Nothing in this article is intended to praise or condemn any of these trends or statistics. If you feel that any of these trends are particularly beneficial or harmful, you should consider using your site-selection and WSFS Business Meeting votes accordingly.

The World Science Fiction Convention since 1939

YEAR	CITY	NAME	GUESTS OF HONOR	SITE	ATTEN- DANCE*	CHAIRMAN
1939	New York	Nycon I	Frank R. Paul	Caravan Hall	200	Sam Moskowitz
1940	Chicago	Chicon I	Edward E. Smith, Ph.D.	Hotel Chicagoan	128	Mark Reinsberg
1941	Denver	Denvention I	Robert A. Heinlein	Shirley-Savoy Hotel	90	Olon F. Wiggins
1946	Los Angeles	Pacificon I	A.E. van Vogt E. Mayne Hull	Park View Manor	130	Walter J. Daugherty
1947	Philadelphia	Philcon I	John W. Campbell, Jr.	Penn-Sheraton Hotel	200	Milton Rothman
1948	Toronto	Torcon I	Robert Bloch (pro) Bob Tucker (fan)	RAI Purdy Studios	200	Ned McKeown
1949	Cincinnati	Cinvention	Lloyd A. Eshbach (pro) Ted Carnell (fan)	Hotel Metropole	190	Don Ford ¹
1950	Portland	NORWESCON	Anthony Boucher	Multnomah Hotel	400	Donald B. Day
1951	New Orleans	Nolacon I	Fritz Leiber	St. Charles Hotel	190	Harry B. Moore
1952	Chicago	TASFiC ²	Hugo Gernsback	Hotel Morrison	870	Julian C. May
1953	Philadelphia	11th Worldcon ³	Willy Ley	Bellevue-Stratford Hotel	750	Milton Rothman ⁴
1954	San Francisco	SFCon	John W. Campbell, Jr.	Sir Francis Drake Hotel	700	Lester Cole Gary Nelson
1955	Cleveland	Clevelandon	Isaac Asimov (pro) Sam Moskowitz (Mystery GoH)	Manger Hotel	380	Nick Falasca Noreen Falasca
1956	New York	NEWYORCON ⁵	Arthur C. Clarke	Biltmore Hotel	850	David A. Kyle
1957	London	Loncon I	John W. Campbell, Jr.	King's Court Hotel	268	Ted Carnell
1958	South Gate ⁶	Solacon	Richard Matheson	Alexandria Hotel	322	Anna S. Moffatt
1959	Detroit	Detention	Poul Anderson (fan) John Berry (fan)	Pick-Fort Shelby Hotel	371	Roger Sims Fred Prophet
1960	Pittsburgh	Pittcon	James Blish	Penn-Sheraton Hotel	568	Dirce Archer
1961	Seattle	Seacon	Robert A. Heinlein	Hyatt House	300	Wally Weber
1962	Chicago	Chicon III	Theodore Sturgeon	Pick-Congress Hotel	550	Earl Kemp
1963	Washington, D.C.	Discon I	Murray Leinster	Stadler-Hilton Hotel	600	George Scithers
1964	Oakland	Pacificon II	Leigh Brackett and Edmond Hamilton (pro) Forrest J Ackerman (fan)	Hotel Leamington	523	J. Ben Stark Al haLevy
1965	London	Loncon II	Brian W. Aldiss	Mount Royal Hotel	350	Ella Parker
1966	Cleveland ⁷	Tricon	L. Sprague de Camp	Sheraton-Cleveland Hotel	850	Ben Jason ⁷
1967	New York	Nycon 3	Lester del Rey (pro) Bob Tucker (fan)	Stadler-Hilton Hotel	1500	Ted White Dave Van Arnam
1968	Oakland	Baycon	Philip José Farmer (pro) Walter J. Daugherty (fan)	Hotel Claremont	1430	Bill Donaho Alva Rogers J. Ben Stark
1969	St. Louis	St. Louiscon	Jack Gaughan (pro) Eddie Jones (TAFF) ⁸	Chase-Park Plaza	1534	Ray Fisher Joyce Fisher
1970	Heidelberg	Heicon '70 International	Robert Silverberg (US) E.C. Tubb (UK) Herbert W. Franke (Ger.) Elliot K. Shorter (fan)	Heidelberg Stadthalle	620	Manfred Kage
1971	Boston	Noreascon I	Clifford D. Simak (pro) Harry Warner, Jr. (fan)	Sheraton-Boston Hotel	1600	Tony Lewis
1972	Los Angeles	L.A. Con I	Frederik Pohl (pro) Robert and Juanita Coulson (fan)	International Hotel	2007	Charles Crayne Bruce Pelz
1973	Toronto	Torcon 2	Robert Bloch (pro) William Rotsler (fan)	Royal York Hotel	2900	John Millard
1974	Washington, D.C.	Discon II	Roger Zelazny (pro) Jay Kay Klein (fan)	Sheraton Park Hotel	3587	Jay Haldeman Ron Bounds

