

THIRTY FIFTH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

SUNCON



SunCon

thirty fifth world science fiction convention

FROM THE CHAIRMAN:

Dear Fans,

If you've skimmed through this second issue of the Convention Journal, and reviewed the first one, you should have a good idea at this point of how we visualize the Worldcon progress reports. In essence, they provide information not only on our convention, but the Worldcons in general.

Previously, there was little contact between successive Worldcons. Each convention came up with its own approach to doing things and there has been a great deal of reinvention of the wheel. We would like to move towards a greater feeling of continuity between Worldcons. It was with that in mind, that we printed the Aussiecon (the 1975 Worldcon) articles in the last Journal. In the next issue we hope to provide information from the 1978 convention committee. And since we hope that this issue will be distributed at MidAmeriCon, where people will be looking ahead to the following year, we have lead articles on our Guests of Honor. So you can see that we would like to make the ostensible continuity of the World Science Fiction Society into more of a reality.

Thru our Convention Journal, you should also be getting a clearer view of how the SUNCON committee views the Worldcon. Above all, it is a place to have a good time. Depending on your interests, this may be simply renewing old friendships, attending the program, or seeing an old film again. Some of you have already written us dubbing it FUNcon and we're doing our best to live up to that name.

One way we can assure a fun-con is by encouraging participation of all interested fans. We're looking for suggestions on new ideas, and better approaches to doing the old items. We like to see letters and comments coming in and will publish those that offer a new approach to the convention. We don't guarantee agreement on everything, but we will consider them. A funcon also means keeping problems to a minimum. If you have a problem or know of a problem either before, during or after the convention, please let us know about it immediately. This will make it easier for us to resolve the matter, as well as make the con more fun for the attendee. If you have a complaint, tell us. Whether the complaint is justified or not, we'll listen. And we'll do our best to remedy the situation and use the experience gained to deal with future similar situations. None of our policies are so rigid, that we can't modify them, given a good reason.

Besides looking for new concepts, we're also looking for people willing to volunteer their time to work on the convention. The registration department has set up a system for screening all letters and the names of those offering to help are sent on to the appropriate department heads. We'll also be setting up a group to match up the offers of general help with the needs of various departments.

A note of appreciation is due all you wonderful people who patiently waited for us to untangle the hotel problems mentioned in the last Journal. Overall, the feedback on the change to the Hotel Fontainebleau was positive. Out of approximately 1000 members, so far only one family has asked for a refund of their membership. A few others have written to say they wish we hadn't had to change (we agree), but they will come anyway. The majority of those of you who have written, stated that they can understand our problem more and were grateful for the full explanation. Your patient understanding about a decision we really didn't want to take, is gratifying.

There's an old saying about entertainers that used to hang in western saloons. It seems equally applicable to convention committees: "Please don't shoot the piano player, he's doing the best he can." So we're glad when you let us know what bothers you before shooting from the hip. Like MidAmeriCon, Aussiecon, Discon, and so on, we're knocking ourselves out to put on a good con. Many of you will be reading this at the 34th Worldcon in Kansas City. Enjoy yourselves at Kansas City—the committee has worked hard to provide a good convention. And talk to us about SUNCON and what you would like to have us do. We're working hard to give you the best convention possible.

Don Lundry
Chairman

SUNCON

THIRTY FIFTH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

SEPTEMBER 2-5, 1977

THE FONTAINEBLEAU

MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

GUEST OF HONOR

Jack Williamson

FAN GUEST OF HONOR

Robert A. Madle

TOASTMASTER

Robert Silverberg

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Amazing - December, 1928, cover by Frank R. Paul. RENEWED BY Ultimate Publishing Co., Inc. Astounding - April, 1934, cover by Howard Browne. Street & Smith Publications, Inc., renewed 1962 by the Conde Nast Publications, Inc. February, 1939, cover by Rogers. Street & Smith Publications, Inc., renewed 1967 by the Conde Nast Publications, Inc. July, 1947, cover by Timmons. Street & Smith Publications, Inc., renewed 1975, by the Conde Nast Publications, Inc.

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SunCon Journal

Volume 35, Number 2

British Agent:

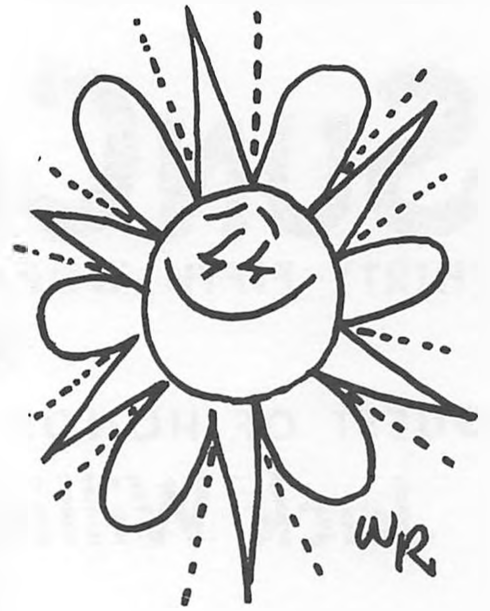
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Suncon Convention Journal 2 is published by Worldcon 35, edited by JoeD Siclari and Jack Chalker. Production by Perdita Boardman. Typesetting by LUNA Publications. Copyright 1976 by Worldcon 35, P.O. Box 3427, Cherry Hill NJ 08034.

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SUNCON INFORMATION



WAITING FOR THE EARTHQUAKE DEPARTMENT

Well, everything else seems to happen to us. This time what's happened is so ridiculous that we weren't going to mention it, but the large numbers of correspondence and people coming up to us at conventions convinced us that we might just touch on things here.

In late May, Dade County (Miami) decided to lay off about 10% of its municipal workers in an economy move. The union involved claimed that it was because too many rich Miami Beach taxpayers were getting away with late tax payments, and seized on the Fontainebleau because it is the largest taxpayer. It seems that the penalty for late payment of taxes in Dade County is only 5%, so if you want to borrow a million bucks for a year it's cheaper to pay your taxes late than to borrow from a bank. The large hotel renovation was paid for this way, and so the hotel was overdue in its taxes. The laid-off unions cried that this sort of thing was why they were losing their jobs, and warned the hotel they'd fix it if it didn't use its influence to keep them employed. The hotel refused, and the Associated Press (same union as the laid off workers!) thereafter put out a story that the hotel was to be sold for nonpayment of taxes! Actually, the hotel is about \$20,000,000 in the black after its best season in a decade.

People reading the story in their papers called us. It's simply Not True. The hotel is in fine shape to receive us and everyone else. O.K.?

FLORIDA, MIAMI BEACH, AND THE HOTEL FONTAINEBLEAU

FLORIDA, the state of excitement! That's the way the state advertises itself, and that's the way we see SUNCON. The same combination of sun and fun which turned miles of mangrove swamps and citrus ranches into one of the world's most exciting resorts is working to add zest and sparkle to our convention.

Florida is surrounded by more "history" than any other state in the Union. And it's a lot older. St. Augustine, founded back in the 16th century, is the oldest city in the United States. It was settled in 1565, some 42 years before the English were successful at Jamestown.

The romance and tragedies of the early history of Florida give it a unique place in the annals of the American States. Within 20 years after the first voyage of Columbus to the New World in 1492, an expedition was being organized to seek for a fabulous fountain of youth and riches in this new and inviting land. This expedition was followed by others seeking wealth or who sought to establish the Christian faith among the savages. In turn these were followed by the French Huguenots who were seeking a place of religious freedom.

In 1513, Juan Ponce deLeon, who had been with Columbus on his second voyage, obtained a royal grant authorizing him to discover and settle "Bimini," a fabulous island believed to contain a marvelous fountain or spring whose waters would restore to old men their youth, or at the least, had wonderful curative powers. Unfortunately, his quest was not successful and we're still waiting for the mundane version of The Enchanted Duplicator.

Sightseeing in the state is quite an experience. Since the convention is to be held in Miami Beach, most of the people who drive will be coming down the Atlantic coast. If they do so, St. Augustine offers a look at early history, while Cape Canaveral and the Kennedy Space Center offer the contrast of a trip off earth. There are many different areas in Florida, each with its own history, special flavor and unusual attractions.

In the northern part, you're in a land of sleepy bayous, magnolia blossoms, and hanging moss. You can visit a tobacco plantation, and paddle down the Suwannee River. (Both the Suwannee and Stephen Foster are Floridians.)

In the central area, you'll find Cape Canaveral, home of rockets to the moon, Mars, and outer space. This was the starting point for man's greatest technological triumph, a walk on the moon. Here you realize that, while Florida is more than 400 years old, it reaches into tomorrow with exploration of outer space as well as the ocean depths.

Inland, but still central is the vacation area of Orlando with the attractions of Disney World, Sea World, and others. But down towards the southern tip, on the way to Key West, is the City of Miami. Nestled alongside it, on the ocean front, is Miami Beach.

MIAMI BEACH

Surrounded by the waters of Biscayne Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, Miami Beach is unquestionably the world's most luxurious and valuable sand pile. From what was a semi-tropical beach less than 50 years ago, its developers—with dredge, bulldozer and money—created an entire world of luxury hotels, marinas, shopping centers, nightclubs, etc.

Many people consider Miami and Miami Beach as one and the same. Actually, each of them is distinct, each with its own ambience and special climate. Miami Beach is the city pictured as a hotel-lined shore, while its neighbor, Miami, has a more urban flavor.

Miami comprises 34 square miles of Dade County. It is a cosmopolitan and exciting city with a solid industrial base, along with financial and business establishments. The city serves as a gateway to Central and South America and has many commercial ties to Latin America. It also has a special Latin flavor with the

approximately 300,000 Cubans who settled in Dade County. There are signs in Spanish, Latin restaurants, and a special glamor to the area.

Miami Beach is best known for its fabulous hotels and supper clubs which present big-name entertainment. Many of the nightclubs stage elaborate musical reviews featuring lavish settings and colorful costumes. The city has 8½ miles of ocean front, 360 hotels with over 29,000 rooms, 11 parks, and 3 golf courses. Whether you call it "fun capital" or "sun capital," Miami Beach symbolizes the idea of getting together for a good time under the sun.

The weather in such a temperate area is cooler than what might be expected from the tropical latitude. This is due to the water surrounding the Florida peninsula and the breezes from offshore. The official weather bureau temperature averages 80.3° in the summer. The average daily range of temperature is only 10° at Miami Beach, while further inland the average is 18°. An even more striking difference appears in the annual number of days with temperatures reaching 90° or higher. At the Miami Beach weather station, the figure is less than 15 per year and at inland stations above 60. In fact, last summer saw lower temperatures in Florida cities than northern resorts for weeks at a time. (Miami boasted an 81° day, while famed Martha's Vineyard topped 100°.) Of course, modern air conditioning makes temperature comparisons of academic interest to most con-goers. The hotel meeting rooms and bedrooms are fully air conditioned.

Travel to Miami Beach is helped by the multitude of planes, trains and buses that arrive daily from all over the US. Quite often, you can get to Miami faster on a direct flight, than to a city only a quarter of the distance. Along with the many modes of transportation, there are many special fares, special night rates, and, for the airlines, the new "no-frills" fare. Check carefully and you may find some real transportation bargains to Florida.

If you're travelling by car or rail, you have the new combination car-passenger transport service from Virginia to Florida. Passengers drive their own cars aboard the train and spend the transit time (overnight) being wined, dined and entertained in special coaches. Highways are wide and well marked so driving is made easier after your arrival. Dozens of rental agencies exist in Miami and Miami Beach, including a motorcycle/scooter rental service. But do expect to encounter heavy traffic. It's not the

congestion you'll find in New York City or Chicago, but it does make parking difficult at times. For those driving to the hotel, there is a fairly standard \$3.00 charge for overnight parking in the Miami Beach area.

