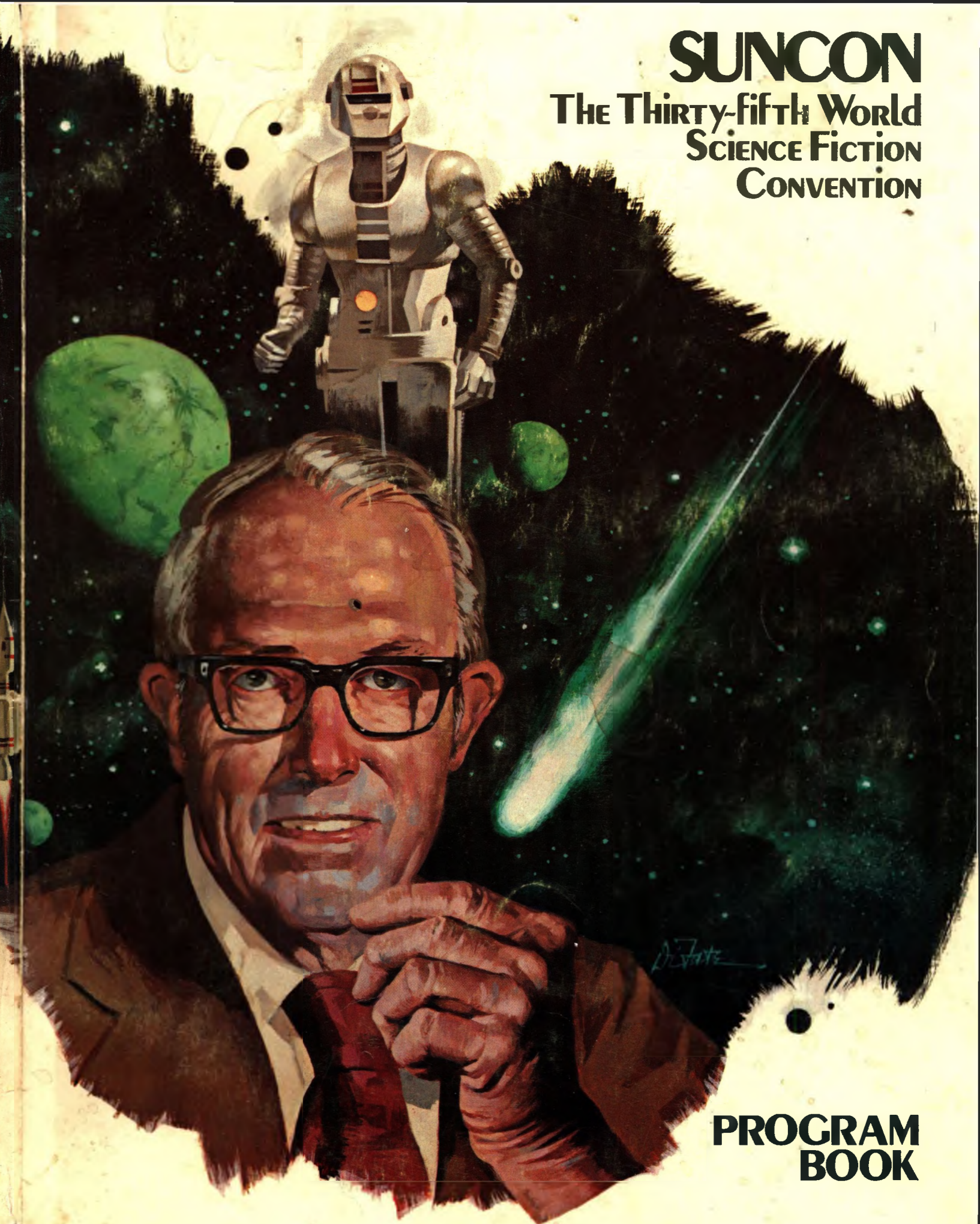




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# SUNCON

The Thirty-fifth World  
SCIENCE FICTION  
CONVENTION



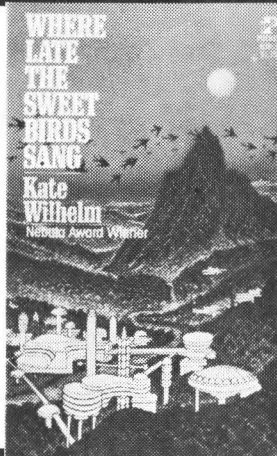
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# *In Memoriam*

Alvar Appeltofft

John Dickson Carr

Dale C. Donaldson

Daniel F. Galouye

Mary Gnaedinger

Rex Haddock

H. H. Hollis (Ben C. Ramey)

Edmond Hamilton

Henry Hasse

Fox B. Holden

Fritz Lang

Donald Menzel

John Rackham (John Thomas Phillifent)

Walter F. Richmond

Donna J. Ross

Barry Smotroff

Werner Von Braun

Patricia Wilson

# CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

WELCOME — to the thirty-fifth World Science Fiction Convention.

Science fiction has come a long way from the first world convention in New York and its attendance of 200. Now, we're over ten times that membership, and have complete use of the Hotel Fontainebleau, one of the largest hotels in the eastern United States.

None of this growth took place without the support of many, many dedicated fans and professionals in the science fiction field. And none of this would be possible without a feeling of community—a feeling of “family.”

There are many reasons why we all attend this annual gathering, but it was best expressed by Ursula Le Guin's speech at the world convention in Australia in 1975:

“We are here, I think, simply to meet with each other, in hopes, and some confidence, that we'll like each other. We're here to enjoy ourselves, which means we are practicing the most essentially human of all undertakings, the search for joy. Not the pursuit of pleasure—any hamster can do that—but the search for joy.”

For many of you, this may be your first science fiction convention, so you may not be as sure why you're here. For you, I recommend that you talk to people, circulate, meet other members,

and generally participate in the convention. Don't just attend the program, also get together with others in small groups, attend a fan workshop, come to the readings by various authors. Participate in the unique friendship that is science fiction.

In earlier days, the sense of community was maintained by fanzines; the amateur publishing that was the means of communication among fans. The publishing continues, but the world conventions, and the various regionals, are now a part of the interaction among those interested in science fiction. At these conventions, the eminent professionals and fans are honored; the Hugo awards are presented; and there is a chance to renew friendships.

In putting together this thirty-fifth world convention, the committee has worked hard to provide the most diversified program possible. There should be something for your very own special interests. There is the program with talks, panels, and discussions. There is the Hugo Awards banquet. There are art exhibits, book exhibits, and fan displays. As part of the hotel facilities, there is the beach, the swimming pools, the bowling alleys, and so on. So relax, take it easy . . .

We hope that you will enjoy yourselves and have a good time.

Donald Lundry  
Chairfan, SunCon

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It is 10:30 on a summer Tuesday morning. Earth and moon are deep in the tail of the Hamner-Brown Comet, dubbed by the press as "Lucifer's Hammer."

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Others are less concerned with the technical details of comet-watching. A bank president, hiding in the hills, contemplates suicide. His embezzlements will be discovered within days, barring a miracle.

The vice-premier of a new African state tries to maintain order amid chaos. His superstitious people see the invader in the sky as a terrifying omen.

A rapist-killer is in jail waiting for the end of the world. He's counting on the Hammer hitting.

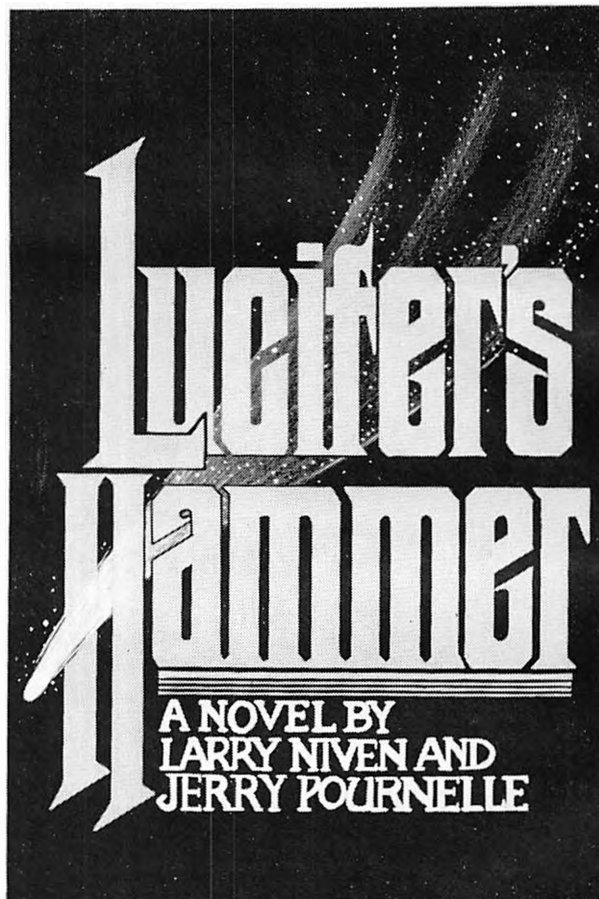
A television commentator is ready. He has food, gear, and guns to last him through everything. He has made only one mistake.

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Nothing is easier for me than to write an appreciation of Jack Williamson as a friend and fellow fictioneer whose hospitality, which I first enjoyed in the spring of 1941, has made me feel ever thereafter at home in Portales, New Mexico, and in the surrounding country. Whenever I speak of poking my feet under the Williamson dining room table for a cattle country meal, morning, noon, or sunset, happy memories take charge—memories of the family, with Mr. Asa Williamson, the patriarch, at the head of the table, conducting conversation at day's end, while Mrs. Williamson saw to it that every plate had a heap from each of the many serving dishes on the long table.

"Except for all this God-damned luxury," I said, as I tilted a jug and poured a New Mexico size drink, "This is the real stuff. Have you ever done any westerns?"

"Nothing ever happens in the sandhills. Nothing to write about."

Before I could give him an argument, Jack settled down and sold me a high priority project: one we had discussed, during his stop at my shack in California, my writing up memories of recently deceased friends—Robert E. Howard, H. P. Lovecraft, and Farnsworth Wright. Unhappily, the subsequent years have given me sufficient subjects for a book, the final chapter of which is devoted to our late friend,

## ***Jack Williamson: an appreciation***

There were pork chops and home canned, home grown beef; potatoes, corn; pinto beans with chili con carne; squash, string beans; gravy, biscuits, bread, corn muffins, pie; peach and other preserves; syrup, honey, molasses.

Breakfast was not the same as mid-day dinner, or supper: the first meal of the day included eggs, bacon, ham, flapjacks, but offered no vegetables; and chili con carne was lacking. Just plain beans . . . as a hard working writer, Jack ate all these things, and so did I.

The Williamson family and ranch were so all around fascinating that just thinking of them makes me forget that Jack is the subject this time . . .

There is far too much movie and TV nonsense on the gun fighters of the old west. The tough characters were those who could eat their way across the land.

The Williamsons remained slender-lean. Nothing fattened on that ranch except the cow critters.

After supper, Jack and I would sit in his guest house-workshop, well away from the ranch house. Instead of the soft yellow light of kerosene lamps of the dining room, brilliant mazdas illuminated the cabin. The whining winds of the sandhills kept a small windmill driving a generator to keep the batteries charged.

Edmond Hamilton. I had the pleasure of welcoming him and Jack to New Orleans in 1931. Of the fictioneers I met before that pair of masters, only one survives.

Please be patient.

How can I write an appreciation of Jack without first presenting the bill of fare and wine list, and establish the fact that the late Mr. and Mrs. Asa Williamson were pioneers. Until they and other pioneers drilled wells two hundred feet deep, getting water so good you could drink it straight, neither Indians nor Mexicans could live in the Sand Hills.

From such a background, Jack did some pioneering of his own. He was one of that handful of youngsters who fought it out, year after lean year, with the larcenous and thieving savages behind the editorial desks of science fiction and fantasy magazines. No one but a dedicated writer could or would endure the sorry business, the lowest level of pulpdom, and the lowest in prestige.

I had sense enough to steer clear of science fiction, and got out of fantasy, too. All the while, I shook my head sadly. Nice fellows, but why bumble around at that level?

Come 1973: again, I was in Portales, and this time, guest of Jack Williamson,

Ph.D. in English Lit., with *Lit* including, of all things, *science fiction*, and courses in how to write it.

When the pulps folded, I went with them, and I'm still there. No complaint. Truth is, I enjoy a chuckle whenever I compare my long ago estimate of science fiction with its status today.

The first pulp devoted entirely to science fiction was *Amazing Stories*, which appeared April 1926. Although I do not have the publication date of Jack's appearance in that magazine, he is by any reckoning one of the pioneers in his field. Although long identified with science fiction, he also wrote fantasy which appeared in *Argosy*, *Weird Tales*, *Strange Tales*, and I know not how many others.

Over the years, there has developed an unfortunate tendency, stultifying because of its exclusionism and fundamental silliness, to select a few "great" writers, and in terms which by implication downgrade the rest, shoving them into the obscurity of the ignored. In the fantasy (i.e.; non-science) field, for instance, I have noted far too much nonsense such as debates concerning the relative "greatness" of H. P. Lovecraft and Clark Ashton Smith. Another expression of this absurdity is the growing acceptance that when Robert E. Howard and the pair just mentioned,

ceased production, the "Golden Age" of *Weird Tales* ended, disposing, glibly, of the eight hundred other authors who, with their diversified backgrounds contributed to making that magazine truly unique.

I do not know who is the "greatest" science fiction pioneer. Each one of any group of trend-setters is an individualist, and that in an unusual degree, else he'd not be a pioneer. Those who got modern science fiction going were desperate adventurers, dedicated enthusiasts who, unlike most of their type, knew what they were doing, and—they went and did it.

As craftsmen and story tellers, some were and are more skilled than others. As imaginative persons, as "thinkers" if you feel that this is a word more stately and impressive, each followed the general direction, but each had his own approach. Only through the group versatility of appeal could the product of that group win the following which it has. Jack and his comrades were pioneers, and in itself, that is of greater significance than seeking to pick for him or another a spot in the scale of merit set up by an enthusiast prematurely become an authority, self-appointed.

Late 1953, when I'd been gainfully employed sufficiently long to rate a vacation, I paused in Portales for a short

visit with Jack. Again, I noted that pioneer spirit, which combines vision with common sense. Without these, one venturing into new lands is cooked and eaten by the natives. . . .

Seeing the approaching end of the pulp world, Jack had bailed out before he was starved out. He was batting away to win academic rating sufficiently high for a position as instructor in English Lit. I'll skip details. The end product was a doctorate and a position at the Eastern New Mexico University, in Portales, thirty-five miles from his father's ranch.

To go even further as a pioneer, Jack induced Regents and Administration of that university to let him conduct a course in the writing of science fiction, and to grant research funds for a critical study of science fiction.

Whether Jack was the first to gain academic acceptance for science fiction is immaterial: far more significant is this, that those who have followed his example are considerably more numerous than those who, if any, came before him. There is quite a bit of such teaching going on these days, by all sorts of teachers.

One of my long ago English instructors said, "*Those who can, do; those who can't, teach.*" The fact is that some of those who can not do are nonetheless good teachers. However, those who pursue Jack's courses have this advantage, that he made a name for himself doing, before ever he got the idea of teaching. And there is this bonus:

He's a good teacher.

I have at hand Jack's book of reprints, *People Machines*. That I liked the stories is not remarkable. A good many others did the same, else he'd not stayed in the saddle until his horse was shot from under him. Aside from the sentiment-value (Jack autographed the book) I consider that the big value is in the commentary on story principles, basic techniques, which precedes each narrative.

Back in 1924, when I was getting rejections by return mail, I gutted the public library, found three books on story technique, digested these, and rebuilt my five bounced scripts. These I sold to the rejecting editor. So, I have reason for saying that Jack's micro-dissertations are a compact course in fictioneering. The basics have not changed. It makes no difference whether you are writing science fiction or that which is devoid of science, a story is a story: Jack is dishing out in today's terms what Pitkin and Gallishaw



gave me in the language of more than half a century ago.

In the Golden Daze it was my opinion, which remains unshaken to this day, that the trouble with all too much science fiction was (and is) that it offered not enough really good story telling, and even less of science. The first fault derives from writers who can't write well; the second, from the fact that most readers would sit blinking like toads in a hailstorm if any science confronted them.

I'm no judge of what Jack knows of science, but he does know the writing business, and insofar as the genre per-

mits him to do so, he gives an additional dimension to the paper cutouts and rubber stamp imprints which made old time science fiction unreadable; instead, he presents people. And THAT is pioneering!

Not many of you have been so fortunate as to share food and drink with Jack, all the way from the Mississippi to New Mexico and various spots along the Pacific Coast. In spite of the massive meals which shortened their lives, Jack's parents survived well past their ninetieth birthdays, remaining active until the end. If there's anything in heredity, you'll be meeting Dr.

Williamson at many a convention to come.

Undoubtedly, when the Eastern New Mexico University finally retires him, he will be sorely missed, but their loss will be our gain if Jack gets back to full time fictioneering. Today's hard cover and paperback markets are a lot better than were the science pulps which the hardy pioneers tackled. Why not tell him a thing or two?

I congratulate you who are so fortunate as to attend this con, especially you who have never before met him. There are not many pioneers left—and, Jack is History on the Hoof!

## Greetings from MIRAGE

The Mirage Press, Ltd. has been publishing books on science fiction and fantasy exclusively since 1961. Under the editorship of Jack L. Chalker, each of our books is a quality product, both inside and out (even the majority of our paperbacks had sewn bindings rather than glued, and the paper will outlive you). Due to our small editions, most of the early output of the Press is now out of print and many are sought-after collectors items commanding more than ten times their prices in some cases. Mirage will be at SunCon, as it has been at 13 of the last 15 Worldcons (we even had a table at Aussiecon). We represent 17 years of commitment to this field. Lately, we've branched out a bit. In a cooperative venture with del Rey books, you'll find in early 1978, under the del Rey imprint, a brand new Mirage project: *The Complete Guide to Middle-earth: A Concordance and Glossary to the Works of J.R.R. Tolkien*, by Robert Foster. Yes, a new edition of the only complete concordance, the only one including the *Silmarillion*, the only one that gives you page numbers keyed to all commercial editions, and the only one recognized as the authoritative concordance by the Tolkien estate. Why aren't we publishing it ourselves? Because this is a big book that deserves worldwide distribution, in cloth and paper. Look for it under the del Rey imprint, not ours. But it's our baby, all the same.

Next up will be a massive anthology on science fiction edited by SunCon GoH Jack Williamson. It's called *SCIENCE FICTION: Education for Tomorrow*. Don't let its title mislead you. The Introduction's by Carl Sagan, and contributors include Isaac Asimov, Ursula K. LeGuin, and just about every other major personality in the field. And a bibliography from the Panshins. Look for it just after Christmas.

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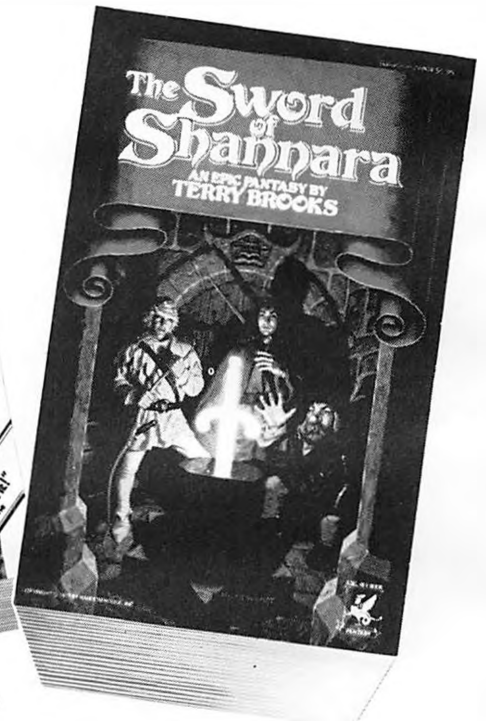
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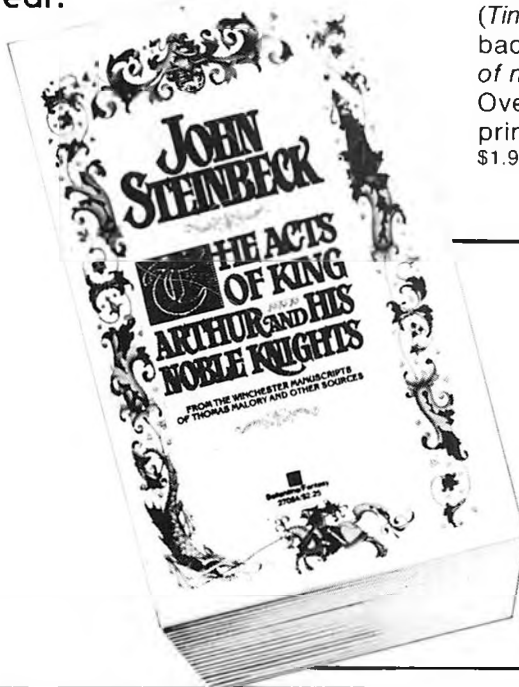
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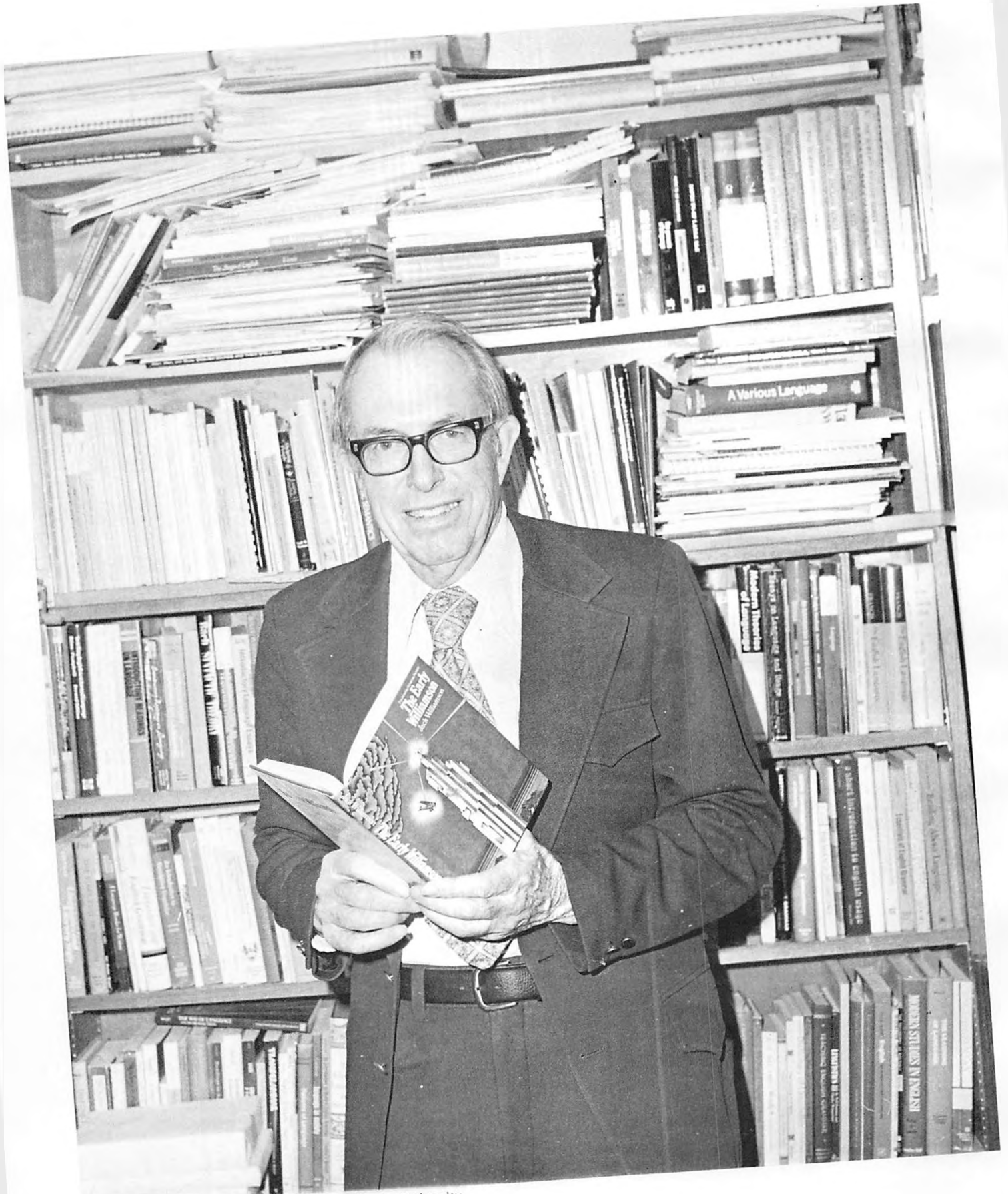


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# WILLIAMSON: JACK LEGIONNAIRE OF SPACE

BY FREDERIK POHL

It's hard for me to know where to begin about Jack Williamson, since he has been a part of my life for so long. We didn't actually meet, in the flesh, until relatively recently—well, “relatively” is a relative term: it was a little less than forty years ago. But I knew a lot about Jack Williamson for nearly a decade before that.

Most of what I knew about him was that he wrote, wow!, *great* stories! Stories that took me all over the universe, into the past and future, in fascinating adventures. He was a hero, as big a hero as Doc Smith or H.G. Wells or Stanton A. Coblentz or any other of those mad, admirable people who were filling up the pages of *Amazing* and *Wonder* and *Astounding* month after marvelous month. I owed them all a debt for that, but even then Jack Williamson was something special. He was the one who turned me on to haunting the newsstands for the latest issue.

You see, when I first discovered science fiction it was the dragged-out depths of the Great Depression. I never had any money. I borrowed SF magazines when I could find someone to borrow them from, bought them in second-hand stores the rest of the time. They were treasure troves, where you could get mint copies of the *Amazing Stories Annual* or *Science Wonder Stories* for a nickel or a dime (O

Polaroid, O Xerox! What investment opportunities were missed!) All my spare change, what little I had, went to the second-hand magazine stores . . . to the moderate displeasure of my parents, who thought I ought to be getting something more valuable for my money. Since it took me the first couple years of my addiction to science fiction to catch up on the back issues I had missed, there was no reason to splurge on new magazines.

But the system broke down, and it was all Jack's fault. I came across Part One of this wondrous serial, *The Stone from the Green Star*. It hooked me fair. Part Two would be turning up in the second-hand stores in a couple of weeks, no doubt, but it wasn't sure, and I couldn't wait. So I went around the corner to the local newsstand and blew a whole quarter to find out how it came out.

For that kind of money, I expected something special, and I got it. Not only was the conclusion of Jack's novel every bit as thrilling as the beginning, but I got a whole new word for my vocabulary out of it: viridescent. What it means is “green.” I suppose I could somehow have limped along with the common old monosyllable, but how much more elegant to use three.

*The Stone from the Green Star* wasn't the first Jack Williamson story that delighted me, or by a long way the

last. Over the next seven or eight years I made friends with Giles Habibula and all the other great characters from *The Legion of Space*, *The Legion of Time* and all the other fine yarns Jack was spinning, and in the summer of 1939 I finally got to shake his hand in person.

*That* was a delight. It isn't always that way with authors. The best part of any writer is usually what he puts on paper, and the human being who punches the typewriter keys is sometimes a letdown. Not Jack. Slowspoken cowpoke from the badlands, behind that range-burned face is one of the sharpest minds you'll ever want to encounter. Jack made friends of all of us fans and neopros who met him on his visit to New York in 1939. For the next few years (and ever since) we kept up some sort of contact through correspondence, and it was a real delight to run into him again, quite by chance, in 1943.

The war had come along. I was off to smash the Axis. Like most things in my life, that didn't work out quite the way I had expected. When I volunteered I had had in mind, oh, I don't know, something like a submarine to command or a paratrooper squad to lead into Berlin. The Army Air Force, in its infinite wisdom, had plans, and decided to have me defeat Hitler by spotting synoptic meteorological maps in some bomber base, and so I was shipped off

to weather school at Chanute Field, Illinois. Chanute Field is not the worst military base in the world, nor is Rantoul the tiniest community. But there weren't a conspicuous lot of opportunities for stimulating social contact.

What delight to find that Jack Williamson was at the same school! Jack had gone off to war a little earlier than I, had already completed his weather-observer training, spent some time in the field and had been sent back for advanced training as a forecaster. We weren't in the same classes, but at least we could get together from time to time, exploring glamorous Rantoul and far-off Champaign-Urbana.

Then Jack shipped out (ultimately to the South Pacific), and so did I (ultimately to Italy), and it was a while before we met again.

For more than a quarter of a century, now, we've kept in pretty close touch because we've been collaborating on science fiction novels. There have been seven so far. An eighth is in progress, and a ninth pretty well sketched out. We seem to like to do things in threes, and the way it has

turned out there are three separate trilogies: the *Undersea* triplet (just now being reissued by Del Rey Books), the *Starchild* group (recently reprinted in one volume by Pocket Books, and an October choice of the Science Fiction Book Club), and the new one, built around a Dyson sphere, of which only *Farthest Star* has so far appeared. It has been a rewarding experience for me.

Jack is a joy to work with. He sparks ideas, characters and colorful settings. Most of the most colorful parts of our collaborations—the "organ bank" and the Hoylean steady-state growing planetoids in *The Reefs of Space*, for instance—were his contributions to our joint effort. He knows a lot. He writes well. And he never loses his temper. There are other qualifications a collaborator might have, but those are the sine qua nons, and Jack has them all.

Of course, our work in collaboration is only a tiny part of his large and admirable catalogue of work that covers close enough to half a century not to matter. Fans know all about this estimable body of science fiction. Scientists know about it too. Marvin Minsky, of M.I.T.'s Artificial Intelligence Labora-

tory, is a great admirer of Williamson's. Says Minsky, "*The Humanoids* is the best description of the realities of artificial intelligence in the literature either of science fiction or of science."

What has made Jack Williamson famous around the world is his writing, but there is more to him than that. For instance, there is that awesome creature known as Professor John Stewart Williamson, Ph.D.

What a relief to know that behind that scholarly mask lurks good old Jack! If he is not a typical professor, perhaps one reason is that academia came late in life to him. He, too, was a Depression kid, without much money in the family to support such fripperies as higher education. He gave college a try, but dropped out after a couple of years without a degree. What with one thing and another, it was quite a time before he got back to it. In fact, when he decided to complete his education he was already in his fifties, older than the parents of most of his classmates, but once he started he went all the way: bachelor's degree, master's degree, then doctorate. His doctoral dissertation was a critical and biographical study of H.G.



Stiles

Wells, and is one of the best such works in critical literature.

Perhaps Williamson's unorthodox career explains why he is so little like the conventional image of a college professor, and so much like his own human self. His students like him a lot. I've visited Eastern New Mexico University, in Portales, where Jack teaches and lives, and I know what the students think of him. When they rap with him at the end of a class or in chance corridor meetings, there is no generation gap.

Science fiction has gained a lot from Jack Williamson's decision to go the faculty way. One of the benefits is his presence in the Science Fiction Research Association, where he is a major asset; in fact, his singlehanded decision to keep tabs on the exploding number of college science-fiction courses gave the SFRA a foundation to build on. His own classes are models of the right way to teach science fiction—as a living and evolving organism, not a fossil. But you can't complete a list of Jack's service to science fiction any more than you can exhaust the catalogue of his stories: there just isn't room. In the science fiction community there are a lot of good people, to whom we feel gratitude and in whom we take pride. But none more than Jack Williamson.

I think my happiest personal memory of Jack took place more than a decade ago, in a very old place.

Jack and his good lady Blanche are addicted travelers. So am I. In 1965 we were all in England, Jack and Blanche and Carol and I, and we all wanted to see Stonehenge. I thought of renting a car and driving to Salisbury Plain, but Jack had a better idea than that, and so the four of us signed up for a tour of half a dozen cathedrals, topped off by the old megalith itself.

It was one of my favorite days, in one of my favorite parts of the world. I have never been a big cathedral fan. But the company made them all a little more exciting and a lot less tiring than they could have been in any other way. We all gaped at the thousand-year-old wooden roof of a cathedral in what the English curiously call "the New Forest," and admired the sputnik in the stained-glass windows of the world's newest cathedral. But the best part was Stonehenge itself, four thousand years of history that we could touch and see. It was a moving, exciting and thoroughly enjoyable experience. I've never been back. I'd like to see Stonehenge again . . . and maybe I will, provided I can talk Jack into coming along. Without him, it just wouldn't be the same—

And neither would science fiction.

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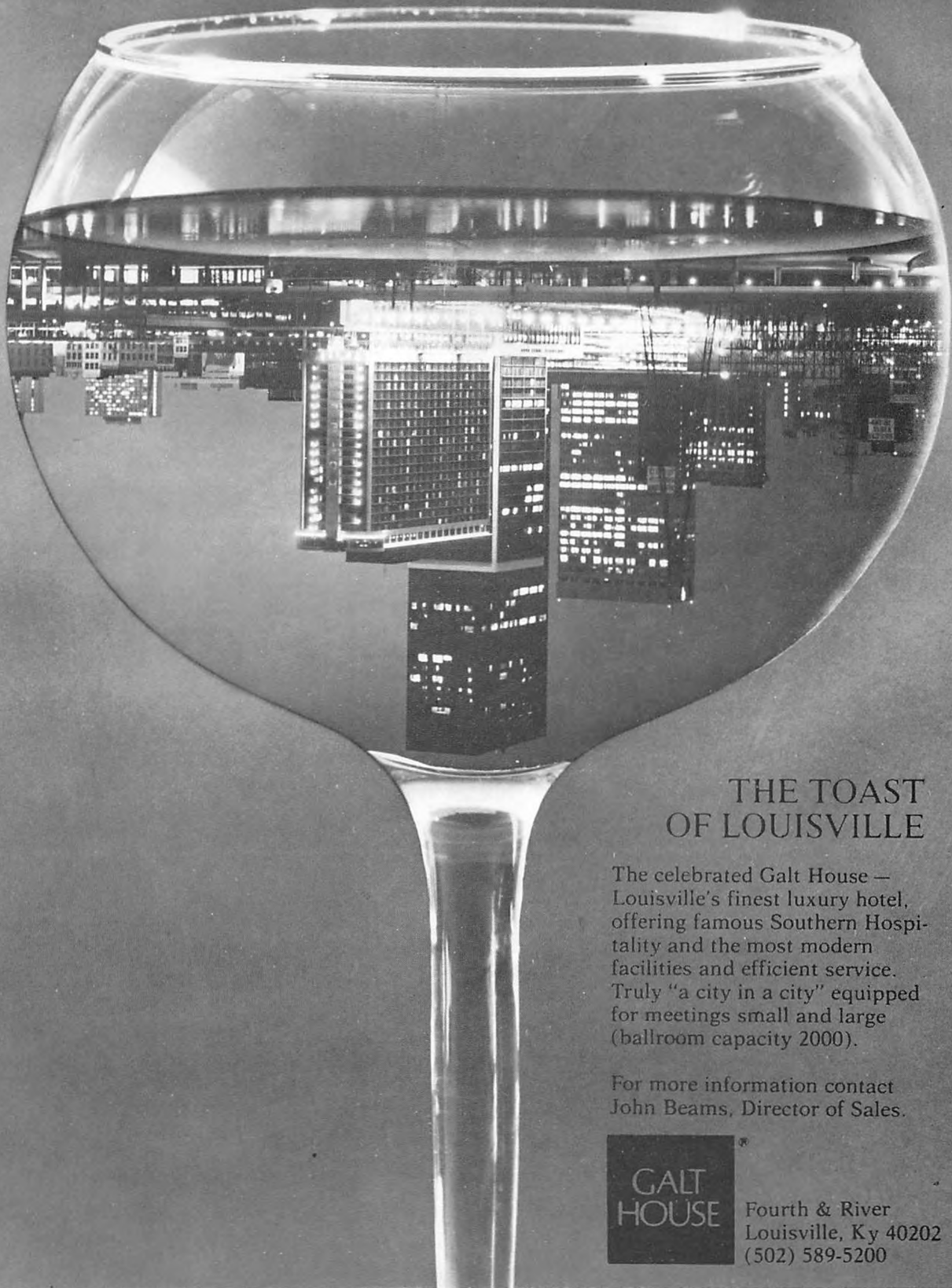
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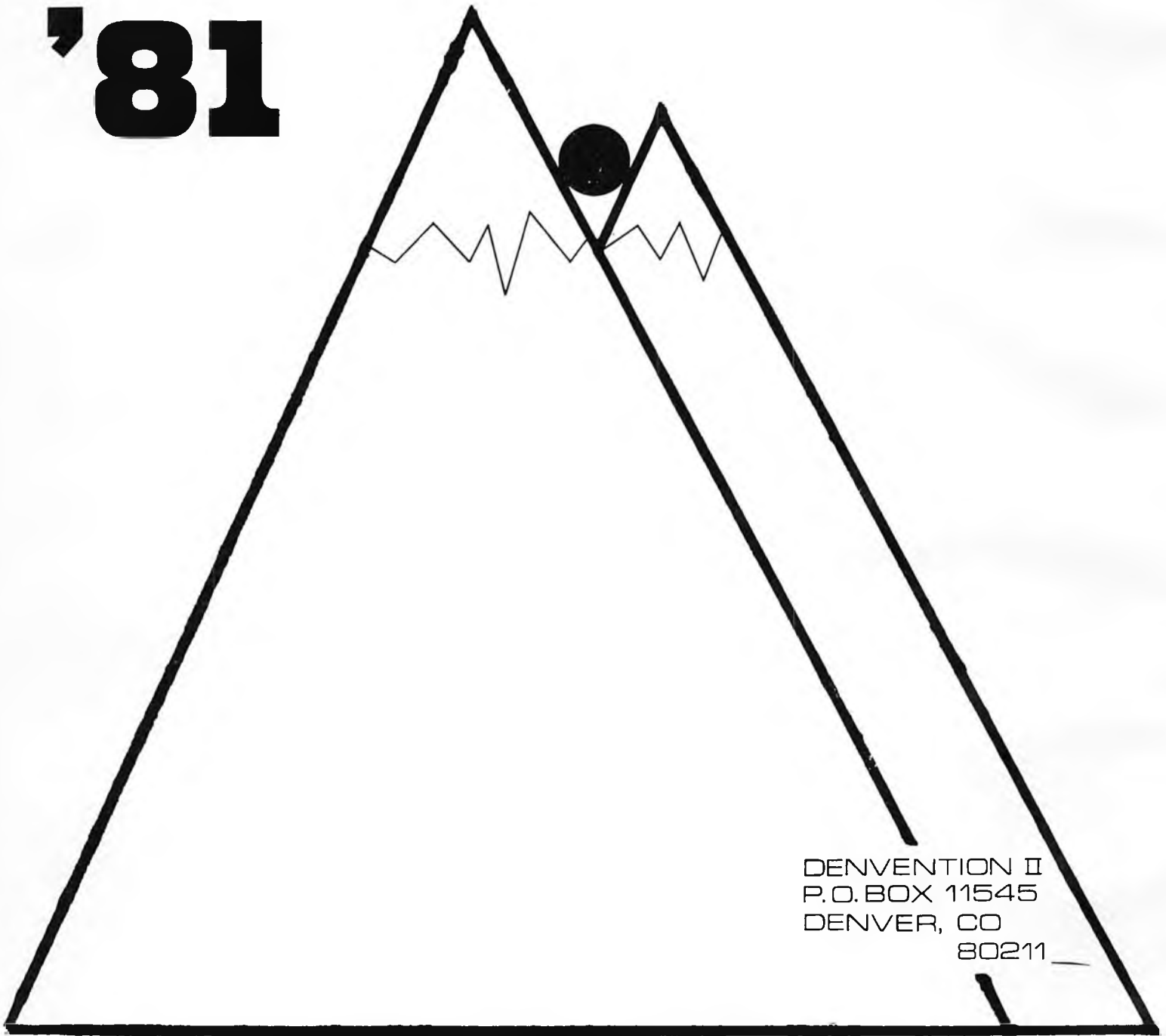
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**McLAUGHLIN, DEAN (BENJAMIN)** (2 July 1931—) U.S. author. He has had a number of science fiction stories, mainly in *ASF*. His first appearance was with "For Those Who Follow After" (*ASF*, July 1951). He also wrote the article "How to Be a Saucer Author" (*FU*, Feb 1957). For a number of years he has lived in Ann Arbor, Michigan, working in bookstores.