1975	Melbourne	Aussiecon One	Ursula K. Le Guin (pro) Susan Wood and Michael Glicksohn (fan) Donald Tuck (Australian)	Southern Cross Hotel	606	Robin Johnson
1976	Kansas City, Mo.	MidAmeriCon	Robert A. Heinlein (pro) George Barr (fan)	Radisson Muehlebach Hotel and Phillips House	2800	Ken Keller
1977	Miami Beach	SunCon	Jack Williamson (pro) Robert A. Madle (fan)	Hotel Fontainebleau	2050	Don Lundry
1978	Phoenix	IguanaCon II ⁹	Harlan Ellison (pro) Bill Bowers (fan)	Hyatt Regency and Adams Hotels, Phoenix Convention Center and Symphony Hall	4700	Tim Kyger Gary Farber ¹⁰
1979	Brighton	Seacon '79	Brian Aldiss (UK) Fritz Leiber (US) Harry Bell (fan)	Metropole Hotel	3114	Peter Weston
1980	Boston	Noreascon II	Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm (pro) Bruce Pelz (fan)	Sheraton-Boston Hotel and Hynes Civic Auditorium	5850	Leslie Turek
1981	Denver	Denvention Two	Clifford D. Simak (pro) C.L. Moore (pro) Rusty Hevelin (fan)	Denver Hilton Hotel	3792	Suzanne Carnival Don C. Thompson
1982	Chicago	Chicon IV	A. Bertram Chandler (pro) Frank Kelly Freas (pro) Lee Hoffman (fan)	Hyatt Regency Chicago	4275	Ross Pavlac Larry Propp
1983	Baltimore	ConStellation	John Brunner (pro) David A. Kyle (fan)	Baltimore Convention Center	6400	Michael Walsh
1984	Anaheim ¹¹	L.A.con II	Gordon R. Dickson (pro) Dick Eney (fan)	Anaheim Hilton & Towers and Convention Center	8365	Craig Miller Milt Stevens
1985	Melbourne	Aussiecon Two	Gene Wolfe (pro) Ted White (fan)	Southern Cross, Victoria, and Sheraton Hotels	1599	David Grigg ¹²
1986	Atlanta	ConFederation	Ray Bradbury (pro) Terry Carr (fan)	Marriott Marquis and Atlanta Hilton & Towers	5811	Penny Frierson Ron Zukowski
1987	Brighton	Conspiracy '87	Doris Lessing (UK) Alfred Bester (US) Arkady and Boris Strugatsky (USSR) Jim Burns (Artist GoH) Ray Harryhausen (Film GoH) Joyce and Ken Slater (fan) Dave Langford (special fan)	Metropole Hotel and Brighton Conference Centre	????	Malcolm Edwards
1988	New Orleans	Nolacon II	Donald A. Wollheim (pro) Roger Sims (fan)	Marriott, Sheraton, and International Hotels	????	John H. Guidry
1989	Boston	Noreascon III	Andre Norton (pro) Ian and Betty Ballantine (pro) The Stranger Club (fan)	Sheraton-Boston Hotel and Hynes Convention Center	????	Mark Olson

* This is the number of people attending the convention, not the total membership.

¹(1949) Officially only Secretary-Treasurer; Charles R. Tanner had the honorary title of Chairman.

²(1952) For "Tenth Anniversary Science Fiction Convention"; popularly known as Chicon II.

³(1953) Popularly known as Philcon II.

⁴(1953) Replaced James A. Williams as Chairman upon Williams' death.

⁵(1956) Popularly known as Nycon II.

⁶(1958) Physically in Los Angeles, but (by mayoral proclamation) technically in South Gate.

⁷(1966) Officially jointly hosted by Cleveland, Detroit, and Cincinnati (hence "Tricon"), with Detroit's Howard DeVore and Cincinnati's Lou Tabakow as Associate Chairmen.

⁸(1969) Replaced Ted White, who withdrew as Fan Guest of Honor to dramatize the TAFF winner.

⁹(1978) This Worldcon was the first IguanaCon, but was labeled IguanaCon II because of a previous hoax convention.

¹⁰(1978) Belatedly recognized as vice-chair.

¹¹(1984) Like South Gate, part of the greater Los Angeles area.

¹²(1985) Replaced John Foyster, who resigned for family reasons.

WSFS Business

The World Science Fiction Society (WSFS) is the organization that specifies the rules by which the annual World Science Fiction Convention (Worldcon), occasional North American Science Fiction Convention (NASFiC), and the annual Science Fiction Achievement Award (Hugo Award) winners are chosen. WSFS is run by a Business Meeting held at each Worldcon. All attending members of the convention are automatically members of the Society, can attend the Business Meeting, and can vote on rule changes or other business that comes up.

It may seem a little early to be talking about the 1989 World Science Fiction Society business that we will be administering, but these things have a way of creeping up on you. Furthermore, we don't plan to mention much about this in our newsletter format *Progress Reports 2, 3, and 4*. So here is what we can tell you at this time.

If you are interested in this, you should also read the WSFS Constitution and related documents as they will be published by Conspiracy '87 and Nolacon II, the 1987 and 1988 Worldcons.

1992 Site Selection Procedures

Any committee bidding for the 1992 World Science Fiction Convention must file with Noreascon Three before the end of Nolacon II. If you want to run only for the 1992 NASFiC, assuming that the 1992 Worldcon is outside of North America, you must file with Noreascon Three before the end of the calendar year 1988. These are requirements in the WSFS Constitution; if you are even one day late, you can still run as a write-in, but we can't include you on the printed ballot. The site-selection ballots will probably be distributed in a special mailing rather than with one of our progress reports.

1993 Site Selection

As required by the WSFS Constitution, we plan to provide an opportunity for 1993 bidders to make presentations at Noreascon Three.

Hugo Awards

We plan to send out the nomination forms for the 1989 Science Fiction Achievement Awards (Hugo Awards) with *Progress Report 5*. The final ballots will be sent out later, probably as a special mailing along with site-selection ballots.

1989 Business Meeting

There will be a WSFS Business Meeting at Noreascon Three. The members of Noreascon Three constitute the World Science Fiction Society from the end of Nolacon II through the end of Noreascon Three. Attending members are eligible to participate in the Business Meeting.

WSFS Rules

The WSFS Constitution, Business Meeting Standing Rules, and business passed on from Nolacon II will be printed in *Progress Report 5* and the program book.

Mark Registration and Protection Committee

There will be at least one meeting of the WSFS Mark Registration and Protection Committee at Noreascon Three. The purpose of this WSFS committee is to guard the service marks, such as "Worldcon" and "Hugo Award", that are used under the authority of WSFS. If you would like further information or wish to report an apparent infringement on these marks, you can contact the committee at Post Office Box 1270, Kendall Square Station, Cambridge, MA 02142, United States of America.

1989 Site Selection

The WSFS Constitution requires that we report, in our first or second progress report, the vote by which we were selected as a Worldcon, with by-mail and at-con votes distinguished. After reconciliation of our records, we believe the following to be an accurate tally:

	Mail Ballots	At-Con Ballots	Total
Boston	426	652 (a)	1078
No Preference	55 (b)	56	111
None of the Above	20	40	60
Write-Ins	8	19	27
Total	<hr/> 509 (c)	<hr/> 767	<hr/> 1276
Void	1	3	4 (d)

- (a) The official tally announced at the ConFederation Business Meeting was 662 with all totals correspondingly higher. However, since we received only 767 (rather than 777) memberships from at-con ballots, we believe there was an error of 10 in this subtotal.
- (b) Including 4 with name & address coupons but no ballots. (All blank ballots were also counted as "No Preference".)
- (c) 13 mail ballots received after the mail deadline were tallied as at-con ballots.
- (d) Of the void ballots, 2 were from people who could not be found on the ConFederation membership list and two were from people who voted twice.