Sightseeing in the area is fantastic. You can visit a 70 room Italian Renaissance style mansion, ride in a glass bottom boat, rent a yacht, and see a top Broadway play—all within a few blocks of the Fontainebleau. There are a variety of attractions starring monkeys, rare birds, dolphins, and the Everglades National Park. If fishing appeals to you, cruisers with a crew of two and tackle can be chartered for about \$90 a half-day for Gulf Stream trolling where the big game includes marlin and sailfish. Half-days on drift fishing boats, with 25 to 50 persons aboard, are available for \$5.00. For all of these, the Fontainebleau Hotel is a natural starting point, since it is the closest large Miami Beach hotel to the major attractions.

THE FONTAINEBLEAU

In Miami Beach, the island's hotels are all located on Collins Avenue which is literally a stone's throw from the Atlantic Ocean. The sight of the hotels lining the beach and kissing the clouds is impressive. And if some of them seem similar in design, that's because Morris Lapidus, a well known architect designed many of them.

The largest of the Lapidus creations is the Fontainebleau. With some 1100 rooms and 50 suites, the hotel can accommodate a Worldcon handily.

There are 30 meeting rooms ranging in size from the elegantly decorated grand ballroom to rooms with a capacity of 100 or so. The ballroom can seat up to 3200 for dinner and 5000 theater style. We don't plan on seating that many, so you can expect plenty of breathing room.

Our exhibit hall will handle about 200 of the standard (approx. 8 x 10 ft.) booths. With our huckster room consisting of tables, there should be ample room for all. Since many hucksters have special setups and artists have lately taken to setting up one-man sales areas, we will also offer exhibit booths where the entire area may be arranged to the individual's desire. We're still working out the charges for the huckster room so that our costs can be covered and we have the desired flexibility between booths and table top exhibits.

Recreational facilities at the Fontainebleau are just as awesome as every other facet of the hotel. They include a monster-sized swimming pool along with ocean bathing, tennis court, an enclosed year round ice skating rink, professional bowling alleys and sauna. The service in such a first class hotel is super and the quality of the entire hotel shows through at every chance. Since it is a resort hotel, dress restrictions are almost non-existent, being confined to only two requests from the hotel. One is that people in bathing suits wear a covering over it when walking through the lobby and the other is a jacket requirement in the Club Gigi. Since the elevator goes directly down to the pool area which is below the lobby, the first request should not inconvenience people. For the second, the Club Gigi is the top quality restaurant of the three on the hotel premises and will be of interest only to those looking for their one big dining night of the con.

Next door to the Fontainebleau is the famed Eden Roc, our overflow hotel. They have made available to us all of their function space and up to 300 rooms and 30 suites. Other hotels abound in the area and if you're looking for cheaper rates than the remarkably low \$27 single at the Fontainebleau, you will have no trouble finding a place.

REGISTRATION



We want your registration at SUNCON to proceed as quickly and smoothly as possible. To help attain this, please keep the following in mind:

- 1) Because the people working on registration cannot possibly personally know all the people attending the con, they need to be reasonably certain that they are giving the registration material to the person who did indeed pay for it. Therefore, each person will be required to show some reasonable form of identification—a credit card, a driver's license, your SUNCON membership card, etc.
- 2) Because mistakes are easily made on membership cards and we are *not* sending new membership cards when members upgrade from supporting to attending, your membership card is not official for the type of membership you hold. The mailing label, beginning with Journal 2, is printed from the computerized membership list which is official. So every time you receive your journal, please check the mailing label to make certain that your type of membership is correct. The letter "S" indicates supporting membership. All other letters indicate full attending membership. If your mailing label does not agree with what you believe your membership should be, please write to us immediately.
- 3) Several people have purchased more than one membership. We would appreciate these people giving us the names of the people who will be using these memberships, by July 31, 1977. However, if they do not do so, we will give the registration materials at SUNCON to anyone requesting it, **ONLY** if the original purchaser is present.
- 4) Because the month of August 1977 must be spent moving the whole con from the Philadelphia-New York area to Florida, no mail membership will be accepted after July 31, 1977.
- 5) To help control any potential problems, all convention attendees **MUST** wear the official convention badge whenever in the convention area. Keeping it in one's pocket or purse to show upon demand will not suffice. Anyone not wearing the official convention badge will be escorted from the convention area.
- 6) Children born on or after September 1, 1965, and accompanied by a parent or guardian, will be admitted without the payment of a membership. These children must wear a badge which will be issued when the parent or guardian registers. These courtesy memberships do not carry the privilege of voting.
- 7) The Headquarters area and registration will be manned on a twenty-

four hour a day basis from official opening to official closing of the con.

If you have any question, comments, or criticisms, please let us know. While you may tell your wife, girlfriend, concubine, or neighborhood Martian, they are not on the committee. We are the ones who can solve the problem—provided we know about it.



BABYSITTING

SUNCON believes in kids. We plan some creative, rather than custodial, babysitting services for members of the convention's children. There will be at least eight hours a day offered, with both paid and volunteer sitters. For the

older kids (ages 2 and up), there will be outings, walks to the beach and the wading pool. For everyone, kids and any interested adults, there will be outdoor and indoor games and (these are fannish kids!) singing. We plan to offer babysitting during the major program items, so that parents can enjoy them in peace.

Karina Girsdansky and Joe Siclari are assembling a childrens' film program, which will hopefully be piped to all rooms, and the babysitting area.

We hope to draw our paid sitters from convention attendees. Anyone interested, contact Faye Ringel, 199 Williams Street, Providence, R.I. 02906—we also need creative volunteers. So far, Michael Blake of East Providence and Anita Lundry of Cherry Hill, N.J. are helping her.

Faye Ringel

ART SHOW

As you could see by glancing at the exhibition hall facilities on the hotel diagrams, there will be no crowding or problems with limited space at the Art Show, but because we have to come up with a sufficient number of panels, cases, etc. for the display material, advance registration of artwork, at least per panel or quarter-panel, will be necessary. We want to make this the biggest and best art show and we'll knock ourselves out to aid artists, both amateur and professional, and patrons wishing to view and to buy. An information bulletin on the Art Show will be prepared for distribution to artists and agents in January 1977, and complete details on the Art Show will be in *Convention Journal* #3.



HUCKSTER ROOM

Again, no crowding problems. Unless the number of hucksters has grown exponentially in two years, we still should have enough tables and enough room for everyone who wants to sell, without pinching out or crowding the buyers. Table rates and an information bulletin will be available in January, and how to obtain one and all rates, etc. will be in *Convention Journal* #3.



WANTED: FAN ART WORK

COVERS AND INTERIORS FOR
CONVENTION PUBLICATIONS.

ALL UNUSED WORK WILL BE RETURNED.

SEND TO:

PERDITA BOARDMAN

234 E. 19TH ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11226

MEMBERSHIP RATES

The membership rates for the SunCon are:

	Attending	Supporting
June 1 to Sept. 30, 1976	10.00	7.50
Oct. 1 to Dec. 31, 1976	15.00	7.50

As of January 1, 1977 the rates for membership *will* be going up, so mail your memberships in early. Send check or money order (made out to SunCon) to:

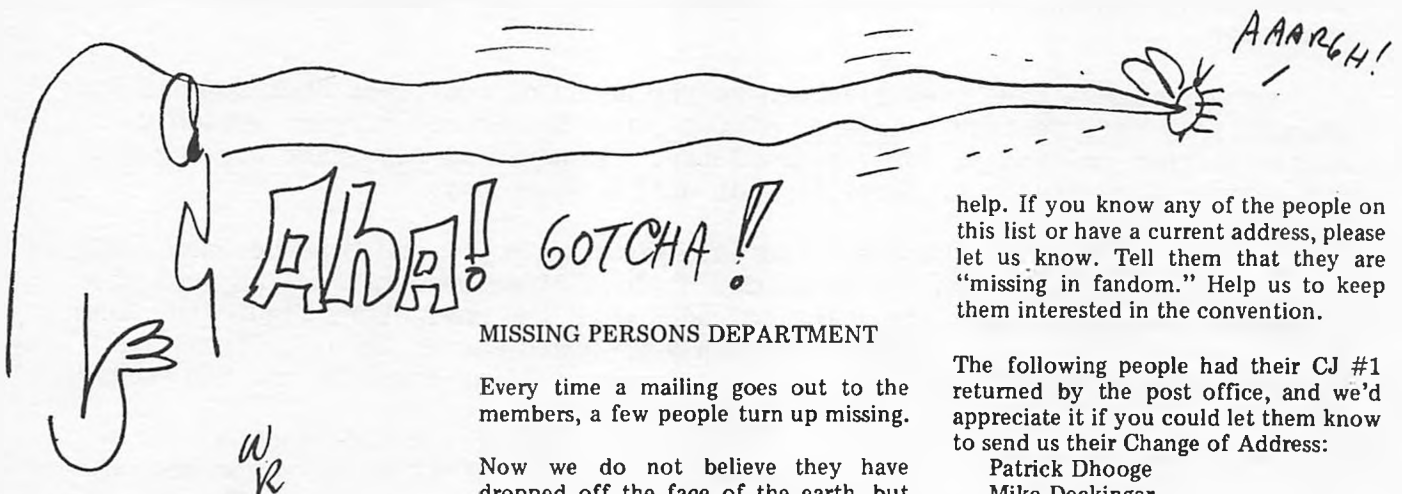
SunCon:
35th World Science Fiction Convention
Box 3427
Cherry Hill NJ 08034

The above dates refer to the postmark on your envelope. If it arrives after the deadline it will be accepted so long as it

is postmarked before the deadline.

You may convert your membership from supporting to attending anytime you so desire. To do this you must pay the difference between the supporting rate *at the time you paid* and the attending rate *at the time you wish to convert*. For instance, if you paid the \$3.00 for supporting last fall and wanted to convert on August 15, 1976, to attending you would have to pay \$7.00.

If you were a pre-supporting member of the SunCon and you paid your \$3.00 to vote at Aussiecon, then you are a full-fledged attending member and do not have to pay any more.



MISSING PERSONS DEPARTMENT

Every time a mailing goes out to the members, a few people turn up missing.

Now we do not believe they have dropped off the face of the earth, but the Post Office thinks so. Since we cannot write them and ask for their latest address, we would appreciate your

help. If you know any of the people on this list or have a current address, please let us know. Tell them that they are "missing in fandom." Help us to keep them interested in the convention.

The following people had their CJ #1 returned by the post office, and we'd appreciate it if you could let them know to send us their Change of Address:

Patrick Dhooge
Mike Deckinger
Sandra Deckinger
Bill Carter
Jay Gorowsky

CALIFORNIA 95060

Dear Jack,

20 March 1976

Ginny and I are utterly delighted - but desolated that we did not know soon enough to be there to see you receive it [the Science Fiction Writers of America's Grand Master Award]. We fly to Honolulu tomorrow morning, sail from there tomorrow evening - and can't be home earlier than April 29th even though we fly that one leg home from Hawaii.

Two writers have influenced my writing most: H. G. Wells and Jack Williamson. But you influenced me more than Mr. Wells did.

(I hope not too many readers noticed how much I've leaned on you. You spotted it, of course. But you never talk. I'll never forget that one night in 1940 when you squatted on the floor cowboy style all through a Manana Literary Society meeting without saying a word while the rest of us, Tony White [Boucher] especially, argued about your heroines. Then you made just one priceless comment that Tony laundered and used in Rocket to the Morgue. Just one quiet sentence, perfect. Then you shut up and left us all hysterical.)