### Fiction

**Dome World** [pa] (Pyramid: F673, 1962, 159 pp., pa 40¢) (*Il settimo continente* [Italian], *Cosmo*: 134, 1963) (*El mundo de las cupulas* [Spanish], *Cenit*: 63, 1964, pa)

Two novelettes dealing with the political intrigue necessary to keep undersea domed cities independent of world powers. Part I: "Man on the Bottom" (rev. from *ASF*, Mar 1958); Part II: "My House in Order."

**Fury From Earth, The** [pa] (Pyramid: F923, 1963, 192 pp., pa 40¢) (*La furia della terra* [Italian], *Cosmo*: 147, 1964) (*La furia de la Tierra* [Spanish], *Galaxia*: 25, 1964, pa) (*Im schatten der Venus* [German], Goldmann, 1965; 1965, pa)

Venus and Mars fight back against exploitation by Earth.

**Man Who Wanted Stars, The** [pa] (Lancer: 73-441, 1965, 222 pp., pa 60¢; 74-949, 1968, pa 75¢)

A man wedded to his dream—travel to the stars—and how he achieves it. Five parts, of which the first two are revised from "The Last Thousand Miles" (*ASF*, Feb 1956) and "Welcome Home" (*Infinity*, Oct 1957).

**MacLEAN, ALISTAIR** (1922—) Noted British writer of dramatic novels, such as *Ice Station Zebra*. Some have been filmed.

### Fiction

**Satan Bug, The** [as Ian Stuart] (Collins, London, 1962, 256 pp., 16/-) (Scribner's, New York, 1962, 270 pp., \$3.95) (Popular: SP231, 1963, 224 pp., pa 50¢) (Fontana: 917, 1963, 223 pp., pa 2/6; [as MacLean] 1173, 1965, 223 pp., pa 3/6) (*Il germe di Satana* [Italian], Club degli Editori: Un Libro al Mese 18, 1965) (*Station 3: Ultra secret* [French], Plon, 1965) (*Hotel* [Swedish], Tiden, 1965)

Thriller with a science fiction background involving bacteriological warfare.

**MacLEAN, KATHERINE** (22 Jan 1925—) U.S. science fiction author. Her 20 or more stories in the field began with "Defense Mechanism" (*ASF*, Oct 1949). All her stories are of interest, and include the notable "Incommunicado" (*ASF*, n'te, June 1950) and "Web of the Worlds" (with H. Harrison; *Fantasy Mag*, Nov 1953; *Science-Fantasy*, Apr 1958). "Second Game," a collaboration with C. De Vet (*ASF*, Mar 1958), was expanded in paperback as *Cosmic Checkmate*.

### Fiction

**Cosmic Checkmate** [pa] See DE VET, C. V. (co-author)

**Diploids, The** [C] [pa] (Avon: G1143, 1962, 192 pp., pa 50¢)

Sf, 8 stories [no contents page, only acknowledgments]: "The Diploids" (*TWS*, novel, Apr 1953); "Defense Mechanism"; "The Pyramid in the Desert" ("And Be Merry"); "The Snowball Effect"; "Incommunicado"; "Feedback"; "Games"; "Pictures Don't Lie."

**MacLEOD, ANGUS** (13 Sep 1925—)

### Fiction

**Body's Guest, The** (Roy, New York, 1959, 191 pp., \$3.00)

Thorne Smith type of fantasy—an apparatus to demonstrate yoga makes 9 men and a bull exchange identities.

**Eighth Seal, The** (Roy, 1962, 190 pp., \$3.25) (Dobson, London, 1962, 190 pp., 15/-) (SF B.C. [S.J.], 1967)

**MacLEOD, FIONA** (pseud) See SHARP, W.



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FREAS 77



# ME & MY HUMANOIDS

The topic and the title were suggested to me last year by Professor Fred Stewart when he invited me to talk at his Wunderfest convention at Midwestern State University at Wichita Falls. I accepted instantly, because I wanted to say more about the humanoids. They have been my most successful science fiction invention, but also the most variously misunderstood. This essay has been revised from what I found to say at Wichita Falls.

The humanoids are small man-shaped robots, all powered and operated from a central computer on the planet Wing IV. Invented in the aftermath of a terrible nuclear war to protect man from his own runaway technology, they are ruled by their own Prime Directive, "To serve and obey, and guard men from harm."

The problem is that their built-in benevolence goes too far. Alert to the potential harm in nearly every human activity, they don't let people drive cars, ride bicycles, smoke or drink, engage in unsupervised sex. Doing everything for everybody, they forbid all free action. Their world becomes a luxurious but nightmarish prison of total frustration.

They appear in two stories, a novelette, "With Folded Hands," and a novel, *The Humanoids*, originally serialized in John Campbell's *Astounding Science Fiction* as "... And Searching Mind." The first is probably the better story. I agree with Jim Gunn that the novelette is the best length for most science fiction, with space enough for the full development of an idea but with no demand for the writer to offer final solutions to the problems he raises. "With Folded Hands" says what I wanted to say about the hazards of uncontrolled technology.

It's the novel that has been misunderstood—or at least interpreted in contradictory ways that I never expected. The reason, I believe, is that it has a second theme, one less obvious than the technological threat but perhaps more significant. The humanoids, seen as symbolic, become a metaphor for a universal human conflict far older than the first machine.

The idea and the original title for the novel were suggested by Campbell. He was generally an optimist, hopeful for progress, convinced that most technological problems could be solved by better technologies. Impressed with the evidence for paranormal powers that Joseph Rhine had reported from Duke University—his own alma mater—he suggested that people unable to use their hands might develop new powers of the mind to outwit the humanoids.

I'm less optimistic than Campbell was, though in the beginning, when the notion of the humanoids first took shape, I assumed that somehow they could be controlled. I had worked for a couple of months on a version of the story in which they were to be finally defeated before I realized that if they were really perfect machines they could never be stopped.

At that point, depressed by my own hopeless vision of mankind enslaved forever by his last best invention, I gave up that draft and wrote a more cheerful novelette, "The Equalizer," about a different sort of new invention that sets every man completely free.

The optimism of "The Equalizer" nerved me to face the humanoids again. With a new setting and a new viewpoint, I wrote "With Folded Hands," limiting the story to the frightened resistance and the tragic defeat of a typical man in a typical family in a typical small town, as they take it over. The dark theme, I think, is effectively stated: the best possible machines, designed with the best of intentions, become the ultimate horror.

This bitter pessimism isn't exactly my own. I seldom write a story just to state a theme, because that sort of emphasis can distort character and plot. The truer theme, I feel, is the one that comes or seems to come out of the story itself, adding force and depth.

Yet I couldn't quite accept Campbell's idea that new parapsychical powers would be evolved or discovered to control the humanoids. By definition, as perfect machines, they would run on forever. As the novel came alive in my

mind, the vast new human powers turn out to be physical, after all, and hence within the humanoid's domain. The new effort to stop them ends in an ironic new defeat, with the humanoids now able to seize and rule every human mind. Men become the puppets of their own best machine.

The misunderstanding of the novel comes partly from the way I wrote this ending. To avoid a simple repetition of the conclusion of "With Folded Hands," I tried a literary experiment. The outcome of the novel, as I saw it, was more than ever hopeless—but I told it from the point of view of people who had been brainwashed to feel happy about the humanoids.

The result was an unexpected ambiguity. No two reviewers saw the ending in quite the same way. Many readers since have found it as bleak as I meant it to be, but more of them have taken the attitudes of the brainwashed victims to be my own.

Harold L. Berger, for example, in his recent study of anti-utopian literature, *Science Fiction and the New Dark Age*, reads "With Folded Hands" just as I intended, placing the story, along with Orwell's *1984*, "among the darkest dystopian visions." When he comes to discuss the novel, however, he raises questions about my "sudden pro-humanoid shift." Is it merely a display of "virtuosity as a storyteller," or a new belief that "man must submit to the dictatorship of a protective technology or be victimized by a destructive one?"

Actually, I'm not entirely displeased with these varied and contradictory responses. Ambiguity has its values. I don't think any writer can give a really satisfying final answer to such a major human problem as the best use of technology. If he is able just to raise such a question, suggest its significance, and explore the implications of a few possible answers, that's perhaps enough.

In any case, I think this novel does have another level of meaning, nearer the one that Berger suggests. I think the humanoids, at least for me, are not only a symbol of the ultimate technology but

by JACK WILLIAMSON

also a metaphor for the old conflict between society and the individual self.

This second meaning struck me years after the novel was written, when I began to realize that its emotional content came from my own very early childhood, a time when I was often in conflict with my own parents and other adults as benevolent as the humanoids themselves and relatively as powerful, all forever against me but insisting that they were acting for my own benefit.

Through my first three years, while I was still the only child, we lived on an isolated ranch in the Sierra Madre of northern Mexico, a long day's ride, as my mother used to say, beyond the end of any road for wheels. That mountain wilderness was almost too much for her, partly because she had too much concern for the infant me. Afraid of untamed Apaches, of scorpions, of mountain lions, even of the bare earth floor, she kept me shut up most of the time in a railed crib, when I wanted freedom at least to crawl on the dirt. I had to love her, because she loved me. As my jailor, however, cruelly breaking my will, she had to be hated.

That must have been my own first plunge into a universal human dilemma. We are all born freedom-seeking animals, but we cannot live alone. Coming to terms with our fellow beings, with family and playmates, with the school and the law, with our culture and its gods, we all must compromise. A few of us make the bargain easily and make the best of it, win friends and lovers, earn fame and power, become the social masters. Most of us are less successful, our concessions painful, our rewards uncertain, our masters hateful. A rebel few of us, stubbornly yielding nothing, remain defiant till we die.

This social compromise is the price of being human. In the simple animal family, before our prehuman forebears moved out of the forests into the grasslands, the pressures of the struggle must have been minimal, though I suppose already real and painful enough. Step by step, with such great inventions as the bipedal posture and the tool-making hand, the hunting group and the speaking voice, the price grew higher. Ever more complex, society was ever more demanding, remodeling the native animal to make the human being.

We have always paid this rising price willingly enough, because the rewards rose with it. Stage by stage, with tools and clothing, with language and writing, we won command of our environment. Showering us with comforts and securities, society has always served us well—

so long as we surrendered enough of ourselves.

This hard bargain is the basic stuff of literature and a central issue of literary criticism. Most literature works to socialize us, to curb our outlaw individualism and teach us the ways of the folk, to make us good citizens. Some, however, does defend the native self. A few independent writers, Ibsen for one, have written tragedies about individuals destroyed by giving too much.

In the language of the literary critic, all this becomes the old feud between classicism and romanticism. The classicist is the social man, the acceptor of the status quo, the respecter of tradition. His values are reasoned, public, formal. An Ironsmith, he makes the most of his social bargain.

The romanticist is a Forester, the individualist, who cannot compromise. His values are private, unreasoned, intuitive. He rejects the status quo and challenges tradition. Sometimes—if he is very lucky—he can make some creative change in his society. More commonly he only wastes himself.

As I now see this theme in the novel, the humanoids stand for society, for the family and tribe and nation, for teachers and cops and priests, for custom and culture and public opinion, for the whole immense machine that restrains and reshapes our impulses and emotions, always—so we are told—for the common good and our own ultimate benefit.

Forester, in his long and bitter struggle to stop or escape the humanoids, is the native self trapped in the social machine, desperately defending his individuality. At the end of the novel, he and his few forlorn companions have been transformed in spite of themselves into useful social cogs.

The best evidence for the interpretation is the way it explains Frank Ironsmith. All through the novel, he puzzles and alarms Forester because he gets on with the humanoids too well. They let him go where he pleases, wear his own clothes and open his own door, let him smoke and drink, even let him ride his bicycle—activities all decreed too dangerous for Forester.

At the end of the novel, it is Ironsmith who enables the humanoids to expand their powers into the parapsychical. Merely machines, they are not creative—as society itself is not. It is Ironsmith and his like who make the new inventions for them, and Forester comes to regard him as the ultimate traitor to mankind.

Writing the novel, I found a vast delight in the way Ironsmith developed,

though at the time I didn't fully understand him. I think now that he represents the social man, the individual who makes the most of his social compromise. In the ironic outcome, he gets back more than he has ever surrendered. A social master, he enjoys everything the romantic rebel wants and never wins.

This interpretation was clarified for me long after the novel was written, during a study of H. G. Wells and his early science fiction. I was contrasting the careers of Wells and his less lucky friend, George Gissing. Neither, of course, was all classicist or all romanticist. Never fully socialized, Wells was always a critic of his world. In his love affairs, especially, he freely broke traditional codes. In spite of such romantic traits, however, his bargain with society seems to have been uncommonly successful. He enjoyed fame, money, a degree of political influence, the love of beautiful and talented women—all with minimal penalties.

Gissing, on the other hand, was a gifted romantic rebel who refused to compromise. He died young, penniless and bitter, a broken victim of his own rebellion. His tragedy parallels Forester's, it seems to me; and Wells, with his richer career, seems to have made Ironsmith's happier bargain.

The parallels are real, in spite of human contradictions. If Wells himself was half romantic rebel, Gissing had a classic regard for tradition. His actual tragic fault, Wells believed, was the classic education that had left him ignorant of science and scornful of progress. Yet, in the outcome, they reversed those roles in a way that illuminates the novel, at least for me.

Seen in this way, *The Humanoids* becomes vaguely autobiographical. Though I had never met a robot, I was passing when I wrote the book through a shift of social roles, from Forester's to Ironsmith's. My early years on isolated ranches had left me an awkward outsider, a lonely individualist. Coming of age on the eve of the Great Depression, in a world that seemed to have no room for me, I turned back into the life of my own imagination. Existing as an ill-paid science fiction freelance, when science fiction itself had just begun to exist, I had never had a job, never married, never decided to join the world.

Yet I was not the complete romantic rebel. Never very happy as the alienated loner, I had spent two years under psychoanalysis, trying to take stock of myself. I had served as a weather forecaster in the Army Air Forces through World War II, somewhat surprised at the

satisfactions that came from finding a place even in that strongly ordered social world. The stories about the humanoids were written in the year and a half after I got home. With the novel finished, I moved into town from the family ranch, worked for a time at a newspaper job, married, returned to college, eventually became a college professor. Rather late in life, I was joining the human race.

The ambiguities of the novel are probably reflections of my own mixed emotions about this transition. For-ester's desperate war against the humanoids must come from my old longing for total independence, and Ironsmith's genial dealing with them seems to mirror my own slow acceptance of society—a bargain I certainly don't regret.

In summary, I'm suggesting that the novel may be read on two different levels. On the first and more obvious, the story says that our best technology will do us in. Read that way, with Frank Ironsmith an enigmatic villain, the ending seems blurred or contradictory. On the second level, it says that society rewards those who accept it and destroys those who don't, and Ironsmith becomes a not-very-sympathetic hero.

Or so it seems to me. A writer can be his most mistaken critic, and I may be

wrong. Communication is never absolute. In the phrase of general semantics, the map is not the territory. Every reader of every author's map is creating his own new territory, his own unique reflection of what the writer meant to say. I can't dictate the meaning of *The Humanoids*, for it has no single meaning. I do hope, however, that these comments will enrich the book for at least a few readers.



Jim Barker

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### ABBREVIATIONS

AFR	Avon Fantasy Reader
AMF	A. Merritt's Fantasy
AMZ	Amazing Stories
AMQ	Amazing Stories Quarterly
ARG	Argosy
ASF	Astounding/Analog
AW	Air Wonder
CF	Captain Future
COM	Comet Stories
ed	edited by
FAN	Fantastic
F&SF	Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction
FM	Fantasy Magazine
FSF	Famous Science Fiction
FSQ	Fantastic Story Quarterly
FU	Fantastic Universe
FUT	Future
GAL	Galaxy

IF	Worlds of If
MH	Magazine of Horror
MSS	Marvel Science Stories
NMQ	New Mexico Quarterly
SF	Science Fantasy
SF+	Science Fiction Plus
SFBC	Science Fiction Book Club
SFC	Science Fiction Classics
SFM	Science Fiction Monthly
sr[no]	serialized in x parts
SS	Startling Stories
SST	Science Stories
ST	Strange Tales
SUS	Super Science
SW	Science Wonder Stories
2CSAB	Two Complete Science-Adventure Books
TOW	Tales of Wonder
TWS	Thrilling Wonder Stories
UNK	Unknown/Unknown Worlds
WQ	Wonder Stories Quarterly
wrps	wraps, paperback
WS	Wonder Stories
WSA	Wonder Stories Annual
WT	Weird Tales
WTO	Worlds of Tomorrow

William Rotsler



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THE POWER THAT PRESERVES

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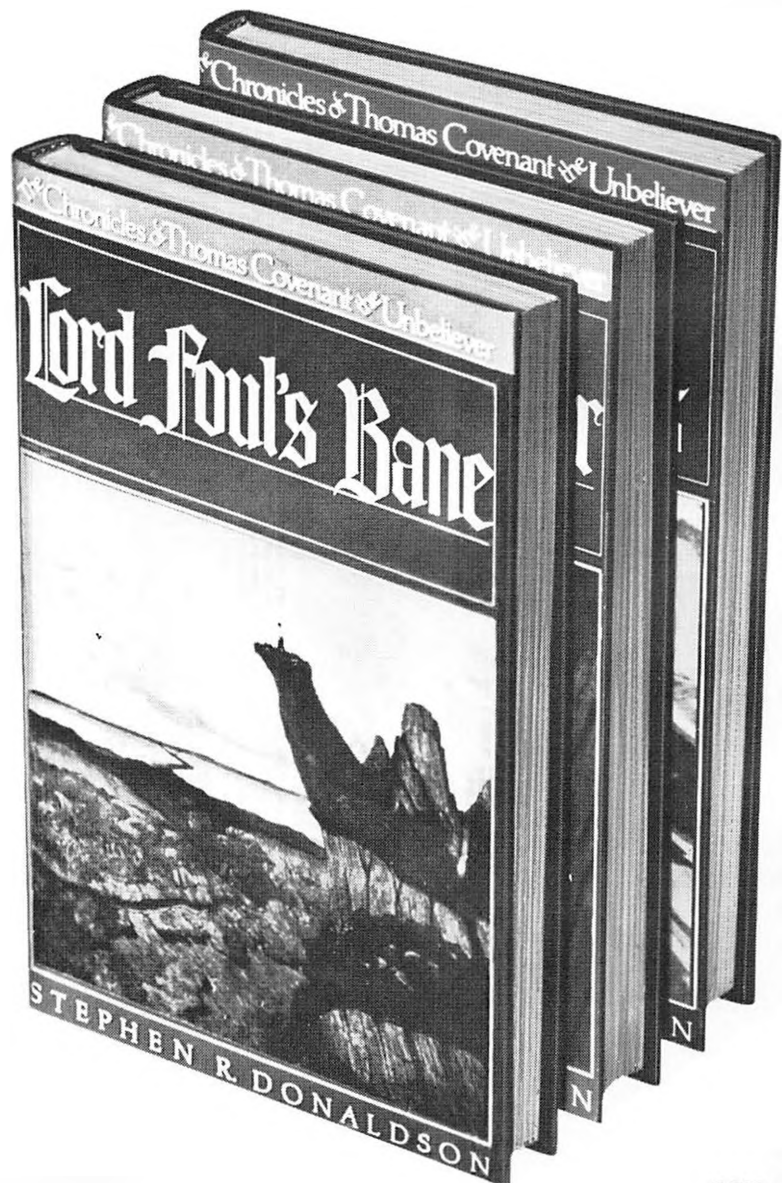
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# BEYOND MARS

by JACK WILLIAMSON



5-16 THEY'RE MAKING A RUN FOR THAT ASTEROID!

KEEP 'EM IN SIGHT-- BUT NOT TOO CLOSE!

IN THE HIJACKED LINER, TACK MCTEAK CHASES THE LIFEBOAT!



ETH---O--- ETH!



THE ROCK'S NOT INHABITED! NO HELP THERE -- UNLESS WE CAN HIDE --

THNIFF!-- HEY! WAIT!



--- IT THMELLTH LIKE THEETEE!\*



THEETEE ISH NOT FOR ME! LET'TH THCRAM!

WAIT TILL I TEST IT!

HOW??

\* SEETEE: SPACE LINGO FOR CONTRATERRENE MATTER-- ON CONTACT WITH OUR KIND OF MATTER, IT REACTS -- VIOLENTLY!!



WITH THIS TIN CAN! IT'S AN EASY THROW -- THERE'S NO AIR RESISTANCE -- NO GRAVITY TO INTERFERE!



IF IT EXPLODES LIKE AN H-BOMB, WE'LL KNOW THE ROCK IS SEETEE!!



# BEYOND MARS

by JACK WILLIAMSON

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CONTRATERRENE MATTER--OR "SEETEE" AS IT IS KNOWN IN SPACE LINGO--CONSISTS OF ELECTRICALLY REVERSED ATOMS, WHICH REACT VIOLENTLY ON CONTACT WITH EARTH-TYPE MATTER... TO TEST THE ASTEROID, MIKE TOSSES A TIN CAN--



GREAT GISMO!  
IT WAS SEETEE!!



CORRECTION, STAR JOCKEY!  
THAT ROCK WAS OKAY--  
IT'S YOU THAT'S SEETEE!!

MC TEAK!!  
WHAT DO YOU MEAN??



YOU'RE ATOMIC DYNAMITE, BUSTER! I TURNED THE LINER AND EVERYBODY ABOARD IT SEETEE-- BEFORE ANYBODY LEFT THE SHIP!!



THE LIFEBOAT LISTENS IN--

UH-OH!  
WE'RE ALL THEETEE!!

??! WHAT IS ALL THIS SEETEE STUFF???

WELL-- IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW--



THIS LITTLE INVENTION OF MINE HAS TURNED YOU ALL INTO LIVING BOMBS-- IF YOU TOUCH ANYTHING THAT'S TERRENE--OR EVEN BREATHE COMMON AIR-- BOOM!!



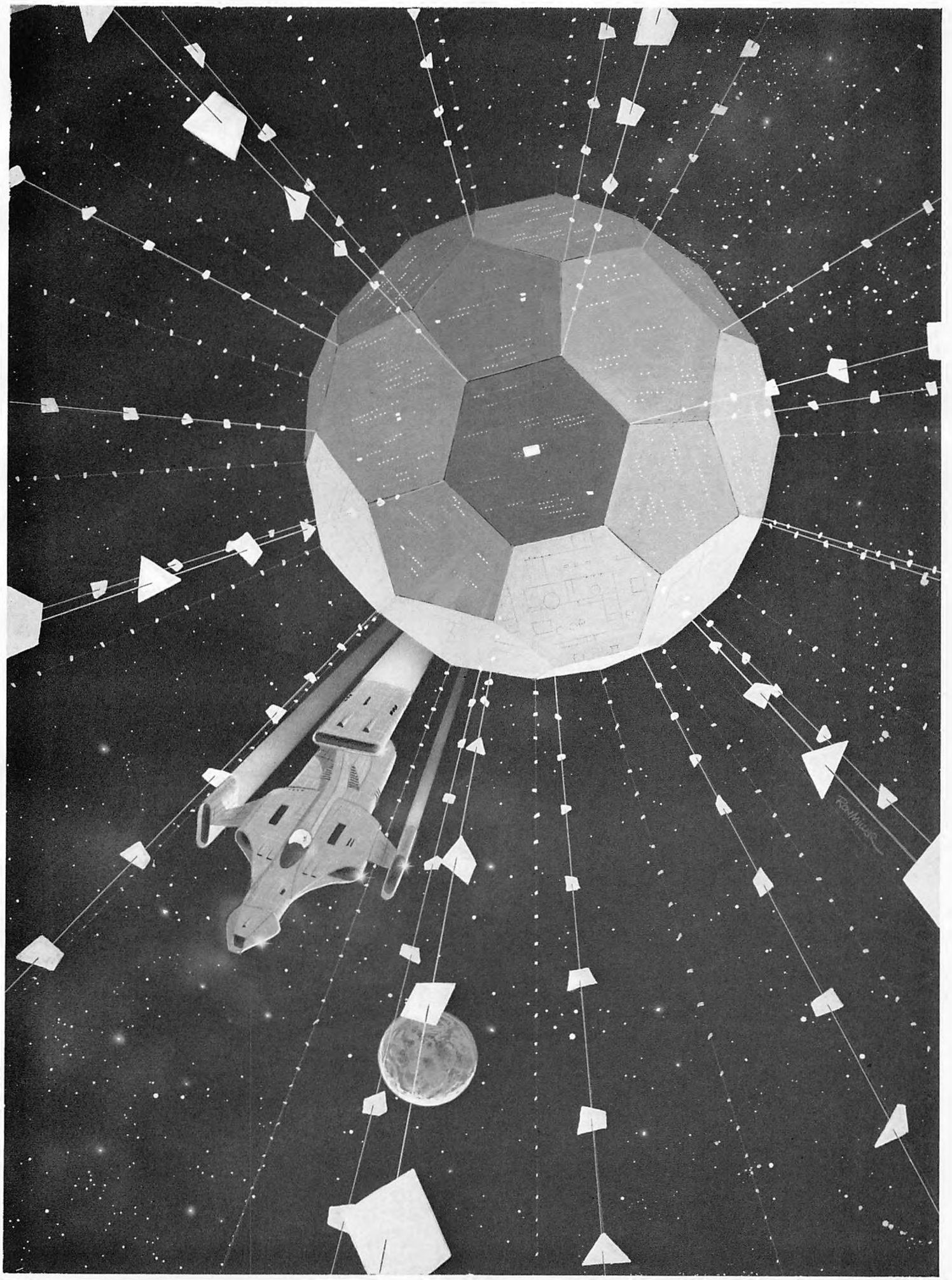
"STEPSON TO CREATION"

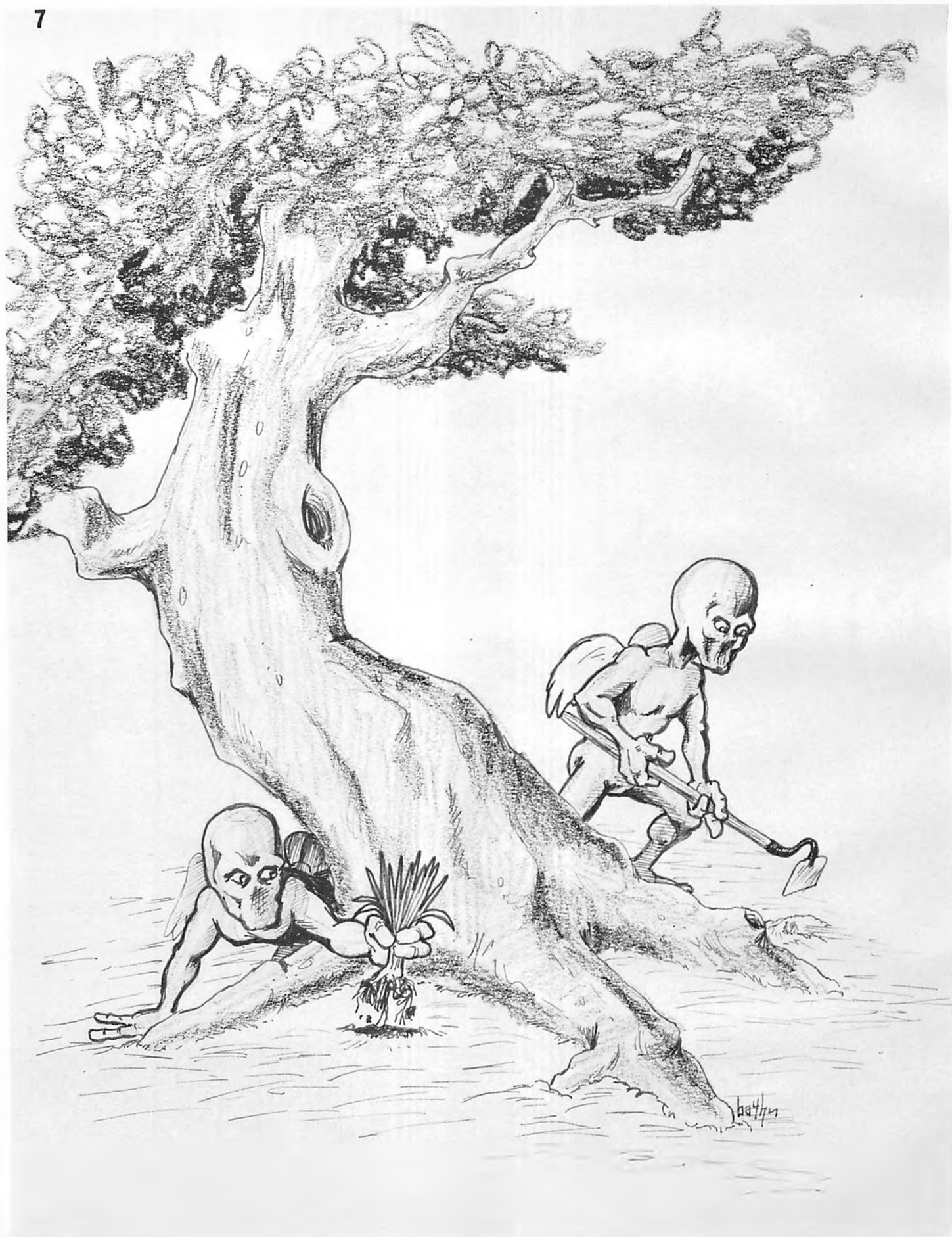




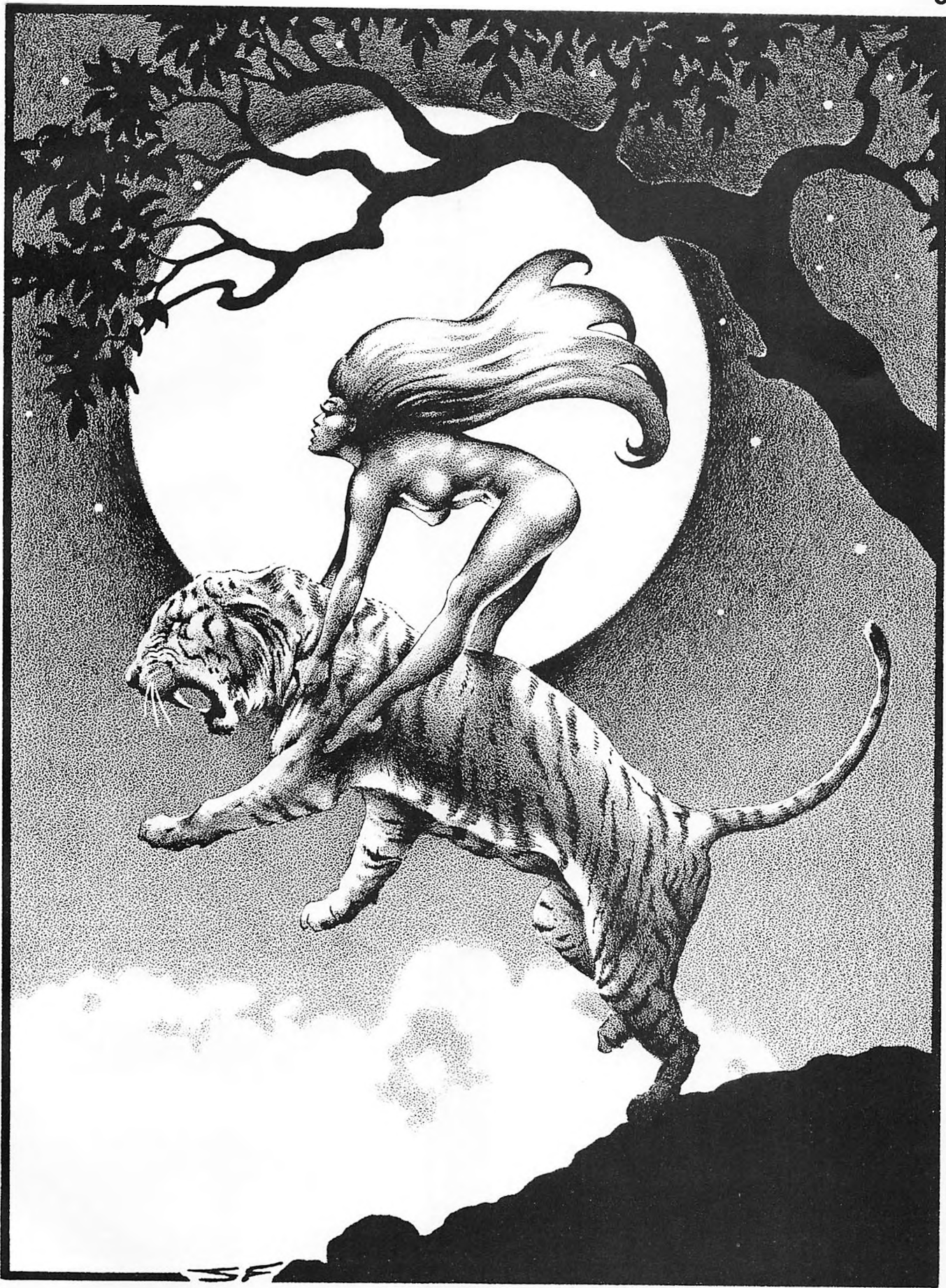
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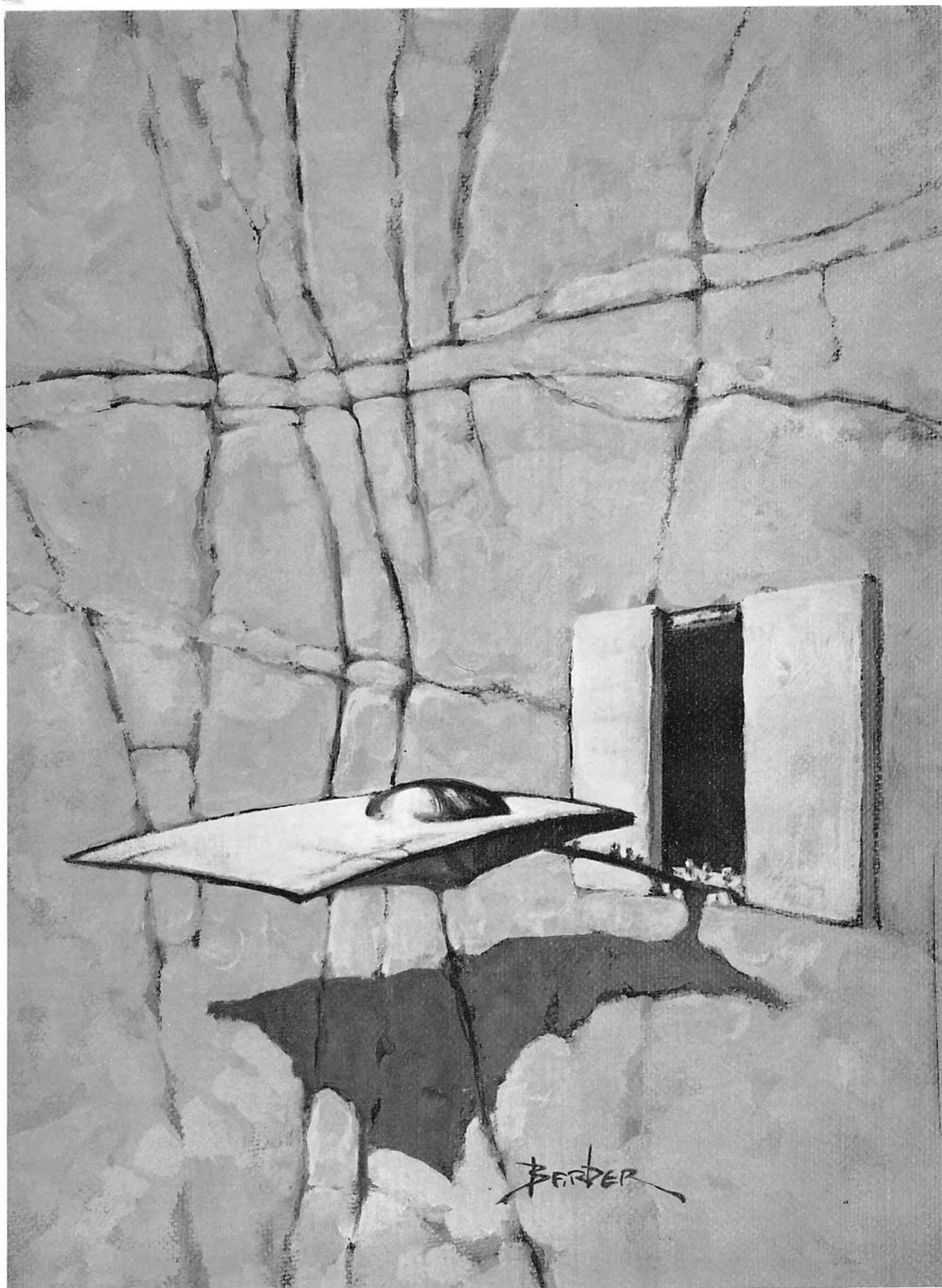
"The Cold Green Eye"  
by JACK WILLIAMSON