Upcoming Worldcon Addresses

1987 Worldcon

Conspiracy '87
P.O. Box 43
Cambridge CB1 3JJ
UNITED KINGDOM

1988 Worldcon

Nolacon II
921 Canal St., Suite 831
New Orleans, LA 70112
USA

Boston in '89 Bidding Financial Report

November 12, 1986

Income

Committee Assessments	\$ 6093.50 (a)
Friends' Dues	1165.03 (b)
Presupporting and preopposing	3212.84 (c)
Hotel Contributions	669.60 (d)
T-shirt sales, net	624.03 (e)
Sales income	4398.04
Cost of shirts	-3774.01
Miscellaneous Donations	115.05
Miscellaneous Income	174.39

Total	\$ 12054.44

Official Expenses

Party Expenses	3555.18 (f)
Advertising	2094.65 (g)
Flyer Printing	1053.00
Flyer Mailing	166.75
Masquerade Costume Subsidy	141.89 (h)
Voting Expenses	666.49 (i)
Administrative	642.18
Stickers	366.04
Buttons	227.55
<i>Mad 3 Party</i> , net	13.76 (j)
Subscription income	-852.64
<i>Mad 3 Party</i> expenses	866.40

Total	\$ 8927.49

Unofficial Expenses

Party Donations	776.53 (k)
Masquerade Costume	780.00 (l)

Total	\$ 1556.53

(a) Committee assessments came to about \$200 per member for 30 members, plus a few dollars from members who dropped out during the 3-year bidding period. (This was actually more than we ended up needing.) Assessments were intended to be refunded to the members shortly after we won the bid, if we did win (and were, in fact, refunded).

(b) Friends' dues (\$12/year) also were refunded to the Friends shortly after we won the bid.

(c) Presupporting memberships cost \$3 each, and preopposing memberships were \$6. Over 1000 were sold. Presupporters' payments were not refunded directly, but presupporters were sent a coupon good for \$5 off their Attending membership in Noreascon 3.

(d) These funds were donated by the Sheraton-Boston Hotel to assist with our parties.

(e) T-shirt prices were set low to encourage purchase and wearing of the bid T-shirt for further advertising. We were successful, selling approximately 600 shirts at a small profit.

(f) The party cost given here was mostly refreshment costs. About \$1400 of the total was spent for 3 nights of bid parties at ConFederation; about \$500 on refreshments and \$900 on a 1-bedroom suite for 3 nights. The only other room cost was \$247 for a suite at Lone Star Con; \$553 was spent in total on parties there.

(g) Our advertising was concentrated on Worldcon and NASFiC publications.

(h) The bid committee contributed \$141.89 towards the cost of a group costume advertising the bid, which was presented at L.A.con II; the remainder, \$780.00, was funded by individual contributions (see below).

(i) This category included printing and mailing expenses relating to the site-selection voting. It included the presupporter coupons and a letter sent to all presupporters and Friends, plus multi-part forms and other supplies for running the site-selection table at ConFederation.

(j) This item includes all *Mad 3 Party* income collected up to the end of ConFederation. This includes payment for copies not yet published, but there's no easy way to break this out.

(k) Party contributions were collected in the early years, when the bid committee was not yet organized and was not yet sponsoring parties. Records have been kept of these contributions, and they may be refunded after Noreascon 3, but only if there is a surplus.

(l) Masquerade contributions were used to fund the bid group masquerade costume presented at L.A.con II. These contributions may be refunded after Noreascon 3, if there is a surplus.

It has been traditional for winning Worldcon committees to reimburse their members for the cost of bidding. Noreascon 3 plans to reimburse committee assessments and Friends' dues now, and to refund unofficial expenses only after the convention, if there is a surplus.

Current Cost of Bid to Noreascon 3:

Refund of Assessments	\$ 6093.50
Refund of Friends' Dues	1165.03

	7258.53
Bid Surplus	-3126.95

	\$ 4131.58

Potential Cost of Bid to Noreascon 3:

Current cost	\$ 4131.58
Unofficial expenses	1556.53

Potential cost	\$ 5688.11

Noreascon Two

★ Progress Report One ★



December 1978

Noreascon II, the 38th World Science Fiction Convention, was held in Boston in 1980. Noreascon I, the 29th World Science Fiction Convention, was held in Boston in 1971 and was called simply "Noreascon" at the time.

Since we have chosen the name Noreascon III for the 1989 Worldcon, we thought it might be interesting to feature in our larger-format magazine-style progress reports some information taken from the corresponding Noreascon II progress reports, with comparisons back to Noreascon I where appropriate.

Noreascon I was the first Worldcon selected with a two-year lead time (before that they were selected one year in advance) and established the four-progress-report publication pattern generally adopted by following Worldcons. Noreascon II followed this pattern but added a short newsletter-format *Progress Report Five* sent out just before the convention. Noreascon III is the first Worldcon selected on a three-year lead time, and it remains to be seen whether following Worldcons will adopt our scheme of seven progress reports with four thicker "magazine" format reports and three thinner "newsletters."

Noreascon II's *Progress Report One* was dated December 1978; it was typeset, printed by offset, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ "x 11" in size and 32 pages long, not counting the cardstock cover. Noreascon I's *Progress Report One* was dated March 1970, typed, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ "x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ", and only 16 pages.

In this column we also plan to reproduce the covers of the Noreascon II progress reports when we can get permission from the artist(s) involved as we did with Victoria Poyser for the first one, shown here. (The back cover had the

same art mirror-imaged with no text.)

The dates of Noreascon II were 29 August through 1 September 1980. That is a total of four official days of convention, the same length as Noreascon I and one less than the five days we have officially scheduled for Noreascon III. Noreascon II was held at the Sheraton-Boston Hotel and Towers and the John B. Hynes Civic Auditorium, the same site as Noreascon III except that the Hynes has since been taken over from the City of Boston by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, rebuilt, and renamed the John B. Hynes Convention Center. Noreascon I fit into the Sheraton-Boston Hotel alone, and was held before the South Tower was built.