I'm going to tell on myself just once. I took your immortal Giles Habibula, mixed him with your hero in Crucible of Power, and made another, after carefully filing off the serial numbers and giving it a new paint job. You invented the hero-in-spite-of-himself, the one with feet of clay, human and believable - and I knew a good thing when I saw it. The result? Lazarus Long. Lazarus, who never wanted trouble, always tried to duck out, never hesitated to stack the deck or tell a shameless lie if those tactics were safest for his hide.

I've long wondered if old Giles Habibula ever recognized his bastard son?

I read "The Metal Man" while I was still a midshipman - 1928. Now that Will Jenkins has left us and followed Doc Smith to Valhalla, there can be no doubt as to the Dean of Science Fiction. Jack, you must have written "The Metal Man" when you were only 19 years old. Must have, as your birthday is the day I named at the opening of this letter. Happy birthday, Jack! They should have held off and given it on your birthday. Your 68th birthday. Forty-nine years of steadily producing the newest and freshest ideas and concepts and, above all, human characters. Shucks, even your space bat had unique and sweetly unforgettable character.

But your ideas have steadily been so far ahead of the times that some idiots thought they were fantasy. Islands of the Sun - Dr. Robert Forward wouldn't boggle at that one today, forty years later. He would simply start working out the mathematical theory to describe that unique cosmology.

If we were there in the flesh, we each would give you and Blanche each a big *abrazo y besa doble*, south of the border style. Since we can't be, as we'll be somewhere south of Tonga, I'm going to check with the navigator, figure the time zones and dateline, and, as they hand you your Grand Master Nebula, Ginny and I will stand and touch glasses and drink to immortal Giles Habibula and his mortal thirst.

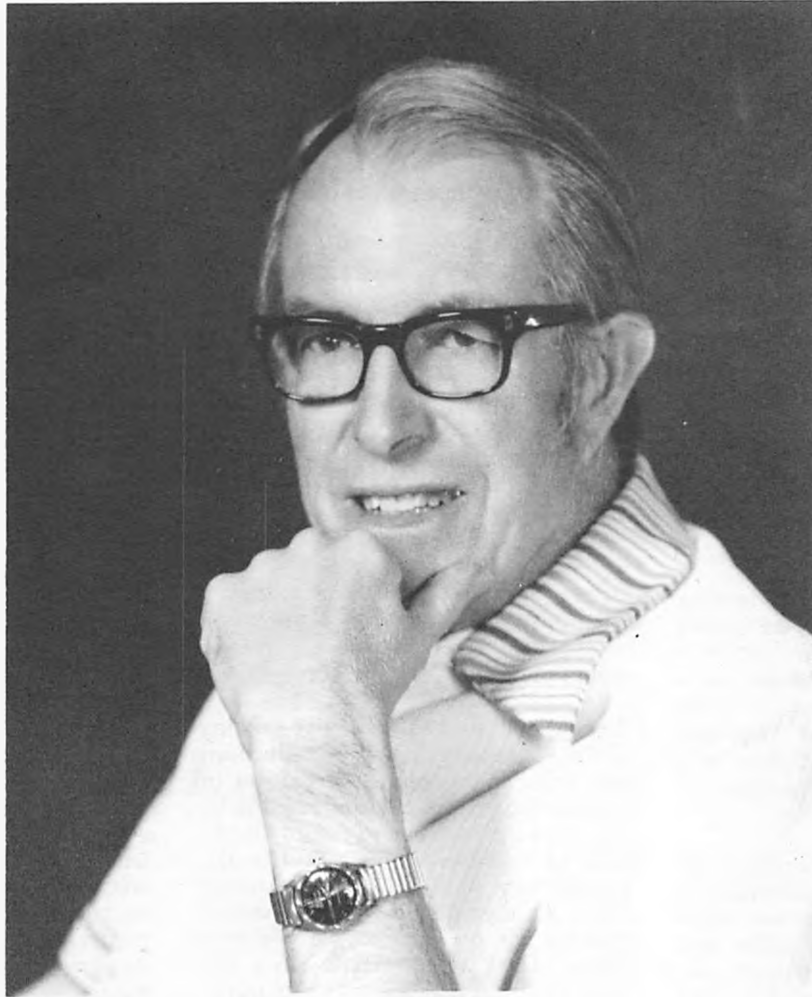
Our love to you and Blanche,
AFTER WORLD'S END - and beyond.



Ginny and Bob

JACK WILLIAMSON

GUEST OF HONOR



In April, magazine science fiction turned fifty years old, and the event which we knew was coming, were able to tick off on a calendar, counting down, seems to have arrived very suddenly and feels awfully unexpected for something that we had expected for so long.

Of the 50 years of magazine science fiction, Jack Williamson has been writing for 48. It is consequently not surprising that he should be the guest of honor at the 1977 Worldcon. Any surprise should spring from the long delay in the arrival of the honor.

Science fiction as Verne and Doyle and

Burroughs and Wells wrote it was a different thing in many ways from magazine science fiction, which came into being when Hugo Gernsback put the April 1926 issue of *Amazing Stories* on the newsstands. Before, the genre had not even had a commonly accepted name! Now, Gernsback christened it "Scientifiction," and three years later rechristened it "Science Fiction" for good, sound business reasons. Stf/SF became a thing apart. In the past, a writer, or even a major literary figure such as Kipling or Twain might write a few SF stories or novels among a larger output of more conventional work, but now Gernsback's magazine and the imitators which quickly sprang up, began

attracting writers who wrote nothing else. Few did it for a living; most did it as a hobby and supported themselves in more profitable ways, such as Edward E. Smith, Ph.D., and David H. Keller, M.D., whose main trades, respectively, were chemistry and medicine.

And yet Jack Williamson was the exception, writing science fiction exclusively and for a living, beginning when the genre was still tagged "scientifiction." Looking back from present circumstances, this is quite startling (to take that much-missed magazine's name in vain). For anyone to attempt to write science fiction for a living in those days before the paperbacks existed, before

any hardcover publisher would touch an SF novel, when the market consisted entirely of pulp magazines which paid half a cent per word (or less!) on publication (or later!) now seems to imply that somebody back then was out of touch with the simple realities. Yet Jack Williamson managed to write SF and survive.

The new writers attracted to magazine science fiction thought of themselves as a certain *kind* of writer. The readers may have caught the feeling from them, or maybe the writers caught it from the readers in the first place, but the SF readers had a similar feeling, like being part of a family; or a nation, perhaps. Jack Williamson, in *Algol* recently wrote, "Science fiction has held a central place in my mental world ever since I discovered it during the first year of Gernsback's *Amazing Stories*. . . I've always felt that we belonged to a very important special world. That sense that we were a group apart used to be stronger, in fact, than it is now . . . we knew one another better, and one another's work. . . . I think most of us took it pretty seriously as a way of testing alternatives. As fellow pioneers in a new country, we needed one another."

When Jack Williamson began writing science fiction in the 1920's, the United States of America was a very different place than now. Science fiction was a very different thing than now, and the intervening medium between the people who wanted to read SF and those who wanted to write it was a type of magazine now almost extinct.

It is all changed now, but Jack Williamson is still writing. His current writing is different in many ways, but the reader finds a thread of continuity at the core of Williamson stories, new and old, revealing the same hand at work in "The Metal Man" or "The Blue Spot," and again in the later *Darker Than You Think* or "The Equalizer," obviously having learned a few new things in the interim, and down to the recent *Bright New Universe* or "Jamboree." Later stories show new technique mastered, though most of it was there from the beginning, and the motifs repeated almost obsessively in the early stories fade away, yet all the stories have the same fingerprints on them. They are all family, with common literary genes. They form an impressive body of work, all with the same name on them.

The man with that name is one of a handful of writers who were writing SF before John W. Campbell, Jr. took the field and made it something new and young again, and who still are writing

today. Many of the writers brought together by Gernsback were unable to meet the new, more exacting standards that Campbell brought to *Astounding* in 1937, yet Jack Williamson continued to appear in the magazine, and was a fixture of the "golden age" of *Astounding*. With the sale of *The Humanoids* and *Dragon Island* to Simon and Schuster in the early 1950's, he was a leader in the invasion of SF into mainstream magazines and major book publishers which had formerly ignored the field. In the late 1950's, he infiltrated the academic community and became one of the first college professors to teach a course in science fiction. Such courses are now springing up like weeds (and one reason we know this is that *Doctor Jack Williamson* has published a fat catalog of courses in science fiction throughout the country) but they were as rare as phoenix eggs back then.

His first published story was "The Metal Man" in the December 1928 *Amazing Stories*. His most recent is the novel *The Power of Blackness*, out from Putnam this year. The young Jack Williamson's first inkling that he had sold his first story came when he saw it illustrated on the cover of the magazine at a local newsstand. Only later, and after Mr. Williamson had written several complaining letters to Gernsback, did a \$25.00 payment arrive. Putnam, one hopes, paid rates a trifle higher and more promptly.

Although he probably felt like nothing of the kind at the time, Jack Williamson was from the beginning a pioneer in science fiction, and has continued to be one. It is almost banal to record that he came of a pioneering family, but he did. He was born April 29, 1908, in Arizona Territory, then did nearly three years of growing up on a ranch in Mexico's Sierra Madre which was a day's ride from any road that wagons could travel. Mr. Williamson recalls that "Life there was still nearly at a Stone Age level." The ranch would occasionally be raided by Apaches.

In 1910, the Mexican revolution resulted in a decision to change the family address. A try at working an irrigated farm near Pecos, Texas, failed and the family again moved, by covered wagon, to New Mexico. Latecomers, they found the good land already settled. The land that they took would blow away in the wind immediately after plowing. To survive, the family grew sharecrops on neighbors' better land, hauled water to the ranch in a wagon tank, and burned cowchips and mesquite roots for fuel. Jack Williamson's father, Asa, would take such winter work as teaching or copper mining.

Jack Williamson recalls that he graduated from high school in 1925 only to feel "trapped by circumstances." He had wanted to be a scientist, but funds for further education were lacking. The only prospect in sight was the dismal one of staying on at the farm.

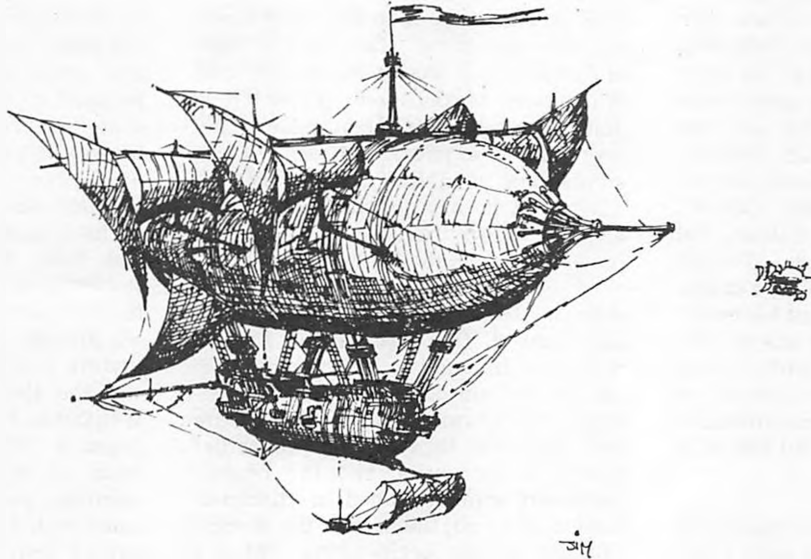
Then a friend showed him the November 1926 issue of *Amazing Stories*. Soon afterward, his response to a free sample offer brought him the March 1927 issue, with A. Merritt's "The People of the Pit." Bitten by the SF bug, he and his younger sister managed to raise the price of a subscription. The magazine began arriving at the Williamson farm while Merritt's *The Moon Pool* was being serialized therein. Taking Merritt as his model, Jack Williamson began writing science fiction stories and sending them to *Amazing*. Three or four came back with rejection slips before Gernsback bought "The Metal Man," comparing it to Merritt in the editorial blurb. A later Merrittesque novella, written under the title "The Silver Sea" and serialized in Gernsback's *Science Wonder Stories* as "The Alien Intelligence" brought a letter of praise from Merritt himself, requesting a carbon copy of the second installment. Though he received only \$75.00 for the story, after Merritt's letter arrived, Mr. Williamson recalls, "money didn't matter so much."