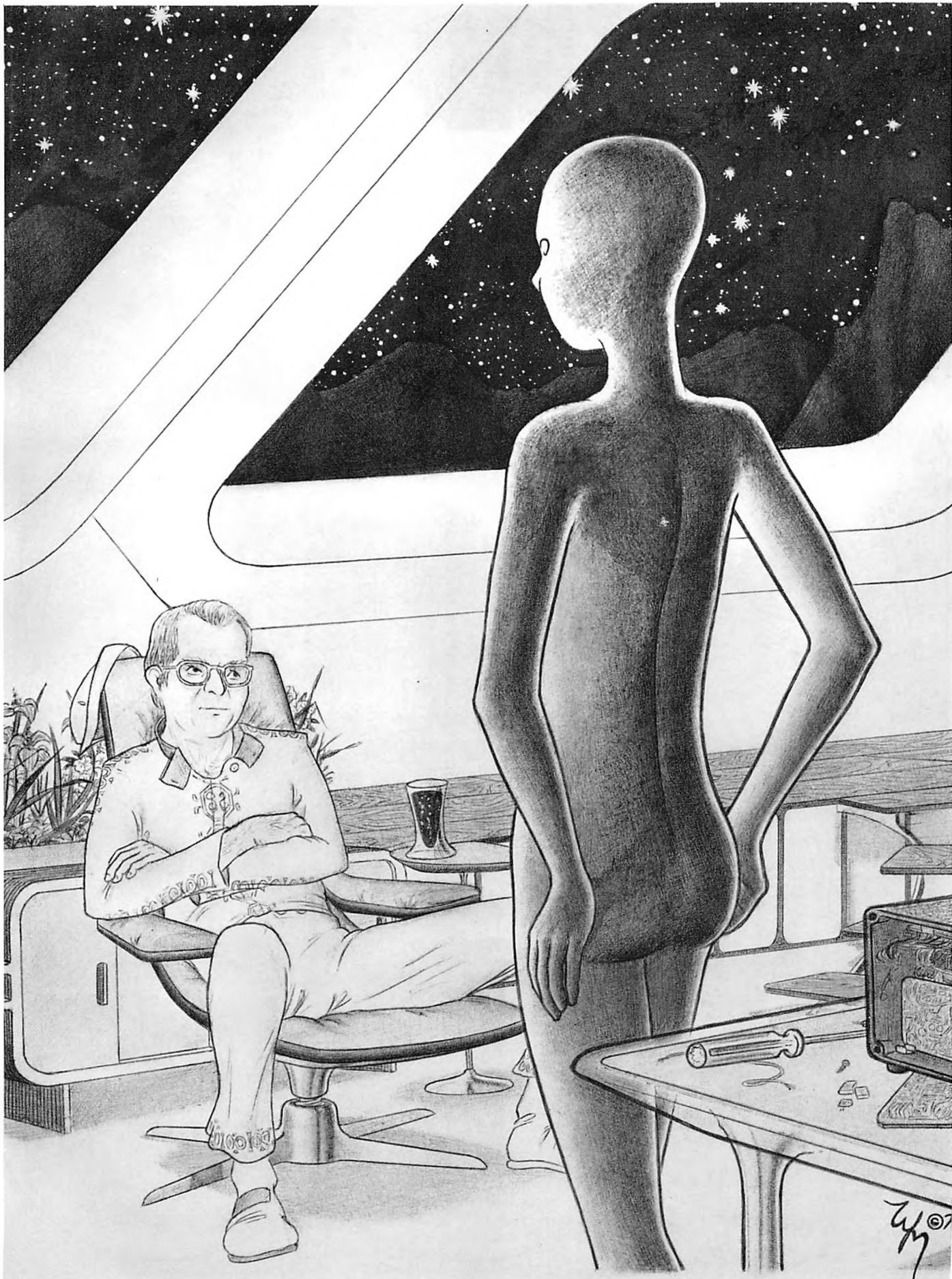
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Legion of Time  
 by Jack Williamson  
 by  
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 OF  
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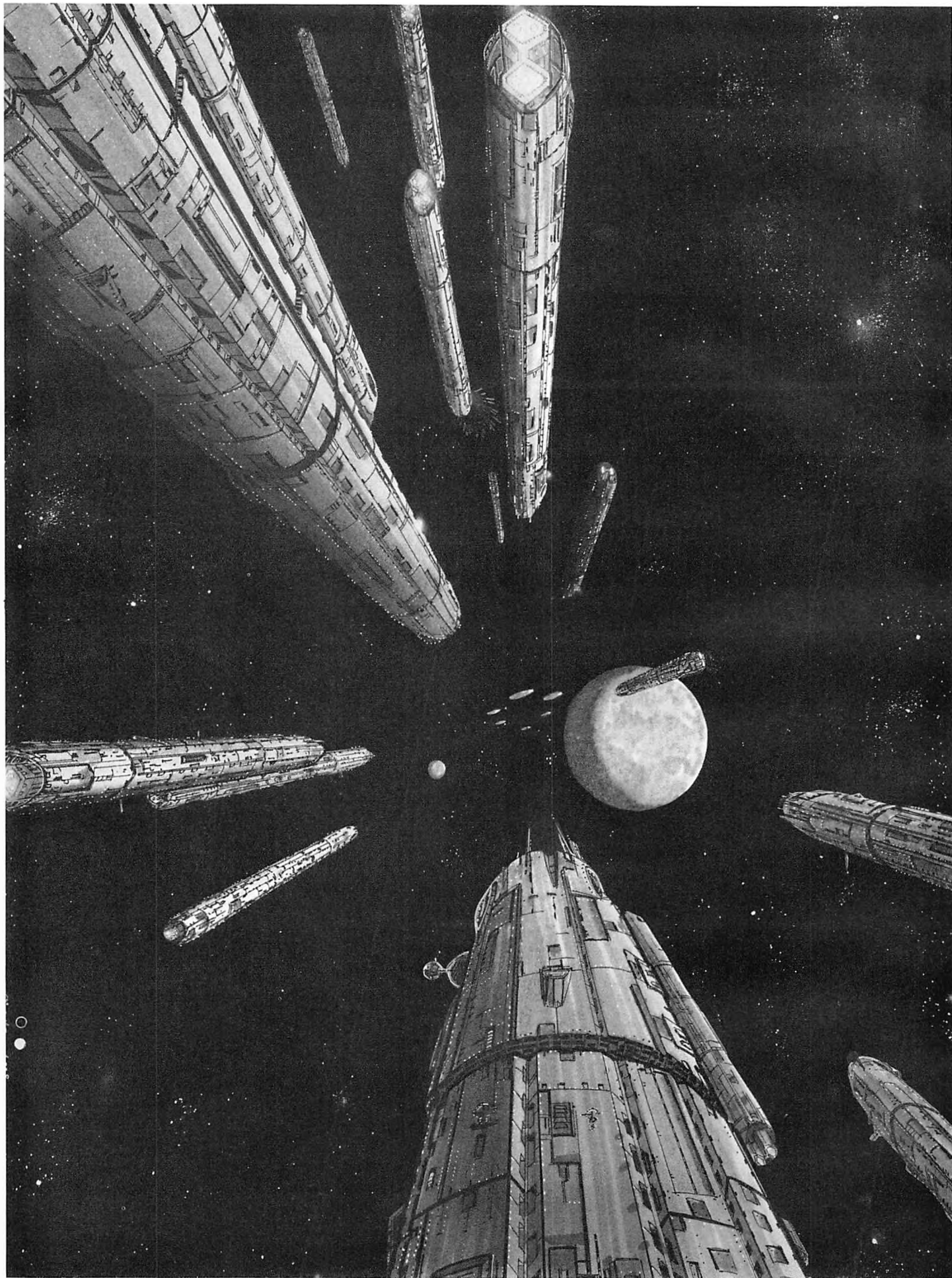
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AKKA

GREEN  
 POWER

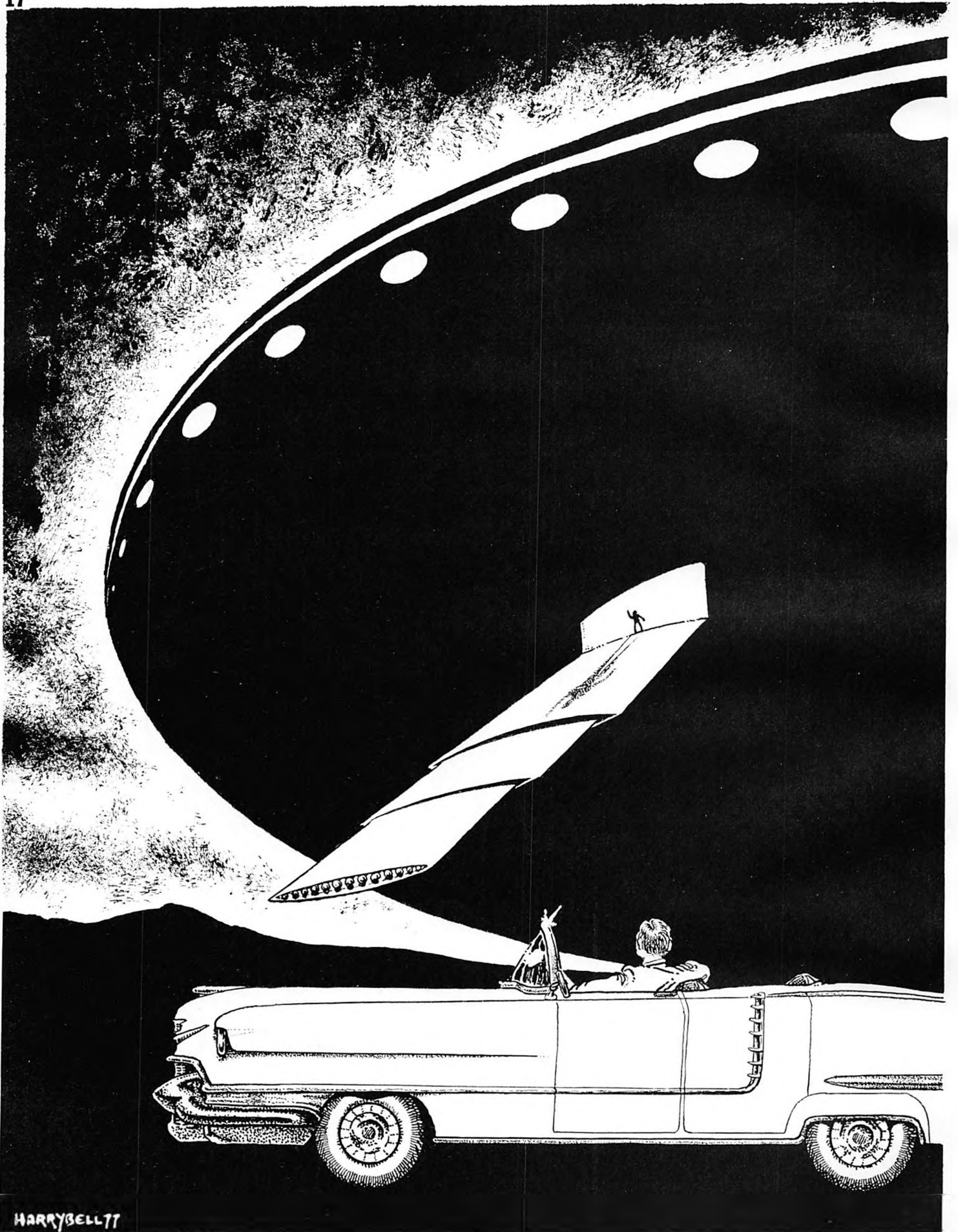
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Steve Stiles

# WITH FOLDED HANDS

and tongue in cheek...

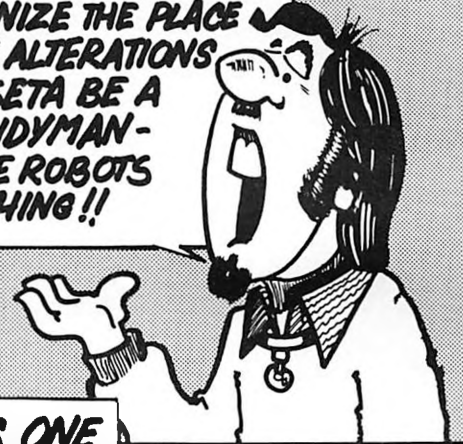
YOU'RE TELLIN' ME! I USETA RUN A NICE LITTLE ANDROID AGENCY-DOIN' AWRIGHT TOO! THE ALONG COME THE ROBOTS AN' ZAP!! I'M OUTTA BUSINESS! THESE DAYS I'M DOWN TO MY LAST CIGAR!!



YA KNOW... EVER SINCE THOSE \*\*\*ING ROBOTS TOOK OVER, THINGS HAVE REALLY GONE DOWN THE TUBES!!



AN' WHEN I GET HOME, I CAN HARDY RECOGNIZE THE PLACE WITH ALL THE ALTERATIONS THEY DO! I USETA BE A BIT OF A HANDYMAN-BUT NOW THE ROBOTS DO EVERYTHING!!



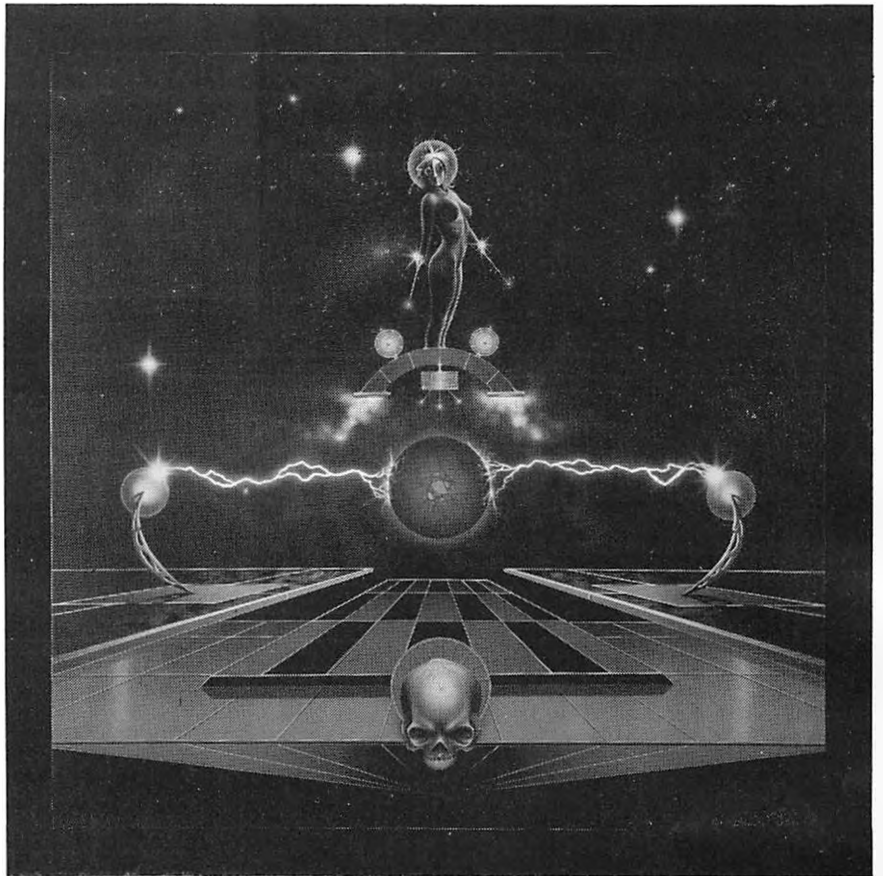
AH WELL! AT LEAST THERE'S ONE THING WE DO THAT ROBOTS CAN'T...



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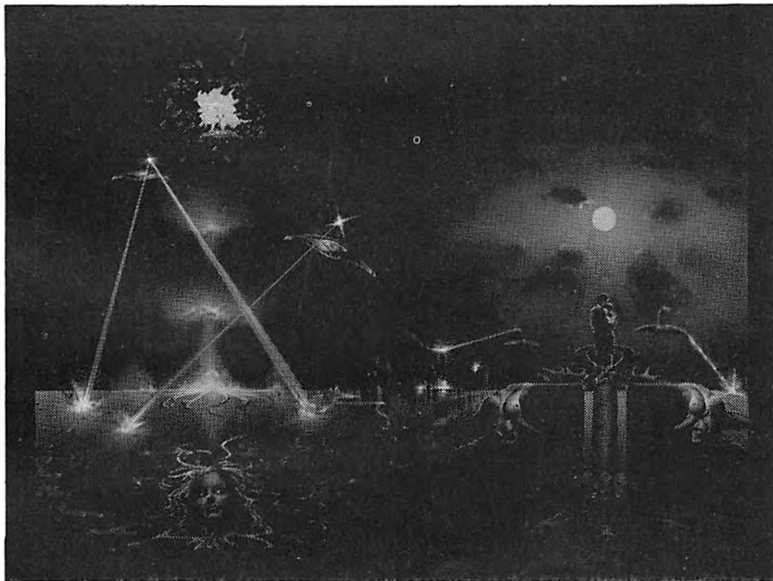
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# by sam moskowitz

The selection of Robert A. Madle as Fan Guest of Honor at the SunCon, The 35th World Science Fiction Convention in Miami, Florida, was made because he symbolizes the spirit of an era when the congress of science fiction lovers was virtually an underground movement selflessly dedicated to promoting a neglected literary genre and because everything he has done in the field since then, even in a paid professional capacity, has retained the essence of those early values.

Madle's selection is made on the basis of personal achievement and not on mere individual popularity. He has paid his dues and has the credentials. A few of the areas of recognition and accomplishment are as follows:

1. Participated in the earliest meetings of science fiction fans and helped plan the initial science fiction conferences and conventions both regional and national.

2. Was a prime mover and president of one of the most active, influential and long-lived science fiction associations of all time, The Philadelphia Science Fiction Society.

3. Was an editor and publisher of a number of the early science fiction fan magazines, from carbon-copy efforts in 1935 to *Fantascience Digest* in 1937, which in 1939 and 1940 was one of the leaders, if not the leading science fiction fan magazine.

4. Was a charter member in The Fantasy Amateur Press Association in 1937—contributing to the first mailing—which not only continues today but has inspired many similar cooperative efforts.

5. Was among the pioneers in hard-cover books of science fiction published by fans, forming New Era Publishers in 1948.

6. Was a pivotal factor in the presentation of the Fifth World Science Fiction Convention, held in Philadelphia in 1947.

7. Was the creator and writer of one of the most popular and longest-running fan columns to appear in a professional science fiction magazine, "Inside Science Fiction."

8. Was the American Transatlantic Fan Fund winner in 1957, attending the London World Science Fiction Convention that year.

9. Was one of the founders and the first and only president of First Fandom, which has become the most distinguished and exclusive group of old-time active science fiction fans.

10. Maintained his interest in science fiction and expanded his collection through to the present day.

11. Retained the most positive values and nostalgic attitudes of the science fiction readers and fans of the thirties.

Robert A. Madle was born June 2, 1920, son of Vincent Robert Madle and Mary Virginia Kidwell at the home of his grandmother at 414 E. Belgrade St., Philadelphia, Pa. He would spend all of his childhood and teenage years within a block or two of the place of his birth, at 333 E. Belgrade St., an address which became nationally known in science fiction fandom during the thirties.

His father spent all of his life in "the science fiction fan's most anticipated and admired profession—mailman." Bob was the first child, to be joined by Charles (1922), Kathryn (1924) and Mary (1926), so he did not suffer from the "Only-Child Syndrome." Though his family never was reduced to public charity, Bob's junior high and high school days were blighted by the

grimness of the Great Depression. The event that changed his life was when his friend from early childhood, John V. Baltadonis turned up the December 1930 and April 1931 issues of *Wonder Stories* in a junk shop. The former depicting a scene from *The Synthetic Men* by Ed Earl Repp, where a great, green humanoid is trying to pull himself out of a giant transparent vat in which he has been formed. The second cover illustrated a scene from Edmond Hamilton's famous short story "The Man Who Evolved," showing a man with a tremendous head and puny body being bombarded by rays in a special chamber. Both covers were by the pioneer magazine science fiction artist Frank R. Paul and *Wonder Stories* during that period was a 144-page pulp. The magazines and the stories intrigued the boys, but they had no conception of where to go to add to their source of supply.

Then, the summer of 1933, Bob spotted in the window of a candy store a magazine cover that caused his heart to skip a beat. In Paul's best style, an immense moon filled the entire sky, with only the spires of the tallest skyscrapers visible beneath a tidal wave of such dimensions that an ocean liner was tossed into the top of the Empire State building, on the cover of the February 1933 *Wonder Stories*. During the depression, some candy stores carried second hand magazines as well as new ones. You could return a new magazine you bought for a couple of cents credit and the store would sell it at a reduced price, in this case Madle paid only five cents.

Madle and Baltadonis scoured the city and began to pick up secondhand science fiction magazines by the score.

# INSIDE MADLE

## A FAN FOR ALL SEASONS

An important day in their lives occurred when prohibition was repealed and Baltadonis' father was granted a tavern license. Business was good enough so that he could give the boy an allowance of enough size to permit him to buy science fiction magazines from the newsstands as they appeared, beginning with the January 1934 issues. These issues were shared.

In those days of very few fan magazines and no science fiction clubs of any consequence, the only way a fan received recognition was through letters in the reader's columns of the professional magazines. All of the existing publications—*Amazing Stories*, *Wonder Stories*, *Astounding Stories* and *Weird Tales*—ran reader's departments of up to 10 pages and in Philadelphia were Milton A. Rothman and Raymond Peel Mariella, whose letters seemed never ending, particularly in *Wonder Stories*. Rothman was a studious, soft-spoken young man with glasses and kinky hair, who was the most aggressive of the two. The April 1934 *Wonder Stories* announced the magazine-sponsored Science Fiction League, which gave memberships, chapter charters and ran notices of the activities of local clubs. Second to the reader's columns themselves, The Science Fiction League can be credited with building today's organized fandom.

Rothman, with Mariella, Charles H. Bert and Paul Hunter applied to the Science Fiction League for a Philadelphia charter. It arrived in December 1934 and the first meeting was in January 1935. Madle and Baltadonis had seen Rothman's name in *Wonder Stories* and wrote him, but the letter apparently went astray. Receiving no response, they formed "The Boys' Science Fiction Club" in early 1935, with Jack Agnew and Harvey Green-

blatt. Agnew (Madle's cousin), a quiet young man with artistic and musical proclivities would become an active fan and work with Madle on many science fiction projects. Greenblatt would die in World War II, a recipient of the Medal of Honor.

Rothman's group quickly foundered but Madle and Baltadonis put out the first issue of a carbon-copied, half-letter-sized fan magazine titled *The Science Fiction Fan*, dated February 1934. The magazine had 13 printed pages and reprinted, without permission, "The Atom Smasher" by Donald Wandrei from the April 1934 *Astounding Stories*. In the editorial by Madle it stated: "We will give you news about Science fact & fiction (mostly fiction)." So the terminology of "Science fact & fiction," popularized by *Analog*, is scarcely new.

In 1935, there were so few science fiction stories to be had, that the rabid fans would often buy other magazines that carried the medallion "A Gernsback Publication," because of the affinity. In announcing a new magazine titled *Pirate Stories*, Gernsback had said there might also be tales of space piracy. Madle wrote them a letter, published in the July 1935 issue of *Pirate Stories*, complaining about their failure to keep their promise and urging that Edmond Hamilton be permitted to remedy the matter. *Pirate Stories* was giving a free one year's subscription to any Gernsback magazine for any letter printed. Madle selected *Wonder Stories*.

His friend John V. Baltadonis had his first letter printed in the May 1935 *Amazing Stories*, featuring the first installment of *Liners of Time* by John Russell Fearn. Not to be bested, Madle placed a letter, extolling the virtues of science fiction writer David H. Keller,

M.D. in the August 1935 *Amazing Stories*.

When Milton A. Rothman read these letters by fellow Philadelphians, he wrote each in turn suggesting that all of them get together. At the same time Rothman had received a letter from Oswald Train, a young coal miner from Barnesboro, Pa., who could boast of five science fiction tales published in the local paper, and had by far the finest collection of any of them. Train had moved to Philadelphia. The two clubs merged, new members were added and in October 1935 became one of the strongest groups in the nation.

The same month Madle, Baltadonis and Agnew turned out the first issue of a carbon-copied magazine titled *Imaginative Fiction*, featuring a short story "Ultra-Violet Retribution" by Robert A. Madle. In it, deaths from sunstroke in October are traced to experiments with high-intensity ultra-violet rays. The magazine was issued by Planet Publications at Madle's address.

One of the most prominent fans in the country was Julius Schwartz, publisher of *Fantasy Magazine*, not only the leading fan magazine of that period but a candidate after all these years as the best of all time. He operated a literary agency specializing in science fiction, the Solar Sales Service, with Mortimer Weisinger (later to edit *Superman Comics*), and was in contact with most of the professional authors, editors and artists in the country. He was a long-time correspondent of Oswald Train (who had contributed to *Fantasy Magazine*) and together with Charles D. Hornig, editor of *Wonder Stories*, visited the December 1935 meeting of the Philadelphia Science Fiction League chapter. This was enough to send the young heads spinning. Both Madle and

Rothman had writing aspirations and actually being able to talk to and touch a real live science fiction editor was enough to start them off again.

A second issue of *Imaginative Fiction* dated April-May 1936, with Madle as editor was turned out half letter sized, carbon copied, 10 pages, sewn together on a sewing machine. The feature again was a story by Madle titled "Devolution," in which two men from the far future travel into the past in a time machine, and the further back they go the more primitive their bodies become, until they end up a blob of protoplasmic slime. This story was obviously a reversal on "The Man Who Evolved" by Edmond Hamilton, where the evolutionary process is artificially speeded up on a man who becomes a gigantic bodiless brain and finally protoplasmic slime. When he was in Philadelphia, Charles D. Hornig had given the Philadelphia fan Charles H. Bert permission to resume his publication *The Fantasy Fan*, a superlative weird fiction fan magazine, which had helped him get his job with *Wonder Stories* because of its excellence; later featuring first-run material by H.P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, Clark Ashton Smith, and other past greats. Subscriptions were solicited for the revival, but it was never published. Madle revised "Devolution," and placed it in *Tesseract* for November 1936, the official organ of the Science Fiction Advancement Association formed earlier the same year. This was the same publication where James Blish was getting exposure for his earliest efforts.

The fan world of 1936 was in a state of flux. Old fans like Julius Schwartz, Mortimer Weisinger and Charles Hornig were moving out or had moved out, leaving the field to a group of teenagers who for the most part did not have the education, resources or contacts to do anything comparable. Turning over *The Fantasy Fan* to one of them was a perfect example. An opportunity is no opportunity at all if the recipient has no capability of exploiting it. However, the Science Fiction League, with the creation of its various chapters, had given this new generation of science fiction fans a fraternal dimension literally unknown to the older group.

In New York was headquartered The International Scientific Association which also published an official organ titled *The International Observer*, which was really a fan magazine of "Science Fact & Fiction" with emphasis on the science. At the suggestion of Donald A. Wollheim, who was in correspondence with Milton A. Rothman, a science

fiction "convention" was organized. This convention consisted of Donald A. Wollheim, Frederik Pohl, John B. Michel, William Sykora, David A. Kyle and Herb Goukett traveling to Philadelphia on October 18, 1936 to meet with Robert A. Madle, Milton A. Rothman, John V. Baltadonis and Oswald Train. Madle took Wollheim and Pohl to his home to show them his collection. They all convened at Rothman's home, and with him acting as chairman, it was decided to hold the first formal science fiction convention in New York to test the feasibility of a later World Science Fiction Convention in conjunction with the World's Fair in New York in 1939.

Madle was among those in attendance at the New York affair on February 20, 1937, which had no name but was simply called "A Science Fiction Convention." He had participated in laying the foundation for it and for the concept of a World Science Fiction Convention which would eventually materialize under dramatic circumstances.

By this time, Madle through his local and regional activities and his publishing and writing intensity was an influential figure in the fan world. He was editor of *Fantasy Fiction Telegram*, a new publication which the Philadelphia group issued in place of the inconsequential *Imaginative Fiction*. This fan magazine fitted the mood and the finances of the time. It was hektographed, a process by which copy is typed on paper with a special ink, has those inks absorbed in a gelatine-filled flat pan and then 50 or more copies pressed on paper from it. Any publication that did not hope for a larger circulation could be produced and mailed for less than \$2.00 for the entire edition. Illustrations of great detail could be drawn with special inks and run off as easily as the text. Baltadonis was developing as an artist, and he illustrated and did the production on the magazine. It ran for four monthly issues from October 1936 through January 1937, before it was halted. In addition to material by the Philadelphia group it featured a regular column by Donald A. Wollheim and after its second issue, four-color illustrations. It was a worthwhile and serious effort, which was intended to be a preliminary to a hand-printed magazine titled *Fantasy Science Digest* for which the purchase of a press and type were under negotiation.

In addition to fiction and articles in *Fantasy Fiction Telegram* and *Tesseract*, Madle had placed an article, "Hints on Collecting Science Fiction," in the neatly printed October 1936 issue of *The Science Fiction Fan*, published by

Olon Wiggins out of Denver. The article displayed a substantial knowledge of the field and would have brought him credit but Wiggins delayed distributing it for six months, finally mailing it with the seventh issue, because he was angered by poor support for the earlier numbers of his magazine. What did bring Madle very substantial prestige was the appearance of his short story "Black Adventure" in the March-April 1937 issue of *The Science-Fantasy Correspondent*. This magazine had absorbed Julius Schwartz's *Fantasy Magazine* and under the brilliant editing of Willis Conover and the excellent printing of Corwin Stickney, was a worthy successor. Material had already appeared by David H. Keller, M.D., Jack Williamson, Henry Kuttner, H.P. Lovecraft, Virgil Finlay, Grege La Spina and Robert Bloch. Madle's contribution, while a conventional werewolf story, was extremely well done, and indicated writing ability.

When Morris S. Dollens turned over his *Science Fiction Collector* to John V. Baltadonis with the July 1937 issue, Madle started a regular news column titled "Fantaglimmerings." Under Baltadonis, the magazine almost instantly became a leader and "Fantaglimmerings" was usually the first feature in the magazine, playing the spotlight on Madle.

During this period of science fiction fandom, when small local clubs were striving to survive, when only one regional convention had been held, when there was not a single fan magazine appearing even as frequently as monthly, the primary method of communication was through correspondence. The average active fan had 20 or more "regular" correspondents. The publication of *The Science Fiction Collector* had made Baltadonis one of the nation's leading fans. In February 1937 he had commenced a regular correspondence with me, some of his letters typed with Madle literally watching over his shoulder. He, like some fans, used to put the time of day the letter was typed. In his epistle of February 3, 1937, the time was 2:10 P.M. and he stated: "Madle came over last night forestalling all hopes of writing this letter. However, everything is okay now—that is, everything except Madle, who just barged in again five minutes ago. Luckily enough, the latest *Thrilling Wonder Stories* has come out, and he—being duly engrossed in its contents—is not annoying me by peering over my shoulder."

At first, Madle deplored Baltadonis wasting his time on me, since I was obviously too poor (I didn't own a



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typewriter), too uninteresting and too out-of-touch with it. Since he was shown most of my letters to Baltadonis, by the time the first Baltadonis *Collector* appeared, he had come to regard me as one of the fraternity and we were both listed as Associate Editors of that magazine.

The dream of most fan magazine editors then was to somehow, some way, some day, publish a fan magazine that was set in type and run off on a printing press. In the summer of 1937 Madle and Baltadonis purchased a printing press and some fonts of type and began plans for a "class" fan magazine to be titled *Fantascience Digest*. The problems and work involved in that type of publication finally defeated the printed format, but Madle broke out on his own using the hektograph. He had the first, November-December 1937 issue, out in time for The Third Eastern Science Fiction Convention October 31st in Philadelphia. That first issue was half-letter size, but well illustrated by Agnew and Rothman, with material by Henry Kuttner, Robert W. Lowndes, J. Harvey Haggard and Willis Conover. The Kuttner contribution would be one of a half-dozen through the life of the magazine, since Madle was a correspondent of his.

The magazine, maintaining a steady bi-monthly schedule throughout 1938, had, by the end of the year, lifted Madle to near the top of the ranks of fan publishers. He had gone to letter sized format with the second issue and ran material by David H. Keller, M.D., Henry Kuttner, Richard Wilson, Donald A. Wollheim, Sam Moskowitz, Harry Warner and Milton Rothman, as well as featuring the artwork of John Giunta. There were columns by Willis Conover and Mark Reinsberg (the latter on the Chicago scene), which were lively and informative. Some indication of his

ranking in the fan world was Jack Speer's poll of the leading science fiction fans, published in the February 1938 *Science Fiction Fan*, which had him sixth after Wollheim, Ackerman, Baltadonis, Wiggins and Moskowitz.

Conversion to a mimeographed format with the January-February 1939 issue made it one of the most readable in format as well as content of any fan magazine then extant. Commenting on it, Charles D. Hornig said: "It is the best fan-article publication that I have seen since Julius Schwartz ran *Fantasy Magazine*." Farnsworth Wright, editor of *Weird Tales*, wrote: "The current issue of *Fantascience Digest* is quite intriguing. Congratulations." It was John F. Burke, from England, later to become a well-known author, who put his finger on it: "Quite honestly, I think FD is far better than the old *Fantasy Magazine*—your setups, material and the terrific personality about the whole magazine amaze me."

Madle had become the quintessential fan of the late thirties. His magazine superbly captured the interests and philosophy of that period. From then, until its final, November-December 1941 issue, *Fantascience Digest* would become one of the most collectible of all fan magazines, concluding its years with contributions from Ray Bradbury, Henry Kuttner, Ralph Milne Farley, Frederik Pohl, Alexander M. Phillips, Frederic Arnold Kummer, Jr., Wilson Tucker, R.R. Winterbotham and Charles D. Hornig, in addition to all of its regular columnists, artists and fan friends. One reason for its high level of interest was that it stressed non-fiction over fiction and moved the emphasis back from discussing fandom to discussing prodrom.

The Third Science Fiction Convention turned most of the Philadelphia group generally and Madle specifically against Donald A. Wollheim and other members of the New York based fan group later to be known as The Michelists, because of a speech having a strong political orientation.

When Wollheim had begun to proselytize for the formation of The Fantasy Amateur Press Association a few months earlier, he had a tremendous problem changing the attitudes of the existing fan publishers. The Philadelphia group was publishing under the aegis of Comet Publications and Robert A. A. Madle permitted his name to be used in the recruiting material to those publishers who would join and contribute to FAPA. In fact, outside of leaflets and one-shots published by Wollheim and his friends, the only publication by an

outsider specifically done for the first, Fall 1937, mailing of FAPA was *Imaginative Fiction* dated June 1937, issued by Baltadonis with material by Madle and me.

This was the showcase publication for FAPA to induce other publishers to do the same. Despite his break with Wollheim, Madle kept his promise and produced the first issue of *The Meteor* for the second, Winter 1937, mailing and his friend Baltadonis the first *Fantasy Herald*. The sight of *Imaginative Fiction* in the first mailing, prompted James V. Taurasi, head of Cosmic Publications, to contribute the first issue of *Solar*, and Bob Tucker, then a member of Cosmic Publications, *The Science Fiction Advertiser*. Had Madle permitted enmity to stand in the way of his working within the framework of the FAPA constitution, he had the clout with Baltadonis, Taurasi and me, to seriously have crippled the association in its first year.