Featured individuals at Noreascon II were as follows:

Pro GoHs —

Kate Wilhelm

Damon Knight

Fan GoH —

Bruce Pelz

Toastmaster —

Robert Silverberg

One of these was a repeat, as Bob Silverberg had also been our Toastmaster at Noreascon I.

Members of the Noreascon II Committee listed in *Progress Report One* were as follows (a * indicates that the person was also a committee member of Noreascon I):

Chairman

Leslie Turek

Secretary, *Voice of the Lobster*

George Flynn

Treasurer

Jill Eastlake

Membership Records

Ann Broomhead

Prog. Reports, Hynes Liaison

Donald Eastlake

Speaker-to-Printers

Chip Hitchcock

Bulk Mailings

Houghton John

Public Relations

Ellen Franklin

Hotel Liaison

Tony Lewis*

GoH Project #1

Krissy

GoH Project #2

Sue Lewis*

Operations Planning

Jim Hudson

Other Committee Members were as follows: Jerry Boyajian, Seth Breidbart, Bill Carton, Kath Home, Paula Lieberman, Spike MacPhee, Terry McCutchen, Mike Saler, John Spert, David Stever, Harry Stubbs*, John Turner, and Drew Whyte*.

Membership rates for Noreascon II were \$8 Supporting, \$20 Attending to 1 July 1979, and \$30 Attending to 1 July 1980. Foreign agents were as follows: Robin Johnson, Australia; John Millard, Canada; and Andrew Stephenson, United Kingdom. Noreascon I was the first Worldcon with an escalating set of pre-convention membership rates, probably because it was the first Worldcon with a more than one year lead time.

The membership list in Noreascon II's *Progress Report One* showed 1,249 members, of which 589 were Supporting and 660 were Attending, compared with only 416 members for Noreascon I at its *Progress Report One*. There was a membership map showing the largest concentrations of early Noreascon II members to be from California (210), Massachusetts (105), New York (100), Illinois (70), Ohio (54), Texas (54), Michigan (47), New Jersey (44), Maryland (44), Minnesota (40), Florida (36), Arizona (34), and Pennsylvania (33). All other US states and Canadian provinces had less than 30 members. Outside North America,

Noreascon Two

★ Progress ★ Report ★ Zero ★

Guests of Honor

Pro: Damon Knight
Pro: Kate Wilhelm
Fan: Bruce Pelz

THE COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN

George Johnson

SECRETARY

Jill Eastlake

TREASURER

Ann McCutchen

PROGRAMS REPORTS

Donald Eastlake

VOICE OF THE LOBSTER

George Flynn

HOSTESS

Donald Eastlake

Ellen Franklin, Jim Hudson, Sue Lewis, Krissy Houghton, John Terry, McCutchen, David Sinner, Bill Canton, Kath Morse, Drew Whyte, Harry Sussler, Spike MacPhee, John Speer, Mike Sailer, Paula Lieberman, Beth Drenthier, John Turner, & Jerry Boywin

LETTIE TUREK

George Flynn

JILL EASTLAKE

Ann McCutchen

ANN MCCUTCHEN

Donald Eastlake

CH. HILCHUCK

George Flynn

GEORGE FLYNN

Donald Eastlake

DONALD EASTLAKE

Ellen Franklin, Jim Hudson, Sue Lewis, Krissy Houghton, John Terry, McCutchen, David Sinner, Bill Canton, Kath Morse, Drew Whyte, Harry Sussler, Spike MacPhee, John Speer, Mike Sailer, Paula Lieberman, Beth Drenthier, John Turner, & Jerry Boywin

INTERNATIONAL AGENTS

Canada: John Millard, 2833 Broadway Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6P 1J4

United Kingdom: Andrew Stephenson, 19 Du Pui Way, Washburn Green, High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 0QJ, United Kingdom

Australia: Robin Johnson, P.O. Box 608, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia

Payments sent directly to us should be in US currency. Payments to agents should be for the equivalent amount in the agent's local currency. All checks may be made payable to Noreascon II.



• The 38th World Science Fiction Convention • August 29 — September 1, 1980 •
• Sheraton-Boston Hotel • • • • • Hynes Civic Auditorium •
• Post Office Box 46, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, MA 02139

DAMON KNIGHT

Damon Knight first appeared in the SF magazines in the October 1966 issue of *SCIENCE FICTION* with "David's Pawn" in the October 1966 issue of *FUTURE*. Since that time he has produced a large number of superior works including *HELLA FOREVER* and *PAUL GORDEN*. When not writing he has been an editor (*WORLDS BEYOND*) and a reviewer (*STARBUCKS*). He has also written a number of critical writings and received the 1956 Hugo for Best Serial in *Star Trek*. An anthropologist, he has written and maintained the innovative *ORBIT* series in addition to a number of other anthologies. In whatever spare time he has left over he has helped to found the NFFFA, the SFMA, and the Milford writing workshops.

KATE WILHELM

Kate Wilhelm appeared in the SF magazines in the October 1966 issue of *PANTASTIC* with "The First Blood Canal". This was soon followed by "The Making of Spaceship". Her work has not been prolific but precise and a pleasure to read. A careful reader can follow her writer-developer's development as a writer through the pages of the *ORBIT* anthologies and in her novels, which include *The Killer Things* and *Where Love the Queen Birds Sing*. The latter novel received the 1977 Hugo Award for Best Novel in an extremely strong field.

BRUCE PELZ

Bruce Pelz is the incomplete fan. He is one of the most prominent in all major areas. His books, *SPIN* and *THE MANSION*, are well known. He is also a member of the NFFFA and has helped to found the NFFFA and the Milford writing workshops.

Bruce is also a member of the NFFFA and has helped to found the NFFFA and the Milford writing workshops. He is also a member of the NFFFA and has helped to found the NFFFA and the Milford writing workshops.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Your progress reports or any other mailings we send to you will tend to get through a lot faster if you have your correct address. This may seem a little extra for each item, but there are already three or four supporting members for whom we do not seem to have a correct address. Tom Morrison (IL), D. W. McDona (4), Don Nelson (NY)

Part 1, Before We Won the Bid," by Chairman Leslie Turek. (9) A glossary of Names and Fannish Terms. And (10) a full page of Advertising Information. A full page in the progress reports cost \$50 fan rate, \$120 pro rate.