A year later, *The Green Girl* was serialized in *Amazing*, starting off with the memorable line, "At high noon on May 4, 1999, the sun went out!" and following with such Merrittesque items as green-skinned people and an evil, intangible, thought-controlling creature in a land beneath the sea, sheltered from the water and pressure by a dome of gas emitting a radiation which repels matter. More interesting were the large flying carnivorous plants which, though dangerous, are not evil incarnate, as is shown when one of the characters raises a "baby" plant to adulthood, making a pet of it. In 1950, when Avon Books had run out of A. Merritt novels to reprint, they brought out a paperback of *The Green Girl* with a blurb comparing the novel to Merritt.

Any writer who keeps writing will eventually outgrow his early influences, however, and this was true of Jack Williamson, aided by his sometime collaborator Miles J. Breuer, M.D., who wrote unromantic stories which were completely unlike Merritt's fiction. A memorable example of these was 1931's "The Doom from Planet 4," in which broadcasts from Mars give instructions for building machines which the Martians then control. Appearing in Harry Bates' *Astounding*, the most pulp-

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**WELL, COME
TO BRITAIN!**



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Have you ever wanted to find out what Britain is like, or to attend a British convention and meet British SF fans? The only way to find out what fans on the other side of the Atlantic are like on home ground, to appreciate how hospitable we are, is to come over and meet us.

British SF authors and fans have been giving value for money since the Thirties, or before. (That Wells fella, you remember...) As Walt Willis reminds us in *Maya 11*, British fandom sometimes outstrips you lot in the States. The first time a British con was held in a hotel, British fandom tried to imitate American fandom, but what they imitated was a convention as idealised in fanzine convention reports, with the result that the convention was better than anything seen in America! We've come a long way since then, on both sides of the Atlantic...

British fandom is stronger now than it has ever been. Conventions and fanzines are both booming, though thankfully our cons don't have the crowd control problems of big US ones; and as it is already eleven years since the last British Worldcon, it'll certainly be time for another by 1979!

Our site will be the Brighton Conference Centre and Metropole Hotel, of which more next advert... but to put out adverts keeping you posted on the progress of our bid, we need money. So if you support Britain in '79, send \$1 (US) or 75£ (Austr.) to our Agents. Thanks! See you in '79?... but first, remember...

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BRITAIN IN 1979!

oriented of the SF magazines, the story had to have a strong action element, and that fast, scary narrative was very well done, too, but that idea of remote-controlled invasion is a powerful one, even when a reader comes to it this late, and it anticipates by several decades similar but more "serious" and "respectable" proposals by scientists for communicating over interstellar distances.

Although the mark of Merritt is on 1933's *Golden Blood*, a lost-race epic set in the Arabian Desert, the following year's *Legion of Space* shows no trace of it. In the latter novel, a space opera owing much to Doc Smith and the young John W. Campbell, Jr., Williamson borrowed two of the Three Musketeers and Shakespeare's John Falstaff, transmuted them into Jay Kalaam, Hal Samdu, and Giles Habibula. Though more caricature than character (a charge which could be leveled against his model as well), Giles has become one of SF's more memorable figures, whining and wheezing, afraid of every shadow, although his actions suggest his cowardice is a pose, and always ready for a meal or three and a bottle of wine.

The *Legion of Space* is worth examining further because of the hero John Ulnar as well. The detractors of pulp stories complain that the typical pulp hero is brawny and two-fisted, lacking fear or any complex emotion, and will batter their way to inevitable, usually single-handed success by the story's end. Yet, John Ulnar, like most of Jack Williamson's heroes, is filled with self-doubt and sees little hope of success as he goes up against overwhelming odds. Further, the hero's function is not to defeat the alien opponents, but to rescue Aladoree Anthar, the woman who can defeat them.

With an eye toward current social trends, one might survey Jack Williamson's stories, many of which have extremely powerful women in them.

Even when characterization was thin, Williamson's ideas were memorable. *The Cometeers*, a sequel to *The Legion of Space*, had an alien vessel composed of a hollow shell of energy several million miles long, containing hundreds of planets picked up during the vessel's travels through other solar systems and used for fuel as the need arose, being fed into an artificial sun at the vehicle's center. *The Legion of Time* has two equally probable futures, each sending time expeditions back to influence the past and make the other future impossible.

A story whose interest centered on its character was "Crucible of Power" which Campbell blurbed as having a

hero "with a heart of purest brass." Coming in 1939, a story with a protagonist motivated entirely by greed stood out as something quite rare in science fiction. The same year's "Nonstop to Mars" is less unusually characterized, though there are many touches of realism in its serious, businesslike hero, but the story is one of my personal favorites. Aliens on Mars are draining the Earth's atmosphere through a tube of force. A pilot flies his plane into the tube and through it to Mars and blows up the generator. The story's high craftsmanship is shown by the way that Williamson makes such preposterous goings on believable. Memorable is the way that the pilot, with an eye on commercial possibilities, radios back to Earth that he has destroyed the invaders, then adds, "Nonstop flight to Mars made with Zerolube Oil."

Also in 1939 was a third Legion of Space novel, *One Against the Legion*, which is instructive in showing how rapidly Williamson's command of technique was growing. The style is more deft and sure than in the two earlier novels in the series, and the Legionnaires are more rounded in characterization. Even so, the hero of the novel is not one of the Legionnaires, but is a hard-boiled character they are hunting, under the mistaken impression that he is the super-criminal known as the Basilisk. To fit the new Williamson approach to space opera, the ending of the third Legion novel was terse and understated.

In 1941, John Campbell suggested to Williamson that he try using a pen name as a psychological device to give a new approach to his material, as Campbell himself had as "Don A. Stuart." Jack Stewart Williamson took the advice, becoming "Will Stewart" in a series of novelettes and one novel about a spaceborne industry in the asteroid belt trying to harness anti-matter, or "seetee" (for c.t., or contra-terrene). Experimenting with characterization, Williamson had the villain of one story become the hero in a later one. The series, later collected in book form as *Seetee Ship* and *Seetee Shock* ironically led to one of Williamson's most profitable writing assignments when a book reviewer dismissed one of the books as on a "comic book" level, causing the *New York Sunday News*, which had been planning to run an SF comic strip, to contact Williamson and offer him the job of writing it. Called "Beyond Mars," the strip ran for three years, and used an asteroid background like that of the seetee series, though the seetee itself was absent.

The mid-1940's saw Jack Williamson taking time out for World War II, finally

ending up as an Army Air Force weatherman (a background which, interestingly, I do not believe he has ever used in a story). Returning to civilian life, he wrote "With Folded Hands. . .", a story of robots directed "to serve and obey and guard men from harm" who do that quite literally, not allowing humans to do anything as dangerous as drive a car or work for a living. The story has achieved classic status, and its sequel, the novel *The Humanoids* (serialized in *Astounding* as . . . *And Searching Mind*) has been through more printings than any other Williamson novel. A more personal milestone occurred in the same year, 1947, when Blanche Slaten became Mrs. Jack Williamson.

Working on "Beyond Mars," and later on his long delayed higher education, he had little time for new Williamson stories in the 1950's. An exception was the not very impressive series of undersea juvenile SF novels he did in collaboration with Frederik Pohl. Far superior was the 1963 *Reefs of Space*, another Williamson-Pohl collaboration which began a trilogy combining a sardonic look at overpopulated Earth where criminals provide transplants, speculations rooted in the steady-state cosmology of Fred Hoyle, and hints of awareness and intelligence existing in the objects we call stars. The middle novel, *Starchild* maintained the level of the first novel, but the concluding *Rogue Star* was in many ways an anti-climax.

Though the 1970's brought another Pohl-Williamson collaboration, *Farthest Star*, it was joined by *The Moon Children* and *The Power of Blackness*, novels by Williamson on his own. This last novel is in some ways his most impressive work to date. It has a colorful alien world and hyper-technology that can match anything in the young Williamson's repertoire, plus a complex hero and touches of satire that show what his writing has achieved in a long, distinguished, career.

According to a note closing his *The Early Williamson*, a highly welcome collection of his early works (but limited, unfortunately, to short stories, because Doubleday would not let it go over 200 pages), he mentions a forthcoming novel, *Brother to Demons*, *Brother to Gods*. One suspects that Jack Williamson's best work is still ahead of him; which suggests that it might be appropriate to emulate the title of "With Folded Hands. . ." (though Jack Williamson's hands are anything but) and end this biographical sketch with a

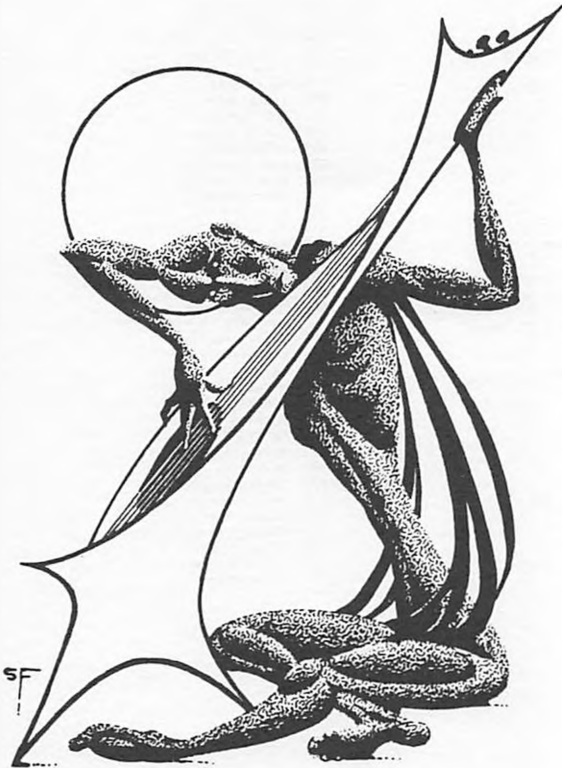
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Hank Davis



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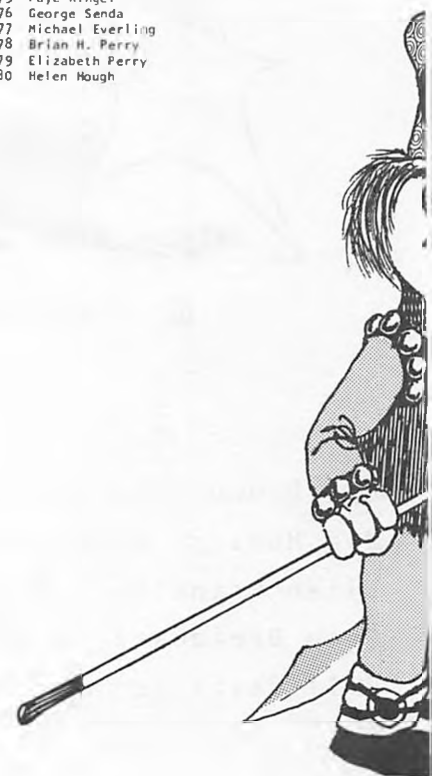
IN