Madle's entrance into FAPA, the sponsorship of The Third Science Fiction Convention by Philadelphia and the publication of *Fantascience Digest* had all coincided with his being elected director of The Philadelphia Science Fiction Society after it almost collapsed in the summer of 1937. His public break with Wollheim was merely a manifestation of an earlier private break that occurred when he tried to assist in bringing back to life, the International Scientific Association, which Madle felt Wollheim had arbitrarily terminated in early 1937. As director of the PSFS, Madle now had a political power base from which to operate.

When, together with Will Sykora, I put on The First National Science Fiction Convention in Newark on May 26, 1938, as a trial to test the feasibility of The World Science Fiction Convention in 1939, our legitimacy was challenged by the fact that plans for such an affair had been projected at the Philadelphia impromptu "convention" of 1936. Madle, as director of the group, changed the situation to where the Philadelphia organization, who had first projected the matter said they now backed us, not the Michelists. Whatever legality the Michelists had for sponsorship of a World convention previously, now became clouded and tenuous. Robert A. Madle was made secretary of the Newark convention and read the proceedings of the previous convention. Rothman was also on our program which included such speakers as John W. Campbell and Mort Weisinger, with such celebrities as Otis Adelbert Kline, Manly Wade Wellman, L.A. Eshbach, L. Sprague de



Camp, Leo Margulies, Jack Binder, Julius Schwartz, Frank Belknap Long swelling the attendance to well over 100. By the time the convention was over, we were on our way to presenting The First World Science Fiction Convention in New York in 1939. As a reminder of the event, Madle had produced a neat 20 page one shot fan magazine titled *Cosmos* for the occasion.

On October 16, 1938, The Philadelphia Science Fiction Society held a conference, at which Mort Weisinger was the featured speaker and a 7,000-word telegram was read from John W. Campbell. At this conference a motion was proposed to accept New Fandom, the association headed by me as the official sponsoring body of The First World Science Fiction Convention in New York in 1939. This was passed without dissent and was supported by Mort Weisinger and later John W. Campbell. Though Madle was no longer director of the PSFS at the time, this represents the secret history of the role he played in setting up a situation where the presentation of world science fiction conventions would be feasible.

Madle was elected president of The Philadelphia Science Fiction Society again in 1939. Milton A. Rothman sold several stories to *Astounding Science Fiction* that year, "Heavy Planet" (August 1939) and "Shawm's Sword" (October 1939), the former about aliens of such density that steel offered them little more resistance than cardboard, was included in the anthology *Adventures in Time and Space* (1946) edited by Raymond J. Healy and J. Francis McComas. Three other stories were sold to *Astonishing Stories* and *Science Fiction Quarterly*, but a job in Washington, D.C. interrupted Rothman's literary career and removed him temporarily as a major influence in the PSFS.

Rothman also was offered another special distinction. Fred Pohl had obtained an editorial post with Popular Publications in 1940, turning out two science fiction magazines, *Astonishing Stories* and *Super Science Stories*. Rothman had placed a short story, "Asteroid" in the first, February 1940, issue of the former. In the latter, Pohl had introduced with its first, March 1940, issue a new fan organization in competition with The Science Fiction League, known as The Science Fictioneers. Rothman, selling to Pohl, could scarcely refuse a place on the Advisory Board, and through him Robert A. Madle and at Donald A. Wollheim's recommendation, found the distinction too much to resist. Within a few months

The Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, meeting at Madle's home, became Branch No. 6 of The Science Fictioneers, though it *also* retained its affiliation with The Science Fiction League. Ackerman had also joined The Science Fictioneers as a director and Pohl took me to a 35 cent liver-and-onions lunch (he made \$10 a week at the time) and offered me a similar distinction. I politely refused because The Science Fiction League had told me that in wake of Ackerman's shift from them they were reorganizing and would want me as one of their directors, along with my good friend James V. Taurasi. Margulies changed his mind and put the whole thing on the back-burner.

At the Third World Science Fiction Convention in Denver held July 4-6, 1941, Madle made the acquaintance of James Hevelin, better known as Rusty Barron and invited him as a permanent guest to Philadelphia. Barron moved in with Madle, at 333 E. Belgrade and began to publish with him *Nebula*, a weekly science fiction newspaper first concentrating on Philadelphia, beginning February 18, 1942 and then broadening his coverage. Capital was invested by a group of Philadelphia fans in Stellar Publications to bring out *Fantascience Digest* in a more elaborate form, but November-December 1941 was to prove the last issue of that fine magazine.

For a few months in 1942, it appeared there might be a revival of Philadelphia activities, with Rothman returning from Washington, D.C., and Baltadonis expressing renewed interest. World War II intervened. Madle who had been elected president in 1941 resigned to enter the armed services July 14, 1942. Within a few months Rusty Barron had joined the marines, and a year later turned *Nebula* over to Larry Shaw who resumed publication with the October 22, 1943 issue.

Madle had graduated from his \$5.00-a-week job as grocery boy in 1939-40 to a factory worker in a rubber plant 1940 to 1942 when he entered the armed services. Now he was a Private at Camp Sutton, North Carolina, working first as a truck driver, then as a teletype operator in the Signal Office and finally Assistant to the Public Relations Officer. He would eventually achieve the exalted rank of corporal. Even in the armed services he became involved in publishing, assisting in the preparation of the camp organ *Carryall*.

Undoubtedly, the most important thing he did in the army was meet a young girl from Charlotte, North Carolina, named Billie Franklin Lindsay.

She was employed in the Communications Office where Bob was stationed. They were married in November 1943 when Madle inveigled a 15-day furlough, and the news was reported in the *PSFS News* for November 1943, which had become the sole link between most of the other members of the Philadelphia group stationed around the world. Oswald Train, who was engaged in war work, published the magazine regularly and with high editorial interest through the entire war years.

Madle's first child, Robert, Jr., was born in 1945; a second, Richard in 1955; a third, Jane in 1956; and a fourth, Mary in 1961. In 1945 he had been transferred to Birmingham, Alabama, where he was discharged in January 1946. He returned to his Philadelphia job as a rubber compounder almost immediately. He attended The Philadelphia Science Fiction Society meeting in January 1946, at which Baltadonis was present and was elected Secretary of the Association.



History seemed to repeat itself as nine members of the PSFS showed up at The First Post-War Science Fiction Convention, headed by me, which was to see the founding of The Eastern Science Fiction Association. At that meeting the Philadelphia fans said they intended to resume the annual Conferences and that they would bid for the 1947 World Science Fiction Convention in Philadelphia. They expected my support!

They won their bid in Los Angeles in 1946 and preparatory to their World Convention held the First Post War Philadelphia Conference October 27, 1946. As 1:00 P.M., the time for the opening gavel approached, the arrivals were so small that the event seemed doomed to failure. Without an impressive showing, their pull for the World Convention would be greatly weakened.

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Madle, on a balcony of the second-floor convention hall overlooking the street, saw a virtual mob heading in the direction of the hall, and said wistfully to fans near him: "Wouldn't it be wonderful if they were all coming to the Conference." Then, incredulously, he recognized that, with me in the lead, they were almost the entire membership of The Eastern Science Fiction Association, some 32 of them. Like any good politician, I was delivering my precinct. The eventual attendance would only be 70. In the hall I turned over 30 memberships to the 1947 Philadelphia World Convention, bringing the total at that time to 62 and promised more.

When the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society held The Seventh World Science Fiction Convention, ESFA and I bought two of the 25 pages of ads sold in the booklet, personally arranged for one half of an afternoon's programming and I did half of the auctioning in tandem with Erle Korshak.

Madle and Agnew handled all the public relations of the convention, including the Philcon Reports and the program booklet itself. The convention proved an immense success.

The Post World War II period saw fans returning from the war, getting regular-paying jobs (many for the first time) and reaching the point where they wanted to see science fiction in a dignified format. The success of *Adventures in Time and Space* and *The Best of Science Fiction* edited by Groff Conklin, both published in 1946, showed there was a market for hardcover science fiction. Arkham House, which had been started by August W. Derleth in 1939 with the publication of *The Outsider*, had survived the war and that book was commanding prices ranging up to \$100. In 1945 Arkham issued seven books—*Someone in the Dark* by August W. Derleth, *The Opener of the Way* by Robert Bloch, *The Hounds of Tindalos* by Frank Belknap Long, *Green Tea* by J. Sheridan LeFanu, *Witch House* by Evangeline Walton and *The Lurker on the Threshold* by H.P. Lovecraft and August Derleth. That example resulted in the entry into the limited edition fantasy and science fiction field of The Argus Book Shop, New Collector's Group and the Buffalo Book Company, all run by fans. In 1946, Fantasy Press, Trover Hall and Pegasus Publications announced entry and there was even an abortive attempt to reprint all of H. Rider Haggard by the Winsome Publishing Company.

Then, in 1947, Philadelphians Jim Williams, Oswald Train and Bud Waldo

formed Prime Press, which would eventually publish a number of distinguished books including the first collections of Theodore Sturgeon and Lester Del Rey. Madle felt he could do it better, so on March 14, 1947 he wrote me suggesting that I throw in with him and Jack Agnew and form our own book publishing company. He proposed starting off with a book by David H. Keller, M.D., his first love, and following with a hardcover edition of my *The Immortal Storm*. Paradoxically, I was then in partnership with Will Sykora, actually in the process of preparing our first book which was by David H. Keller, M.D., *Life Everlasting and Other Tales of Science Fantasy and Horror*, under the aegis of The Avalon Company.

I told him of the conflict of interest, to soften the refusal, offered my considerable influence with Keller, to help him get a book from that author. When I had visited Keller earlier, he had a half-completed novella or short novel, titled *The Abyss* superbly relating the effects of a drug, not unlike LSD, on the population of New York. His anticipation of the reactions of the blacks in Harlem was brilliant and I urged him to finish it. On my prompting he went to work on it.

I also convinced Keller he should speak at the meeting of the PSFS on June 22, 1947 and told him that Madle and Agnew had plans to approach him for a book, probably the two interplanetaries *The Conquerors* and its sequel *The Evening Star* in one volume, if an agreement could be reached. Keller, his wife Celia, Madle, Agnew and myself had dinner at 5:00 P.M., June 22, 1947 at the Penn-Sheraton Hotel. Keller was predominantly concerned with obtaining a nicely printed edition of his work and money was distinctly secondary. He was willing to accept an advance of only \$150 against the first 1,000 copies sold.

Madle quickly agreed, but the book that finally emerged contained *The Solitary Hunters*, a novel serialized in the January, February, March 1934 issues of *Weird Tales*, which had been incredibly popular, winning first place in all three issues, beating out some of the finest stories of Robert E. Howard, Seabury Quinn, Nictzin Dyhalis, A. Merritt, H.P. Lovecraft writing under the Hazel Heald ghost name, Clark Ashton Smith and other *Weird Tales* regulars; and *The Abyss*, completed and polished (later reprinted in the September and November 1968 *Magazine of Horror*). The book was issued in 1948, under the auspices of New Era

Publishers as *The Solitary Hunters* and *The Abyss* and dedicated to me as the "inspirator." Emerging amidst a flood of specialty presses, then 15 in number, some issuing as many as seven titles a year, a number of them really exciting, New Era almost drowned. Despite all, Madle had not forgotten his old friend Baltadonis whom he recruited to do the cover jacket and interior illustrations. Madle had also intended to schedule a new novel, *The Homunculus*, which Keller had recently finished, but as his money was slow in coming in, relinquished it to the other Philadelphia publisher, Prime Press, who issued it in 1949.

But Madle had his future and family responsibilities as well as fan activities and publishing to worry about. Taking advantage of the GI Bill of Rights he entered Drexel University in 1948. He took the maximum number of classes, so as to put the minimum number of years into his education. He did extremely well until it came time for him to turn in his term paper for the first half of 1949. The work load made it impossible. In utter desperation he wrote to me on May 7th, 1949, telling that he had gotten agreement that a paper on the subject "How Accurately Did Fiction Predict Atomic Energy?" would be acceptable to the professor, but that researching, writing and casting it into approved form was totally beyond his resources in time. He had less than three weeks to get it in. Would I accept choice collector's items, money, *anything* to do it.

While Madle was still in the army, I had written for the October 6, 1945 issue of *Fantasy Fiction Field*, of which I was editor, a carefully researched article titled "The Atom Smashers, Fiction's Prophetic Parallel to Fact." We recast it into proper academic format. A few weeks later he wrote ecstatically that he had received an "A Plus" and that the instructor's comment was "A fascinating account, mechanically perfect." His instructor insisted that it was so good it should be sent out for publication.

The first magazine Bob sent it to, *American Mercury*, lost it. A year later Anthony Boucher, wrote from California apologizing for the loss (though he undoubtedly never saw it, *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* being owned by the same company as *American Mercury*, they probably thought that, because of the subject matter, it had been forwarded to him). By the time a new copy was prepared, Bob had his Bachelor of Science degree and was working towards his masters.

After testing the science fiction market, Bob noted that Robert Lowndes' *Science Fiction Quarterly* had run several articles by James Blish on "Science in Science Fiction." Lowndes had been a contributor to Madle's *Fantascience Digest* back before World War II. Lowndes liked the paper and published it in the November 1952 issue of his magazine as "Did Science Fiction Predict Atomic Energy," as a collaboration with me, all footnotes, bibliography and academic paraphernalia intact! After its appearance Lowndes invited Bob to dinner at his home and mentioned that reader reaction had been positive enough for him to commission several more articles on science fiction. Bob quickly whipped up "Edgar Allan Poe—Ancestor" (*Science Fiction Quarterly*, May 1953) and "Utopias In Contrast" (*Future Science Fiction*, July 1953), whose content are evident from the titles.

But the strangest postscript to the article was to come years later when a slick girly magazine from Monogram Publications, Los Angeles, titled *27*, in its April 1959 issue, sliced off part of the acoutrements and plagiarized the article word-for-word. To add insult to injury, they ran it under the name of Professor A.M. Low, who had written both science fiction and popular science articles. Lowndes' publisher controlled the copyright and promised to look into the matter, but nothing came of it.

As much as he liked the idea of being professionally published, Madle did not find the scholarly type of article much fun. What he enjoyed far more was writing about fans, as he had done for the May 1953 issue of Lester Del Rey's magazine *Science Fiction Adventures* in an article titled "This is the PSFS." That article also announced that Philadelphia had incredibly beaten San Francisco out for the bid for the 11th World Science Fiction Convention in 1953 (the complete story of the smoke-filled rooms and bizarre events that resulted in that victory have yet to be published). Rothman would chair the affair after James Williams of Prime Press died, Madle would be Treasurer, Tom Clareson would for the first time be thrust into the public arena as Vice Chairman, and even I would be recruited for publicity. That was the first convention at which awards, the Hugos, would be presented for outstanding achievement in the professional and fan science fiction world.

Madle then appealed to Lowndes, that on his ability shown in his published articles and his acknowledged background in fandom, he be permitted

to experiment with a regular column aimed at the fans. There was competitive reason for this. Besides the special articles on fan clubs in *Science Fiction Adventures*, William Hamling's *Imagination* had been running an excellent monthly column just for fans titled "Fandora's Box," written by Mari Wolff, one-time wife of author Rog Phillips. It wasn't as though anyone had to twist Lowndes' arm, dyed-in-the-



wool fan that he was, all he needed was a logical reason and Madle gave him one. The column was titled "Inside Science Fiction," after John Gunther's series of bestsellers and the first column appeared in the June 1953 issue of Lowndes' new magazine *Dynamic Science Fiction*. It led off with a very brief history of fandom, followed with a biographical sketch of Forrest J Ackerman and then launched into its column-within-a-column "The Science Fiction Spotlight," which was a fascinating melange of news about science fiction books, other magazines, fans and "Did-You-Know" insights like "Fred Pohl's *Astonishing Stories*; published in the early 40's, was to be titled *Incredible Stories*." Then there was always the long and nostalgic "Twenty Years Ago in Science Fiction": "As one surveyed the field of science fiction in May 1933, it appeared bleak indeed . . ." To it was added fan magazine reviews.

With incredible vitality and longevity, this column bounced from Lowndes' magazine to magazine, appearing not only in *Dynamic Science Fiction*, but in *Future Science Fiction* and *Science Fiction Quarterly*, terminating, finally, in the January 1959 issue of *Science Fiction*.

Its highlights would require a book, but it had many meaningful asides, such as its report on the Philadelphia World Science Fiction Convention in the

March 1954 *Future Science Fiction* which commented: "It is interesting to note that the group of old-time fans and pros who swung the 1953 convention from San Francisco to Philadelphia were instrumental in swinging 1954's affair from Cleveland (which was the red-hot bidder this time) to San Francisco (The inside story of *that* has yet to be published)." S

Madle had competition. Robert Bloch had taken over Mari Wolff's column in *Imagination* and was doing quite a job. What Madle had going for him was that he had been "down in the mines." He had published the fan magazines, put on the conventions, fought the feuds and really knew the "inside."

When the first truly international convention was scheduled for London, England, in 1957, Madle found himself financially unable to attend. There was only one hope. At the 7th World Science Fiction Convention held in Cincinnati, September 3rd to 5th, 1948, money had been raised to pay part of the expenses to bring British fan and editor, E.J. Carnell over as Fan Guest of Honor. This was Ackerman's idea and called "The Big Pond Fund." Shelby Vick had started a campaign to bring Walt Willis over to the 1952 Tenth World Science Fiction Convention in Chicago from Northern Ireland, and had succeeded. Willis had been publisher of the fan magazine *Slant* and a popular columnist in Lee Hoffman's fan magazine *Quandry*. Eventually, Willis on the far side and Don Ford of Cincinnati, collected funds for The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. The first beneficiaries of this had been Ken and Pamela Bulmer of England. The way TAFF was handled, a provably active fan filled out a voting form and sent it in with a donation. The candidate that got the most votes became beneficiary of the entire fund.

Madle became a candidate, and because of his exposure in the column "Inside Science Fiction" and the scores of old fans who had known him the previous 25 years, won handily. This enraged the newer fans, particularly the British fans who felt that Madle was really a professional and not a fan. Their attitude was nothing short of incredible considering that Ken Bulmer had published at least six paperback novels *under his own name* in England before he became a TAFF winner and no one complained about that.

As to Madle's ongoing fan credentials, he participated in the Collector's Panel, September 4, 1955 at the Thirteenth World Science Fiction Convention in Cleveland. He again was part of a Collector's Panel at the Fourteenth

World Science Fiction Convention in New York City on September 3, 1956. He was not active in the PSFS after the 1953 convention, for that year he moved to Charlotte, North Carolina, to accept a position as Assistant to the Director of Public Relations of Chadbourne Hosiery Mills. In 1954 he went to the Shaw Manufacturing Co., producers of upholstered furniture. He was promoted to Credit and Personnel Director that year, and in November 1955 also became editor of an internal house organ called *The Shaw Reporter*. All this underscoring the unfairness of the British reaction against him, for while in Charlotte he was Director of the Second Southeastern Science Fiction Convention held there March 3 and 4, and this function was reported with a photo of Madle in the science fiction magazine *Nebula* for July 1956 published in *Scotland! Nebula* also ran a column titled "Bob Madle's American Letter," dealing with the formation of The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund and First Fandom in the April and May 1959 issues (39 and 40).

Madle, competing in a field of eight which included such notables as Forrest J Ackerman, Richard Eney and Stuart Hoffman (Ackerman and Hoffman nominated Madle), received 486 points, had almost 57% more than his closest runner up, Hoffman with 310. He was given a seat on the first plane ever chartered to take fans to a science fiction convention, a feat accomplished by David A. Kyle and Ruth Landis (who would become Mrs. Kyle), which departed New York at 7:00 PM September 2, 1957. The flight to London took something like 18 hours, making it an endurance contest.

At the convention he was the framer of the toast to The Convention Committee at the Banquet, but was more impressive in a question and answer session held among him, myself and Forrest J Ackerman, September 9, 1957. The idea was to hit one another with 10 tough science fiction questions and see how well we did. However, it is obvious no one can know or remember *everything*, so a Gentleman's Agreement was made between the three of us that questions would be asked in those areas where each had a special claim to expertise, but to make it more interesting, the questions would require extraordinarily lengthy and complex replies. For example, in one question Ackerman was asked to name every Frankenstein film, its producing company, year of release, and two lead stars. I was at one point asked to name *every* story Wein-

baum ever wrote in the order in which they were published with place of publication. When Madle's final question came he would lose if he missed, and he was asked to give the dates, company, and publisher of *Miracle, Science and Fantasy Stories*, the illustrator of its covers and interiors, and every story in each number (there were only two) *in the order in which they were published*—and he answered it correctly, creating a three-way tie.

With the contest over, Madle wiped his brow and said: "That *Miracle* question didn't bother me, but for a minute I was afraid you guys were going to pull a doublecross and ask me what was the lead story in *this month's Astounding!*"

The year before leaving for England, Madle had moved to Hyattsville, Maryland after securing a job as Occupational Analyst for the U.S. Army. He was transferred to Indianapolis for a year. Back in Rockville, Maryland in 1959 he secured a position with the U.S. Navy as Personnel Research Specialist, where he still works in 1977 and has been upgraded to Program Manager in the Research Psychologist series.

Madle's preoccupation with the nostalgia and the sense-of-wonder of the thirties reached its apex when at a get-together held in Bellefontaine, Ohio in mid-October 1959, he recommended to C.L. Barrett, Don Ford, Lou Tabakow, Dale Tarr and Lynn Hickman that a group to be called First Fandom be formed. He was elected as the first and only president of the organization. The idea was, that anyone who could show credentials to science fiction activity before January 1, 1938, was eligible for membership. This could even be a letter in a reader's department of a science fiction or fantasy magazine, a membership card in the old Science Fiction League or a surviving piece of correspondence with a known figure before that date. Of course, all the published authors, artists, editors and fan magazine publishers were welcome and proceeded to join.

The idea was to form not necessarily an elite, though that was not to be ruled out, but a group that had memories of the same period in common, who could discuss the same subjects and thereby have a feeling of fraternity.

First Fandom meets several times a year, at most major world and large regional conventions, and struck off many of the emblems and supplied paraphernalia of nostalgic character, but the most dramatic thing they have done, and the thing they are best qualified to do, is to set up a Hall of Fame and each

year select one or more great figures from the past who have contributed to science fiction, for entry into that newly established pantheon.

Robert A. Madle introduced me to make the first such presentation September 1, 1963 at the 21st World Science Fiction Convention in Washington, D.C. It was to Edward E. Smith, Ph.D. "for his pioneering concepts and breadth of imagination in the field of science fiction." It was an emotional scene, with a spontaneous standing ovation and Smith too choked with tears to make any sustained comments. The enthusiasm insured the continuance of the awards, and the succeeding years included names as distinguished as Hugo Gernsback, David H. Keller, M.D., Virgil Finlay, John W. Campbell, Murray Leinster, Edmond Hamilton, Jack Williamson, Clifford D. Simak, C.L. Moore, Harry Bates, and even former fans like myself, Forrest J Ackerman, and Donald A. Wollheim.

Madle was frequently seen at the meetings of the Washington Science Fiction Society and in recent years, became active in a suburban group outside of Washington, D.C. Never satisfied with what the home town had to offer, Madle yearned for the excitement and old friends of the World Conventions and the increasingly spectacular regional affairs. Raising a family and maintaining a house in the suburbs didn't leave that much over for fan frivolity, but the opportunity to buy out a few collections from old fans gave him an idea. He would visit conventions with a batch of science fiction and science fiction-related items, set up shop in the huckster room, and cover expenses to maintain his "habit."

Far more ingenious than that, Bob would take along his wife and several children and have them "man" the tables when the program was in session. They not only got the excitement of travel and visiting different cities, but they found the science fiction people a fascinating lot, and his wife, Billie, liked the idea of appropriating a share of any of the profits to stretch the household budget.

This also gave Bob a wonderful excuse to fill the basement and part of the house with vast quantities of science fiction, an increasingly large amount of it his growing collection, and find not only family tolerance but actual enthusiasm for the idea.

The truly incredible thing is that, after all these years, Bob has lost none of the "Sense of Wonder," the joy in discussing science fiction—particularly



the old days—with a charming naivete and warm nostalgia that makes young fans feel they were born 50 years too late and have missed something so fulfilling that the memory of it is enough to cheer a man for a lifetime.

For his own generation he is still quite capable of naming the cover story of every issue of *Wonder Stories* for the year 1934 and toss in *Amazing Stories* and *Astounding Stories* to show that it was no accident. For the new and old fans alike, he has become a fan for all seasons.

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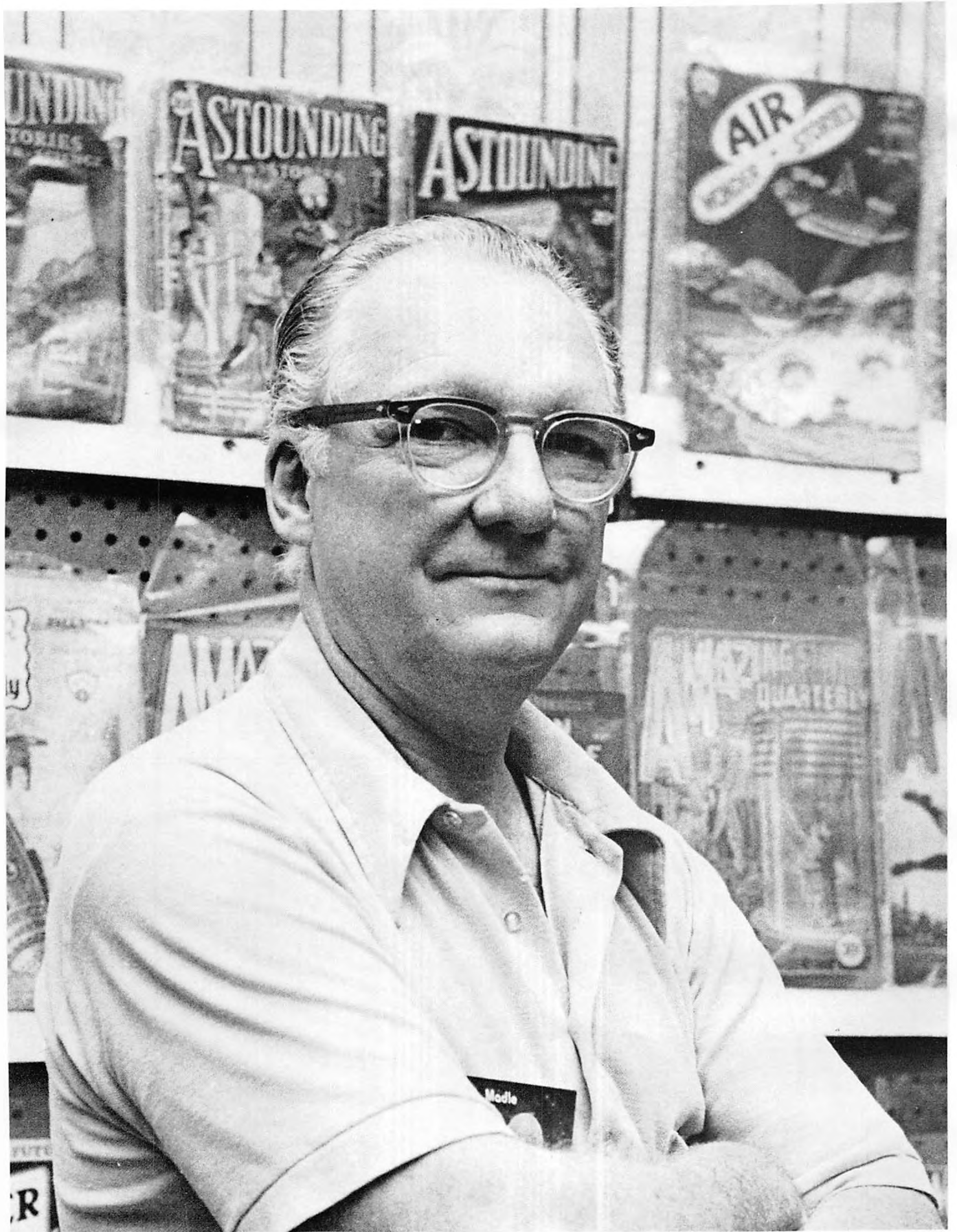
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It really started one Sunday afternoon in July 1934 at the 178th Company CCC, Flagstaff, Maine. I'd arrived there early in May, and worked on one of the road crews, until my arches broke down and they sent me off to the hospital. There I was treated for athlete's foot, given two weeks bed rest, then returned to Flagstaff with only the comment that I had to keep off my feet. So they put me to work in the office—wow! That meant in off hours I had access to a typewriter.

We were paid \$30 a month, \$25 of which went to our families; the other \$5 was ours, all ours, to spend as we would. I'd subscribed to *Astounding Stories* and managed to pick up *Amazing* on the

The November 1934 issue of *Astounding Stories* opened *Brass Tacks* with my letter. A month later, I picked up the December 1934 *Amazing Stories*; it would be too much if my letter were there—but there it was.

That restored the confidence I'd lost when, after years of trying I'd finally had a letter published in the July 1932 *Wonder Stories* and my name was misspelled. The second hit was with a pseudonym in the February 1934 *Astounding* and then with my real name, spelled correctly in the July *Astounding*. But most of the letters I'd written since 1930 never showed up anywhere. From that Sunday in 1934, however, to the end of the 30's, every

awarded; we'd just be "First Class Members." It was the second time that I'd been robbed of an "honor" I'd earned because the rules had been changed without announcement; it did not help me relate to people with trust. Bob Madle was more fortunate; by the time he took the test, no more was promised than was delivered.

The following year (1936) I began to see Madle's name frequently in the letter departments of *Weird Tales* and *Astounding Stories*, and we both appeared in the October issue of the latter. That was the year I finally got to meet a science fiction fan around my age and of comparable length-of-service standing: Donald A. Wollheim; he was,

# ROBERT A. MADLE: THE QUIET FAN

by robert a. w. lowndes

newsstands; back home, my father was buying *Weird Tales* and *Wonder Stories* and holding them for me. They'd just made a trip to Maine to visit me, and brought along the precious *Weird Tales*.

A letter I'd written had appeared in the July *Astounding Stories*, and a few of my acquaintances in camp were much impressed. That Sunday afternoon, there ensued a conversation that went something like this:

JOHNSON: Hey, Doc, have you written any more letters to that science fiction magazine?

DOC: No—but now that I can use the typewriter, maybe I will.

JOHNSON: You ought to write letters to all of them. I bet you'd get published.

DOC: They get hundreds of letters every month. I was just lucky that time.

JOHNSON: You write a good letter. I bet they'd publish another one.

DOC: Okay, tell you what I'll do. I'm going to write three letters this afternoon—one to *Weird Tales*, one to *Astounding Stories*, and one to *Amazing Stories*. We'll see if any of them get published.

JOHNSON: What if they all got published? How about that?

DOC: That would be something all right.

And it was something. On the way back home from camp, when I was mustered out, my 6-months term expired and not wanting to renew, I picked up the October 1934 issue of *Weird Tales*—and there was my letter.

letter I wrote to the editors was published—though I never did get around to the prolificity of Forrie Ackerman. (I wonder if Johnson ever saw those letters in print; I never heard from him after I left camp.)

Robert A. Madle might have seen them, if he'd been reading more of the magazines than *Wonder Stories* at the time. (He started with the February 1933 issue of *Wonder*.) But the first time I saw his name in print was in the October 1935 *Wonder*; he had taken the second science fiction test sponsored by the Science Fiction League, and was one of the 28 members who had received grades of 70% or over; he rated higher than Jim Blish, who was another on the list. (Only those who passed were listed.) I was represented a few pages later, in "The Readers Speaks," with a letter signed "Sir Doc Lowndes." (I'd joined Bob Tucker in the great staple war—opposing Don Wollheim—and Bob had dubbed me a Knight of the Oblong Table.)

I'd passed the first science fiction test earlier that year and according to the announcement in the January 1935 issue, my score would have qualified me for a degree: B.Stf. (Bachelor of Science Fiction). That really sounded terrific to a young fellow academically qualified for college but with no hope of attending. However, between the time that I sent in my examination paper, and the time the results were published, the setup was changed and it was announced that no degrees would be

in fact, older and had read more—wonderful. The next thing was to find a job in New York or near it, so I could attend fan meetings. The Science Fiction League was gone now as far as I and the New York fans were concerned, as what appeared under that title in *Thrilling Wonder Stories* was only a shell of the organization that Gernsback founded and Charley Hornig managed as well as he could. (Pretty well, I'd say, under the circumstances.)

Through Wollheim, I joined the ISA (International Scientific Association) and got to the convention they put on over Washington's Birthday, 1937. That was where I actually first met Bob Madle—and I haven't the slightest recollection of what we said to each other. My only impression is that we would have met frequently on friendly terms had it not been that he lived in Philadelphia; considering my opportunities for travel in those days, he might as well have lived on Mars.

The next year, the Wollheim group, of which I was a member, came out in favor of science fiction fans' becoming active politically. There were also the other feuds going on, as Sam Moskowitz described so well in *The Immortal Storm*. That book is amusing to read these days, but one thing about it is absolutely right: we were not just involved in those activities—we were passionately involved. We really did feel that our world depended upon the outcome of the little skirmishes that took place; and those who were inclined

to be partisan (as I was myself) either in respect to persons or ideas could look upon members of the other side as real enemies.

Bob Madle was on the other side. However, I don't recall reading or hearing anything from him about myself that I considered nasty; and I don't believe I ever wrote anything really unpleasant about him, personally. I didn't know him that well and didn't see very much of his publications. I'm haunted by the feeling that I did contribute at least one item to his *Fantascience Digest*—but I may have confused that with John Baltadonis' *Science Fiction Collector*. (Without old magazines or source books handy, the fabulous Lowndes memory becomes more and more mythical.)

Then, suddenly, the fan days were over. I was a professional editor, finally drawing a weekly salary, and the franchises of yesteryear—even the exclusion from the 1939 World Convention—became less and less important. The war killed off the science fiction magazines in my chain in 1943, and it wouldn't be until 1950 that I was editing science fiction again.

One day in 1952, I got a manuscript from Robert A. Madle, with a letter asking if I remembered him. The manuscript was an article, "Did Science Fiction Predict Atomic Energy?", written in collaboration with Sam Moskowitz. Would I consider it for one of my titles? Was I still angry at Sam?

No—I'd long since stopped being angry at Sam Moskowitz. (My attacks on him were partisan from the very start; I would have attacked anyone who attacked Don Wollheim, or any other member of the Futurian circle. The only thing I had against Sam was that I didn't think his written English, at that time in the late 30's, justified his popularity; but had he been with "our side" I'd have written in his defense and done what I could to help him improve his style—which, of course, he did without me.) And I'd never been sore at Madle in the first place. The article was accepted and published.

The following year (1953) Bob sent me a couple of other short pieces (by himself alone) which I used, then asked if I'd be interested in a regular department. Part of the idea for it was that it would include a section titled "Twenty Years Ago in Science Fiction." We'd be able to start at a most interesting time, for 1933 was the year where it seemed that the science fiction magazines just weren't going to last. Only *Weird Tales* brought out 12 issues dated 1933. But at the end of summer, *Astounding*

*Stories* was revived by Street & Smith, and *Wonder Stories* returned to pulp size and monthly publication, under the aegis of a new editor, a fan named Charles D. Hornig. Madle's department ran for a number of years in various of my titles, and Bob managed to convey some measure of what it was like to be a science fiction reader in the 30's, and the type of pleasures and disappointments we experienced from the efforts of editors Wright (*Weird Tales*), Sloane (*Amazing Stories*), Hornig (*Wonder Stories*), and Tremaine (*Astounding Stories*). I never did ask Bob whether he had the same difficulty with loyalty during 1934-1935 that I had. My heart was with Gernsback Publications, and *Wonder Stories*, but by 1935 I had to acknowledge that Tremaine was putting out a better magazine. I seized *Wonder* each month eagerly for the departments, while it was the stories that drew me to *Astounding*.

How and why the Madle department was discontinued I no longer remember. Very possibly it was dropped during one of the fluctuating periods in magazine sales. My publisher had no objection to my using material by or about science fiction fans, but he didn't like the idea of paying for such material. (Or for book reviews, either: "Knight gets the books free; why should we pay him to review them?") When sales were good, the publisher tolerated my doing so, but just a slight drop-off and the checkbook was locked against such raids on the company treasury. (A similar situation lay behind the sudden dropping of a fan department by Calvin Beck—we dropped 32 pages in that magazine.)

Sometime during that period, my wife and I got better acquainted with the Madles; we spent some pleasant weekends as their guests in Philadelphia, and they visited us in Suffern. Bob was now a sparetime dealer in back issues of the magazines (professional and fan magazines) and he supplied me with several large shipments at reasonable prices. It was my ambition to have *all* the issues of all the fantasy, weird, and science fiction magazines published in the USA from 1926 on. I came close; but when the house was sold in 1965, I had to dispose of 80% of my collection. (That included the pulp size *Amazing Stories* and *Thrilling Wonder Stories*—both of which might have given me a bit of copy for this reminiscence.) I joined the PSFS with the idea of going to the meetings at least every other month—but that just didn't work out, after all.