There was also a note announcing that the US Internal Revenue Service had determined that Massachusetts Convention Fandom, Inc. (MCFI), was a tax-exempt literary and educational organization under section 501(c)(3) of the US tax code. Thus gifts, bequests, donations, etc., to Noreascon II or The Committee for Boston in 1980 (both operating names of MCFI) were tax-deductible to the extent provided by law. This is also true of Noreascon III and The Committee for Boston in 1989. Noreascon II was the first Worldcon to be tax-exempt.

Advertisements in Noreascon II's *Progress Report One* included full pages for *Locus*, Seattle in 1981, Denver in 1981, Chicon 4, and Seacon '79. Smaller ads appeared for Lunacon '79 and for *The Noreascon Proceedings* (a hardbound book including the complete text of all main program items at Noreascon I, for sale then and still available from the New England Science Fiction Association, Inc.).

Both Noreascon II and III are managed by Massachusetts Convention Fandom, Inc. (MCFI), a Massachusetts not-for-profit corporation. Noreascon I was managed by a non-profit ad hoc group headed by Tony Lewis which later merged into the New England Science Fiction Association, Inc. (NESFA), another Massachusetts not-for-profit corporation. NESFA later sold its rights to the name "Noreascon" back to MCFI for \$19.89.

there were 8 members from England, 2 each from Australia, Tahiti, and the Netherlands, and 1 each from Brazil, Belgium, Germany, and Sweden.

Other items in Noreascon II's *Progress Report One* included the following: (1) Write ups on the Guests of Honor: A section on Kate Wilhelm was written by Pamela Sargent, one on Damon Knight was written by Robert A. W. Lowndes, and one on Bruce Pelz by Fred Patten. (2) Over a page of information on Membership Policies. Most of our policies were the same as for Noreascon III, the most notable difference probably being that we are allowing a Children's Admission class this time. (3) Over a page of information on "lines of communication" including a section on *The Voice of the Lobster*, a fanzine published by Noreascon II for discussion of topics related to the running of Worldcons. Subscriptions were 50¢ an issue or \$2.00 for all issues published. *The Mad 3 Party* being published by Noreascon III will be similar but have somewhat smaller and more frequent issues and show a lot more of the inner workings of the committee. (4) Almost two pages of information on our facilities, including an exploded diagram. Other than the Hynes expansion, these are the same facilities written up in this progress report. (5) A little over half a page soliciting people who would be interested in helping to run the convention. (6) A full-page Financial Report by Treasurer Jill Eastlake. (7) A two-page Worldcon Trends article on Registration and Voting Fees by Donald Eastlake, who plans to write a series of articles for Noreascon III progress reports similar to those he did for the Noreascon II progress reports. (8) An article called "Planning for the Worldcon —

Noreascon Two

MEMBERSHIP RATES

There are two types of membership you can hold in Noreascon II: Supporting and Attending. Supporting membership will get you all generally distributed publications including our Progress Report, convention Program Book and any optional mailings. If you plan late we will send you the back Progress Report as long as copies are left. Supporting memberships also include the right to vote on the High and an automatic vote for MCFI. Attending membership gives you everything you get with a supporting membership and also the right to attend Noreascon II. The rates are given below, but notice the special provisions for pre-selection voters and Boston in 1980 pre-supporters and pre-attendees.

1978	Supporting	Attending	Conversion
1st year	\$6.00	\$12.00	\$7.00
2nd year	5.00	10.00	6.00
Treasurer	higher	higher	higher

VOTERS for the 1980 are you are now a supporting member in return for your 25 voting fee. Any time before the end of 1978 you can convert to attending membership for \$5 additional. If you have not converted by then, your conversion fee will be the same as the regular conversion fee listed above.

Pre-supporting members of Boston in 1980, you will get a 25% discount when you join. If you were also a voter you will get a 25% extra discount on conversion if you convert in the end of 1978.

PROGRESS REPORT SCHEDULE

before the convention (not counting this one). Our schedule is as follows:

Ad Deadline	Mailing Date	Arrival
8-Nov-78	3-Jan-79	18-Feb-79
15-Nov-78	15-Jul-79	13-Jul-79
1-Dec-78	3-Dec-79	11-May-80

Progress Report #5 will be a short newsletter mailed before the convention.

Advertising rates and schedule for Progress Report #3 and for the Program Book will be published later.

ADVERTISING RATES FOR PR #1 THROUGH PR #4

Image Area	Per Line	Per Page	Per Rate
1/2 page	800.00	3200.00	1200.00
1/4 page	400.00	1600.00	600.00
1/8 page	200.00	800.00	300.00

Per rates payment required before ad deadline. Prices 5% discount if paid with ad agency discount. Circulation: a minimum of 5000 copies will be printed of each Progress Report. All members of Noreascon II will receive and be able to reprint them.

of the correct proportions. (Available inside front and back covers are 1/8" and outside back cover is 1/4". Please write for information on any other special payments or rates.)

Copyright: 108 a word \$3 minimum. Last word and up to 3 other specified words **add**.

THE VOICE OF THE LOBSTER

Worldcon planning the regular Progress Report can seem like a daunting task. It is a pleasure to provide an alternative medium. A fanzine. If you'd like to spend off about how a Worldcon should be run, argue with what we're doing, or just have a place to write, we'd like to hear from you. What other people have to say on these topics. Write to: *The Voice of the Lobster*, Noreascon II, c/o MCFI, 2833 Broadway, Cambridge, MA 02139. We don't expect the membership at our venue, \$2.00 for the latest we publish (but you get the issue free if we print your letter). We hope to publish the first issue around Nov. 1, 1979, so write now if you have anything to say.

NAME THAT CON CONTEST

A while ago we announced a contest to help us select the name for the 1980 Worldcon in Boston. As you know, we didn't choose *MorphologyCon*, *BaconCon*, *CrustaceanCon*, *ConCats*, or *AdventurersCon*. Our final name, an innovative, surprising name in fandom: *Very Good MacCon* received a lot of support, and our treasurer supported *MacCon*.