1980

MEMBERSHIP

- 1 Jack Williamson
2 Blanche Williamson
3 Robert A. Madle
4 Billie Madle
5 Robert Silverberg
6 Barbara Silverberg
- 688 Debbie Smith
689 Everett Smith
- 794 Harlan Ellison
795 Cynthia Paloma
796 Alan Luck
797 David Kogelman
798 Estelle Shatz
799 George H. Scithers
800 Robert J. Clifford
801 Ben Sano
802 John Howard
803 Spike MacPhee
804 Seth Breidbart
805 Andrew White
806 Martin Schafer
807 N.E.S.F.A.
808 Ctein
809 Alex Eisenstein
810 Phyllis Eisenstein
811 David C. Boyce
812 Khristine Jordan
813 Terry F. Williams
814 Diane Drutowski
815 Patty Peters
816 Anne Shoup
817 Larry Downes
818 Leah Zeldes
819 Marge Parmenter
820 Janet Davis
821 Larry J. Holden
822 Jody John
823 Shirley S. Cragg
824 Gary Hudson
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827 Nancy Nagel
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829 Louie Spooner
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833 Harry C. Stubbs
834 Terry McCutchen
835 Ann McCutchen
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837 Gary Tesser
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839 Jeffrey Swanson
840 John F. Clemens
841 Barbara C. Clemens
842 Ira Allan Koplowitz
843 Mary Jo Hanley
844 Richard F. Madle
845 Mary Madle
846 Jane Madle
847 Lester Boutillier
848 Gary Farber
849 Leilani Appleyard
850 Martin E. Deutsch, Jr.
851 Anne C. Cech
852 Windy Lindboe
853 Bruce Francis
854 Frederick A. Marcotte
855 George H. Wells
856 Brent H. Reck
857 Marty Klug
858 John Oswalt
859 Kathleen A. Munroe
860 Paula C. Gold
- 861 Brian Thurogood
862 Deborah Knapp
863 Frank Andrasovsky
864 Carl Eugene Bennett
865 Robert E. Blenheim
866 Tom Longo
867 Eveleen Roy
868 Christine M. Moscovitz
869 David Gillett
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871 Kaye E. Hamlin
872 A. Judson Cole
873 Nancy J. Cole
874 James Mann
875 Robert H. Rubin
876 New Orleans S. F. Assoc.
877 William C. Marlow
878 Fladnag Etanetilli
879 Fladnag #2 Etanetilli
880 Fladnag #3 Etanetilli
881 Fladnag #4 Etanetilli
882 Fladnag #5 Etanetilli
883 F. Vd. Waart
884 Christine T. Callahan
885 Francis Richards
886 Lee Hoffman
887 Carolyn Thompson
888 Mark Mathoslan
889 Brice Dortch
890 David Warren
891 Neil Ballantyne
892 Comm. for Boston in 1980
893 David S. Bratmean
894 Kim Gibbs
895 Elizabeth Pearse
896 Lauren Pearse
897 Cheryl McDonald
898 Takumi Shibano
899 Gregg W. Palmer
900 Lynn P. Behrns
901 Dean S. Abel
902 Sandi Lopez
903 George F. McAulay
904 Tamar Lindsay
905 Leslie Smith
906 Waldemar Kunning
907 Jay Kay Klein
908 Joan Rapkin
909 Myron Rapkin
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912 Ruth M. Patrouch
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923 Wayne Gray
924 Vonda McIntyre
925 Linda Bushyager
926 Terry A. Hughes
927 Bill Heron
928 Bill #2 Heron
929 Bill #3 Heron
930 Bill #4 Heron
931 John J. Novak
932 St. Louis S. F. Society
933 Elaine Wojciechowski
934 Lenard Wojciechowski
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936 John Moffitt
937 Lynda Moffitt
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951 Rob Jackson
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959 Ian E. Stockdale
960 Peter J. Andrews
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962 Alan Rachlin
963 Kent Bloom
964 Daniel W. Story
965 Terry Anastasslou
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967 Carey P. Sublette
968 Michael A. Mahaffey
969 Debbie K. Mahaffey
970 Cathy McGuire
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972 Martha A. Bartter
973 Suzanne V. Tompkins
974 Sandra Shorter
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| 989 Catherine DeCamp | 1013 Lucille Doty | 1040 Ron Bounds |
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| 991 S. Renahan | 1015 Charlene Kunkel | 1042 Kathleen M. A. Ettlin |
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| 997 David Govaker | 1021 Beverly Kanter | 1048 Harry Warner, Jr. |
| 998 Steven Elmshausen | 1022 Miriam Winder | 1049 Jane Hawkins |
| 999 Ken Jordan | 1023 Donna Camp | 1050 Steve Morgan |
| 1000 Peter Glaskowsky | 1024 James J. Hultner | 1051 Jack Rosenstein |
| 1001 Dana Iverson | 1025 Jeff Seigel | 1052 Bob Adams |
| 1002 T. M. Sherrad | 1026 Charles Hamilton | 1053 Bobby Adams, Jr. |
| 1003 Bill Simons | 1027 Adam Gilinsky | 1054 Marla Gold |
| 1004 Amy Fass | 1028 Dave Garland | 1055 Abraham Friedman |
| | 1029 A. D. (Buz) Owen | 1056 D. Gary Grady |
| | 1030 John C. Menegham | 1057 Michael L. Wood |
| | 1031 Gil (Sharon A.) Fitzgerald | 1058 Ellen C. Mason |
| | | 1059 Barbara A. Schubert |
| | | 1060 Gary E. Schubert |
| | | 1061 Howard John Brazee III |



WRIGHT, WHERE'S HER MEMBERSHIP BADGE?

FAN GUEST OF HONOR

Robert A. Madle

On June 2, 1920, in Philadelphia, the mother of Robert A. Madle can be blamed for bringing another fan into the world. Actually his S-Fiction did not become noticeable until six years later, when the original Tom Swift and Don Sturdy stories made up a large part of his reading matter. Over the next few years, he progressed through Buck Rogers and Edgar Rice Burroughs until in 1933, at age twelve, he discovered the science fiction prozines: *Wonder Stories*, *Amazing*, *Astounding*, and *Weird Tales*.

His addiction as a collector has followed him all his life and he has now accumulated complete runs of all the science fiction prozines and *Weird Tales*. This has finally led him to become one of the best-known dealers of fantastic fiction.

He discovered fandom late in life when, in 1934, he sent for a sample copy of *Fantasy Magazine*, the most prominent fanzine of that era. He was 14.

Within a year, he started publishing fanzines on his own. The first, *Science Fiction Fan*, was a small carbon-copied zine which he did with another Philadelphia fan, John Baltadonis. This led to other fanzines, including *Imagi-*

native Fiction, *Fantasy Fiction Telegram*, and eventually to *Fantascience Digest* in 1937.

Fantascience Digest became one of the best and most popular fanzines of the period. It did not feature the feuding that dominated many early fanzines, and contained material by most of the prominent fans of the time, including Milton Rothman, Harry Warner, Jr., Sam Moskowitz, Henry Kuttner, Donald A. Wollheim, Ray Bradbury, Oswald Train and many others. *Fantascience Digest* ended in 1941 after fourteen issues.

Fantascience Digest exercised a great deal of influence over other fanzines of the early 1940's. Harry Warner, Jr. credits this fanzine and its policies for the inspiration of the style for his own prestigious fanzine, *Spaceways*.

In addition to publishing, Bob wrote for many fanzines. Harry Warner recalls that "Madle was an intent, serious-minded young man, writing some things you'd hardly associate with his present personality. I remember one story about a sad youth who dreamed of the stars and far adventures and eventually died of no apparent cause other than dissatisfaction with reality."

At the same time that *Fantascience Digest* was being born, so was the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA). Bob was one of its charter members and became secretary-treasurer in 1939. During this same period, 1937-39, he was voted one of the top ten fans.

Bob's fan activities were not limited to fanzines. He was very active all through the 1930's. At first it was the Boy's Science Fiction Club of Philadelphia and then he was one of the founders of the Philadelphia Science Fiction League which is still going as the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society (PSFS).

Throughout his fan career Bob has always been a convention-goer, attending regionals and worldcons whenever he could. Bob was prominent in all the early conventions, both as an organizer and attendee. The first science fiction convention ever held was in Philadelphia on October 22, 1936 and Bob was one of the small group of attendees, the second was in New York, and the third back in Philadelphia in 1937. At this convention, Bob unveiled the first issue of *Fantascience Digest*.

In 1941, at the Denver Worldcon, he was one of several who got locked in a hotel room when a group of fans discovered that the hotel room doors could be locked from the outside. One assumes that they were rescued since Bob has been seen many times since.

But despite such pranks, Bob has always remained personable and well-liked. At a hoax business session at the same 1941 Denvention, an award of \$25.00 was to be given by *Comet* magazine to the fan who overcame the most trials and tribulations to get to the convention. Milt Rothman stood up and proudly announced that he (Rothman) should get the award because he had had to travel 1500 miles seated next to Bob Madle.

World War II interrupted most fan activity throughout the United States, but at the first PSFS meeting he attended after the war, on January 2, 1946, Bob was elected secretary of the club.

In 1948, he attempted to begin a publishing house under the name of New Era Publishers. A book by Dr. David H. Keller called *Solitary Hunters and The Abyss* was brought out, but Bob had to give up this publishing career due to other activities.

One of these temporarily reduced Bob's fan activities. In 1948 he enrolled in
(continued on page 18)

TOASTMASTER

Robert Silverberg

Many years ago before I became an active fan I thought that all science fiction writers (except Harlan Ellison) were elder-statesman types, seemingly distant and unapproachable like Arthur C. Clarke and Robert A. Heinlein.

Then I met Robert Silverberg.

In 1968, I joined the Western Pennsylvania Science Fiction Association (WPSFA) and attended my first ever convention, Disclave, in Washington D.C. At a Friday night party, I could not help but notice a devilishly handsome gentleman, dressed, as were the WPSFA members, entirely in black. (Why we were all in black is, as Kipling would say, another tale.) Since he was not wearing a plastic number around his neck, I knew he was not in WPSFA. By the clever ploy of asking about, I soon discovered who he was—and was duly impressed.

Not, however, by his long-standing reputation. I was not then aware that Bob had begun writing shortly after puberty, produced a book a day for a decade, dropped out of SF for a few years to write non-fiction about his summer vacations and only recently returned to the fold—a “new” Robert Silverberg. In point of fact, I had never read any of the “old” Robert Silverberg, and have not to this day, although I do now own a copy of *The Nudes of Quendar III*.

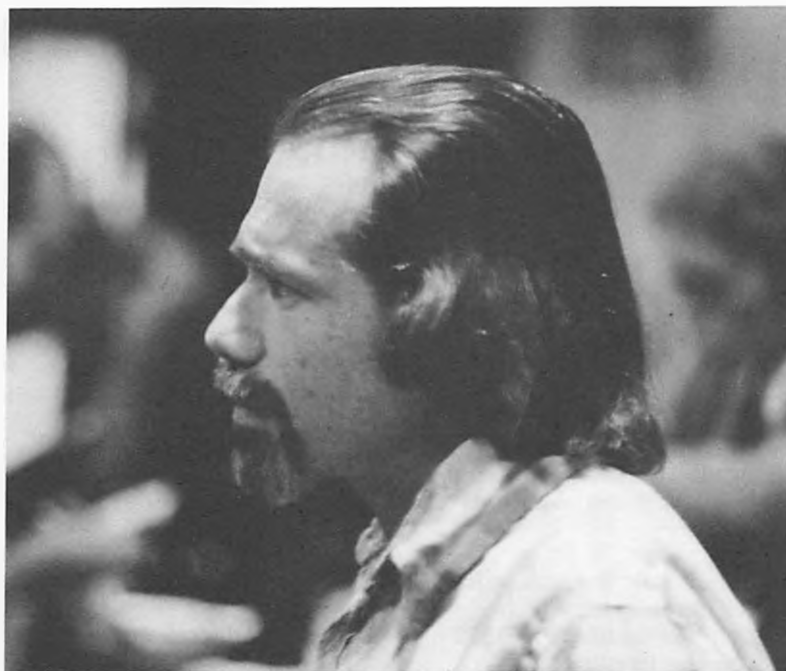
But in that spring of 1968, I had recently read the anthology *Dangerous Visions*, a breakthrough book of the time. And, in that breakthrough book, the thematically significant important first story was “Flies” by one Robert Silverberg.