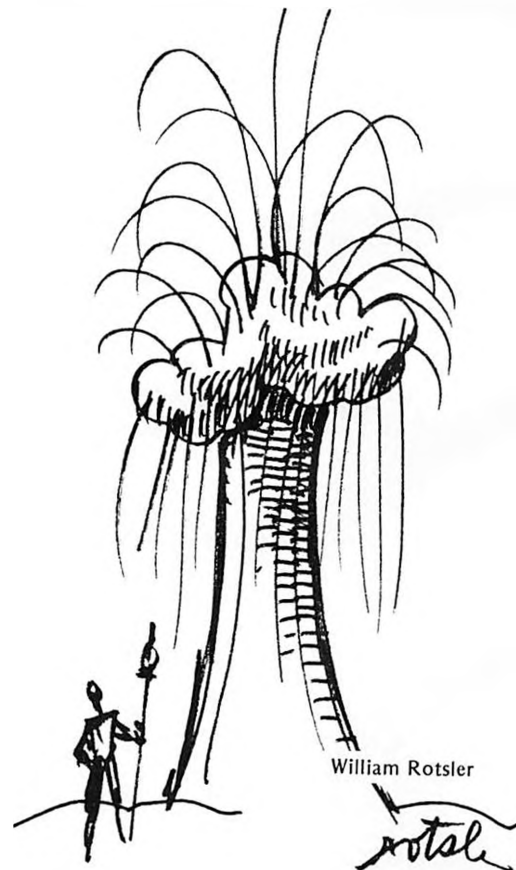
I heard from him now and then during the Health Knowledge years, and

he was the one who sent me the one copy of Clayton's *Strange Tales* that even Ackerman (bless him—he supplied me with three rare issues) couldn't help me with. That was the March 1932 number. I told Bob what I proposed to do: I'd take it apart very gently; get clear xerox copies of every page, then put it together again lovingly and return it to him. Which I did. Thanks to Bob, I managed to reprint the entire contents of that issue (aside from some artwork which just came out too dark to use) scattered among my various weird titles. He also made it possible for me to present the first magazine publication of *The Abyss* by Dr. David H. Keller.

Eventually, I put his name on the cover of *Famous Science Fiction*, along with that of Sam Moskowitz, as a "consulting editor." Unfortunately, the title didn't last many more issues.

Bob Madle was a very active fan during a fascinating period of fandom, and he's retained his interest and enthusiasm for the old science fiction and the old fan lore. He didn't make as much noise as some of us—and maybe that's all to the good. He was more like the backbone of those who supported the magazines and found ways to bring out their own publications—a quiet, but nonetheless dedicated fan.

Let's hear it for him. And think of this: you may realize some day that when you were applauding him, you were applauding yourselves.

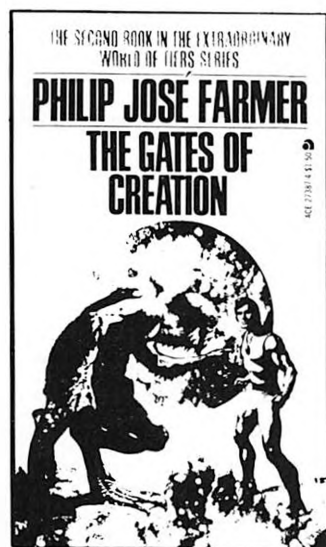




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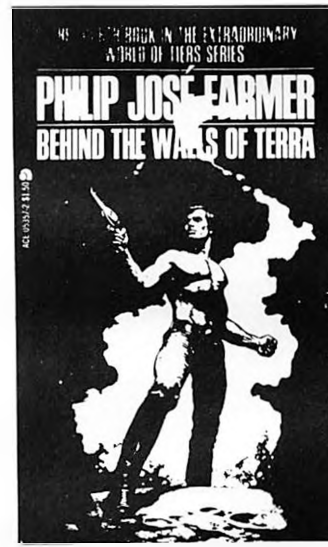
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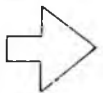
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BY ROBERT A. MADLE

*Science  
Fiction's  
Greatest  
Year*

*Greatest*

*Year*

It has been stated by many long-time readers of science fiction that the period starting with John W. Campbell's editorship of *Astounding Science Fiction* (September 1937) and ending, more or less, with the outbreak of World War II, was the Golden Age of Science Fiction. This was the period that introduced such writers as Isaac Asimov, L. Sprague de Camp, Robert Heinlein, A. E. Van Vogt, Lester del Rey—to name only a few.

Perhaps history will, indeed, deem Campbell's early editorial years to be science fiction's truly and only Golden Age. But I doubt it. There were other Golden Ages, as Isaac Asimov points out in his fine anthology, *Before the Golden Age*. His Golden Age was the years 1929-1938 when he was a youthful and enthusiastic science fiction fan and when the ideas were being nurtured that would later propel him to the very top of the science fiction writing field. It has been stated that the Golden Age of Science Fiction is the first three or four years you read it. This may be true, too. I can recall reading letters in the mid-thirties which boldly asked, "Where are those great writers of yesterday? Where are Ed Earl Repp, Henry J. Kostkos, Walter Kately? Whatever happened to A. Hyatt Verrill, Wallace West and Hal K. Wells?" This was *their* Golden Age.

So—Golden Ages come and go. In this regard, I have always felt that the long-time SF fan can be far more specific in designating a period that was of incredible importance to everything that happened after. I firmly believe that there was *one year* in science fiction that was a veritable Camelot or, even more analogous, a Renaissance. The winds of change were blowing over science fiction and these winds almost instantaneously attained hurricane proportions. I am referring to that wonderful year—1934.

The science fiction field, following along with the economic collapse of the entire nation, seemed destined for oblivion in 1933. *Astounding Stories* had, along with the entire Clayton chain, ceased publication with the March issue. The failure of Clayton resulted in the demise of *Astounding's* companion magazine, *Strange Tales*. *Wonder Stories Quarterly* was discontinued with the Winter 1933 issue and *Amazing Stories Quarterly* was now appearing semi-annually and its end was obvious. *Wonder Stories* and *Amazing Stories* were going bi-monthly for the summer months. With only two magazines left—and both of these skipping issues—science fiction readers were wondering if this could be the end of SF in magazine form.

But it was not the end. In fact, the momentous event that occurred just two months later marked the rebirth of science fiction. For *Astounding Stories* had been reborn! Yes, there it was—peeping out from amidst the scores of detective, western, sport and love pulps. *Astounding Stories* lived again! But what had happened to it? It was now published by Street and Smith; it was dated October 1933; the stories appeared to be a cross between those used by the old *Astounding* and the dead *Strange Tales*, with a couple plain adventure stories tossed in. Obviously, it had been thrown together very rapidly—but that statement applied to most pulps. A strange and uninspiring issue, indeed. At that point, it would have been extremely difficult to predict that *Astounding* would, within a few months, lead science fiction to heights never attained before.

Coincidentally, the worlds of *Wonder* and *Amazing* were also changing. With its October issue, *Amazing* adopted the pulp-size format and *Wonder* did likewise with its November issue. T. O'Connor Sloane had assumed the editorship of *Amazing* when Hugo Gernsback left it in 1929. Sloane, a very old man, kept the magazine plodding along in a very unspectacular manner over the years. The change to pulp size was an

economic necessity, rather than an attempt to do something different. On the other hand, the first pulp *Wonder* showed a new Managing Editor on the masthead—Charles D. Hornig, a well-known and enthusiastic fan, who had just commenced publishing *The Fantasy Fan*, which gave the field its second fan magazine. (The other was *Fantasy Magazine*, edited by Julius Schwartz.)

Hornig had replaced David Lasser as Managing Editor and, in fact, had obtained the job because Gernsback was impressed with the first issue of *The Fantasy Fan* and thought the time had come to allow a real fan to edit *Wonder Stories*. (Besides, it was more economical—after all, Hornig had just graduated from high school!)

The November and December issues of *Wonder* were not very spectacular or different from preceding issues, but most of the stories probably had been purchased by his predecessor. *Amazing* showed little change with its first couple pulp issues, which was expected. And *Astounding*, after its first rather dismal issue, featured more straight SF by known authors. The December issue featured "Ancestral Voices," by Nat Schachner, the first story to be termed a "Thought-Variant" by new editor, F. Orlin Tremaine. Compared to the incredible concept epics which were to appear in future issues, this story was quite commonplace by today's standards. The first "thought-variant" told of a time traveler who went back to the time the Roman Empire was falling. He happened to kill a Hun (his great-grandfather, many times removed). He, along with thousands of present-day people, disappeared as their ancestor was killed before marrying—and they, therefore, never existed. This story was a blast at the "racial purity" myths coming to the fore at that time.

As the end of 1933 arrived, it was evident that the bottom had been reached, and SF was on its way back up. *Astounding* was being published again; *Wonder* and *Amazing* were on monthly schedules once more; and two of the three magazines had new editors. And such was the scene when the January 1934 issues of the "Big Three" arrived on the newsstands.

*Astounding Stories* was now a complete SF magazine. All the big names were in the January issue: Wandrei, Schachner, Diffin, Coblenz, Williamson, and Hilliard. And F. Orlin Tremaine knew he had something going—that SF was indeed entering a new era. And he enthused thusly in "Brass Tacks," as the new readers' column was called: "This month we bring you "Colossus," by Donald Wandrei, a con-

ception so vast as to stagger the most vivid imagination. Next month we offer one of the most astounding theses ever presented . . . *Rebirth* by Thomas Calvert McClary, deals with a scientist's madness—but it will make you wonder. . . .

"We have undertaken to develop a magazine worthy of the best literary traditions in the new *Astounding*. We believe that you *must* have felt a steady improvement in the last four issues. Now, with our policy definitely taking shape; with writers recognizing us as the ONE steady, dependable market for new ideas, you may feel assured that every month will see *Astounding Stories* more completely preeminent in its field." This was to be the first of many enthusiastic "fireside chats" Tremaine was to have with his readers. And, like the results of FDR's contemporary "fireside chats" to the nation, Tremaine's editorials were changing despair first to hope and now to enthusiasm.

"Colossus" was a novelette of great concept. It was considered a classic in 1934 and is still considered one today. Wandrei employed the new theories of 1934 and had his hero exceed the speed of light in a rocket ship and smash through the barriers of our universe and enter a super-universe of which our entire universe is but an atom. The basic premise was not brand new—but Wandrei's treatment of it was. Readers acclaimed this as one of the greatest SF stories ever written: "It is great, wonderful, a marvel of imagination. . . . It is an idea of that sort which will finally help win the Goals of Man. . . . "Colossus" was colossal! . . . I am sure that this story was an accident because I do not think the SF authors capable of such a story."

Over at *Wonder Stories*, things were also changing fast. Charles D. Hornig, whose enthusiasm for the field probably even outclassed Tremaine's, was quickly putting into effect a new magazine. He, too, knew that SF was about to undergo a metamorphosis. And, not to be outdone by Tremaine, Hornig's pep-talk went thusly: "OUR NEW POLICY. Since we have returned to the small size, we have changed our editorial policy. We hope you have noticed this. Have you observed that, for the most part, we have been avoiding time-worn plots and themes? . . . Our authors are working harder now than ever—for they are starting to realize that we attach our choicest rejection slips to stories that are not NEW. NEW plots; NEW theories; NEW action; NEW characterization. *Wonder Stories* is attempting a RADICAL REVOLUTION in science fiction, and we hope that 1934 will be set down

as the year of the GREAT CHANGE in scientific literature." Indeed, the winds of change were attaining hurricane proportions!

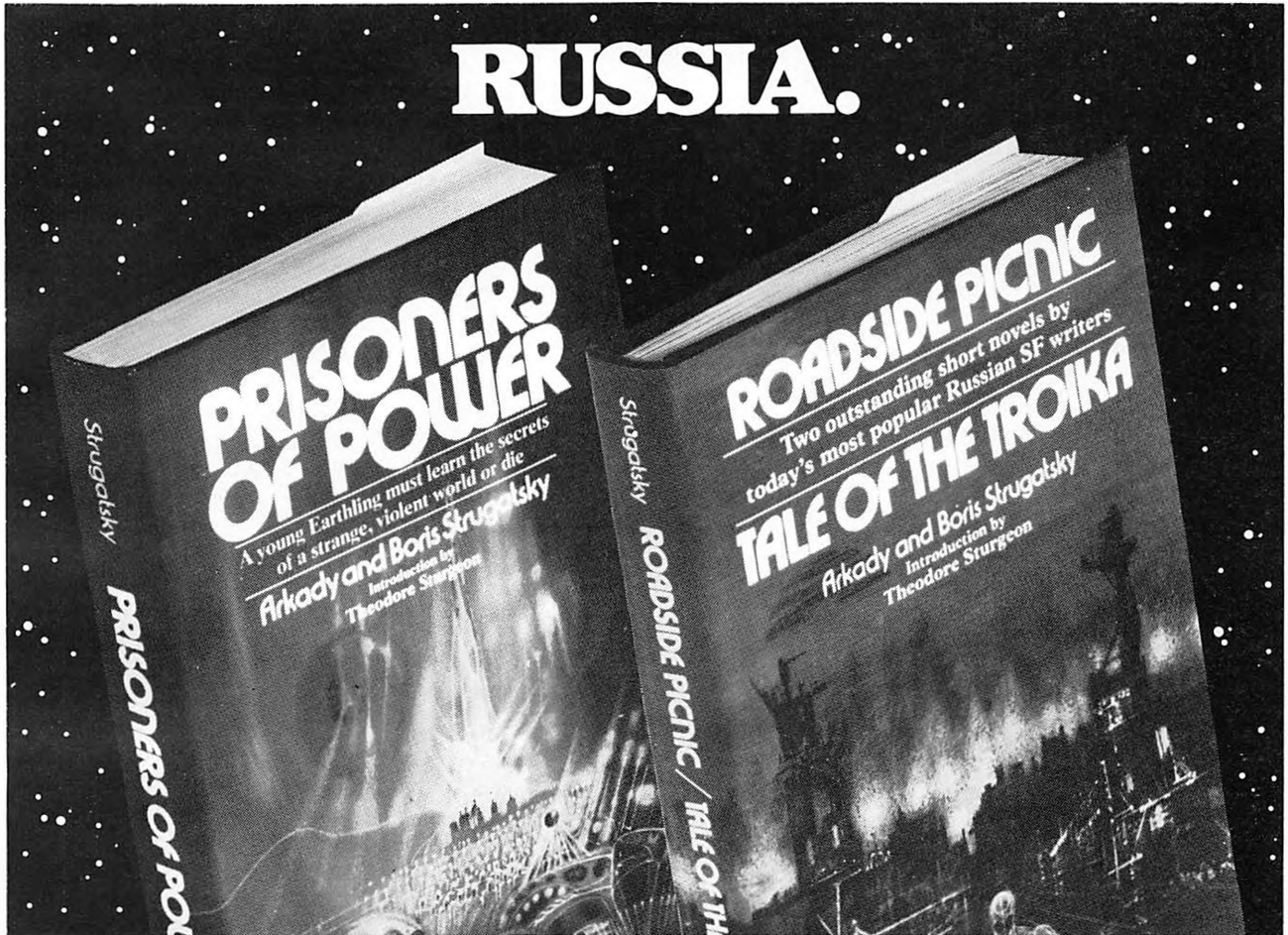
Oddly enough, the feature story was installment one of *The Exile of the Skies*, an old-time super-interplanetary yarn. It told of Earth's greatest scientist, Knute Savary, who was exiled from Earth for attempting to take control of the entire planet. He and his girl-friend travel throughout the solar system meeting strange races, saving some of them from destruction, and ultimately saving the Earth itself. I have always felt that had this story been written somewhat earlier, it would have ranked with *The Skylark of Space* and *Invaders from the Infinite* as one of the masterpieces of interplanetary fiction. There were several short stories by new authors, one of them by Donald A. Wollheim, later to become the leading fan of his day, and much later to become one of the leading publishers.

The January *Amazing Stories*, although not the ball-of-fire the other two magazines appeared to be, started off the year in an auspicious manner. For the first installment of *Triplanetary* was featured on the cover. And even Morey's cover appeared to have more life than some of the preceding bland paintings. (It should be mentioned that Morey did all of the covers and interiors for *Amazing* during this period; Brown did all the covers for *Astounding*; and Paul did all the covers for *Wonder*. So you could certainly tell one magazine from the other—even from afar.) *Triplanetary* was the beginning of the "Lensman" series and all veteran readers are familiar with it. But how many are familiar with how it happened to appear in *Amazing*? It was the only "Lensman" story that did *not* appear in *Astounding*—but it would have, except for the fact that Clayton folded his chain of magazines in March 1933. As a matter of fact, it was really illustrated on the cover of the March 1933 *Astounding*, but the story was pulled at the last minute, and returned to Smith, who then sold it to *Amazing* after it was rejected by *Wonder*! (Apparently, it didn't fit into the NEW PLOT requirements of Tremaine and Hornig!) Other stories were by Harl Vincent, P.S. Miller, and David H. Keller. 1934 had started, and all three magazines were out to accomplish something new. Even Sloane bragged about all the good stories coming up in the NEW *Amazing*. So, as is quite evident, 1934 was to become the NEW era of science fiction—the editors even predicted it!

As announced, the feature story in the February *Astounding* was *Rebirth*,

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Introduction by Theodore Sturgeon

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(Kirkus Reviews)

"The Strugatskys are in the front rank of the Soviet science fiction writers and these two short novels give a good indication why."

\$9.95

ISBN: 0-02-615170-7

(Publishers Weekly)

**MACMILLAN**

by Thomas Calvert McClary. And Editor Tremaine's pep-talk said of *Rebirth*, and *Astounding* in general: "We feel that *Astounding* is bringing super-science back to vigorous, vital life. We are breaking the old barriers. We believe the thought-variants are blazing a proud new trail—pioneering! And we know that we are seeing eye to eye with you."

*Rebirth* I still remember as a classic of science fiction. Like many of the writers of the early 30's, McClary looked upon society and found it hopeless. His hero appealed to the world leaders of 1957 to abolish war, poverty, and hatred—and to employ science for the benefit of all. They laughed at him—and he took extreme measures by wiping from man's mind everything they knew. And, using this concept, McClary showed man regaining his forgotten knowledge and building a Brand New World. Along with McClary this issue were Harl Vincent, A.L. Zagat, Ray Gallun, and a couple lesser names. Brown's cover was a finely-done astronomical painting illustrating Vincent's "Lost City of Mars."

*Wonder* for February featured "The Spore Doom" by Eando Binder, a so-so story of man being forced to go underground (literally) to escape the spores from space. The NEW story in this issue was "The Sublime Vigil" by Chester D. Cuthbert, a beautiful and pathetic tale of a woman swept from a mountaintop by an inexplicable cosmic force. Cuthbert's portrayal of her lover standing vigil on the mountaintop awaiting the return of the cosmic force to take him also, makes marvelous reading. Abner J. Gelula appeared with "The Vengeance of a Scientist," a tale of retribution, which was so well-done that it was sold to Hollywood—but never filmed, to my knowledge. Several other not-so-new type stories appeared by J. Harvey Haggard and Benson Herbert.

*Amazing Stories* for February featured a bland Morey cover illustrating a very bland first installment of H. Haverstock Hill's (British writer J.M. Walsh) *Terror Out of Space*, an all-but-forgotten tale of friendly Martians and an unfriendly planet located on the other side of the moon. The most interesting items were the continuation of *Triplanetary* and a short story by Phil (Buck Rogers) Nowlan, "The Time Jumpers." Like many of Sloane's stories, this one could have been hanging around his desk since the late 20's!

All in all, the February issues of the "Big Three" did not live up to the profuse enthusiasm of the editors. But *Amazing* did announce the Winter 1933 *Amazing Quarterly*, which turned out to be a complete reprint issue. Only one

more issue of the *Quarterly* would appear—the Fall 1934 issue, also total reprints.

With the March issue, *Astounding* made another great leap forward by increasing its size from 144 pages to 160—and Tremaine waxed ecstatic over the unbelievable improvements in just a few issues. Two stories termed "thought-variant" appeared this time: "The Man Who Stopped the Dust," by John Russell Fearn and "Born of the Sun," by Jack Williamson. Of the two, the latter was, indeed, a thought-variant. Williamson depicted the nine planets as being eggs of the sun—and what happened when they hatched! Jack explained this by stating that the planets were the seeds of the sun and that solar radiation developed strange life on them. However, now the sun was dying and man must escape which, of course, they do. A very unusual plot. Other stories were by Wandrei, Coblenz, Kostkos and Schachner—a stellar lineup indeed. *Astounding* was moving out rapidly and was giving its readers everything they asked for—and more.

The readers of 1934 were enthusiastic over *Astounding* and *Wonder*. And the April 1934 issue of *Wonder Stories* made one of the most significant announcements in the history of science fiction—perhaps only second to the creation of *Amazing Stories* itself! Hugo Gernsback devoted his editorial to the formation of the Science Fiction League and he said:

... there are now actually thousands upon thousands of active fans, who take the movement as seriously as others do music or any other artistic endeavor. Many fans collect SF stories ... Research is being conducted by others ... the writer now feels the time is auspicious to coordinate all who are interested ... into one comprehensive international group.

The May issue featured the SFL emblem on the cover and Gernsback continued:

The founders of the Science Fiction League sincerely believe they have a great mission to fulfill. They believe in the seriousness of SF. They believe that there is nothing greater than human imagination, and the diverting of such imagination into constructive channels. They believe that SF is something more than literature. They sincerely believe that it can become a world-force of unparalleled magnitude in time to come.

Formation of SFL chapters was encouraged; membership cards, stickers, lapel pins, stationery, etcetera, were offered to members at reasonable prices. The enthusiasm of Hornig, combined with Gernsback's knowledge and belief in SF, had created the beginning of SF fandom, as we know it today. The Executive Directors consisted of super letter writers Forrest J Ackerman and Jack Darrow and writers Eando Binder, Edmond Hamilton, D.H. Keller, P.S.

Miller, C.A. Smith, and R.F. Starzl. The April and May issues of *Wonder* were thrilling and inspiring issues and SF readers reacted in an enthusiastic manner by joining in the hundreds and forming chapters of the SFL worldwide.

What were some of the other great stories of 1934? Hardly a month went by without something new or innovative being accomplished. *Astounding*, of course, was published by Street & Smith, so Editor Tremaine had a comparatively huge budget to work with. Gernsback had his own company, but had been fighting the depression since he started in 1929. *Amazing* was published by Teck Publications which was probably in the Gernsback class—although not financially in trouble.

Just a few of the well-remembered stories published in *Astounding* in 1934 were: *The Legion of Space* by Jack Williamson; "The Blinding Shadows" by Donald Wandrei (one of the better thought-variants); "Sidewise in Time" by Murray Leinster (which threw a new slant on time-travel stories); "Crater 17, Near Tycho" by Frank K. Kelly; "Before Earth Came" by J.R. Fearn; *The Skylark of Valeron* by E.E. Smith (which brought a legend back to life); "The Living Equation" by Nat Schachner; "The Bright Illusion" by C.L. Moore (perhaps the greatest love story in the history of SF); "Twilight" by Don A. Stuart (the first time Campbell used the pseudonym, and one of the great mood stories of all time). These were a few of the stories published through November. The December issue will be discussed separately as a fitting conclusion to this article.

Over at *Wonder*, Hornig was publishing some well-remembered stories, too: "Into the Infinitesimal" by Kaye Raymond (which Tremaine would have dubbed a "thought-variant"); "The Doorbell" by David H. Keller (the Good Doctor was a regular contributor to *Wonder*); *Enslaved Brains* by Eando Binder (a good anti-utopian novel); "A Martian Odyssey" by S.G. Weinbaum (need I say more?); "Dimensional Fate" by A.L. Burkholder (a neat, little fourth dimension story by one of the many new writers uncovered by Hornig's NEW PLOT policy); "The Man From Beyond" by John Beynon Harris, later to be known as John Wyndham; "The Tree of Evil" by David H. Keller (one of the famous Taine of San Francisco stories); *Dawn to Dusk* by Eando Binder (one of my all-time favorites—a story of the last man).

*Amazing Stories*, although plodding along, did manage to come up with something in addition to *Triplanetary*, although not much. *Life Everlasting* by

David H. Keller was a classic story of immortality; "The Plutonian Drug" by C.A. Smith was an interesting short; "The Sunless World" by Neil R. Jones was one of the better Professor Jameson stories; and the December issue featured Leslie F. Stone's "The Rape of the Solar System." (How could anyone forget *that* title?) *Amazing* was obviously not keeping pace with its two streaking competitors.

The very last issue of a science fiction magazine published in 1934 was the December *Astounding*. And what an issue it was! Many old-time readers of SF consider it to be the single greatest issue of an SF magazine ever published. With this issue, Tremaine put it all together. Imagine, if you can, an SF magazine containing the following: *The Mightiest Machine* by J.W. Campbell; "Atomic Power" by J.W. Campbell, under the pseudonym of Don A. Stuart; "The Irrelevant" by J.W. Campbell, under the pseudonym of Karl Van Campen (this was the story that disproved the law of conservation of matter and energy—and no one could prove Campbell wrong!); *The Skylark of Valeron* by E.E. Smith; "Old Faithful" by Raymond Z. Gallun (a classical treatment of an alien); and one of the mightiest epics of all time, "Colossus Eternal." (For sheer imagination and power, this story has never been equalled); there were a couple shorts by Coblentz and Howard Wandrei, too. Editor Tremaine waxed enthusiastic by saying, "In all the history of science fiction there has never been such a galaxy of stars gathered inside the pages of one magazine." How right he was! But even Tremaine didn't realize he had put together an issue that would never be equalled—by him or anyone else.

And so ended 1934—science fiction's greatest year.



# THE TAFF DELEGATE

At various spots around the convention you are sure to come across a lean and quiet chap with longish blond hair who speaks English with what may appear to be a peculiar accent. You are likely to find him in the bar demanding a pint of Guinness.

This will be Peter Roberts, the 1977 TAFF delegate to the 35th World Science Fiction Convention from Britain. I write "Britain" instead of "England" in deference to Peter who is a Briton not an Englishman, and if you don't know the difference he will be glad to explain it to you.

Peter Roberts is one of Britain's best-known and most active fans. He has since 1968 published more than 100 fanzines including *The Little Gem Guide to SF Fanzines* and the ever-popular *Egg*. He is currently editor and publisher of Britain's leading newsletter, *Checkpoint*. Peter also contributes regularly to both British and American fanzines. He is also an active convention goer on the Eastern side of the Atlantic, was Fan Guest of Honor at the 1974 Belgian Sfancon and the 1976 British Eastercon. He helped organize the successful 1975 Seacon and is currently on the committee for the 1979 UK Worldcon bid.

As the TAFF delegate Peter is all of fandom's guest at the SunCon.

And what is TAFF? The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund is now in its 23rd year although its beginnings go back a bit further than that. I suppose it all started in 1949 when Forry Ackerman started the Big Pond Fund to help bring Ted Carnell to the Cincinnati convention. In 1952 Walt Willis attended the

Chicago convention as the idol of the Sixth Fandom movement. .

It became evident that there were enough SF fans on both sides of the Atlantic who would be happy to tax themselves slightly to aid a popular fellow fan attend an overseas convention. Don Ford and the Cincinnati group tried, but failed, to convince Norman Ashfield to travel to the U.S. as their guest and then threw the offer open to any British fan. Willis, Carnell and others organized the two-way Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund to help both British and American fans attend each others' conventions. They've been doing it ever since. About the biggest change has been that with the advent of active fandoms on the Continent and in Canada TAFF is no longer just a US-UK exchange.

How does it work? Let's take this year's "race" as an example. Immediately after the 1976 British Eastercon, Peter Weston, who was the British administrator at the time, announced that the nominating period for the election of a delegate to the 1977 SunCon was open. Generally a group of fans will nominate their choice of a delegate and the choice is a fan who is well-known and popular. It takes five nominators to make the nomination official: three from the prospective delegate's own side of the Atlantic and two from the other side. A "platform" is drawn up and a good-faith bond of \$5 (or its equivalent) is donated to the fund. The nominating period usually runs four or five months. Those nominated this time were Peter Roberts, Terry Jeeves and Peter Presford.

There follows an election period of six months or so. Ballots are prepared by the administrators and circulated throughout fandom through fanzines, at conventions, at club meetings, etc. The fans mail their vote, along with a donation of at least \$1 or its equivalent, to the appropriate administrator. At the end of the voting period the ballots are counted and the winner is given a sum of money from the fund to help pay his way to the convention. He is a sort of special guest—one selected by the whole of fandom.

The fund itself depends entirely on fandom for its support. A contribution is required with each vote, of course, but the main funding over the years has come from the various conventions who have been kind enough to donate a portion of their profit, if any, to TAFF, and from the clubs, such as LASFS or NESFA or others, who hold special fund-raising events, auctions, etc., for the benefit of TAFF.

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H.G. WELLS He lived not far away at Folkestone. We can't get him as Guest of Honour I'm afraid but his style and spirit are a few of the things which have contributed towards the distinctive flavour of British sf.



THINK of your favorite British science fiction writer. They're all notorious bon viveurs and there's a good chance your favorite will be there, mixing and mingling and contributing to this supreme sf occasion.

BIG JOHN BIGGLES He's pre-supporting member number 516, and he'll be very disappointed if we don't win the bid.



BRITISH FANDOM is undergoing a full-blooded resurgence right now with a plethora of new fanzines and a wealth of new talent emerging. It should be pretty potent by 1979.

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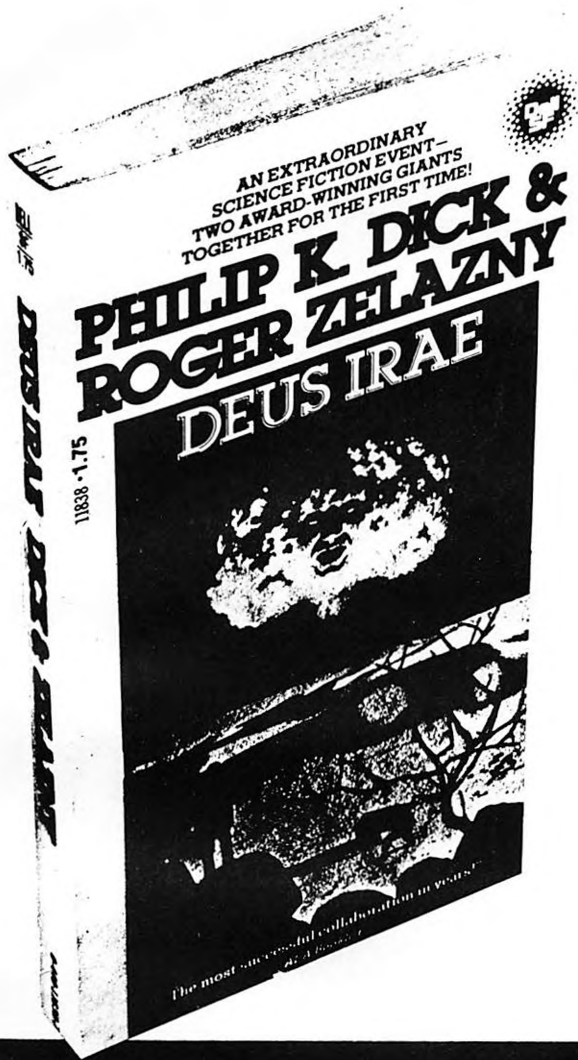
THE SEACON '79 COMMITTEE Members of our committee will be circulating at SUNCON. They've been programmed to dispense information, charm, wit and free sticks of Brighton Rock in an attempt to convince you that BRITAIN IN '79 is worth voting for. Watch out for them!



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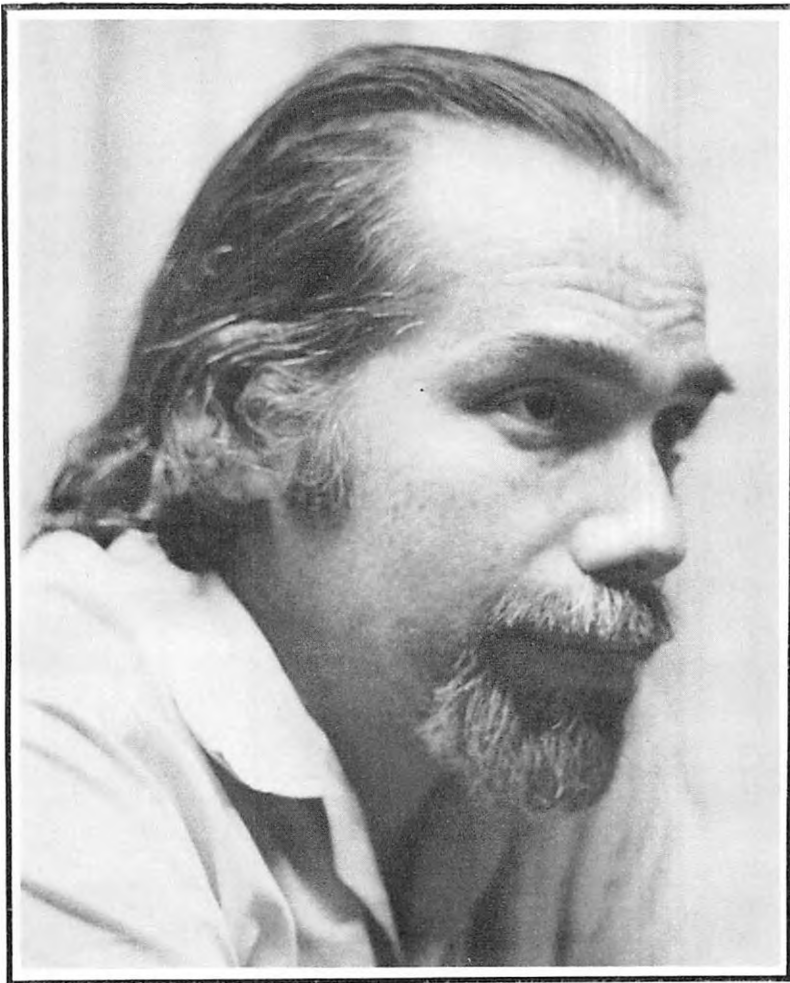


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# ROBERT

We have passed this way before, one must note. In the special issue of *Fantasy & Science Fiction* devoted (April 1974) to this man and in the introduction to *The Best of Robert Silverberg* (Pocket Books, February 1976), I have had the opportunity to pay tribute. Both times previous were for modest word rates, however, which made me feel the slightest bit compromised. It is a pleasure to do this one for love.

*Men have died and worms have eaten them but not for love.* Perhaps. Still, love can be in the eating-away business itself; part of what has dispirited me so much about the act of being a modern science fiction writer is that a figure of the stature of Silverberg has received barely within this field, and not even that much without, the honor and fame which he so surely deserves. Conceding that Silverberg is indeed a major name in our genre; conceding that he is hardly unknown in other parts of the libraries, I would still make this statement: no contemporary American writer, in relation to his gifts and contribution has been as underrated as Robert Silverberg. That he has walked among us for more than two decades and walks among us

yet should surely be cause for rejoicing; we will never see his like again.

Yet, for some time now, he has been silent. *Shadrach in the Furnace* was completed in April 1975, published a year later; if Silverberg has written or published any fiction since I have not heard of it, and I think I would have. In interviews for the science fiction magazines and for *Publishers Weekly* and the Sunday supplements he has talked of a sense of fatigue, a sense of having reached a natural stopping-point, the need for a long rest with the possibility of a return only that and at some time in the indeterminate future. While he has not shut off the valves of his career as, perhaps, your faithful undersigned has, he has done little to propitiate it either.

Fatigue, a natural stopping point? Well, yes, to a degree; Silverberg's output each year of the middle nineteen sixties would have awed Dickens or Balzac and this output, to say nothing of a rising level of quality, continued almost until the California period began. If anyone has a right to righteous fatigue, to say nothing of the feeling that he has reached a stopping point, it would be Silverberg. He has given us

more than we deserved and more, perhaps, than even he thought that he could give. Still, while reading the inner motives of writers is a risky business (fit only for critics and other dumb animals) I would suggest that there is a good element of bitterness within Silverberg as well. His work is in the science fiction sections of libraries; his paperbacks compete over there in the right rear with Perry Rhodan. The NBA Committee, the National Institute of Arts and Letter., even the SF Hugo voters do not rush to honor. Yet Philip Roth is not worthy to clean Silverberg's typewriter. Stanley Elkin can perhaps write with him the best of all his days. Barthelme could not even be his advance man. Of American writers since the second World War the only names I can evoke to stand with Silverberg are names like Malamud, Mailer, Robert Stone, John Cheever, the sainted Salinger. Nabokov, if you consider him an American. Early Irwin Shaw, except that was *pre-war*.

But I would not want to make a case that Silverberg is a misplaced litterateur, in our category only by reasons of market or coincidence. He is a *science fiction* writer, emerged from our field,



by Barry M. Malzberg

# SILVERBERG

always wrote within (while steadily expanding) the strictures. His science is as hard as Clement's, his social science at least the equal of Knight's or Kornbluth's, his cultural vision as glacial and brilliant as Pohl's or (then again) as fiery as Bester's. He has been writing for the field of his choice exactly as it should have been written for and has produced the best science fiction of his time. Since 1965 when his major work began I think that only two or three contemporaneous writers in the field could rank with him at all and none of them (Disch, for instance) produced such a sustained body of work. He did, after all, produce close to thirty novels and two hundred short stories of quality within eight years. There were those who ran the course, and there were those who wrote good, but Silverberg is perhaps the only one who did both.