David Stone sent in the first correct entry suggesting *Noreascon*. If so he receives a free membership; the names of the other entrants have been omitted to protect the guilty.

We believe that we have done our duty to fandom by taking an old used name rather than coming one of the few remaining possibilities. Therefore, for those of you planning conventions, the following are up for grabs:

- Adventurers (NY)
- BaconCon
- BaconCon
- BaconCon
- BaconCon
- BaconCon
- BaconCon
- BaconCon
- BaconCon
- BaconCon

Thanks to all of you who entered the contest.



TAX EXEMPT STATUS

We have received an advance ruling from the IRS finding that we are a tax exempt literary and educational organization qualifying under section 501(c)(3) and 509(2)(1) of the tax code. Gifts, bequests, donations, etc. to Noreascon II or The Committee for Boston in 1980 (both operating names of Massachusetts Convention Fandom, Inc.) a Massachusetts not-for-profit corporation are tax deductible to the extent provided by law. This advance ruling is restrictive for those who have made donations to us in the past and invalid presently through September 30, 1979, by which time we expect to get a permanent ruling.

August 29 — September 1, 1980. Boston, Massachusetts.

Memberships

as of January 11, 1987

Membership Codes

The number and letter appearing next to each name represents the membership number and status as follows: a=attending, s=supporting, c=child. Updates will appear in future progress reports.

550a Gail S. Abend	1282a John C. Andrews	1275a David L. Baer-Peckman	1528a Miriam Benson
1297s Sue Who Abramovitz	1281s Harry J.N. Andruschak	1274a Marla Baer-Peckman	521a Bob Benson
1296s Alyson L. Abramowitz	543a Jo Anselm	1530c Bryn Bailey	520s Alice I. Bentley
1295s Eve Ackerman	1534a Paula-Ann Anthony	533a J. Adam Bailey	1255a Michael Brian Bentley
1294s Justin P. Ackroyd	1280s Jan Appelbaum	1273a Kevin D. Bailey	1527a Mike J. Bentley
549a Frank Adams	1279a Bobbi Armbruster	1345a Vanessa Bailey	1343a Michael Benveniste
1293a Adina Adler	1540a Jim Armour	532a Frank Balazs	1343a Benvo
1292a William C.S. Affleck-Asch-Lowe	1541a Pat Armour	1344a John T. Baldwin	1254s Doris Bercarich
548a Gary P. Agin	1564a David Aronovitz	3a Betty Ballantine	519a Theresa Berger
1291a F.L. Ahsh	1565a Nancy Aronovitz	2a Ian Ballantine	1253s Richard Bertelsen
1290s Leslie Strang Akers	1278s Lynne Aronson	1272a Geri Balter	1252s Joshua Bilmes
1289a Iskandar R. Alexandar	1277s Mark Aronson	1271a Brain Bambrough	1342a Don Bindas
1288a Wendy Alexandar	542a Charles Asbornsen	1270a Mari Bangs	1251s Sheryl Birkhead
547a Matthew B. Aischuler	541a Donna Asbornsen	1562a David E. Bara	1250a Dainis Bisenieks
1287s James W. Alves	540a Joseph Aspler	1269s Barry Bard	1249a Craig Blsgeier
546s J. Clinton Alvord	116a Nancy Atherton	1268s Jean Lynn Barnard	518a Ben Bishop
545a Donna Amos	1276a Thomas G. Atkinson	1267a Bryan Barret	517a James Daniel Bishop
1286a Ken Amos	1537s Barbara Attiya	531a Mikki Barry	1248s Bjami
1285a A.A. Anda	539a Yoel Attiya	1266a Marie L. Bartlett	516a Mark Blackman
117s Claire Anderson	538s Bonnie Atwood	1265a Richard E. Bartlett	1526s Douglas Blake
18s Dave Anderson	537s Deb Atwood	530a Adrain Barton	1525a Mike Blake
1536a Gary Anderson	536s Ted Atwood	1264s Martha A. Bartter	1247a Joan M. Bledig
1535a Janet Anderson	535s Alicia Austin	1529a Gary Bateman	1246a Elaine Bloom
544a Lynn Anderson	1533s Elizabeth Austin	114a Kurt Baty	515a Kent Bloom
1284a Doug Andrew	1532a Roy Averbach	1263s Fred Bauer	1245s Mary-Rita Blute
1544a Stefan Andrew	115a B. Shirley Avery	1262s Janice Lynn White Bauer	1244a Glen A. Boettcher
1283a George Andrews	1531a Bill Avery	1538a Allen Baum	1524a Linda Bolgeo
	534a David M. Axler	529a Kurt Baumann	1523a Richard T. Bolgeo
		528a Covert C. Beach	1243s Vicki Bone
		1261s Sally Beasley	1242s Edward Bornstein
		527s Allan Beatty	1241s Bernadette Bosky
		1260s Jinx Beers	1240a Alex Boster
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		525a Jan Bender	511a Andy Boyle
		1256s Gregory Benford	1522a William Brand
		524a Anne Bennedsen	80a Carl Brandon
		523a J. David Bennett	510a Richard Brandt
		522a Linda Lee Bennett	1238s David Bratman

Geographical Breakdown

as of January 11, 1987

STATE

Alabama	10
Alaska	0
Arizona	1
Arkansas	14
California	219
Colorado	14
Connecticut	22
Delaware	7
D.C.	5
Florida	53
Georgia	23
Hawaii	1
Idaho	0

Illinois	108
Indiana	14
Iowa	4
Kansas	11
Kentucky	15
Louisiana	23
Maine	3
Maryland	78
Massachusetts	227
Michigan	49
Minnesota	20
Mississippi	1
Missouri	14
Montana	0
Nebraska	3
Nevada	1
New Hampshire	6
New Jersey	85
New Mexico	7