It was the author of “Flies” then, that I was awed to meet. He was intelligent, witty and reasonably accessible. I hung around him, goshowowoboying, as much as possible. (If I had not missed the sauna party, I could have seen much more of him.) It was not until Sunday afternoon in the coffee shoppe, that I and my companions made much of an impression. Linda Bushyager, then Eyster, attempted to sell him a copy of her fanzine, *Granfalloon*. He replied that he never bought fanzines. “Who,” Linda muttered in true ignorance, “does he think he is?”

“I think he thinks he’s Robert Silverberg.” I said and thrust a copy of the fanzine upon him.

He was amused.

Well, after that was Baycon, and Philcon, and Lunacon, and Disclave



again and somehow, during that year, Bob Silverberg got to be an honorary Pittsburgher, a dubious distinction which he handled quite well for a Jewish boy from New York, once he got straight the fact that it was the Monongahela, not the Susquehanna, which united with the Allegheny to form the Ohio. In June of 1969, WPSFA went so far as to hold a regional convention (called Pghlange) largely so we could have Bob as Guest of Honor. Thereafter, he was GoH Emeritus. He was also Uncle Bob, the Pope, and, after he jokingly accused us of no longer holding him in awe, Mrsilverbergsir!

From 1968 to 1972 Bob was subject to the attentions of a mixed group of Pittsburgh people, of various shapes and sizes, most of them female. How he felt about this “harem” is open to question. He is, *Dying Inside* notwithstanding, an only child, and I expect at times it must have seemed as though he had suddenly been blessed with a gaggle of kid sisters. And Ghod only knows what Barbara, his lovely wife, thought. At any rate, during those years, we shared with Bob the frustrations and rewards of his thriving “new” career. In St. Louis at the 1969 Worldcon we celebrated his Hugo for the novella “Nightwings”—a bar mitzvah present for his first Hugo

won 13 years previously as half of Robert Randall. A group of us went to the 1970 Worldcon in Heidelberg, Germany, where Bob was 1/3 of the guest of honor. There he introduced us to Verguzz, one of his favorite beverages, a drink best compared in color and taste to 150 proof Scope. These years also brought him short story Nebulas for “Passengers” (1969) and “Good News From the Vatican” (1972) and the novel Nebula for *A Time of Changes* also in 1972.

Besides the shorter works, the series of novels he wrote, beginning with *To Open the Sky* in 1967 through *Thorns*, *To Live Again*, *Nightwings*, *Downward to the Earth*, *Tower of Glass*, *Son of Man* and *A Time of Changes*, *The World Inside*, *Book of Skulls* and *Dying Inside* (my personal nomination as perhaps the only truly adult science fiction novel ever written, and a John W. Campbell Memorial Award runner-up) represent a body of work which earned for him, besides nominations and awards, the respect of his peers, serious consideration from the academic community, and the enthusiasm of his loyal fans, of whom we of WPSFA were among the most constantly enthusiastic.

(continued on page 18)

ROBERT A. MADLE

college and was active in little except PSFS for a few years.

During the 1950's Bob became a great pioneer in getting fan material into the prozines. In 1952 he did a college theme paper about atomic energy predictions in science fiction stories. Robert W. Lowndes saw it and published it in *Science Fiction Quarterly*. When Madle came up with the suggestion of having a regular fan column in the prozines, Lowndes liked the idea and so Bob found himself doing a fan department called "Inside Science Fiction" for Lowndes' prozine *Dynamic Science Fiction*. The column started in 1953 and lasted until 1960. He also had a fan column in *Nebula Science Fiction*, a British prozine, which for a while was distributed in the United States with Madle acting as American representative.

During this period Bob was also active in helping Philadelphia win the World Science Fiction Convention for 1952 for which he became treasurer.

In 1953 he received his M.S. from Drexel University and moved to Charlotte, North Carolina. There he formed the Carolina Science Fiction Society which met weekly and eventually published a fanzine. Although he was doing the regular work for Lowndes' magazine, this started a period of travelling as Bob helped to arrange the Atlanta Science Fiction Conference which was staged by the Charlotte and Atlanta groups.

In 1956 he took government work in Washington, D.C. and became very active in the Washington Science Fiction Association (WSFA). This same year he was also nominated for the Hugo for the Best Feature Writer for his column "Inside Science Fiction."

In 1957, after a very heated race, Bob was the first American to go to England under the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund (TAFF). This was a year of honors for Bob as he was also inducted into the Order of the Knights of Saint Fantasy.

At the Midwestcon in 1957, Bob was one of the fans that established the organization of First Fandom—dedicated to bringing alive the fans of that past era before 1940. He has served

as its president for most of its life.

The next year Bob was transferred to Indianapolis where he helped Lee Anne Tremper to form the Indianapolis Science Fiction Association. He also resumed apa activity around the end of 1959, making the third time he had become a member of FAPA.

During the 1960's, Bob has become a regular feature in the huckster rooms of many conventions. He is one of the fans whose opinion is sought and respected about things of fannish importance.

As well as being president of First Fandom, Bob has served in that office for the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, the Charlotte Science Fiction Society and the Washington Science Fiction Association. And he is a member of the Science Fiction Writers of America.

Even with all these fan activities, Bob has managed to find someone willing to marry him and to raise a family. His lovely wife, Billie, and his four children, Robert, Richard, Jane, and Mary, live with him in Rockville, Maryland, but at conventions they can usually be found behind Bob Madle's huckster tables.

—Karina Girsdansky and Joe Siclari

ROBERT SILVERBERG

Time passes. Time passes. We all grew up, or older, and left Pittsburgh for more exotic ports of call. I moved to New York City and, for a few brief months, was fortunate to get to know both Bob and Barbara more intimately. I met their house in Riverdale—the fabled La Guardia mansion, eighteen rooms full of cats, cat-hair, artifacts and books. Other authors have egoboo shelves—Bob had egoboo libraries. I experienced Barbara's remarkable inner city driving. I personally witnessed a few of the amazing things Bob can do with his toes, and I became official cat-sitter during their house-hunting trips to California. Eventually, in the summer of '72, I sadly helped them pack for their re-location to Upper Lotus Land.

Do not, by the way, listen to Bob for a minute if he begins to natter on about how he left New York due to his disgust with the city and its deterioration. The truth is that Barbara had completely

exhausted the kitten placement possibilities of the East Coast. In another fifteen years or so, I expect them to have to settle in Alaska.

The house they bought in California, in the Oakland Hills, had a mere 11 rooms but the walled acre of ground, the swimming pool and the St. Francis of Assisi shrine in the garden compensated. They settled in. Bob stopped wearing shoes and planted a cactus garden. We of the scattered old guard of WPSFA saw him only infrequently at Worldcons, where he continued to receive nominations although his output had significantly decreased in quantity ("Born With the Dead" in 1974, a Nebula winner, *The Stochastic Man* in 1975 and a Hugo nominee this year, *Shadrach in the Furnace*; currently being serialized in the August, September and October issues of *Analog*.)

Last year, Bob announced his "retirement." *Shadrach in the Furnace* is to be his last science fiction. He has decided to devote his time to horticulture, mental health and occasional editing. This decision on his part caused much discussion and some anger in the SF

world, with people debating whether or not they agreed with his feeling that the type of science fiction he wrote had no significant audience.

The debate does not matter. He is now, by choice, "former science fiction writer, Robert Silverberg." Things have changed.

Or have they? At the Pghlange in 1971 (where WPSFA presented Bob with the key to the city of Sewickly, a small town outside of Pittsburgh with which he was unaccountably obsessed), Lester del Rey gave the GoH speech on the true nature of fandom—an extended family bound together by ties of sharing and caring. Lester was "Right On!" as we used to say in the 60s. And so was Bob when he long ago grumbled about our having lost our awe of him. We had, but it was replaced by understanding and affection, which survive distance and professional vicissitudes. Robert Silverberg, the writer, may be currently disillusioned with the science fiction field but Mrsilverbergsir, the friend and fan, will be at SUNCON as Toastmaster. I, for one, will be very glad to see him.

—Ginjer Buchanan



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A WEALTH OF FABLE

BY HARRY WARNER JR.

INTRODUCTION

by Joe Siclari

Harry Warner, Jr., is the generally recognized historian of science-fiction fandom. He has written many articles on virtually all aspects of fandom past. *All Our Yesterdays*, the first volume of his history of fandom, has been widely acclaimed. It covers the period up to 1949 and is the most important source of information on fannish life of the period. *All Our Yesterdays* is available from Advent:Publishers, P.O. Box 9228, Chicago IL 60690.

Recently, Harry completed the second volume of his history. Titled *Wealth of Fable*, it will soon be published by Fanhistorica Press, P.O. Box 1343, Radio City Station, New York NY 10019.

AN EXCERPT

COLLEGE COLLAGE

There was a new place for fan organizations to take root in the 1950's. Fandom as we know it had begun to blossom during the Depression years, and proceeded straight from them into World War Two. As a result during its first fifteen years or so, fandom had few members attending college. At first they couldn't afford to go, and then they were mostly either drafted or obtaining those high wartime wages. So colleges as a place where local fan clubs were likely to form, where fanzines would be published, where lectures and film festivals with fantasy themes would be organized, were just reaching real prominence as the 1950's got going. Fan groups at some colleges had only the most tenuous connections with the rest of fandom and no real impact on it. It is quite probable that some college fan clubs existed without coming to the notice of fans elsewhere. The big role colleges were to play in fandom was

reserved for the 1960's and later, when they became a convenient recruiting ground for new fans, and when they commanded enough manpower and money to produce offset and lithographed fanzines, giving the trend in this direction a sharp nudge.

Sometimes an otherwise minor college fan group contributed one important person to fandom. The University of Miami had a science fiction club around 1954, and one member bobbed up a bit later as a major fan and later a pro, Dick Lupoff. The University of Miami club, incidentally, was used as a guinea pig by one member. He did case studies on other members in an effort to find support for his hypothesis that all fans are mad.

The University of California at Los Angeles had a really big fan group early in the 1950's, with some 75 members. It left almost no traces in the fannish sands of time, except for pioneering in one important later development. It inspired the faculty to start a big collection of prozines, books, and even fanzines. From somewhere, UCLA acquired such treasures as an early Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA) mailing, bound sets of *Fantasy Commentator* and *The Fantasy Fan*, and Pacificon publications. However, collecting fantasy artifacts created headaches when they were subjected to microfilming: some magazines were too fragile to survive the strain. Few if any other institutions imitated this creation of a university fantasy library immediately and nobody could have guessed then that by the middle 1970's, some universities would be as excited at the discovery of a large fanzine collection for sale as at the emergence of a seven-foot high school basketball player.