I'm sorry he stopped. I have no right to take this position (having problems of my own and in the bargain knowing that a writer owes his public only what he *does* and no more, no more ever) but I feel a sense of personal outrage that he did. When Nathanael West died in the wreckage, Fitzgerald's heart gave out, Michael Rabin died at 34: *never to hear*

*that voice again.* There are all kinds of deaths but the one of self-imposition may (I am not sure of this) be the worst of all. I do not know. I do not know.

Celebrate him. The short stories: *The Science Fiction Hall of Fame* which pierces the soul of our genre (if it has a soul) as no other work ever did. "Breckenridge and the Continuum" from *Showcase*, a forgotten story, a metaphysical exploration, a wonder. "The Wind and the Rain" from *Saving Worlds*, the poetry of whose last pages controls (and never breaks) tears. "Sundance," the best short story written by an American that year (published 1968). "Passengers." "Good News from the Vatican." "When We Went to See the End of the World." "In the Group." "Lost in the Organ Draft." "Trips." "In Entropy's Jaws" . . . Marvels, all of them.

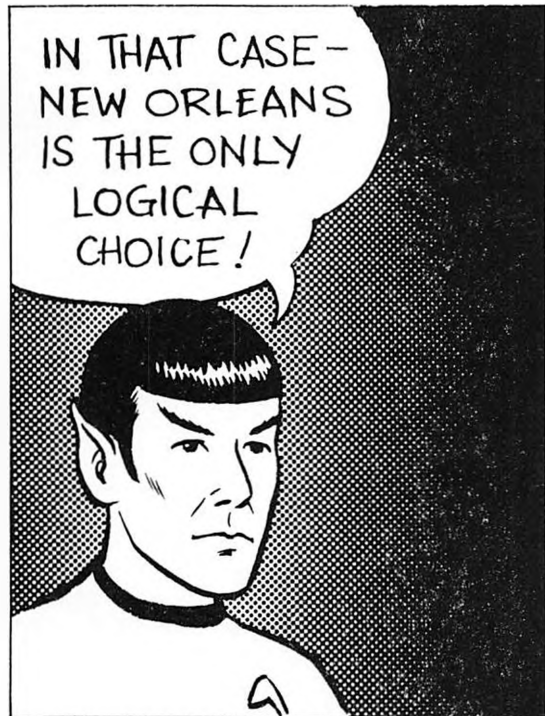
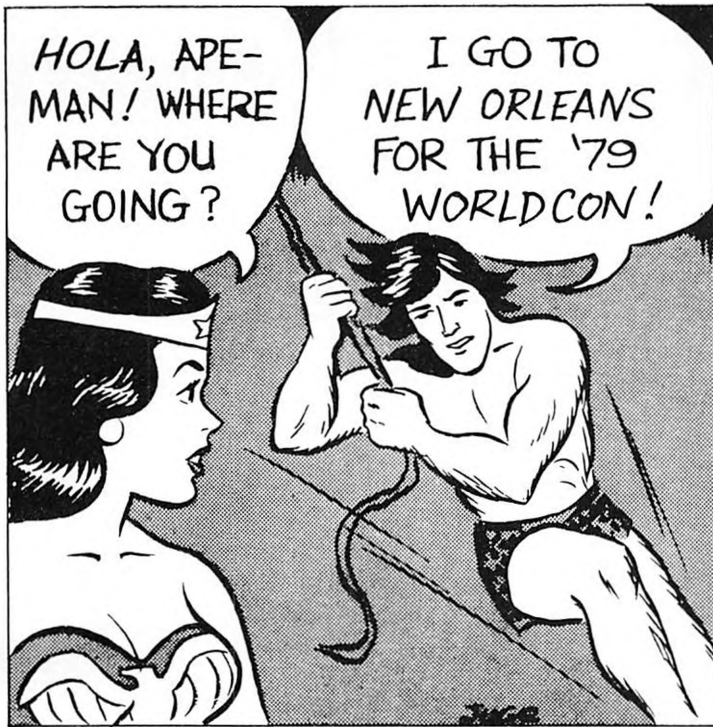
The novels. Some like *Dying Inside*; I don't mind it, but if you want to read the best science fiction novels of their time, go into *The Second Trip* or *Shadrach* or the sadly misconstrued, sadly underrated *Stochastic Man*. *Book of Skulls* is one of the great American novels; it is *not* science fiction. (Scrib-

ner's, all thumbs as almost always, managed to destroy this book.)

"Born with the Dead." Almost forgot "Born with the Dead"; sorry about that; it lost the Hugo two years ago at this world convention, in Australia however. Could not forget "The Feast of St. Dionysius" or "Going." These three novellas, put together (two of them *are* together with "Thomas the Proclaimer" but the right third would be "St. Dionysius") are the statement of what science fiction could be. We dreamed it in the thirties, suspected it in the forties, saw glimmers in the fifties, a couple of interferences in the sixties . . . but here it is. We knew it all along. Done well it could be better than anything done anywhere.

Above Harlan's essay (which I have not, as I write this, seen) telling no doubt entertainingly and truthfully about Silverberg the man. He is all of that; a nice guy in the bargain, but I do not take it to be my task to tell you what a nice guy Silverberg is, or, for that matter, am I. *A writer owes his audience his work, and no more.* Read his work.


Read his work.  
Celebrate his work.



FOUR HEROES WHOSE CHOICE WAS NOT RANDOM,  
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Science Fiction  
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# VOE DOE DEE OH DOE

## (A Silverberg Medley)

He introduced me to Scarlatti, Vivaldi, Monteverdi, Buxtehude and hot pizza. I traded him; for Thelonious Monk, Charlie Mingus, the MJQ, Django Reinhardt and Nik-Nik shirts made in Italy. Oh, how I love him.

It cost me over eighty thousand dollars, but I can sit here in my new office wing, built on my house in Los Angeles, and gaze off across my roof not at exposed water pipes and the sternwheeler splatterings of crazed hummingbirds, but a sumptuous expanse of flowering succulents and cacti. *Pseudobivia Kermesina* gifted me with an enormous pink and scarlet flower just this morning. This evening it was ash-dead. Silverberg built me a roof garden. How I admire and enjoy his books, particularly the sad ones.

I think we'd met before that, but I remember him first as sitting in an easy chair in a convention hotel in Philadelphia in the early Fifties. He wore white bucks. He drank beer from quart bottles. Jesus, I thought he was urbane. Christ, did he have me fooled. He was cool, not urbane. I'm urbane. Now I am, not then I wasn't. I wasn't cool, either. He could fake urbane and be cool, back then; today I can fake cool and be urbane. It's worked out.

Everything (almost) has worked out for Bob and me.

We are luckier than all the rest of you turkeys. That is because we are better than the rest of you turkeys. Voe doe dee oh doe.

He's coming down from Oakland for dinner with me on Sunday, so we talked today. We talk a couple or three times a week. If God hadn't wanted us to keep in such close touch, God wouldn't have given us the money to use long distance, telephony so frequently. So we're talking. And I says to him, I says, "Yeah, I've got my reservations about *Star Wars*, too, old chum, but I ain't so dumb: I bought Fox stock when it was at 8; it closed today at 22½."

So Bob says to me, he says, "Sell."

"Nah, not just yet," I say, casually. "There are still lots of terminal acne 'Star Trek' whackos who haven't had their epiphany-conversion to *Star Wars* yet. I'll dump it when it hits 32."

Now Bob knows I don't know shit about stocks—unlike Himself who has a portfolio that would make the shade of J. Paul Getty envious—and he giggles at my punctiliousness. "Next, I buy Trans-America," I say, "because they own United Artists, and when Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* comes out, it'll go through the roof. In fact," I say, "buy some for me through your broker." He knows I'm such a yotz about stocks I

don't have a broker, Shearson Hammill having washed their hands of me after that hedge fund debacle. "What's it going for now?"

"About 28," he says. "When I come down Sunday have twenty-eight hundred for me and I'll buy you two hundred shares."

"Okay," I say . . . and there's a moment of silence.

Then we're both laughing, righteously bugfuck, falling down.

"Hey, Bob," I gasp in a breathless voice, "guess what? I got 2¢ a word from Ziff-Davis today!" And we roar with laughter. Ain't we ludicrous. Ain't we silly. Ain't we beautiful. Just about twenty years ago the both of us were writing our asses off for pennies and hoping to make the rent. Here we sit today in our palaces, talking 200 shares of this and 200 shares of that.

He lived in a magnificent house in New York. Way up in Riverdale, a

section of the Bronx that sounds as if it's one of the mythical areas of Ed McBain's 87th Precinct novels, but it isn't. It's New York. The house was sunk to its knees in the ground, some kind of terrific stately manse. It originally belonged to Fiorello La Guardia, "The Little Flower." But there was a bad fire and water damage and Bob had to write a lot of books to rebuild. Then he moved to California. Now he drives a car and raises cacti and he doesn't write any more.

That last part: that's your fault, in large part. I don't want to talk about that. Leave him alone. He's paid his dues.

For a long time, as well as we knew each other, I felt like his idiot kid brother, even though I'm six months older than Himself. He had it all together, had his life ordered, knew the magic vectors and the precise point where the winds of the universe merged. Then one evening he sat on the floor of my old office here at the Los Angeles house, and he cried. If it hadn't been his right to cry, I'd have hugged him and rocked him and said, "It's okay, kiddo, the pain is okay."

And we're closer now. He's been through it with me a few times, and though I'm not much help—just keep

telling him to bite the bullet—I'm going through it with him. Did you know he's been my best man at two of my marriages? Or has it been three? No, two; I'm sure it's only two.

I don't hink we've ever gone to a movie together in all these years. Lots of dinners, but never a movie. Or roller skating.

There was one night, in Seattle I think, or maybe it was Pittsburgh, when I'd arranged for a "professional courtesy" dinner at a posh restaurant high up on a hill. We did that a lot in the days when we didn't have much money. We'd go to a science fiction convention and, while most fans were slugging down cheeseburgers and soggy fries at the hotel coffee shop, we'd be dining in gourmet splendor at this fabulous dinery or that elegant *boîte*. It wasn't a ripoff, I actually did write a review of every restaurant that ever extended us a free meal. For *Rogue*, or *Topper*, or the Los Angeles *Free Press* or some other magazine. But this one night I'm remembering, there was a mix-up. I think there were six of us. I always passed Bob off as my wine expert, my *sommelier*. I had a date, Bob and Barbara, and two other people, maybe Charlie and Dena Brown. And there was a mix-up. They sent over an expensive bottle of wine with the compliments of the management, and Bob started getting twitchy, asking me, "Are you sure they understand this is on the cuff?" And I kept saying it's cool, leave it to me.

But when the check came, and it came to an empty table, and we were already out in the street, walking down to the car, and the manager came running after us, waving that goddamn check and screaming fraud fraud fraud . . . I went back to explain the way of the world to him . . . and that miserable fink Silverberg ran like a thief. Leaving me to face the wrath of the management. Doo dah.

He wears leather thong sandals. No socks. He has gone California native. I've lived out here for fifteen years and still wear socks and real shoes that cover my toes. I've never heard him sing or whistle; I'm not sure he can do either; isn't that peculiar. He knows the one thing about me I'm afraid to have revealed. I suppose I can trust him with it. He's never yet spilled the beans. Maybe he doesn't know he knows it.

There are scenes in *Nightwings* that can choke your heart. Don't *anybody* tell me he can't write emotionally. And *Thorns* is one of my favorite books. But he likes a lot less of my work than I like of his. That's okay, we're friends.

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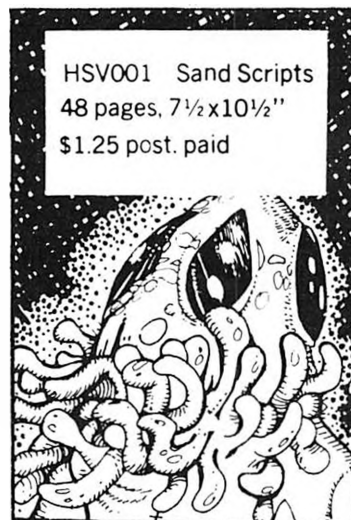
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esbacteriaMhaklunovaeand . . . SAND!

( ) examined  
this sandworld closely. ( ) had  
never imagined-created anything like  
this before. Ergo, nothing like the  
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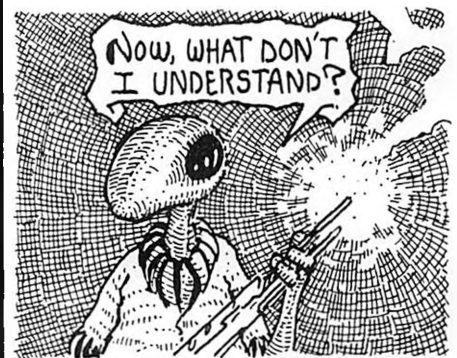
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( ) becameawa  
reof-paidattentionto the stars. Yes,  
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On my wall I have some framed pictures that remind me of stages of my career, or moments of pleasure. A photo with Steve McQueen and a dune buggy on a 120° day in the high desert out near Thousand Palms. A shot on the set of "Cimarron Strip" with Stuart Whitman. A photo of me with Isaac and Janet at some dinner party where I wore my fabulous \$400 chocolate brown velvet tuxedo. And one of Bob and me holding the Hugos we won on the same night. It was his first. He deserved it, but I conned him into believing I had logrolled to sway the vote. I didn't, of course, but it induced him to pay for dinner the next night. Let's see: I paid at Antonio's, he paid at Au Petite Cafe, I paid at Dar Maghreb, he paid at The Rangoon Raquet Club. Hmmm. Hey, Bob, you know your Hugo nomination this year, for *Shadrach in the Furnace*? Well, what's it worth to you if I, uh, er . . .

Here are some things you may not know about Robert Silverberg.

- As second President of Science Fiction Writers of America he was the man who got Sol Cohen of *Amazing Stories* to agree to pay writers for reprints of stories. Until that time, Sol was just filling up magazine after magazine with file stories most of us had gotten a penny-a-word for ten, twenty, thirty years before. Bob made money for many of us. Not much money, but found gold nonetheless.

- There has only been once in all the time he's been eating spicy food that it was too hot even for *him*. At a restaurant called Hunan Taste where we took Leslie Swigart and Stephanie Bernstein, and we asked the wizened Oriental gentleman to "make it as hot as he would for himself" and there we sat, eating, enjoying it enormously, tears of pain rolling down our cheeks.

- He has written about three times as many books as Asimov. Most of them are under other names, but Bob can still sit back with a gentle smile as Ike's publishers, madly driven to the last full decibel, trumpet Isaac's rapid closing on a 200th publication. And while Silverberg novels have ceased their pullulation, even Creasey or Simenon would welcome him into the fraternity of the prolific.

- He does not drink coffee or tea. He does not smoke, and never has. He doesn't like it when you do it around him.

- During the summers of the period 1951-54, he was a camp counselor in West Cupcake, New York and, though it

was a coeducational camp, he got laid infrequently.

- He is right-handed. I am left-handed. We are both Jewish.

- This will be the 25th consecutive Worldcon he has attended.

- He has only one discernible scar: on the back of his left hand. He got it in West Cupcake during a water fight when he did a smart thing in a stupid way. It used to be a bright red slash when he lived in New York, but since moving to the more salubrious California climate, it has become very faint.

- And here's one that's *bound* to get some stupid fan bent on insult into trouble: he does not like to be called "Robert," save by one or two people he's known for years who speak the word with overexaggerated officiousness.

None of these obscure facts are particularly interesting. The really good ones I'm keeping for his epitaph, on the theory if you can't speak ill of the dead, don't speak at all.

Bob's writing style is deceptively simple. It is very much his own voice, yet it has reverberations of the classic writers to whom we return for the pleasures of simply reading a good story: Hugo, Dickens, the best of James, Maugham, Dumas, Guy de Maupassant. It is Art; and because it is Art that functions at a level of expertise and craft perfected over several decades, it seems effortless, oversimplified, like Fred Astaire's dancing or Picasso's pen-and-ink sketches or John Lennon's compositions. It looks as though anyone could do it, that's how simple and easy it is . . . until the attempt is made and the novice falls on his ass.

Because of his parsimoniousness with the language, because of the calculated regimentation of plotting, because of the dispassion with which Bob often unreels his stories, the casual reader—whose taste has been brutalized too often by cheap pyrotechnics and disingenuous emotionalism—for many years thought of the work of Silverberg as pedestrian. Then, in the Sixties, he eschewed all that, and began writing novels that were awash with poignancy and darkness. Replacing charm, logic. In place of explosiveness, a rational progression of events leading to the emergence of a kind of voracious inevitability. Not cheap gag humor, but wit. Much pain and examination of the subtler aspects of the human condition. Readers fled in horror.

Silverberg went out on the land and saw the audience he had idealized in his

mind and in his Art, and they were demeaning themselves gladly with "sci-fi" and drivelbooks one notch up from comics. With *Star Trek* and *Perry Rhodan* and the blather of functional illiterates. Shaking his head in consternation and dismay, he stopped writing. And he was gone.

He has often been pilloried by the unperceptive for being slick, one who frequently dealt with gimmicks. But in his 1958 story of cannibalism, "The Road to Nightfall," he was already probing at the essence of the human spirit. In "The Man Who Never Forgot" he spoke to the condition of alienation with which we all suffer. "To See the Invisible Man" meant much to its readers; so much, in fact, that it has been widely reprinted in high school text-anthologies; it is a universal story. "Passengers" was an early warning shot in the battle against the Anita Bryants of the world. What is your favorite . . . run off the names:

Nightwings, Going Down Smooth, Tower of Glass, The World Inside, Ishmael in Love, Downward to the Earth, After the Myths Went Home, The Fangs of the Trees, The Feast of St. Dionysus, Son of Man, The Masks of Time . . . my God, how the list goes on. There hasn't been a year for almost two decades that the writer has not had final nominations in two and three categories of Nebula and Hugo awards. Is it any wonder that Barry Malzberg echoes those who know when he calls Silverberg "the best of us all." No, it's no wonder. And he may well be.

And he is gone.

Well, shit, that isn't so. He's alive and *very* well; perhaps weller than he's been in a long time. He lives high in Oakland, dines well, moves around and sees brightly, and his personal life is no less tangled than it ever was, but there may be light at the end of his perceptions. One can only hope. And he's entitled, fer chrissakes! Twenty-some years working behind a typewriter, a body of work most writers couldn't parallel for quality and mass if they worked night and day for fifty years, a contribution to our cultural self-awareness that few other fantasists can equal . . . he's *done* it. He's entitled to stop, or rest, or pack it in entirely, without rancor, without being chastised. The gift has been given; accept it without greedily demanding more. He's entitled. To live his life as he chooses. The work, once written, belongs to the reader. The writer belongs to himself.

Peace and time are commodities we all find in short supply. Bob has decided to take his full measure. He's entitled.

Anybody messes with him has to go through me.

And the one thing I am, that Sibley-berg ain't, is mean.

He was naked beside the pool. So were the ladies. I had white ducks on. I didn't want to make him feel inadequate. It was the day before New Years Eve. The annual Terry & Carol Carr Eve party, to be followed by the annual New Years Day party of the Silverbergs. I was staying in the guest bedroom with the water bed. We were beside the pool, eat your heart out Kalamazoo and New York and Pittsburgh. End of December, beside the pool. Voe doe dee oh doe.

"Bob, take a look at this story."

"Not now, I'm being sybaritic."

"C'mon, man, just read the goddam thing. I know all the stuff is here, but it's gone and went wonky on me. It doesn't sing."

"It doesn't soar?"

"It doesn't swell with pride."

"It just lies there."

"Sucks is, I believe, the proper terminology. Take a look, willya. Tell me what I can do with it."

He read it. Then he held it over the water with thumb and forefinger. "This is what you should do with it."

He dropped it. On the poolside. I went red with anger. Cannot remember when I've been angrier. I grabbed it up and went to the guest bedroom where my typewriter was set up. I'd been working on that story for two years. That miserable sonofabitch! I'll show him!

I wrote all through the day, part of that night; started again the next day with the TV in the guest bedroom blaring the Rose Bowl behind me, with Terry and a dozen other partygoers yelling and drinking and in no way interfering with my concentration.

I reworked the story, snipped apart the sections, rewrote whole episodes, added eight thousand words, finished it the next day. He read it again.

"Not bad," he said. He isn't that high on most of my work.

"It's bloody dynamite," I said, with touching humility.

"Wrong. It's still wonky."

"It's a classic. It'll win a Hugo."

"No way."

The story was "The Deathbird." Eat your heart out Silverbug.

I never had a brother. I have a sister, but with only two moments of pardonable insanity when I forgot how much I disliked her, I haven't spoken to her in eleven years. But if I'd had a brother, he

wouldn't have been like Silverberg. Bob and I are too different; very few points of similarity. Yet we are linked. Don't ask me why, don't ask me how. It just is. He doesn't know it, but he's the executor of my estate. If I went tomorrow, I'd go secure in the knowledge that Bob would tend to every little detail of my demise. He'd grumble about it, and think ill of me for inconveniencing him by being hit by a truck or getting myself defenestrated, but he'd do it. Ours is a peculiar and disparate friendship, almost a quarter of a century concretized. But we are so dissimilar that I sometimes wonder what it is we have in common. Clearly, what we have in common, is each other.

In repose, his face resembles a Quechuan stele of the sleeping philosopher-soldier, something carved from the black rock of the steep slopes of the Cordilleras. His walk is easy; neither reminiscent of the cat nor of the rolling gait of the sailor, but loosely from the hips and the lower back. A textbook example of the laughter being primarily in the eyes; the mouth is often questionable. His lips are thicker than might be considered esthetically correct for the face. He has small ears. I remember him before the beard.

Women tell me he is good in bed. I think he is probably even better with women out of bed. That is a terrific thing to be able to say.

Politically, he would like to be more conservative than he is permitted to be, because of his constant exposure to those of us, his friends, who are wild-eyed radicals and knee-jerk liberals. I'm sure it causes him difficulty. He over-intellectualizes too much sometimes. That is, no doubt, because he is an intellectual. He is also an elitist, but is too smart to flaunt it. His manner is quiet, and so his elitism seems acceptably patriarchal and exanimous.

He seldom uses coarse language. He keeps cats.

His work will be read and admired fifty years from now. I'd make book on it.

Appreciation? How do I express appreciation for a man who has been part of my life since the days through which we marched as fans, he with his magazine *Spaceship*, me with *Dimensions*?

He wrote an appreciation of me for a recent issue of *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction* that ended with a sentence I found making me cry. Not bawling, you understand, just sort of welling up a bit. There was love and bemusement and tolerance and amaze-

ment and frustration in that last sentence, and it was a genuine treasure.

If all of the above emotions and attitudes toward him, on my part, don't surface in this "appreciation," then either you as reader or I as writer failed in doing our job.

But for a parting shot, I'm forced to go to another writer for splendid words. It is a piece of an article about film director Sam Peckinpah, written by one of my few friends who is an actor: Robert Culp. You may not have known that Bob Culp is a brilliant writer, but to inform your awareness, here is this snippet of appreciation, written when Culp and Peckinpah were on good terms. I've been saving it for myself. If I could have anything ever said about anyone, said about me, as my epitaph; I would want it to be something like this.

It wasn't written about Silverberg, but you'll allow for the discrepancies, because the tone and the substance go right to the heart of my feelings about Silverberg.

"The similarities in character between Peckinpah and [John] Ford are not exactly lost on those who know them. He *is* Ford, come again just as mean, a little more mad, a little angrier, a little more vulnerable, perhaps a little more valuable to the people around him now, since he is absolutely the last of the breed. With him the line runs out. He is not the technical master of the form that Ford was, but his vision is greater and he is bolder, infinitely more reckless and self-destructive, and as a consequence very precious since he will be with us only a short time. And the body of his work will be smaller. It is very difficult for him to, in his incessant phrase, 'just get it on!' It costs him more to get the job done than any of the rest of us, and there's only so much currency, only so many feet and inches of entrail. [Robert Silverberg] is all alone just like the rest of us. Except that he knows it. He knows how terribly cold it is out there and he cannot come in. But he sends messages."

This appreciation is available in mono and compatible eight-track stereo. Voe doe dee oh doe.





*Jerry Boyajian ☆ Seth Breidbart ☆ Bill Carton ☆ Mary Cole ☆ Donald Eastlake ☆ Ellen Franklin*

*Come to Boston, the Hub of the Universe. Where Charlie never returned on the nation's first modern subway, where Paul Revere warned the countryside that the British were coming, where Old Ironsides still protects our coastal waters, where the Beacon Hill townhouses and the Quincy Marketplace bring back the feeling of nineteenth century living, and the skyline reveals modern-day civilization. Boston provides the convenience of Logan International Airport just minutes from the convention hotel, and New England countryside just a few miles from the center of town.*

# BOSTON IN 1980

Before you cast your vote for the site of the 1980 Worldcon, two of the things you should ask are:

What kind of convention does each bidding committee want to hold?

Do they have the ability to make their plans a reality?

Although it's too early for any committee to have plans for specific program items, films, and so forth, the Boston in 1980 Committee would like to help you make your decision by giving you some idea of our general beliefs and experience.

We believe that the Worldcon belongs to fandom. We intend to encourage ideas and suggestions from outside of the committee, and to support people who have them with all the time, space, and effort we can manage.

We believe that the Worldcon committee should set up a rich and varied program so that everyone will find many events of interest.

We believe that things should be planned in advance so they'll run smoothly and comfortably. "Planning" doesn't mean lots of red tape and hassles — it means short lines, enough space, and a committee that will keep out of the way except when you need help.

We think we can carry out these ideas. We've been practicing for a long time, through working on Boskones and other regionals, Noreascon and other Worldcons, fanzines, APAs, publishing, clubs, and so on. The Sheraton-Boston, our hotel, loved Noreascon and has been the site of the last five Boskones; many of the staff are old friends and are looking forward to another Worldcon in Boston.

We'd like to tell you more about ourselves . . . why don't you write to us?



The Committee for Boston in 1980  
Post Office Box 714  
Boston, Massachusetts 02102



*Leslie Turek, Chairman ☆ George Flynn, Secretary ☆ Jill Eastlake, Treasurer*

Pre-supporting memberships \$1.00

Pre-opposing memberships \$2.00

☆ Ann McCutchen ☆ Terry McCutchen ☆ John Spert ☆ John Spert ☆ David Stever ☆ David Stever ☆ Harry Stubbs ☆ Harry Stubbs ☆ John Turner ☆ John Turner ☆ Drew Whyte

☆ Kathie Horne ☆ Kathie Horne ☆ John Houghton ☆ John Houghton ☆ Jim Hudson ☆ Jim Hudson ☆ Kris ☆ Kris ☆ Tony Lewis ☆ Tony Lewis ☆ Suford Lewis ☆ Suford Lewis ☆ Paula Lieberman ☆ Paula Lieberman ☆ Spike MacPhee ☆ Spike MacPhee

## NOVEL

- \_\_\_ CHILDREN OF DUNE, Frank Herbert (Analog, Jan-Apr 76; Berkley-Putnam, Apr 76)
- \_\_\_ MAN PLUS, Frederik Pohl (F&SF, Apr-June 76; Random House, August 76)
- \_\_\_ MINDBRIDGE, Joe Haldeman (St. Martin's Press, Sept 76; SFBC)
- \_\_\_ SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE, Robert Silverberg (Analog, Aug-Oct 76; Bobbs-Merrill, Sept 76)
- \_\_\_ WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG, Kate Wilhelm (Pocket Books; Harper & Row, Jan 76)
- \_\_\_ NO AWARD

# 1977 HUGO NOMINEES

ALL TITLES IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

## NOVELLA

- \_\_\_ By Any Other Name, Spider Robinson (Analog, Nov 76)
- \_\_\_ Houston, Houston, Do You Read?, James Tiptree, Jr. (Aurora: Beyond Equality. Fawcett, May 76)
- \_\_\_ Piper at the Gates of Dawn, Richard Cowper (F&SF, March 76)
- \_\_\_ Samurai and the Willows, The, Michael Bishop (F&SF, Feb 76)
- \_\_\_ No Award

## NOVELETTE

- \_\_\_ Bicentennial Man, The, Isaac Asimov (Stellar 2, Feb 76)
- \_\_\_ Diary of the Rose, The, Ursula K. Le Guin (Future Power, Apr 76)
- \_\_\_ Gotta Sing, Gotta Dance, John Varley (Galaxy, July 76)
- \_\_\_ Phantom of Kansas, The, John Varley (Galaxy, Feb 76)
- \_\_\_ No Award

## SHORT STORY

- \_\_\_ Crowd of Shadows, A, C.L. Grant (F&SF, June 76)
- \_\_\_ Custom Fitting, James White (Stellar 2, Feb 76)
- \_\_\_ I See You, Damon Knight (F&SF, Nov 76)
- \_\_\_ Tricentennial, Joe Haldeman (Analog, July 76)
- \_\_\_ No Award

## DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

- \_\_\_ Carrie
- \_\_\_ Futureworld
- \_\_\_ Logan's Run
- \_\_\_ Man Who Fell to Earth, The
- \_\_\_ No Award

## AMATEUR MAGAZINE

- \_\_\_ Locus
- \_\_\_ Mythologies
- \_\_\_ Outworlds
- \_\_\_ Science Fiction Review (S.F.R.)
- \_\_\_ Spanish Inquisition, The
- \_\_\_ No Award

## PROFESSIONAL EDITOR

- \_\_\_ James Baen
- \_\_\_ Ben Bova
- \_\_\_ Terry Carr
- \_\_\_ Edward L. Ferman
- \_\_\_ Ted White
- \_\_\_ No Award

### FAN WRITER

- \_\_\_ Don D'Amassa
- \_\_\_ Dick Geis
- \_\_\_ Mike Glicksohn
- \_\_\_ Donald C. Thompson
- \_\_\_ Susan Wood
- \_\_\_ No Award

### PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

- \_\_\_ George Barr
- \_\_\_ Vincent DiFate
- \_\_\_ Stephen Fabian
- \_\_\_ Rick Sternbach
- \_\_\_ No Award

### FAN ARTIST

- \_\_\_ Grant Canfield
- \_\_\_ Phil Foglio
- \_\_\_ Tim Kirk
- \_\_\_ Bill Rotsler
- \_\_\_ Jim Shull
- \_\_\_ No Award

### OTHER NOMINEES

#### JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD FOR BEST NEW WRITER

#### JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD FOR BEST NEW WRITER

- \_\_\_ Jack L. Chalker<sup>1</sup>, A Jungle of Stars (Ballantine, Nov 76)
- \_\_\_ (\*)
- \_\_\_ C.J. Cherryh<sup>2</sup>, Gate of Ivrel (DAW, March 76)
- \_\_\_ M.A. Foster<sup>2</sup>, Warriors of Dawn, The (DAW, Jan 75)
- \_\_\_ Carter Scholz<sup>1</sup>, Eve of the Last Apollo (Orbit 18, June 76)
- \_\_\_ No Award

<sup>1</sup> First year of eligibility

<sup>2</sup> Second (and last) year of eligibility

### GANDALF AWARD FOR GRAND MASTER OF FANTASY

- \_\_\_ Poul Anderson
- \_\_\_ Ursula K. Le Guin
- \_\_\_ C.S. Lewis
- \_\_\_ Andre Norton
- \_\_\_ No Award

\*As provided in the Hugo rules, a special sub-committee which has sole responsibility for the awards was set up. No nominees have or will, participate in either the nomination or final ballot counting. In spite of this, Jack Chalker, in an endeavor to remove any possibility of conflict of interests, has resigned from the committee.

\*The following nominations were ruled ineligible in the categories received:

Dramatic Presentation: Wizards - released January 1977

John W. Campbell Award: Tanith Lee - The Dragon Hoard, 1971; Animal Castle, 1972, etc.  
John Varley - "Picnic on Nearside," F&SF, Aug 74  
Joan Vinge - "Tin Soldier," Orbit 14, April 74

\*The criteria used to determine eligibility for amateur magazine was defined a year and a half ago, and read at the World Science Fiction Society business meeting at Kansas City, 1976. A magazine would be considered professional if it met either of the following two criteria:

1) Did the magazine claim to be professional: Documentation required of this.

2) Did the publication *solicit*, as opposed to accept, paid advertisements, AND did the publication pay its contributors in cash.



# PROGRAM

The information below is as we go to press; for more up-to-date and more detailed information, consult your pocket program. Functions in the Eden Roc are starred (\*). All others are in the Fontainebleau.

## WEDNESDAY, August 31

7:00-10:00 PM Registration Opens . . . . . *Grand Gallerie*

## THURSDAY, September 1

10:00 AM 24-hour Registration Opens . . . . . *Grand Gallerie*  
 10:00 AM 24-hour Film Program Begins . . . . . *La Ronde Theatre*  
 10:00 AM Duplicating Room Opens . . . . . \**Board Room*  
 10:00 AM-6:00 PM Fan History Room . . . . . \**Gold B*  
 10:00 AM-5:00 PM Huckster Room Set-Up Only . . . . . *Exhibit Hall*  
 10:00 AM N3F Lounge Opens 24-hours . . . . . *Everglades A*  
 10:00 AM-5:00 PM Press Room . . . . . *Imperial Parlour 6*  
 10:00 AM Fan Lounge Opens 24-hours . . . . . \**Gold Lounge*  
 12:00-6:00 PM Art Show Set-Up (artists only) . . . . . \**Pompeii/Imperial*  
 5:00 PM-10:00 PM Huckster Room Opens to Public . . . . . *Exhibit Hall*  
 8:00 PM-Midnight Aussiecon Reunion (invitees only) . . . . . *Lafayette*

## FRIDAY, September 2

### Continuing Events

24 hours Registration . . . . . *Grand Gallerie*  
 24 hours Film Program . . . . . *La Ronde Theatre*  
 24 hours N3F Room . . . . . *Everglades A*  
 24 hours Fan Lounge . . . . . \**Gold Room Lounge*  
 10:00 AM-6:00 PM Huckster Room . . . . . *Exhibit Hall*  
 10:00 AM-5:00 PM Press Room . . . . . *Imperial Parlour 6*  
 10:00 AM-5:00 PM Combined Book Exhibit . . . . . *Imperial Parlour 5*  
 10:00 AM-8:00 PM Silent Film Festival . . . . . *Pasteur A*  
 11:00 AM-6:00 PM Fan History Room . . . . . \**Gold B*  
 11:00 AM-7:00 PM Art Show . . . . . \**Pompeii/Imperial/Empire*  
 2:00 PM-10:00 PM Babysitting . . . . . *Imperial Parlour 4*

### General Programming

11:00 AM-11:30 AM Opening Ceremonies . . . . . *Grand Ballroom*  
 11:30 AM-12:30 PM Panel: World Creating is Better Than World Wrecking. Moderator: Larry Niven . . . . . *Grand Ballroom*  
 12:30 PM-1:30 PM Panel: Swords and Sorcery in a Mechanical Age. Moderator: Lin Carter . . . . . *Grand Ballroom*  
 1:30 PM-2:30 PM Socioeconomic SF: talk by Mack Reynolds . . . . . *Grand Ballroom*  
 2:30 PM-3:30 PM Dialog: Great Collaborators: Fred Pohl & Jack Williamson . . . . . *Grand Ballroom*  
 3:30 PM-4:30 PM Panel: Breaking Through—This Year's New Writer's Panel. Moderator: Jack Chalker . . . . . *Grand Ballroom*  
 4:30 PM-6:30 PM Meet the Professionals Party . . . . . *Fontaine Room*  
 7:00 PM-9:00 PM Special Film (first showing) . . . . . *Grand Ballroom*  
 10:00 PM-midnight Special Film (second showing) . . . . . *Grand Ballroom*

### Special Programming

Noon-5:00 PM Fan Programming (see pocket program) . . . . . \**Gold A*  
 11:00 AM-1:00 PM Author's Forum (readings) . . . . . *Fontaine*  
 2:00 PM-4:00 PM Author's Forum (readings) . . . . . *Fontaine*

## SATURDAY, September 3

### Continuing Events

Same as Friday

### Special Programming

10:00 AM-noon Preliminary Business Meeting . . . . . *Voltaire*  
 11:00 AM-1:00 PM Author's Forum (readings) . . . . . *Fontaine*  
 2:00 PM-4:00 PM SFWA Meeting (members only) . . . . . *Voltaire*  
 3:00 PM-5:00 PM Author's Forum (readings) . . . . . *Fontaine*  
 Noon-5:00 PM Fan Programming (see pocket program) . . . . . \**Gold A*



**General Programming**

11:00 AM—noon	Filk Singing OUR Folk Songs. Moderator: Juanita Coulson . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>
Noon—1:00 PM	John W. Campbell Jr.: The Editor. Moderator: Ben Bova . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>
1:00 PM—2:00 PM	John W. Campbell Jr.: The Man. Moderator: Kelly Freas . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>
2:00 PM—3:30 PM	Guest of Honor Address by Jack Williamson . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>
3:30 PM—5:00 PM	Guest of Honor Address by Robert A. Madle . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>
5:00 PM—5:30 PM	Special Awards Ceremonies . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>
7:00 PM—8:00 PM	Masquerade Registration and Prejudging (contestants only) . . . . .	<i>French Room</i>
8:00 PM—11:00 PM	The 1977 SunCon Masquerade . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>
Midnight	Surprise Program Item . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>

**SUNDAY, September 4**

**Continuing Events**

Same as Friday, except Art Show closed 5 to 6 PM.