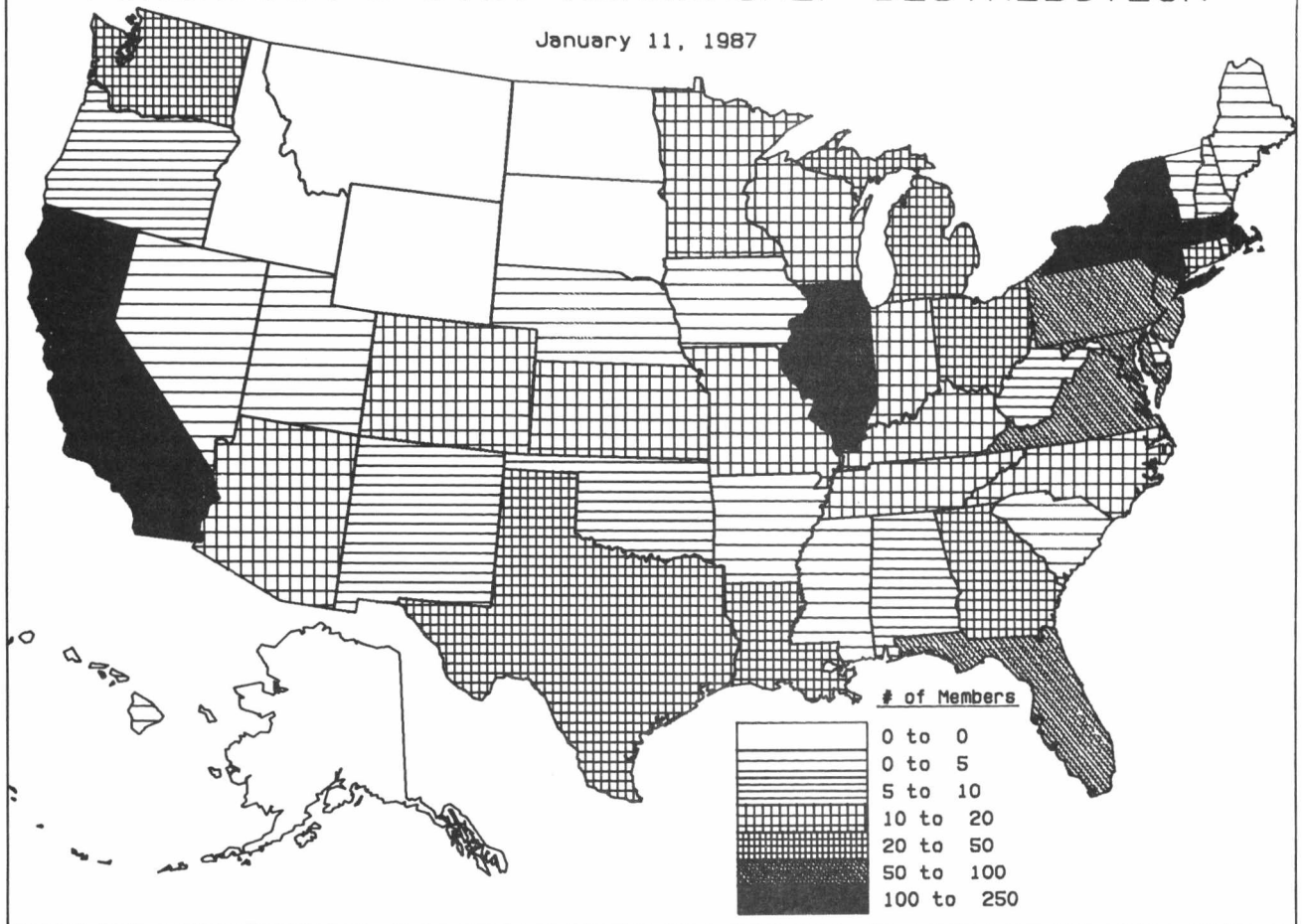
New York	158
North Carolina	13
North Dakota	0
Ohio	48
Oklahoma	7
Oregon	10
Pennsylvania	62
Rhode Island	7
South Carolina	4
South Dakota	0
Tennessee	19
Texas	39
Utah	3
Vermont	2
Virginia	55
Washington	21
West Virginia	7
Wisconsin	14
Wyoming	0

COUNTRY

Australia	8
Canada	57
Denmark	1
Dominican Republic	1
Holland	2
Japan	9
Mexico	1
Norway	1
UK	6
USA	1507
Yugoslavia	1
Total	1594