Sometimes a much smaller institution had a good-sized fan group. Miami University of Ohio had a flourishing Science Fiction Society around 1950. It did such things as purchase science fiction books and prozines for the school's general library, produce science

fiction drama over the campus radio wavelength, sponsor a screening of *Things to Come*, and stage an exhibit of science fiction treasures. Like most such groups, the club got a free meeting room by finding a faculty member or two who were willing to be listed on paper as advisors. George Earley was probably the most active fan to emerge from this group.

In other instances, an enormous student body didn't guarantee a large fan club. Pennsylvania State University formed its Science Fiction Society near the end of the decade but it had scanty attendance at meetings. Moreover, many members turned out to be interested only in getting another entry for the list of organizations on their student activity record, as an aid to consideration for fraternity bids. At first, lunatic fringe people who wanted to be speakers were as easy to find as genuinely interested members. James F. Cooper, Jr. founded the club, but the main recruit to mainstream fandom from it was the second Don Thompson, the one who for years formed a link between comics fans and the rest of fandom.

Once in a while, an obscure beginning had a surprise ending. Such was the fan club situation at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. As far as anyone could figure out much later, it was founded some time between 1950 and 1952. Nobody but members paid much attention to it for years. Then finally in the early 1960's the MIT Science Fiction Society became a major force in general fandom, publisher of a highly praised fanzine, and did all sorts of other exciting things. By then early minutes had become illegible, and there was one report that radio-carbon testing had been utilized in the effort to learn something about the club's origins.

The strangest origin for a college level fan group may have been at the University of Florida. There was a group of cave exploration enthusiasts who were members of the Florida Speleological Society. Suddenly, around 1957,

the cavers discovered among one another a mutual interest in science fiction. As a result, they started a science fiction fan club which was meeting weekly by 1959. This university produced an unusually large number of people who graduated into general fandom; some were Bruce Pelz, Sylvia Dees, Pat Walker, and Stan Serxner.

The University of Chicago Science Fiction Club was probably the most prominent and important school group during the 1950's. It was organized on January 18, 1950, by Tom Seidman, George D'Asaro, and John Boardman. You could guess that it was destined to be a general fan group by the way it got involved in a big fuss before it was a year old. The proposed fanzine which was the cause célèbre eventually emerged as *The Journal of Science Fiction*, edited by Ed Wood and Charles Freudenthal. Besides Wood and Boardman, the most prominent club member in the early years was probably Ray Nelson, who became president in 1952. Shortly before this, the club had staged a hectic Halloween party which was to be climaxed by an imitation black mass. One student misinterpreted this as a scheme to raid Catholic communion materials. The matter reached such high quarters as a cardinal and the university president.

One visitor, Joe Kennedy, described the club at this time as "informal as all hell, meetings beginning any old time in a Greek classroom with mouldering maps of Athens rotting all over the walls." This lack of formalities may have helped to keep the group alive throughout the decade, much longer life than college groups normally enjoyed because of their inherent turnover in membership. Another longevity factor was the ability of non-students to become members, although offices were limited to students. Meetings were usually conducted without parliamentary patterns; they often included a talk by a member or a guest, then after the caretaker bounced everyone from the college meeting room at 11 pm, a post-meeting followed in a coffee shop.

From this group came fans who formed Advent:Publishers, and a link between the club and the firm was one of its first books—*The Science Fiction Novel: Imagination and Social Criticism*—published in 1959, it contained the texts of lectures given in 1957 at the University of Chicago by Cyril Kornbluth, Robert Bloch, Alfred Bester, and Robert Heinlein.

You can hardly count chain letters as

organizations. But they were quite popular during this era, and they fit here as well as anywhere. They were, basically, any correspondence that involved more than two people. The best publicized of them was the Wide-Open Three-Way, normally known as the WO3W, among Redd Boggs, Dean Grennell, and Bob Silverberg. This began in mid-1953. It started when all three were corresponding in a normal way among one another. They found themselves frequently quoting at length to one correspondent something that the other had remarked in recent letters. One day, Silverberg departed for a vacation and Grennell proposed that Grennell and Boggs should send Silverberg carbon copies of their letters as a sort of *choruspondence* to keep the vacationing fan *au courant*. This evolved quickly into each of the three sending identical letters to the other two. After the first six months, each had accumulated a five-inch stack of this triangular correspondence, and they later estimated that they got as much reading matter out of it as from FAPA mailings. The idea became widely imitated among other small groups of fans, after it received fanzine publicity.

Technically, three persons may not be enough manpower for a chain letter. But it's impossible to find sharp dividing lines between variants of the basic notion of sharing correspondence with more than one person. Bill Rotsler did it differently at the start of 1955 when he began *Kteic Magazine* as a letter substitute. He created one original and two carbon copies, each of which was mailed to a short list of recipients, to be passed along in the specified order until it reached one chosen soul who would preserve it in perpetuity. More than 100 pages of this sort of chain were produced the first year. Rotsler kept it up year after year, although he published for a while a regular fanzine called *Kteic*.

In the Bay Area in 1957, four fans who saw one another frequently still found delight in a four-party chain which operated like the WO3W. Terry Carr, Dave Rike, Peter Graham, and Bob Stewart were the official participants, with Carl Brandon occasionally on hand as a silent partner. Some 230 pages were created before the year ended, and extensive excerpts were published in *Diaspar* before it went dormant.

The older type of chain letter, involving more fans, was perpetuated by the National Fantasy Fan Federation (NFFF), where they somehow acquired the name of round robins. Upwards of a dozen people might participate in these chains. They were considerably less

voluminous than the WO3W system, since each participant provided only one copy of his contribution, sending it to the next person on the chain together with the letters that had reached him from the other members. This was a saving in time and trouble, but the letter reached a given member only once every month or two and it suffered total collapse if one member of the chain gaffiated.

The chain principle was also applied occasionally to fanzine contributions. Most notable in the decade was probably "The Great Science Fiction Crisis," a loose sequel to *Spacewarp's* celebrated "The Great Science Fiction Broadcast." Contributors to chapters of the newer chain serial were such fans as Art Rapp, Redd Boggs, Jim Harmon, Bob Tucker, Marion Bradley, Dick Eney, Dean Grennell, Phyllis Economou, and Bob Leman.

Then there were the assorted organizations, large and small, with wildly differing intentions. Most of them had one thing in common: disintegration after a period which might be as short as a few months or as long as several years.

Project Fan Club was a venture which Orville W. Mosher began in Emporia, Kansas, around 1951. He'd had little or no personal experience at meetings of local clubs. But he began "collecting and correlating reports on the hows and whys of fan club failures" and "trying to understand why and how they succeed." Mosher had a mild obsession for questionnaires, producing them almost as often as other fans published fanzines and making them almost as big. Everyone who joined Project Fan Club began by filling out the blanks on five pages. Rewards for members included membership stickers, a list of fans throughout the world, advice on how to build a mimeograph for \$3.75, translations of letters from overseas fans, and the news that Peter Zilahy Ingerman was helping the organization. If the last matter seems doubtfully significant, the gentleman was planning a new artificial language that would be semantically correct.

Mosher claimed 150 members at one time. He claimed: "I have been able to place hundreds of fan clubs located near to them." He drew up lists of fan clubs, tried to analyze ways in which internal disorder became their usual fate, and collected anything connected with local clubs. Project Fan Club proved its mortality in 1953. Federated World Fanclubs was proclaimed as its successor, and that was the last anyone heard of it.

Just about as ambitious in scope but only marginally dependent on fans was the Interplanetary Exploration Society. In 1958 John W. Campbell, Jr., proposed an organization for gentleman amateur scientists, which would publish a journal. Near the end of that year, those who joined were told that there were about 1,000 members. Only forty were enthusiastic enough to appear at the first meeting, staged in December at the Hayden Planetarium. Isaac Asimov told about the discovery of the microscope and Campbell talked on high fidelity, topics which didn't strike bystanders as too intimately connected with the group's name. Further meetings put emphasis on psi phenomena. A Hieronymous machine was occasionally a guest of honor. Then Campbell may have run out of stray kittens because the New York group seems to have disbanded in the middle of 1959. However, there may have been less public manifestations of the organization. Alma Hill understood that Campbell had by then half of the \$15,000 in subscription money needed to publish the journal, and that three groups were in existence in New York, one working with the machine, another with psi, and the third doing unspecified things. Andy Young attended a Boston meeting in January 1960, finding it attended by tired old pros and ignorant but enthusiastic amateurs. The meeting was aimed at those who liked science and science fiction. The original intention to publish a magazine comparable with that of the National Geographic Society simmered down rapidly. When the *Journal of the IES* began appearing in 1960, it contained only 32 pages which held somewhat diverse contents: a Hannes Bok poem, a reprint from *Pravda* on the mastery of space, and a technical article on gravitation by Poul Anderson. Even Campbell seems to have lost interest by then. If the organization survived much longer, it did so without the benefit of attention from fandom.

Back in fandom, some organizations around this time were blessed with interesting names, if little else. The Morgan Botts Foundation, for instance, possessed behind that imposing name a passel of fans whose interests were centered around beer and poker. There weren't any dues and not many members. Howard Devore was prominent in the organization, which was named for a once-famous hero of fan fiction.

If you think Science Fiction Anonymous is just what you need, after failing to break away from the habit of reading a lot of crud about the future, you're out of luck. The organization is dead and it had a different purpose. Joe Plott

and John F. Anderson, Jr., formed it in 1959. It was meant "for the purpose of uniting fandom into one vast organization," a story we've heard before. But Science Fiction Anonymous put considerable stress on offbeat topics, and was open to anyone interested in "science fiction, UFO, esp, and other related subjects such as occult and the supernatural." It had a trading mechanism, it formed branches in any city where at least three members resided, and it had about 100 members within a year, most of them little known to mainstream fandom.

The Universal Musketeers and the Tellurian Sciencefictioneers got to feuding in 1950. The hostilities failed to tear all fandom apart. The Tellurians managed to double its membership when it signed up twenty fans during the Norwescon, including in the catch Claude Degler. A particular selling point was the existence of a club library owned by Jack Schwag of Portsmouth, Va. Bill Knapheide was a mainstay of this group, one of the boldest fans of the era, because he came right out and admitted to liking Captain Future stories. The Musketeers also claimed that it doubled its membership in a month, reaching the giddy heights of 90 names on the roster, and boasting that there was at least one on each of six continents. Ron Friedman, Brooklyn, was president of such far-flung activities as a lending library, correspondence service, and a "writer-artist correction distribution center." I have no idea what that may have been.

The Little Monsters of America was created in the summer of 1950 when Lynn Hickman and Wilkie Conner got together in Statesville, N.C. They were friends through letterhacking. The pair decided that a club was needed for the solace and unification of people who were stared at as if they were little monsters, when mundanes saw them reading prozines. It was the start of Hickman's long career as a convention, collecting, and fanzine fan. Destiny led Conner to a different fate, because he became chief of the NFFF manuscript bureau.

The Bachelor's Science Fiction Association of the World had been proposed as far back as 1948 by, surprisingly, Alice Douglas, with the support of Hal Shapiro. That was all that happened to the idea until a tour of duty in the service in Alaska ended for Shapiro and he decided in 1952 to organize it as fandom's fun group, akin to the American Legion's Forty & Eight or the Veterans of Foreign Wars' Cooties. The primary purpose was to sponsor social affairs for local fans. The inventors, Max

Keasler, Joe Semenovich and John Shay were board members when it started. It claimed nearly 100 members within a few months, before it disappeared.