**Special Programming**

10:00 AM—noon	1979 Worldcon Site Selection . . . . .	<i>Voltaire</i>
11:00 AM—1:00 PM	Author's Forum (readings) . . . . .	<i>Fontaine</i>
Noon—3:00 PM	Art Show Auction Bid-Off I . . . . .	<i>*Cotillion</i>
1:00 PM—5:00 PM	Fan Programming (see pocket program) . . . . .	<i>*Gold A</i>
3:00 PM—5:00 PM	Author's Forum (readings) . . . . .	<i>Fontaine</i>
4:00 PM—5:00 PM	General Auction Session . . . . .	<i>West Ballroom</i>
After Banquet	First Fandom General Meeting (members and their guests only) . . . . .	<i>Lafayette</i>

**General Programming**

11:00 AM—noon	First Fandom: Do Dinosaurs Live Forever? Moderator: Lou Tabakow . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>
Noon—1:00 PM	Professionalism and Young Writers. Moderator: Ben Bova . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>
1:00 PM—2:00 PM	Great Collaborations II: Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>
2:00 PM—3:30 PM	The Science of Freezing People. Talk by Michael Darwin . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>
3:30 PM—4:30 PM	What Ever Became of the Space Program? . . . . .	<i>West Ballroom</i>
6:00 PM—7:00 PM	Pre-banquet Reception (cash bar) . . . . .	<i>West Ballroom</i>
7:00 PM—10:00 PM	Hugo Awards Banquet . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>

**MONDAY, September 5**

**Continuing Events**

Noon	Registration Closes . . . . .	<i>Grand Gallerie</i>
10:00 AM—2:00 PM	Combined Book Exhibit . . . . .	<i>Imperial Parlour 5</i>
11:00 AM—5:00 PM	Art Show . . . . .	<i>*Pompeii/Imperial/Empire</i>
5:00 PM—8:00 PM	Artists Pick Up at Art Show . . . . .	
	All others same as previous days	
	No babysitting	

**Special Programming**

10:00 AM—noon	World Science Fiction Society Business Meeting . . . . .	<i>Voltaire</i>
11:00 AM—	Art Show Bid-Off Auction II . . . . .	<i>Cotillion</i>
11:00 AM—1:00 PM	Author's Forum (readings) . . . . .	<i>Fontaine</i>
1:00 PM—4:00 PM	Fan Programming (see pocket program) . . . . .	<i>*Gold A</i>

**General Programming**

11:00 AM—noon	Science Fiction in an Academic Vein. Moderator: James Gunn . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>
Noon—1:00 PM	Rediscovering Fantasy. Talk by Lin Carter . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>
1:00 PM—2:00 PM	Great Collaborations III: Poul Anderson & Gordon R. Dickson . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>
2:00 PM—3:00 PM	Michael Kurland: He Speaks? . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>
3:00 PM—4:00 PM	Nonfiction in SF: What They're Saying About Us and What to Do About It! . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>
4:00 PM—4:30 PM	Closing Ceremonies . . . . .	<i>Grand Ballroom</i>

Films will run until dawn if demand warrants.

# WHIZZARD is fast becoming a cult item...



Our Fall 1977 issue includes:

- \*informative interviews with Isaac Asimov and Phillip Jose Farmer
- \*a critical analysis of Arthur C. Clarke's novel, "2001"

- \*articles on QUESTOR Bradbury's EC work, Stanley Kubrick, the market, and others

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## PhilCon77

**NOV. 11- -13, 1977**  
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**PRINCIPAL SPEAKER**  
*Hal Clement*

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Make remittances payable to *Phila SF Society.*

How does one attempt a biography of someone who is more persona than person? When was James Tiptree, Jr. born? Was it 1915, when his alter-ego Alice Sheldon (then Bradley) came into the world? Was it at that indeterminate date when she discovered science fiction? Was it in 1967, when she began writing SF under the Tiptree name? Or not until March of 1968, when *Analog* published "Birth of a Salesman"?

And how about his death? Did he die in October 1976, or are reports of his demise exaggerated? Alice Sheldon is certainly still alive and kicking. There are still three unpublished Tiptree stories: "Time Sharing Angel," to appear in the October 1977 issue of *Fantasy & Science Fiction*; "Slow Music," written for an as-yet-unscheduled anthology; and *Up the Walls of the World*, the long-awaited Tiptree novel, which Putnam/Berkley hopes to publish this winter. There will also be at least one more short story collection (from Ballantine/Del Rey) and a book of essays (to be published by Pendragon Press). So Tip will be at least illusorily active.

But Tip is not active. At best, he is dormant. At worst, he is gone.

For years, no one even knew that "James Tiptree, Jr." was a pseudonym, much less that "he" was Alice B. Sheldon. The "Jr." was a tribute to her father, the "Tiptree" came off a jelly jar in the Giant supermarket gourmet section, and the "James" was picked to be nondescript. The reasons for picking a male name? One was to help remain nondescript (women writers tend to stand out because of their relative scarcity); the other, related . . . why set yourself up to be prejudiced against? (The market she was aiming for was *Analog*, and she thought Campbell would think a story better if it had a man's byline on it.) (Later, as she

became better known, and her stories started developing strong feminist themes, she embarked on a project designed to kill off Tiptree. She sent stories out as by "Raccoona Sheldon." Mostly they were rejected, until Tip sent along covering letters suggesting that editors might wish to look at this story by his friend. . . . Had she been able to get Raccoona established, Tip would have died and Raccoona would have continued writing. Now, Raccoona too is fading away.)

So, the name "James Tiptree, Jr." was supposed to be forgettable; editors were not supposed to remember having rejected other Tiptree stories when reading the current submission. As it turned out, all the stories were accepted, and the fact that apparently nobody is actually named "Tiptree" made the pseudonym distinctive rather than invisible.

Last October, Alice Sheldon's mother, Mary Hastings Bradley, died. People who knew Tip knew that his mother had been ill for some time—Tip had even written a story about it, "Mother in the Sky with Diamonds" in *Galaxy*. When Tip wrote his friends to tell them his mother had finally succumbed, Alli Sheldon had no idea that this would prove to be the first domino in an unwanted sequence.

I've been publishing essays and letters by James Tiptree in my various fanzines (*Phantasmicom*, *Kyben*, *Khatru*) since 1971. Early in November I received the following letter for publication:

Dear Jeff,  
Whew.

Mother died last week, leaving me with a new dark strange place in the heart, and flashes of a lively, beautiful, intelligent, adventurous red-haired young woman whom I had once known. We were close, even through those godawful years at the end after Father

went, when I could barely stand to look upon the wreckage. "Close" in the sense of empathy; I respected and understood her generous heart and witty mind. And her vulnerability. . . . To give you an idea, she left her instructions on the disposal of her body—cheap and fast—in a very funny light verse.

She left me also with the most horrendous practical problem of properly disposing of the 94 years of accumulated memorabilia of Africa, Old Chicago, assorted literary figures, endless treasures all mixed in with junk—letters from Carl Sandburg mixed in with grocery lists, blank stationery, birthday cards from once-eminences, lace panties, .38 calibre automatics, irreplaceable diaries of treks through Africa, of her life as a war-correspondent (all under her writing name), manuscripts, socks to be mended, mementoes of the visit of the French Navy to Douala in 1935, correspondence with heads of state, unpublished poetry, old curtains, 2000 African moleskins each as big as a postage stamp, unsent letters to me, interminable bequests and codicils, Javanese cloth of gold, more socks to be mended, grocery lists, blank stationery, saved envelopes with obsolete stamps—three rooms full of filing cabinets, one hall and three storerooms (one "secret")—in all 26 rooms of STUFF. Oh, I forgot paintings. And in the middle of it all stands the figure of the Executor, an aged doddering Legal Eminence whom Mother regarded as a young man (he's 83) who has to be shown copies of every arrangement in writing in triplicate, and raises objections such as wanting the appraiser's—*one* of the appraisers'—curriculum vitae and credentials. Needless to say, appraiser is out of town and has to be tracked down by long-distance; I was on the phone FOUR HOURS STRAIGHT Friday—pause for writing confirming letters in triplicate—then another TWO HOURS dealing with financial matters. Luckily Mother died well, in her own home, among her things, independent to the last, but it was a close thing financially. That costs \$30,000 a year, and has been going on. I figured that was what Father had accumulated the cash for, and she ran out just before her capital did. (Before Medicare it cost \$50,000 a year for two years just to care for Father without the 'round-the-clock nursing Mother needed.) . . . Yesterday was easy, only two hours on the phone, but this time with the secretary whose aim is to break me down by reading letters to me she has found going thru Mother's papers. I didn't let her know she succeeded. Also

by JEFF SMITH

# THE SHORT, HAPPY LIFE OF JAMES TIPTREE, JR.

notifying Mother's old friends, who have to be told it all in excruciating detail; more break-down. . . I now have two museums and two Historical Archives fighting over the spoils, all by long distance, plus innumerable friends going in to choose mementoes Mother left notes about, plus—Oh, Jeff, it's a lesson. NEVER be the last of a line, and never accumulate.

And I still haven't dealt with her personal effects, clothes, furniture, etc. (26 roomsful) —all of which bother the hell out of me. They lived in that place—Father built the building and they took the whole top, and made the first roof-garden in Chicago—for 64 years. I was born in that fucking bed, the books (10,000) were my earliest companions, I know every chip on every chairleg and every ravel in every rug. And I have to go back and look before the movers roll in, because some of the fucking stuff is valuable. . . So you can see my head feels like the Bulgarian Tank Corps is holding manoeuvres in it.

If you use this, it'll help me by explaining why Tiptree isn't writing anything any more for awhile . . . maybe it'll also be instructive to somebody. You should keep in the money part; people should know what it costs to die in their own beds at age 94. I intend to die alone on the VA wards, in case something overtakes me before I can get the trigger pulled. Leaving NOTHING.

Just as soon as the last essential paper is signed, I intend to take off—on the urgent advice of my doctor—for parts unreachable by mail. You know where. What is laughingly known as my other or real-life work can go screw it, I am not irreplaceable. I better not be.

If you have aging parents you will come to bless Medicare from the bottom of your heart. Jesus god, without it I shudder to think. And so will you.

Well, this is a weird letter.

Let me know how life goes with you, Jeff old friend. Best to Ann.

As ever, yrs  
Tip

I wrote Tip that I was worried there might be more information in this than he meant to reveal. In particular, I thought the letter was a roadmap to a newspaper obituary. After sending my response off, and worrying over the problem awhile, I decided to look for the obituary myself. If I found it, no harm would be done; no one would have to know I'd looked, much less that I'd found. If I *couldn't* find it, it would be safe to publish the letter.

However, I found it very easily, and was stunned to see Alice Sheldon listed as the only survivor. Very confused (since I hadn't tumbled immediately to the realization that Tip and Raccoona were the same person—after all, I corresponded with them both—I couldn't make total sense out of any hypothesis), I sent another letter to "Uncle Tip." I said that while I would very much appreciate a statement as to whether James Tiptree was or was not Alice Sheldon, I would accept a reply of: "Patience; all will be revealed in good time."

I received confirmation.

After revealing herself to me, Alli also wrote some of Tip's other friends—some of whom keep secrets better than others. Before long so many people knew that Charlie and Dena Brown could publish the story in *Locus* without even realizing that it wasn't intended to be common knowledge.

James Tiptree's secret world died. Without it, could James Tiptree survive?

Alli Sheldon invited Ann and me down to her home in Virginia. Her first invitation was awkwardly phrased; the way it came out of the typewriter, we were all going to sit around naked and feed cookies to raccoons. She later informed us she wasn't that kinky, but we said we'd go anyway.

Our instructions were to call her from a certain gas station, and wait for her to come and lead us back to the house. All she told us to look for was a stubby blue car. Several stubby blue cars later a woman got out of one, obviously looking for someone. But, we thought, this woman couldn't possibly be Alli!

I didn't have any sort of firm mental image of her as an individual, so I suppose I was looking for the stereotypical 60-year-old woman writer—and not at all for the slim, vital, young-looking person that Alice Sheldon is. (I became acutely aware of my flabby belly.) After brief greetings, she hopped back in her car and sped on her way, with me trying to catch up and keep her in sight.

She and her husband (a charming, white-bearded man) live in what they term an "adult playpen," a house in the woods near CIA headquarters. They cleared the land by hand, and left some trees standing to build the living room around, the truest indoor garden I've ever seen. (They got used to the snakes, lizards and insects that are always coming in via the drainage pipe.) The place seems to be all windows, which was great on the sunny day we were there, but must be less so during gloomy drizzles. It also gets very cold in the winter, which is one of the reasons Tiptree was always sending postcards from Mexico.

While we were there, she was Tiptree often, the raconteur telling stories with little or no provocation, the speculator running with ideas to logical, illogical and evocative conclusions. Sometimes (particularly when she and her husband clattered around the kitchen fixing dinner) she was Raccoona, the rather dotty retired schoolteacher supposedly in Wisconsin. These were unconscious—whenever she thought about who she

was, she was Alice Sheldon, the one who isn't a science fiction writer.

That's who she is most of the time these days.

Alli Sheldon is pretty well retired now. She was a world traveller as a child (her mother wrote several travel books, one of which was entitled *Alice in Jungland*), a painter, art editor of the *Chicago Sun*, one of the first women in the Army Air Force (where she worked variously as a designer of Christmas cards and in photointelligence), a teacher, a research psychologist, and, eventually, an award-winning science fiction writer.

But, it was James Tiptree who was the science fiction writer, and his life is apparently over, a ten years' wonder.

Whether Alli Sheldon will be able to recreate him, only time will tell. In Tip's stories, his characters were always searching for hom. And the searching was always easier than the finding.





# world science fiction conventions

1939	NYCON I Attendance 200	New York GoH: Frank R. Paul	Chairman Sam Moskowitz	1963	DISCON I Attendance 800	Washington, D.C. GoH: Murray Leinster	Chairman George Scithers
1940	CHICON I Attendance 128	Chicago GoH: Edward E. Smith, Ph.D.	Chairman Mark Reinsberg	1964	PACIFICON II Attendance 523	Oakland GoH: Edmond Hamilton & Leigh Brackett Forrest J Ackerman	Chairman J. Ben Stark
1941	DENVENTION Attendance 90	Denver GoH: Robert A. Heinlein	Chairman Olon Wiggins	1965	LONCON II Attendance 350	London GoH: Brian W. Aldiss	Chairman Ella Parker
1946	PACIFICON I Attendance 130	Los Angeles GoH: A.E. Van Vogt & E. Mayne Hull	Chairman Walt Daugherty	1966	TRICON Attendance 850	Cleveland GoH: L. Sprague de Camp	Chairman Ben Jason
1947	PHILCON I Attendance 200	Philadelphia GoH: John W. Campbell Jr.	Chairman Milton Rothman	1967	NYCON III Attendance 1500	New York GoH: Lester del Rey Bob Tucker	Chairman Ted White Dave Van Arnam
1948	TORCON I Attendance 200	Toronto GoH: Robert Bloch Bob Tucker	Chairman Ned McKeown	1968	BAYCON Attendance 1430	Oakland GoH: Philip Jose Farmer Walt Daugherty	Chairman Bill Donaho Alva Rogers J. Ben Stark
1949	CINVENTION Attendance 190	Cincinnati GoH: Lloyd A. Eshbach Ted Carnell	Chairman Don Ford	1969	ST. LOUISCON Attendance 1534	St. Louis GoH: Jack Gaughan Eddie Jones	Chairman Ray & Joyce Fisher
1950	NORWESCON Attendance 400	Portland GoH: Anthony Boucher	Chairman Donald B. Day	1970	HEICON Attendance 620	Heidelberg GoH: Robert Silverberg E.C. Tubb Herbert W. Franke	Chairman Manfred Kage
1951	NOLACON Attendance 190	New Orleans GoH: Fritz Leiber	Chairman Harry B. Moore	1971	NOREASCON Attendance 1600	Boston GoH: Clifford D. Simak Harry Warner Jr.	Chairman Tony Lewis
1952	CHICON II Attendance 870	Chicago GoH: Hugo Gernsback	Chairman Julian C. May	1972	LACON Attendance 2007	Los Angeles GoH: Fred Pohl Buck & Juanita Coulson	Chairman Chuck Crayne Bruce Pelz
1953	PHILCON II Attendance 750	Philadelphia GoH: Willy Ley	Chairman Milton Rothman	1973	TORCON II Attendance 2900	Toronto GoH: Robert Bloch William Rotsler	Chairman John Millard
1954	SFCon Attendance 700	San Francisco GoH: John W. Campbell Jr.	Chairman Lester Cole Gary Nelson	1974	DISCON II Attendance 4435	Washington, D.C. GoH: Roger Zelazny Jay Kay Klein	Chairman Jay Haldeman Ronald Bounds
1955	CLEVENTION Attendance 380	Cleveland GoH: Isaac Asimov	Chairman Nick & Noreen Falasca	1975	AUSSIECON Attendance 606	Melbourne GoH: Ursula K. Le Guin Susan Wood & Mike Glicksohn Donald Tuck	Chairman Robin Johnson
1956	NEWYORCON Attendance 850	New York GoH: Arthur C. Clarke	Chairman Dave Kyle	1976	MIDAMERICON Attendance 2800	Kansas City GoH: Robert A. Heinlein George Barr	Chairman Ken Keller
1957	LONCON I Attendance 268	London GoH: John W. Campbell Jr.	Chairman Ted Carnell	1977	SUNCON Attendance ????	Miami Beach GoH: Jack Williamson Robert A. Madle	Chairman Don Lundry
1958	SOLACON Attendance 322	Los Angeles GoH: Richard Matheson	Chairman Anna S. Moffatt	1978	IGUANACON Attendance ????	Phoenix GoH: Harlan Ellison Bill Bowers	Chairman Gregg Brown
1959	DETENTION Attendance 371	Detroit GoH: Poul Anderson John Berry	Chairman Roger Sims Fred Prophet	1979	To be voted on at the Site Selection Session of SunCon		
1960	PITTCON Attendance 568	Pittsburgh GoH: James Blish	Chairman Dirce Archer				
1961	SEACON Attendance 300	Seattle GoH: Robert A. Heinlein	Chairman Wally Weber				
1962	CHICON III Attendance 950	Chicago GoH: Theodore Sturgeon	Chairman Earl Kemp				

For many years it has been traditional for the Worldcon to have an art show, and for just as many years the art show has been a sort of stepchild to the convention.

When Gene DiModica and I, Perdita Boardman, went to work as co-directors of the SunCon Art Show, we emphat-

ically agreed that both the status and standards of the show had to be greatly improved.

Previously, too many art shows at various conventions have been a jumble of work from really rank amateurs to highly polished professionals and really doing justice to nobody.

Therefore, for the SunCon General Art Show (which is being held in the Imperial and Pompeian Rooms of the Eden Roc) we decided to separate the work into professional and amateur categories with separate hanging and awards, the awards to be voted by those exhibitors present at the convention. There will, however, also be a popular award voted by all interested convention attendees.

Also in the past, some art shows have been helpless to deal with large displays of work so terrible as to be actually demeaning to an art show and to bring it into disrepute. We felt that some mechanism was needed to limit or eliminate such work, so we have created an Advisory Committee to decide when it is absolutely necessary to drop work from the Art Show.

However, the Advisory Committee (which consists of myself, Gene DiModica, Vincent DiFate and Rick Sternbach) mainly functions in the capacity of arbiter of eligibility for another innovation—the Professional Artists Showcase. The showcase is a semi-invitational division, meant to display selected work of the professional artists in the Science Fiction and Fantasy field. Because we weren't personally familiar with all the artists whose work is worthy of being in the showcase, we asked anyone not specifically invited, but who felt they were eligible, to submit facsimiles of their work for evaluation by the committee. The Professional Showcase is located in the Eden Roc's Empire Room.

Another feature which we take real pride in presenting is our Special Exhibit of work by Hugo winning artists. Wherever possible the works on display were chosen by the artists themselves as representative of their best work. Other pieces are priceless collector's items by artists no longer living and have been

lent especially for this exhibit. This is a unique and invaluable display of the finest SF and Fantasy art of the past and present.

You will also want to browse through the Poster Shop. Here are for sale posters, prints and other multiple copy items of interest to fans.

In the past, about the only way to acquire a worthwhile work was to sit patiently through endless hours of auction until the piece you wanted happened to come up, after which you might or might not win the bidding for it.

We have tried not only to simplify the auction by cataloging the work so you will have some idea of when it will be coming up, but to give the artists and buyers other choices for the sale of work.

For instance, the "Sale Price"—a firm price fixed by the artist. This work will not be auctioned.

Or the "Quick Sale" price. Pieces with a "Quick Sale" price may be purchased outright after 3 P.M. on Saturday at the price indicated. So if you are interested in a piece, and it doesn't yet have any bids on it, buy it quick and it's yours. If you dilly dally around and give somebody a chance to bid on it, it becomes subject to auction rules and you may or may not get it at a much higher price.

Also of particular interest is a series of narrated slide shows by various artists such as Vincent DiFate, Kelly Freas, Phil Foglio and several others. Please see your pocket program for specific time and place of individual shows.

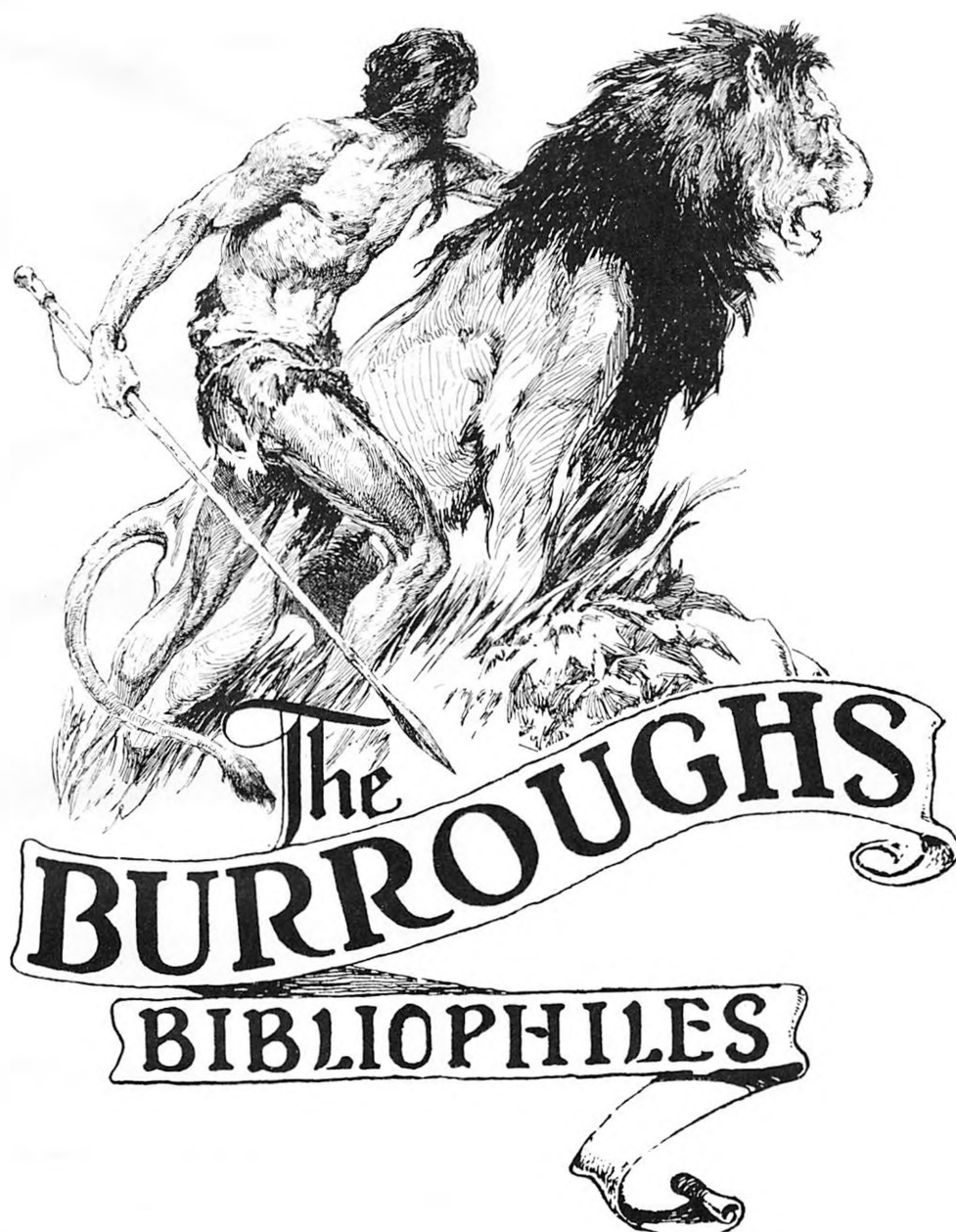
Happily, as co-directors of the SunCon Art Show, Genie and I each specialized in one of the two most necessary skills for managing the Art Show—Genie in organization and I in manual crafts.

Genie has staggered me by thinking up all sorts of things to organize and promote the show that I would never have thought of, or worse still, never gotten around to implementing.

But I did conceive the idea of building the Art Show display racks of PVC plastic plumbing parts, which look modernistic and elegant and are light in weight and allow the racks to be knocked down into their component parts for storage. And it seemed to us preferable to invest in our own hangings system which could be passed on to other cons than to put money into the dead loss of renting, particularly as building cost little more than renting.

Like the rest of the SunCon committee, we have worked long and hard to make this convention, and more specifically this art show, an enjoyable success. So from all of us to all of you—ENJOY!

# ART SHOW



The Burroughs Bibliophiles will hold their annual Dum-Dum Luncheon at the Fontainebleau Hotel on Saturday, September 3, at 1:00 P. M. Tickets will be on sale at the Burroughs Bibliophiles table in the Hucksters room until Friday evening. If you plan to attend, please obtain your tickets as soon as possible. We cannot sell tickets on Saturday morning or at the door because the catering manager must have a firm reservation count no later than Friday evening. The BB Dum-Dum Luncheons have been one of the high points of the Science Fiction Conventions for the past fifteen years. We are proud to have as our Guest of Honor this year, Mrs. Edmond Hamilton....

LEIGH BRACKETT

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE  
WORLD SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

*World Science Fiction Conventions are totally autonomous affairs; we had nothing to do with last year's Worldcon nor next year's one, either, although there is some duplication of personnel at the discretion of the convention committee. However, there is by common agreement a mechanism for the convention and its awards known as the World Science Fiction Society. You are all members of it; whoever belongs to the World Science Fiction Convention coming up is a member and can vote. The Constitution below is as adopted at the 34th World Science Fiction Convention (MidAmeriCon), Kansas City, in 1976, and is the one under which we are operating. Additional items were passed at the Business Meeting at MidAmeriCon, but must be ratified by the SunCon business meeting to take effect. These will be printed next issue, along with procedures for submitting new motions to the Business Meeting. Anyone who is a SunCon member may attend the Business Meeting, vote, and speak on proposals. This constitution will be reprinted in the Program Book.*

CONSTITUTION  
of  
The WORLD SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY (Unincorporated)

ARTICLE I — Objectives and Membership

- Section 1: The World Science Fiction Society is an unincorporated literary society whose functions are:
- A. To choose the recipients of the annual Science Fiction Achievement Awards (the Hugos),
  - B. To choose the locations for the annual World Science Fiction Conventions, and
  - C. To attend those Conventions.
- Section 2: The Membership of the World Science Fiction Society shall consist of all people who have paid membership dues to the Convention Committee of the current Convention.
- Section 3: Authority and responsibility for all matters concerning the Convention, except those reserved herein to the Society, shall rest with the Convention Committee which shall act in its own name and not in that of the Society.
- Section 4: Each Convention Committee should dispose of surplus funds remaining after accounts are settled for the current Convention for the benefit of the membership of the Society as a whole, and should publish or have published by the following Convention Committee a final financial report.

ARTICLE II — Hugo Awards

- Section 1: Selection of the Science Fiction Achievement Awards, known as the Hugos, shall be made as follows in the subsequent Sections.

Best Novel:

ARTICLE II — Hugo Awards

- Section 1: Selection of the Science Fiction Achievement Awards, known as the Hugos, shall be made as follows in the subsequent Sections.
- Section 2: *Best Novel:* A science fiction or fantasy story of forty thousand (40,000) words or more appearing for the first time ~~in English~~ during the previous calendar year. A story, once it has appeared in English, may thus be eligible only once. Publication date, or cover date in the case of a dated periodical, takes precedence over copyright date. A serial takes its appearance to be the date of the last installment. Individual stories appearing as a series are eligible only as individual stories and are not eligible taken together under the title of the series. An author may withdraw a version from consideration if he feels that that version is not representative of what he wrote. The Convention Committee may relocate a story into a more appropriate category if it feels that it is necessary, provided that the story is within five thousand (5,000) words of the new category limits.
- Section 3: *Best Novella:* The rules shall be the same as those for Best Novel, with length between seventeen thousand five hundred (17,500) and forty thousand (40,000) words.
- Section 4: *Best Novelette:* The rules shall be the same as those for Best Novel, with length between seven thousand five hundred (7,500) and seventeen thousand five hundred (17,500) words.
- Section 5: *Best Short Story:* The rules shall be the same as those for Best Novel, with length less than seven thousand five hundred (7,500) words.
- Section 6: *Best Dramatic Presentation:* Any production in any medium of dramatized science fiction or fantasy, which has been publicly presented for the first time in its present dramatic form during the previous calendar year. In the case of individual programs presented as a series, each program is individually eligible, but the series as a whole is not

eligible.

- Section 7: *Best Professional Artist:* An illustrator whose work has appeared in the field of professionally published science fiction or fantasy during the previous calendar year.
- Section 8: *Best Professional Editor:* The editor of any professional publication devoted primarily to science fiction or fantasy during the previous calendar year.
- Section 9: *Best Amateur Magazine:* Any generally-available, non-professional magazine devoted to science fiction, fantasy or related subjects, which has published four (4) or more issues, at least one of which appeared in the previous calendar year.
- Section 10: *Best Fan Writer:* Any person whose writing has appeared in magazines of the type defined in Section 9.
- Section 11: *Best Fan Artist:* An artist or cartoonist whose work has appeared through publication in magazines of the type defined in Section 9 or other public display during the previous calendar year. Anyone whose name appears on the final Hugo ballot for a given year under the Professional Artist category shall not be eligible for the Fan Artist Award for that year.
- Section 12: *Additional Category:* Not more than one special category may be created by the current Convention Committee with nominations and voting to be the same as for the permanent categories. The Convention Committee is not required to create any such category; such action by a Convention Committee should be under exceptional circumstances only; and the special category created by one Convention Committee shall not be binding on following Committees. Awards created under this category shall be considered to be Science Fiction Achievement Awards, or Hugos.
- Section 13: *Name and Design:* The Hugo Award shall continue to be standardized on the rocket ship design of Jack McKnight and Ben Jason. Each Convention Committee may select its own choice of base design. The name (Hugo) and the design shall not be extended to any other award.
- Section 14: *No Award:* At the discretion of an individual Convention Committee, if the lack of nominations or final votes in a specific category shows a marked lack of interest in that category on the part of the voters, the Award in that category shall be cancelled for that year. In addition, the entry "No Award" shall be mandatory in each category of Hugo on the final ballot.
- Section 15: *Nominations and Voting:* Selection of nominees for the final Award voting shall be done by a poll conducted by the Convention Committee under rules determined by the Committee. Final Award voting shall be by mail, with ballots sent only to Society members. Final Awards ballots shall include name, signature, address and membership number spaces to be filled in by the voter. Final Awards ballots shall standardize nominees given in each category to not more than five (5) (six (6) in the case of tie votes) plus No Award. Assignment to their proper category of nominees nominated in more than one category, and eligibility of nominees, shall be determined by the Convention Committee. Voters shall indicate the order of their preference for the nominees in each category.
- Section 16: *Tallying:* Counting of all votes shall be the responsibility of the Convention Committee, which is responsible for all matters concerning the Awards. In each category, votes shall first be tallied by the voter's first choices. If no majority is then obtained, the nominee who placed last in the initial tallying shall be eliminated and the ballots listing it as first choice shall be redistributed on the basis of those ballots' second choices. This process shall be repeated until a majority vote winner is obtained.
- Section 17: *Exclusions:* No member of the current Convention Committee nor any publications closely connected with a member of the Committee shall be eligible for an Award. However, should the Committee delegate all authority under this Article to a Subcommittee whose decisions are irrevocable by the Convention Committee, then this exclusion shall apply to members of the Subcommittee only.

### ARTICLE III — Future Convention Site Selection

- Section 1: The Society shall choose the location of the Convention to be held two (2) years from the date of the current Convention at the Business Meeting of the current Convention. The current Convention Committee shall supply the Presiding Officer and Staff of the Meeting. Voting shall be by mail or by ballot cast at the Convention; with run-off ballot as described in Article II, Section 16; limited to Society members who have paid at least two dollars (\$2.00) towards membership in the Convention whose site is being selected. The current Convention Committee shall administer the mail balloting, collect the advance membership fees, and turn over those funds to the winning Committee before the end of the current Convention.
- Section 2: To ensure equitable distribution of sites, North America is divided into three regions as follows:
- Western:* Baja California, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Saskatchewan and all states and provinces westward.
  - Central:* Central America, Mexico (except as above), and all states and provinces between Western and Eastern regions.
  - Eastern:* Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Quebec and all states and provinces eastward.

- Section 3: Convention sites shall rotate in the order Western, Central, Eastern region. Bids from sites located out of rotation may be considered only if the rule of rotation is set aside by a three-quarters majority of those voting for Site Selection at the current Convention. In the event of such setting-aside, the same motion shall establish where the rotation is to resume.
- Section 4: A Convention Site outside North America may be selected by a majority vote at any Convention. In the event of such outside Convention being selected, there shall be an interim Continental Convention in the region whose turn it would have normally been, to be held in the same year as the overseas World Science Fiction Convention, with rotation skipping that region the following year. To skip a region without giving it an interim Continental Convention shall require a three-quarters majority vote. Selection of the Site of such Continental Convention may be by vote of the Business Meeting or by such other method as the competing bidders might agree upon.
- Section 5: With Sites being selected two (2) years in advance, there are therefore at least two Convention Committees in existence at any given time. If one should become unable to perform its duties, the surviving Convention Committee shall determine what it is to do, by mail poll of the Society if there is time for one, or by decision of the Committee if there is not time.

#### ARTICLE IV – Constitution and Powers of the Business Meeting

- Section 1: Any proposal to amend the Constitution of the World Science Fiction Society shall require for passage a majority of all the votes cast on the question at the Business Meeting of the Society at which it is first debated and also ratification by a simple majority vote of those members present and voting at a Business Meeting of the Society held at the World Convention immediately following that at which the amendment was first approved. Failure to ratify in the manner described above shall void the proposed amendment.
- Section 2: Any change to the Constitution of the World Science Fiction Society shall take effect at the end of the World Convention at which such change is ratified.
- Section 3: This Constitution, including all ratified amendments hereto, shall determine the conduct of the affairs of the Society. All previous Constitutions, By-Laws and resolutions of the World Science Fiction Society are revoked.
- Section 4: Business Meetings of the Society shall be held at advertised times at each World Science Fiction Convention. The current Convention Committee shall provide the Presiding Officer and Staff for each Meeting. Meetings shall be conducted in accordance with *Robert's Rules of Order, Newly Revised*, and such other rules as may be published by the Committee in advance.
- Section 5: The Constitution of the World Science Fiction Society, together with an explanation of proposed changes approved but not yet ratified, shall be printed by the current Convention Committee, distributed with the Hugo nomination ballots, and printed in the Convention book, if there is one.

*Certification: We, the undersigned Officers of the Business Meeting of the Thirty-Fourth World Science Fiction Convention, held at Kansas City, Missouri, United States of America hereby certify that on the Fourth Day of September, Nineteen Seventy-Six, at a Business Meeting duly called to order and conducted as required by Article IV, Section 4 of the above Constitution, the text of the Constitution of the World Science Fiction Society appearing above our signatures was adopted by those present at said Business Meeting, and that said text incorporated all of the changes and amendments to said Constitution that were ratified at said Business Meeting.*

Robert L. Hillis  
*President*

George H. Scithers  
*Parliamentarian*

Laurence C. Smith  
*Secretary*

ATTACHMENT to the Certified Copy of the Constitution of the World Science Fiction Society, comprising a list of those motions passed at the Business Meeting of the Thirty-Fourth World Science Fiction Convention. These motions are to be considered for ratification at the Thirty-Fifth World Science Fiction Convention, and will take effect at the end of said Convention if they are ratified in accordance with the provisions of Article IV, Sections 1 and 2 of the Constitution.

- Item One: To Amend ARTICLE I of the Constitution by inserting a new Section 1 to read as below and to renumber in order the remaining Sections:  
Section 1: The Name of this organization shall be the World Science Fiction Society, hereinafter referred to as WSFS.
- Item Two: To amend ARTICLE I, old Section 1, by inserting a new Subsection D to read as follows:  
D. To perform such other activities as may be necessary or incidental to the above purposes.
- Item Three: To amend ARTICLE III, Section 1 as follows:  
Delete "two dollars (\$2.00)" and insert "five dollars (\$5.00)." [Text is in line seven of the section.]
- Item Four: To amend ARTICLE II, Section 14 (No Award) by inserting the following sentence at the end of the Section:  
In any event, No Award shall be given whenever the total number of valid ballots cast for *that* category is less than ten percent (10%) of the total number of final Award ballots received.

Item Five: To amend ARTICLE II, Section 15 (Nominations and Voting) by inserting the following sentence in an appropriate location within the Section:

The Committee shall, on or with the final ballot, designate, for each nominee in the printed fiction categories, one or more books, anthologies or magazines in which the nominee appeared (including the book publisher or magazine issue date(s)).