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January 11, 1987



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 474a Richard Cross
 1158s Sandra Cunningham
 1157a Angelo D'Alessio
 1156a Connie D'Alessio
 1155a Adam D'Auria
 473s Ben Daily
 1154s Mark Dakins
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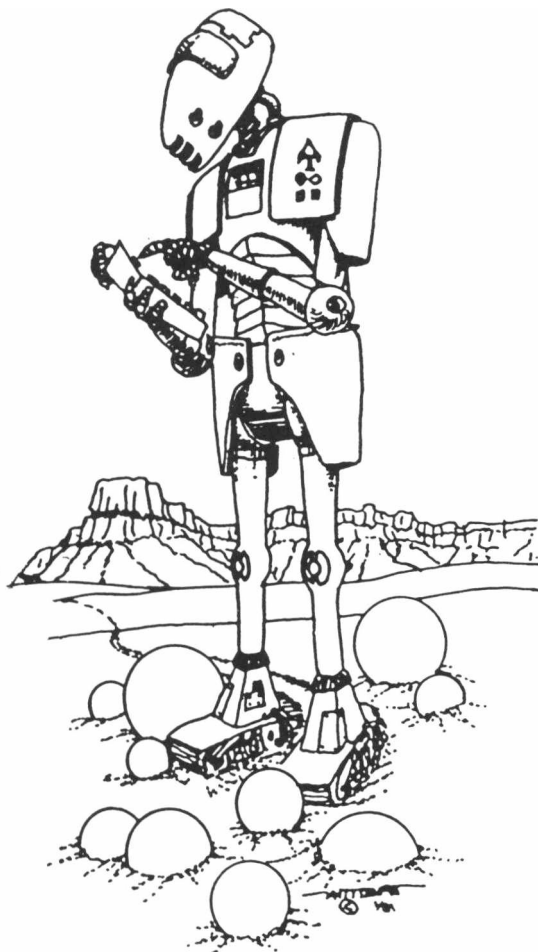
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 469a Kathryn Daugherty
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 1109a Duane Elms
 1502a Ginnie Ely
 450a Thomas A. Endrey
 449a Dick Eney
 1108a Jean Enge
 1107a Ted Engel
 1106a John M. Epperson
 1105a Louis Epstein
 1104a Kurt Erichsen
 1103s Judith Ann Eudaly
 1102a Julie Evans
 448a Mark L. Evans
 447a Erica L. Faigman
 102a Gary Farber
 1101a Cindy Farinelli
 446a Mike Farinelli
 445s Andrew D. Farmer
 101a Dale Farmer
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 443a Kim I. Farr
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| 1013s | Robert W. Heard | 1465a | Wesley Hill | 981a | Muriel Hykes-Bailey | 77s | Peggy Kennedy |
| 1012s | Alexia L. Hebel | 82a | Robert L. Hillis | 980s | Tim Illingworth | 40a | Allan Kent |
| 1011s | William A. Hebel | 386a | Margaret A. Hilt | 39a | Wendell Ing | 354a | Greg Ketter |
| 395a | Gary R. Heffelfinger | 385a | Robert M. Himmelsbach | 1563a | Merle S. Insinga | 950s | Virginia Kidd |
| 394a | Tracey Heffelfinger | 995s | Holly Hina | 376s | Peter Insley | 949a | Susan Killian |
| 1556a | Bill Hegeman | 994s | Irwin Hirsh | 375s | Sheila Insley | 948a | Katharine Eliska Kimbriel |
| 1557a | Ronda Hegeman | 993s | Bret A. Hirshman | 374a | Mark Irwin | 23a | Deborah A. King, FN |
| 393a | Stuart C. Hellinger | 37a | Chip Hitchcock | 80a | Fred P. Isaacs | 947s | Paul King |
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| 1009s | Rebecca R. Henderson | 81s | Dan Hoey | 372s | Diane Jackowiak | 1454a | Donald Kingsbury |
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| | | | | 967a | James L. Jira | 1453s | Nell Kozak |
| | | | | 368a | Carol Johnson | 934a | Eric Kramer |
| | | | | 966a | Liz Johnson | 1452a | Guest 1 of Kramer |
| | | | | 965a | Frank C. Johnson | 1451a | Guest 2 of Kramer |
| | | | | 964s | Julee Johnson | 933a | Ed Krieg |
| | | | | 963s | Karen Johnson | 932a | Judy Krupp |
| | | | | 962a | Kay Johnson | 931a | Louisa Krupp |
| | | | | 367a | Tom Johnson | 930a | Rebecca Krupp |
| | | | | 961a | Janet C. Johnston | 929a | Roy Krupp |
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| | | | | 366a | Lenore Jean Jones | 927s | Haviva Adina Kushner |
| | | | | 959s | Wayne H. Jones | 926a | Mike Lalor |
| | | | | 365a | Jeffrey L. Jordan | 925a | Douglas E. Lampert |
| | | | | 364a | Roberta L. Jordan | 924s | Dr. Stephen Landan |
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 341s Ellen C. Lindow
 340s Michael W. Lindow
 1445a Gillian A. Litchfield
 1444a Gregory W. Litchfield
 903a D. Lites
 339a Elan Jane Litt
 1508a Little Zonker
 118a Lizzit
 1551a Betty Lockwood
 1552a Kevin Lockwood
 1443a Locus
 902a Kathei Logue
 338s Maggie Lokier
 901a Brendan Lonehawk
 900a Patricia Lonehawk
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 330a Nicki Lynch
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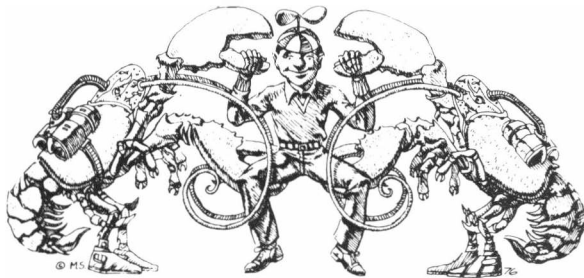
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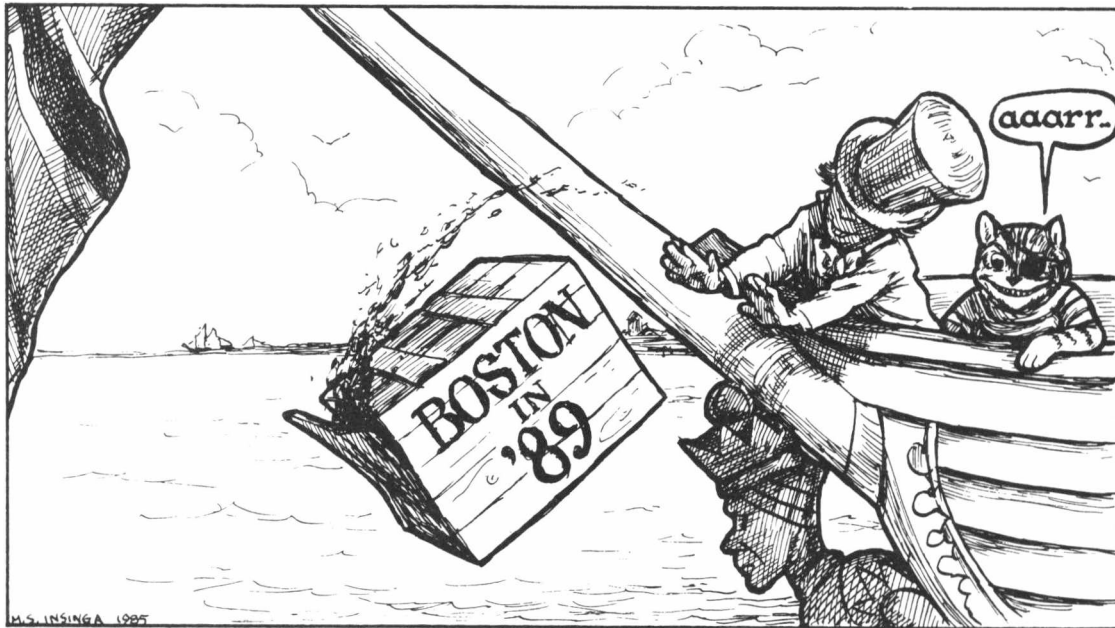
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