Five years later, a group with similar spirit but with greater impact on fanzines arrived. This was the Down With Everything movement. DWE began when John Koning invited Ron Bennett to join an as yet mythical club with that name. DWE spread into one phase of mundane life, because the Youngstown, Ohio, DWE philosophers sponsored an unsuccessful campaign to put Koning into the presidency of his senior class in high school and published a fanzine-like DWE booklet toward that end. DWE may have held the record for generosity with offices. One tabulation showed that 24 members held 29 offices. DWE next became responsible for *DAFOE*, a fanzine published by Koning and Eugene Hryb and named for Decline and Fall of Everything. Occasionally a few old time fans still get together and resume the old arguments about the existence or non-existence of Hryb. DWE was still functioning in 1959, when it published a John Berry appreciation fanzine to honor the Irish visitor to the United States.

MYOB was a mysterious organization that had a short, happy life around Nolacon (New Orleans Worldcon in 1951) time. The few disclosures that have survived indicate that it specialized in creating fannish things in new ways. Jack Speer produced an issue of *Photon* photographically with an ancient Graflex, then dittoed a more legible edition of it. Lee Hoffman remembered that someone else published ϕ , a fanzine that was printed on money. There was also a mysterious, untitled item known only as coming "from the Arctic Circle." Fans didn't get very inquisitive, assuming that the club name stood for Mind Your Own Business.

CREDITS

Journal 1 credits:

Layout — Perdita Boardman; Wendy Lindboe

Artwork — Taral Wayne McDonald, cover; Randy Bathurst, 14; William Rotsler, 15, 22

Photographs — Ben Yalow, 7, 10, 11, 16, 17, 18, 20

Journal 2 credits:

Layout — Perdita Boardman

Artwork — William Rotsler, 4, 7, 25; Mike Gilbert, 5, 6, 7; Phil Foglio, 15

Photographs — Bingam's, 9; Ben Yalow, 16, 17

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LOCS



Received your first P.R. today, along with my membership card, and think it looks very good. Though an old timer I find I am not troubled with the change in size of PR's, and in this the MAC may have set a good trend. Moffatt has told me that their L.A. committee is thinking of keeping the full size too. This issue is quite good, and I'm very pleased to see the Aussiecon material. It gives a greater feeling of continuity, which I understand you are interested in.

Slightly amused at your pride at being Vol. 35, No. 1, and then it *not* being in the colophon after all. Just one of those little things that make committee chairmen turn gray at such early ages. Actually, the system might cause confusion later, as you would be publishing Volume 35, before the end of Volume 34. Rather like the deep space message that was received before it was sent. But if the idea to combine Progress Reports went through, it would work very well.

I am sorry you have had so much trouble with your site (it seems to be a trend in Convention worries) but I feel the move to Miami is for the best. In fact, I think it may be for the best for reasons you probably would not agree with. I felt that the Orlando area was just too attractive a vacation spot, so that numbers of non-fan wives, kids, room-mates as well as fringe-fans out for a fun time, would be tempted to come. As there have been already too many people attending cons, anything that diluted the True Fans any more, was a

bad thing. Miami is of course also a vacation spot (as is Los Angeles, in the eyes of people not living here) but not to the same extent, and it ranks better as a City.

—Rick Sneary, South Gate, CA.

[As a matter of fact, MAC is not the first to use the large size. The current trend probably started with Torcon Program Book.]

I'm enclosing a check for \$7.50 to cover attending membership for the Thirty-Fifth World Science Fiction Convention.

At this point I just want to let you know that I shall possibly never forgive you for changing the location of the '77 Con from Orlando to Miami. While Orlando is a relatively nice, middle-sized Florida city, Worldcon is one of the few events that could possibly lure me to Miami.

But . . . here's my \$7.50 anyway, though I'm sure that by September 6, 1977 I'll once again swear that NOTHING will ever again lure me into Miami . . . until the next Worldcon!

Thanks.

—Thecla Fabian, Washington, D.C.

Enclosed is a check for \$7.00 to convert my supporting membership to attending. As for your decision to move the con to Miami, I agree with it wholeheartedly. Good luck and happy fanning.

—Sam Scheiner, McKeesport, PA.

I received my convention journal no. 1 and accompanying goodies today. From the looks of them, you people are doing a tremendous job. Despite all the obstacles, I feel we're going to have one Fantastic Con in '77.

And you've heard it all before, I know, but I've never met the fan yet that didn't like being praised just "one more time!"

—David N. Simmons, Wheat Ridge, CO.

Sorry to hear about moving. I had really looked forward to Orlando, but . . .

This check will, I believe, make me an attending member.

Overall, Convention Journal 1 was very good. Le Guin's speech must have been superb in person and the photo report was most interesting.

Best of luck with everything.

—Jon Coopersmith, Patomac, MD.

Here is my attending membership fee. I would be willing to pay twice this if you could move it back to Orlando or even 5X this fee. I never would have voted for Miami Beach.

—Howard John Brazee, Ames, IA.

Got my membership card & progress report, & appreciate the frankness with which you report the situation & the options you leave to members—it strikes me as being particularly fannish.

—Michael Carlson, Montreal, Quebec.

BALTIMORE IN

1980

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CONVENTION RUNDOWN

Although the Worldcon is the largest general SF convention, it's not the only convention of its type. Indeed, the number of regional and theme SF conventions is proliferating at an enormous rate. They are almost everywhere and any time, and there's probably one near you next week. We print all information on conventions that we receive, but we do not know about some of these conventions personally and advise you to check with the person or group listed for information and full details. All thanks to Erwin "Filthy Pierre" Strauss for the calendar.

- Sept. 24-26. PgHLANGE VIII. Viking Motel, Pittsburgh, PA. \$4.00 advance, \$5.00 at the door. Joe Haldeman, GoH. Info: Barbara Geraud, 1202 Benedum-Trees Bldg., Pittsburgh PA 15222.
- Oct. 15-17. WINDYCON III. Sheraton Chicago, Chicago, IL. \$4 advance, \$6 at the door. Algis Budrys, GoH. Info: P.O. Box 2572, Chicago IL 60690.
- Oct. 15-17. LOSCON. Hotel Americana, Culver City, CA. Info: Ron Bounds, 4460 Overland Ave. #51, Culver City CA 90230.
- Oct. 22-24. ANONYCON 2. Airport Holiday Inn, Buffalo, NY. \$5 advance, \$8 at the door. Samuel R. Delany, GoH. Info: Karen Klinck, 18 Jewett Pkwy, Buffalo NY 14214.
- Oct. 29-31. ALPHA DRACONIS. Holiday Inn Downtown, Toronto, Ontario. \$5 advance, \$7 at the door. Info: 1384 Ludbrook Court, Mississauga, Ontario L5J 3P4.
- Nov. 5-7. TUSCON IV. Sanda Motor Hotel, Tucson, AZ. \$4 advance, \$5 at the door. Theodore Sturgeon, GoH. Info: Box 49196, Tucson AZ 85717.
- Nov. 5-7. ICON 2. Carousel Inn, Iowa City, IA. \$5 advance, \$7 at the door. Frank Herbert, GoH. Info: Mark Moore, Box 710, Iowa City IA 52240.
- Dec. 3-5. SPRINGCON. Sheraton Park Hotel, Washington, DC. \$5 advance, \$7 at the door. Info: Steve Dolan, 7204 Calamo St., Springfield VA 22150.
- Dec. 10-12. ARKON-ORLANDO. Sheraton Towers Hotel, Orlando, FL. \$10 registration. A host of SF, Star Trek, Perry Rhodan personalities. Info: Box 475, Boca Raton FL 33432.
- Jan. 7-9. WINTERCON. Boston, MA. Info: NESFA, Box G, MIT Branch PO, Cambridge MA 02139.
- Jan. 7-9. PHILCON. Ben Franklin Hotel, Philadelphia, PA. Info: Meg Phillips, 4408 Larchwood Ave., Philadelphia PA 19104. Oldest con in the world.
- Jan. 7-9. CHATTACON 2. Admiral Benbow Inn, Chattanooga, TN. \$5 registration. Info: Irvin Koch, 835 Chattanooga Bank Bldg., Chattanooga TN 87402.

ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Advertising in the SunCon Convention Journals and Program Book will be seen by more people than in any previous Worldcon publications. Distribution by subscription to libraries will present the SF field to readers never before reached by advertising in Convention publication.

The SunCon Convention Journals and Program Book will be printed 8½" x 11½" and the text will be laid out in three columns. We can offer a wide assortment of ad sizes and prices.

ADVERTISING DEADLINES:

Convention Journal #3: Dec. 15, 1976
 Convention Journal #4: Apr. 15, 1977
 Program Book June 1, 1977
 Convention Journal #5: Oct. 15, 1977

MECHANICAL REQUIREMENTS:

Please read carefully. You may submit camera-ready originals, photostats, or negatives.

Size requirements

Negatives must be submitted in final printed size. Photostats and camera-ready originals (except full pages) must

be submitted final printed size and must *not* be mounted on board. Full pages, however, may be submitted any size as long as they are proportioned to be reduced to the size listed below:

Full page	7 1/4" x 9 3/4"
Half page	7 1/4" x 4 7/8"
Two column/full page	4 3/4" x 9 3/4"
Two column/half page	4 3/4" x 4 7/8"
One column/full page	2 1/4" x 9 3/4"
One column/half page	2 1/4" x 4 7/8"

AD LAYOUT AND DESIGN:

If you have non-camera ready copy and would like an ad made for you, send all information and we will quote a price. Deadlines for this service are one month earlier than those listed above. This service takes a good deal of our time so write early.

BLEEDS, INSERTS and COLOR:

Write for prices.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Rates are for Convention Journals only. Program Book rates will be published at a later date.

	PRO	FAN
Back cover	\$75.00	\$75.00

Inside front/ inside back cover	70.00	70.00
Centerfold	120.00	75.00
Two pages	105.00	65.00
Full page	60.00	35.00
Two columns/full page	45.00	25.00
Half page	35.00	20.00
Two columns/half page	25.00	15.00
One column/full page	25.00	15.00
One column/half page	15.00	10.00

For particular placement, other than listed, add 10%.

DISCOUNTS:

5% discount for all advertisers who repeat the same ad and pay in advance. This discount does not apply to the Program Book

PAYMENT:

Full remittance must accompany all ads. Make all checks out to SunCon.

MAILING INSTRUCTIONS:

Pack ad copy carefully with cardboard coverings to prevent damage in mailing. Send ad with payment to: SunCon, P.O. Box 1343, Radio City Station, New York NY 10019. Ads will not be returned unless sufficient postage is included.



FINLAY'S ILLUSTRATIONS FOR WEIRD TALES

Unlike previous Finlay portfolios this isn't a miscellaneous collection of Virgil Finlay illustrations. This long awaited portfolio highlights Finlay's Weird Tales work from the 1930's, none of which have ever been printed in portfolio or hardcover form before.

Each of the eight black & white plates have been printed on blue- white Navajo cover stock to retain the feeling of a Finlay original. The full color painting has been reproduced of chrome coat to insure the best reproduction available.

Limited to 1250 copies, every plate including the color piece have been reproduced from the original art and negatives.

Finlay's Illustrations for Weird Tales is now ready for mailing at \$8.

BUYING ORIGINALS

I'm buying originals by Finlay, Bok, Margaret Brundage, Earle Bergey, Edd Cartier, Frank Frazetta, John Howett, Frank Paul, George Rozen, Jerome Rozen, J. Allen St. John and other science fiction and fantasy artists. I also buy and sell original comic art from 1905 - 1976. Specializing in artists like; Segar, Raymond, Herriman, Mc Cay, Caniff Gould, Adams, Smith and Disney Studio art.

If you have any originals for sale or trade please write, or call me at: 201-773-7386.

I'll compete with anyone in paying the highest prices for your originals.

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