Item Six: To amend ARTICLE III, Section 1 by inserting the following sentence in an appropriate location within the Section:

Each World Science Fiction Convention shall provide a reasonable opportunity for *bona fide* bidding Committees for the Convention to be selected one year hence to make presentations.

Item Seven: To amend ARTICLE III, Section 1 by inserting the following sentence in an appropriate location within the Section:

Bids from prospective Committees shall be allowed on the ballot by the current Convention Committee only upon presentation of adequate evidence of an agreement with the proposed sites' facilities; such as a conditional contract or a letter of agreement.

Item Eight: To amend ARTICLE I, Section 1, Subsection B by replacing the current wording with the following:

B. To choose the location and Committees for the annual World Science Fiction Conventions, and

Item Nine: This item appears primarily as a matter of reference, since a separate Report and possibly Recommendations will be presented at the Business Meeting. A motion was submitted at the Business Meeting at the Thirty-Fourth World Science Fiction Convention to establish a permanent organization of and for the World Science Fiction Society. Due to technical defects in the presentation and wording of the motion, it was allowed to come to the floor of the Business Meeting only so that it could be referred to a special Committee to be created by the President of the Business Meeting. Such a Committee has been created by Mr. Hillis. It is a very real possibility for the Business Meeting at the Thirty-Fifth World Science Fiction Convention to debate the report and recommendations of this special Committee and to then decide that further work needs to be done and to recommit this motion to the same or another special Committee to be created by the Presiding Officer of the Business Meeting at that time.

Certification: *The Certification appended to the text of the Constitution of the World Science Fiction Society is hereby extended to cover this Attachment and list of motions for consideration.*

Robert L. Hillis  
President

George A. Scithers  
Parliamentarian

Laurence C. Smith  
Secretary

FOR THE GALAXIES OF YOUR MIND.....

# CONTACT SF

....A Journal of Alternative Speculation

EDITORS: STEVE DAVIDSON & JOSEPH ZITT

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*Interviews with:*  
NORMAN SPINRAD  
SAMUEL R. DELANY

ISSUE 5:

*Interviews with:*  
HAL CLEMENT  
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ISSUE 4:

\* EDITORS ISSUE \*  
*Interviews with:*  
BEN BOVA ED FERMAN  
JIM BAEN TED WHITE  
GEORGE SCITHERS

ISSUE 6:

\* HEROIC FANTASY ISSUE \*  
*Interviews with:*  
L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP  
CATHERINE DE CAMP  
LIN CARTER



EDITORIAL OFFICES

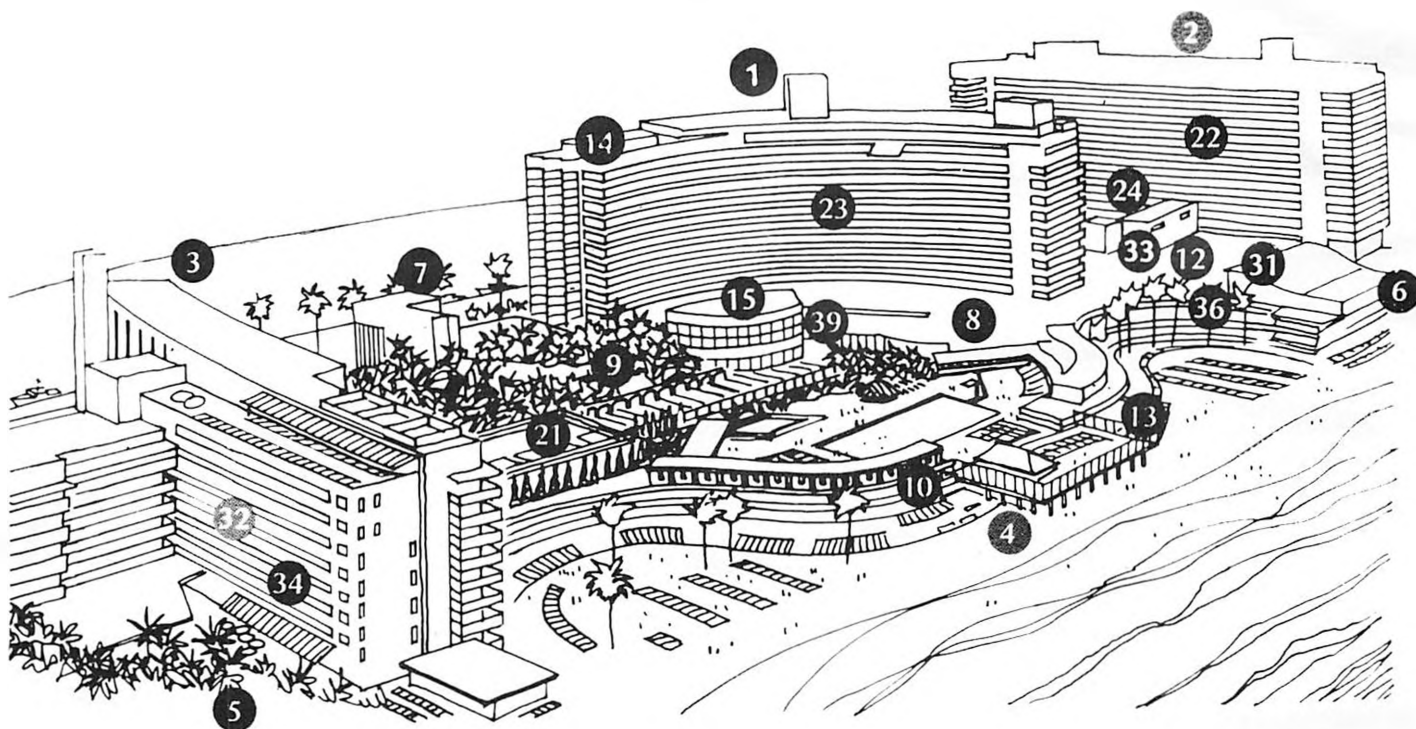
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PLUS REVIEWS, ART, SERCON, ETC., ETC., ETC.....

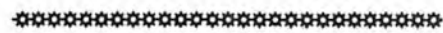
# EVERYFAN'S GUIDE TO THE HOTELS



The above diagram and the floor plans on the following pages should get you oriented. They will be duplicated in the Program Book and, if we can figure out a way to fit them, on the Pocket Program as well. They are valuable maps—you'll need them. A key to the numbers above:

- 3 - Fontainebleau South Wing
- 5 - South Pool
- 21 - Tennis Courts
- 9 - Gardens
- 1 - Chateau Fontainebleau
- 2 - Fontainebleau Towers
- 24 - Imperial Suites
- 14 - Solarium
- 15 - Garden Lobby
- 23 - Main Building
- 10 - Gymnasia
- 4 - Main Pool
- 22 - Towers Building
- 12 - Grand Ballroom
- 6 - Indoor pool, bowling lanes, billiard room.

The other numbers are not relevant to the convention.



First, check in in the Reception Lobby of the Fontainebleau, then, after you get settled, go up the stairs to the Grand Gallerie, where you can't miss the long line of oak-trimmed registration booths. Note the location of the Grand Ball-

room for main program and major nighttime events. Now, back to the Reception Lobby. Note the Fontaine Room, used for lots of special program and Meet the Pros. Continue on past the restaurant area and you'll see La Ronde, where the films will be showing 24 hours a day. Okay? Now you know the center of activity for SunCon—but not all the activities, by any means!

A set of elevators off the Grand Gallerie will take you up to the Fourth Floor of the Towers Building. The Versailles Galleries will be used for all sorts of meetings and special functions, including the Business Meeting and Site Selection Session. Louis Philippe and Francine Rooms are reserved by a private professional group associated with SunCon and are open to members of that group only. The North and South Card Rooms are not usable for anything and aren't being used.

Now, you can go down to about a half floor to one floor below the main lobby level. There's an entrance from the lobby, and from other areas around the front of the hotel, too, to the Exhibit Hall. This monster room is our Huckster Room. It's accessible by elevator, by several corridors, and by direct entrances from the outside and reception area. It's underneath the *entire* main building.

The corridor on one side, accessible by

elevator from the Grand Gallerie or from the Exhibit Hall, contains the Everglades Room, being used by fannish groups as a public lounge.

Now, if you go down that corridor you'll go out of the hotel and now you walk out to the sidewalk, make a right, and you're at the front door of the Eden Roc.

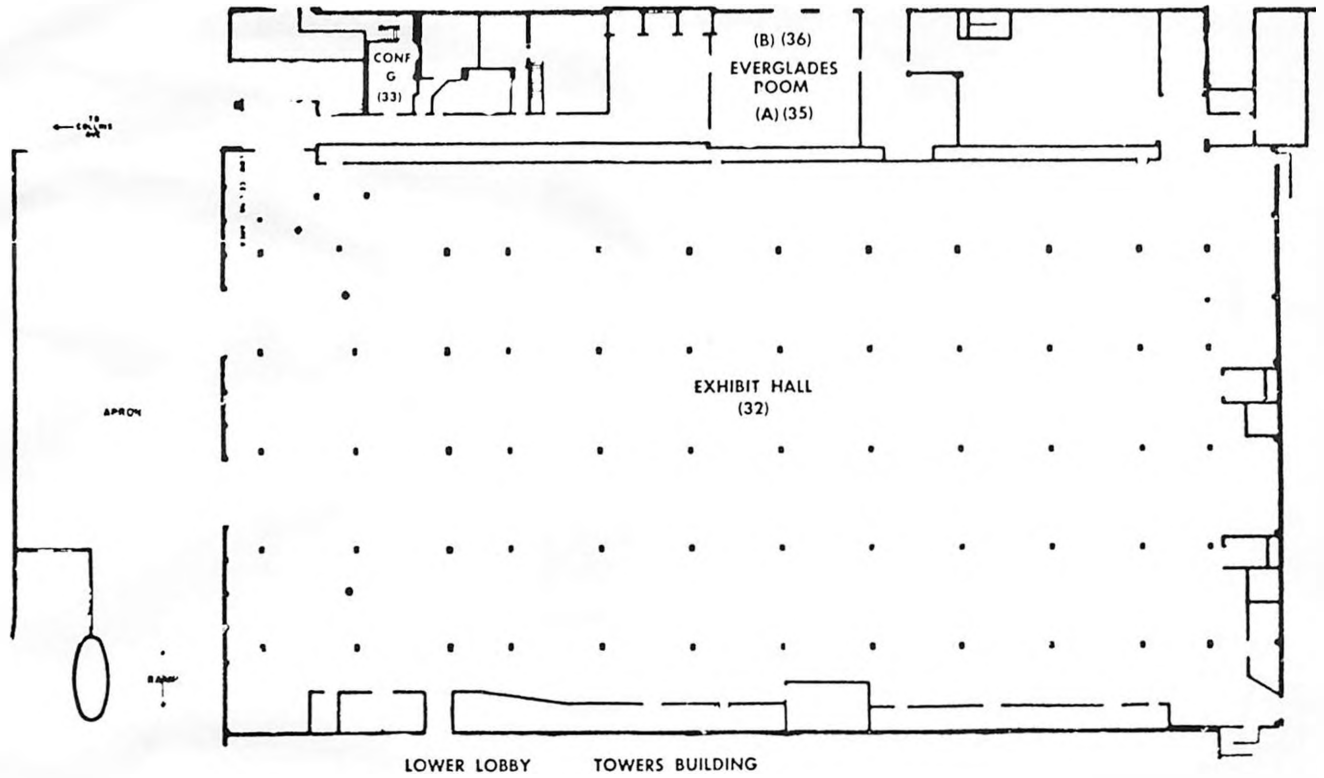
To the left as you enter the Eden Roc, *before* registration for the hotel, you make a left and you'll discover the Imperial/Pompeii rooms, site of the main Art Show. The Empire Room, to the rear of the lobby level, is also Art Show. The Art Show *auctions* will be held in the Cotillion Room. Clear?

Now go up the stairs one flight (also accessible by main elevator) and walk left along the corridor until you reach the Gold Room complex. That's the site for fan programming, the fan exhibits, and, in the Board Room, the Duplicating Center.

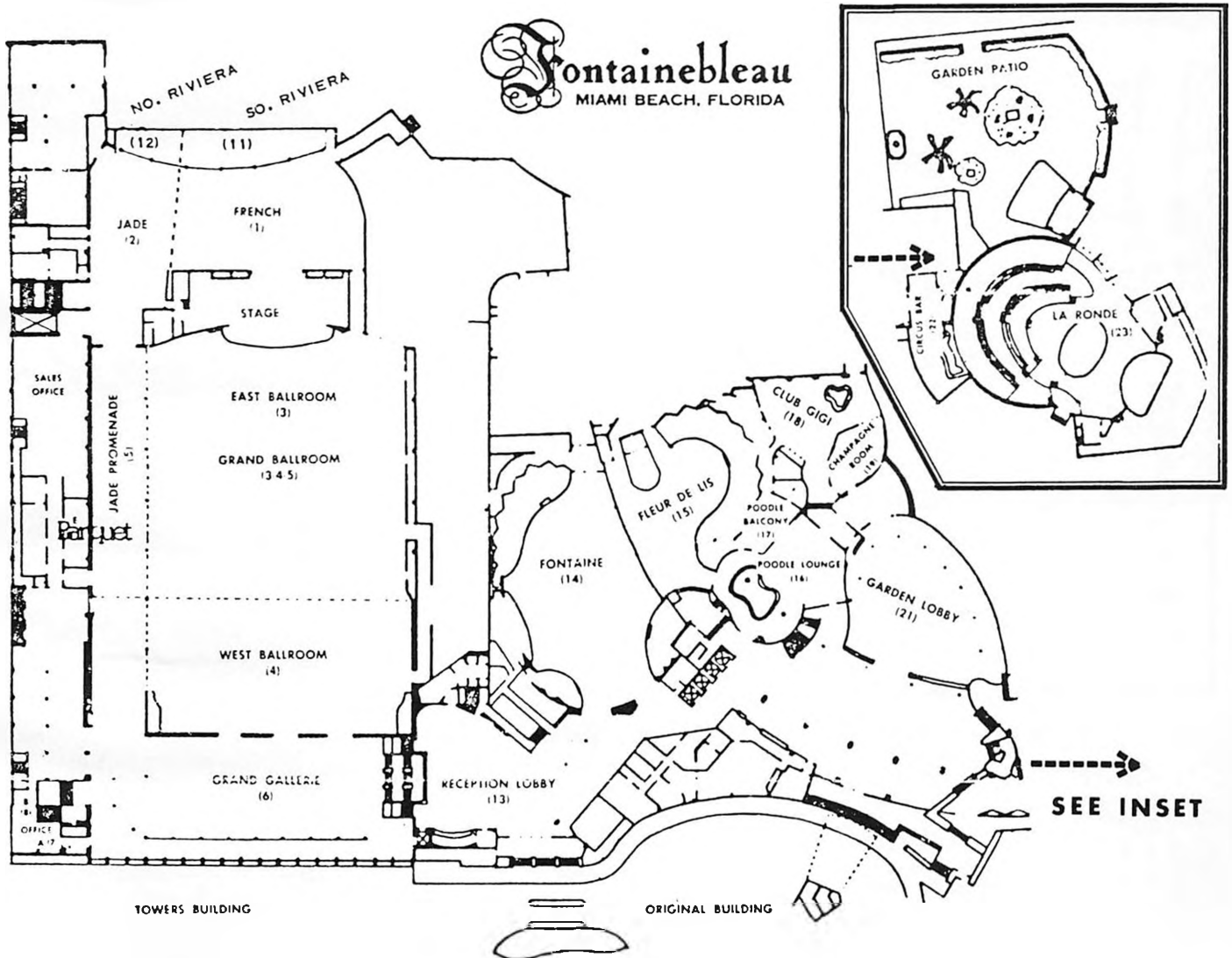
There are a few places not shown, but that's all the main ones. With this you ought to be able to find the con no matter where you are. To help with the sticky spots, hotel diagrams of the "you are here" variety are all over the place.

Oh, yes—the Press Room and Baby-sitting are on the fourth floor, turn left at the Versailles Gallery. Lost? Pick up a house phone and call headquarters. . . .





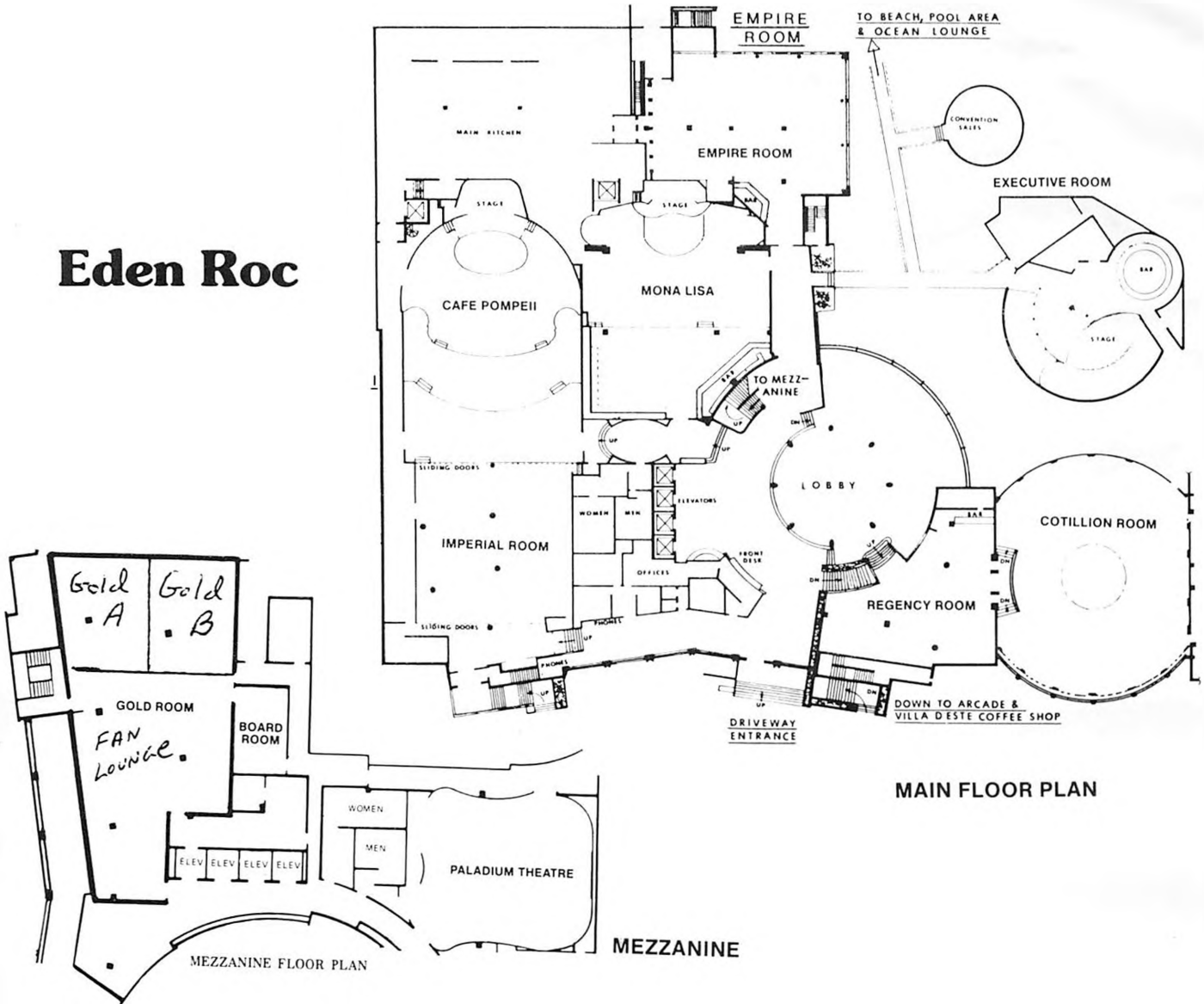
LOWER LOBBY TOWERS BUILDING



**Fontainebleau**  
MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

SEE INSET

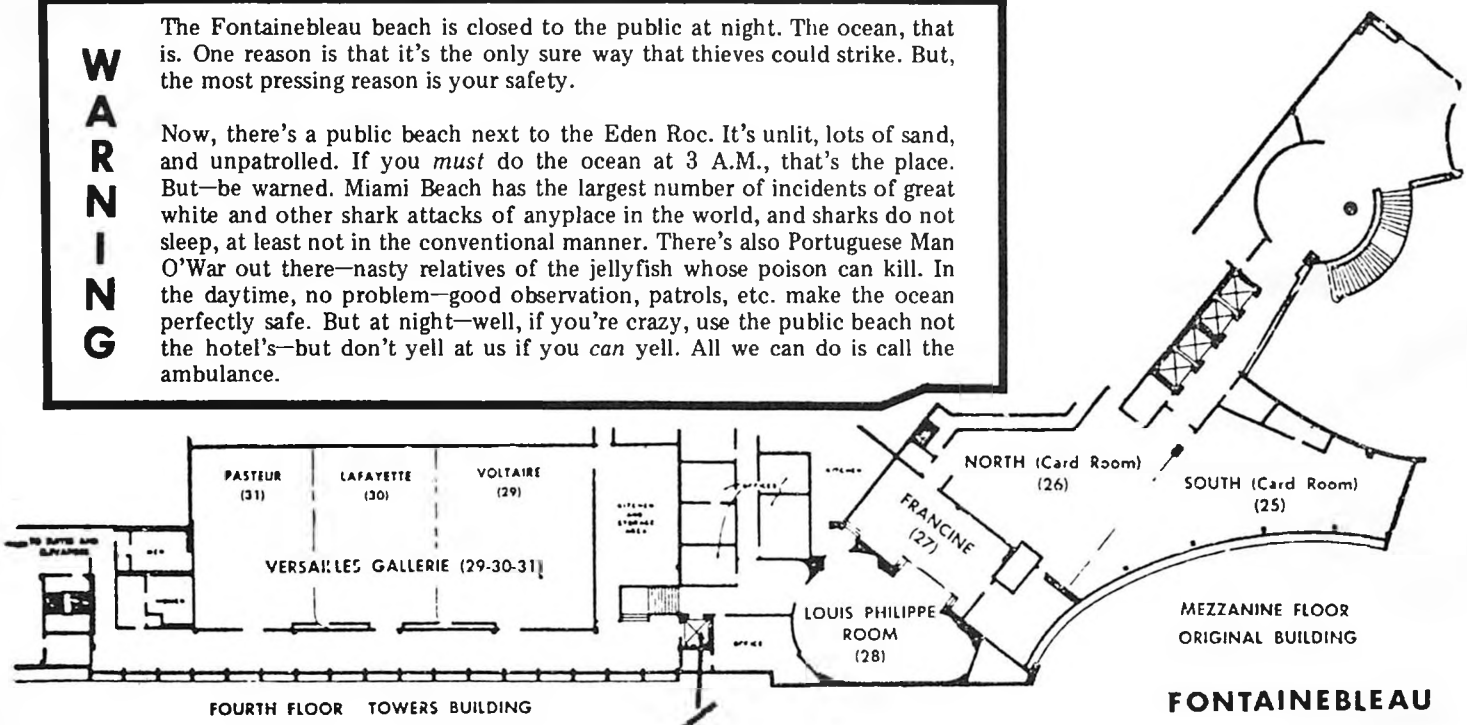
# Eden Roc



**WARNING**

The Fontainebleau beach is closed to the public at night. The ocean, that is. One reason is that it's the only sure way that thieves could strike. But, the most pressing reason is your safety.

Now, there's a public beach next to the Eden Roc. It's unlit, lots of sand, and unpatrolled. If you *must* do the ocean at 3 A.M., that's the place. But—be warned. Miami Beach has the largest number of incidents of great white and other shark attacks of anyplace in the world, and sharks do not sleep, at least not in the conventional manner. There's also Portuguese Man O'War out there—nasty relatives of the jellyfish whose poison can kill. In the daytime, no problem—good observation, patrols, etc. make the ocean perfectly safe. But at night—well, if you're crazy, use the public beach not the hotel's—but don't yell at us if you *can* yell. All we can do is call the ambulance.



# all about SunCon

## HEADQUARTERS

The Headquarters room is adjacent to the Grand Gallerie and it is manned 24 hours a day from the Wednesday before to the Tuesday after the con. If you have a problem, please contact them.

## BABYSITTING

Babysitting will be available from 2 P.M. to 10 P.M. in Imperial Parlour 4. Fans will be doing it until 6, then professional day care workers take over. That 10 P.M. is not firm; it will be open until 30 minutes after a major evening function on Saturday and Sunday; abandoned children will be auctioned.

## THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION

Devoted primarily to newcomers to SF fandom, you might drop down to their Lounge in Everglades A if you can't understand a word anybody's speaking or what on earth's going on. The lounge is also a good place to collapse if you're in the Fontainebleau at the time.

## SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS OF AMERICA

The professional guild that links about 80% of the writers of SF. SFWA is open only to members who have sold professionally within the last few years and are ongoing writers. SFWA is maintaining a hospitality room for members and guests only, and will hold its annual meeting here (members only, please).

## FIRST FANDOM

First Fandom is just that—people who were active in SF fandom prior to 1938. There are an incredible number of them still around and still active in the field, and they throw a meeting and party at the worldcon open to members and their guests only. Drop in only if you think you're qualified.

## THE ART SHOW

Perdita Boardman and Genie Di Modica are running this year's Art Show. It's over in the Eden Roc, and well worth going over. The Pompeii and Imperial rooms (really one big room) are the largest in the Eden Roc, and there you'll find all the hanging-type art. But that's not all—next door is the Empire Room, for statuary, chess sets, sculpture, etc. See it all, and plan some time to do it and to vote for your

favorites for the awards. Then join Jack Chalker and his auction team to try and buy some of the best of the show in the Cotillion Room of the Eden Roc. See the program for when. This year's Art Show is pretty spectacular—perhaps the largest ever.

## THE GENERAL AUCTION

Some folks have donated manuscripts, rare books, and other oddities for a General Auction. It's wide open, anything goes, and the ubiquitous Jack Chalker will be trying to take your money for gold or junk.

## HUCKSTER ROOM

Mike Walsh is running that huge Exhibit Hall, the largest room ever devoted to SF retail sales. Even with a record number of dealers it'll look empty. Go on in, browse, relax, talk, and buy that SF book, magazine, or poster you want. Even things like swords, jewelry, and the like are for sale there—it's the world's biggest fantasy bazaar.

## TOURISM AND ALL THAT

The desks in the reception lobby can give you information on any sights to see in south Florida, transportation, etc. It will even call a cab or airport limo for you. And—don't forget to order that limo to train station or airport a day in advance, when you're walking by the desk.

## BUSINESS MEETING

The World Science Fiction Society is a loose body that sets the rules for Worldcons. It meets at 10 A.M. Saturday in the Voltaire Room to decide what it'll debate at the formal business meeting on Monday, same time and place. If you want to have a voice, make the meetings. They're open to all con members, and any member may vote, debate, etc.

## SITE SELECTION

The site of the 1979 Worldcon will be decided here. Next year it's in Phoenix, and they'll be selling memberships here. For 1979, it's London vs New Orleans. \$5.00 gets you a vote (at the registration area booth used by the bidders and manned by them) and it's applied towards your 1979 Worldcon membership. You will never join cheaper than now.

## NASFIC

That crazy phrase simply means that, if the 1979 con is out of the country, then there will be a big con in the USA anyway over Labor Day (no Hugos and the like, of course, but big enough). Who will be chosen at the Site Selection Session if and only if the Worldcon leaves North America. Anyone at Site Selection will be allowed to hear the bidders and to vote (no cost).

## THE COMMITTEE

Most of the committee wears badges clearly identifying them. If you have a problem of any kind whatsoever, find any committee member and they'll do their best to help you or steer you to the one who *can* help you. If you can't find a committee member, go to registration. Someone will be there to help 24 hours a day.

## FAN PROGRAMMING

Don't be neglectful of the Fan area on the Mezzanine of the Eden Roc. Your pocket program will tell you that the programs there will be darned good—everything from fanzines to feminism will be under discussion. There's sure to be some items there you'll like—and at least see the Fan History exhibit, like just after you've toured the Art Show downstairs.

## SWIMMING

Please don't go into the ocean after dark. There's sharks and Portuguese Man O'War and all that, and if you're crazy enough to go in in the dark with all that you really *are* nuts. Use the *three* hotel pools after dark.

## 24-HOUR EATING

The coffee shop on the lower level of the Fontainebleau will be open 24 hours for your convenience. Next closest 24-hour place is about a mile down the beach (go outside, turn left), a 25¢ bus ride or brisk walk, and is a *Sambos* pancake house.

## SMOKING

All function rooms have smoking and no smoking sections. The right side is no smoking, the left side is smoking. Your cooperation is desired, and if we don't get it we'll have to mandate it. Please think of others.

## SWORDS AND STUFF

Wearing swords isn't dangerous, and we won't say a word. Pulling a sword or other weapon *is* dangerous to other people (we don't care what you do to yourself, only do it outside so we won't have the mess) and other people worry us a great deal.

## ILLEGAL SUBSTANCES

Well, a lot of fans use them anyway, but they're still illegal and a hassle. As long as we don't know about it, no problem. Just use them in the privacy of someone's rented room, *not* in the public function rooms, and you'll get along with us, the hotel, and the Miami Beach cops fine. And, of course, it's the same as tobacco in one regard—some folks don't like breathing what you're exhaling, so think about them, too. Again, we don't care what you do to yourself, but don't drag unknowing others along with you.

## DAILY NEWSLETTER

A mimeographed fanzine of news, notes, and last-minute program and room changes, etc. will be produced daily and distributed at the registration area. Make sure you pick up your copy each day. It's the latest info from us, direct.



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# DUFF

In 1972 Lesleigh Luttrell became science fiction fandom's first ambassador of friendship from North America to Australia. She toured the fan centers, visited in the homes of numerous science fiction fans and attended fan gatherings. With these contacts she formed new friendships and solidified older friendships made through correspondence and fanzines.

Lesleigh's trip was subsidized by the Down Under Fan Fund, a friendship project supported by contributions from science fiction fans who wished to strengthen the ties between fans in North America and Australia. Better known as DUFF, the project was patterned after TAFF (Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund), which had successfully sent fans between SF conventions in North America and Europe for many years.

DUFF, like TAFF, depends entirely on the generosity of SF fans. Each contributor has one vote to select the winner of each year's trip across the Pacific.

Leigh Edmonds, very active in both fanzine and convention fandom, became the first Australian DUFF representative when he was chosen to visit the 1974 Worldcon in Washington, DC. He and Valma Brown won many American friends and visited fannish homes across the continent on a tour lasting several weeks.

Both Lesleigh and Leigh published delightful reports of their trips, sales of which now help add to the fund for future trip winners.

Rusty Hevelin went to Aussiecon (the 1975 Worldcon) in Melbourne as the third DUFF winner. With the help of several other North American fans who attended, Rusty prepared a slide-talk to report his visit to the convention and to fan homes and gatherings; fans at the 1976 Worldcon in Kansas City and at about 20 eastern and mid-western regional SF conventions saw this report.

In Kansas City and other fannish cities, Christine McGowan won the hearts of many fans as the 1976 DUFF winner from Australia. Fandom is looking forward to the trip report she is preparing.

This year DUFF has sent Bill Rotsler, long-time fan, cartoonist and bon-vivant, to the Australian National Science Fiction Convention near Adelaide.

All the winners thank all of you who have supported DUFF, and encourage you to continue your help with what is becoming a fine fannish tradition.

—Rusty Hevelin

HAPPY GAYS ARE  
HERE AGAIN.

YOU ARE INVITED TO  
AN OPEN PARTY FOR  
GAYS & NON-GAYS

CONTACT ONE OF US:

JERRY JACKS  
LIZ LYNN  
CTEIN

"THE LAVENDER MAFIA"

# RISFIG!

No, that is NOT the latest mutant fruit export from Ganymede. At best a sloppy acronym for Religion In Science Fiction Interest Group.

Worse yet, RISFIG mostly consists of readers and participants of RISFIP. That's Religion in Science Fiction Interest Publication, open to not-so-serious concepts and commentary from RISF enthusiasts ranging from atheists to worshippers of Leibowitz, FIAWOL and other assorted deities.

Could this be your magic hour? Cast your pearls before the swine! Evangelize the universe! You may be The One to save us all from the scourge of spiritual stagnation. Send braindump &/or 13¢ U.S. stamp for sample RISFIP to The Word, 901 Washington, Wilmington, DE 19801. Never thirst!

## RULES FOR THE SUNCON BUSINESS MEETING

1. Business of the World Science Fiction Society will be transacted at three sessions to be held on Saturday, 3 September; Sunday, 4 September; and Monday, 5 September. All business meetings will be held at 10 AM in the Voltaire Room of the Hotel Fontainebleau. The Preliminary Session will be held on Saturday; the selection of the site for the 1979 Worldcon and, if necessary, the site for the North American Science Fiction Interim Convention (NASFIC) on Sunday; and the Final Session on Monday. At all three sessions, the hall will be divided, at the opening of each session, into "smoking" and "non-smoking" sections by the Parliamentarian.

2. The Preliminary Session may not pass, reject or ratify amendments to the

Constitution, but the motions to "object to consideration" and "refer to committee" are in order. The Preliminary Session may amend or suspend any of the rules for debate printed below. Motions may be amended or consolidated at this meeting with the consent of the original sponsors. Absence from this Session of the original sponsors shall constitute consent to amendment and to such interpretations of the intent of the motion as the Parliamentarian may in good faith attempt.

3. The Business Meeting Staff will take possession of all Site Selection Ballots Saturday night at the close of the mail balloting. All ballots will be counted by the Business Meeting Staff at the Site Selection Meeting in the presence of one witness from each bidding committee. ~~While the official count is proceeding, announced bidders for 1980 or later years will be allotted five minutes each to make such presentations as they might wish.~~ If the result of the balloting makes the selection of a site for a 1979 NASFIC necessary, the Parliamentarian will divide these presentations by announcing the 1979 results and proceeding with a site selection for the NASFIC immediately.

4. Voting for a NASFIC site shall be limited solely to those physically in attendance at the Site Selection Session. Bidders for the 1979 NASFIC will be allotted five minutes each to plead their causes. The doors will be closed at the beginning of the actual balloting, and no one will be permitted to enter or leave until the NASFIC ballot is concluded.

5. Six legible copies of all proposals requiring a vote shall be submitted to the SunCon Convention Committee by noon Thursday, 1 September. All proposals or motions shall be legibly signed by the maker and at least one seconder. All motions or proposals of over one hundred (100) words shall be accompanied by at least one hundred (100) additional copies for distribution to and intelligent discussion by the Session attendees. The Parliamentarian reserves the right to accept otherwise qualified motions submitted after the deadline, but such motions shall be placed at the end of the agenda. The Parliamentarian also hereby serves notice that he will reject as out of order any motion which is in obvious violation of the Law of the land, or which is hopelessly incoherent grammatically.

6. Debate on all motions of twenty-five (25) words or less shall be limited to six (6) minutes. Debate on all other mo-

tions shall be limited to twenty (20) minutes; if a question is divided, these limits shall be applied to each section. Time shall be allotted equally to both sides. The Preliminary Session may alter these limits for a particular motion by a majority vote.

7. Debate on all amendments to main motions shall be limited to five minutes, to be divided as above.

8. A person speaking to a motion may not immediately offer a motion to close debate or to refer to a committee. Motions to close debate will not be accepted until at least one speaker from each side has been heard, nor shall they be accepted within one minute of the expiration of the time allotted for debate on that motion.

9. In keeping with the intent of the limitations on debate time, a negative vote on the motion to postpone indefinitely (i.e., defeating said motion) will have the effect of passing the original motion. Requests for divisions of the house (exact count) will be honored only when requested by ten percent (10%) of those present.

10. These rules, and those adopted by the Preliminary Session, may be suspended for an individual item of business by a two-thirds vote of those present.

11. The motion to adjourn the Final Session will be in order any time after the amendments first read at Mid-AmeriCon for ratification at SunCon have been acted upon. In other words, the Business Meeting is not required to finish its agenda.

NOTE: The sole purpose of a request for a "point of information" is to ask the presiding officer for his opinion of the effect of a motion or for his guidance as to the correct procedure to follow. Attempts to circumvent the rules of debate under the guise of "points of information" or "points of order" will be dealt with as specified in *Robert's Rules of Order, Newly Revised* under dilatory motions.

The Chairman of the Business Meeting is Donald Lundry; the presiding officer is Bob Hillis, who will exercise the function of Chairman at the request of the Chairman or in the Chairman's absence. These personnel will hold for the Site Selection Session as well, which is a part of the regular business meeting although held in separate session from it.

# THE HUGO WINNERS

The Science Fiction Achievement Awards, quickly and inevitably nicknamed the Hugos, after Hugo Gernsback, the father of modern SF and the founder of the first SF magazine, *Amazing Stories*, continue to be the most prestigious award in the field. They are unique in that they are voted on by the members of the World Science Fiction Convention, and also because there are awards in both fan and professional categories. Created by Jack McKnight of Philadelphia for the 1953 World Science Fiction Convention, they took on the shape of the silvery, gleaming rocket ship when Clevention assigned Ben Jason to get that year's awards. Jason later refined the design and had molds made; these molds are still used for the awards today, although a few conventions have had them machined according to the design and one poured its Hugos in lucite instead of the traditional aluminum. The categories have changed from year to year; these are set by the informally organized World Science Fiction Society at its annual meetings at each Worldcon. The current categories were established by the Aussiecon in 1975 and have remained unchanged since that time.

1953

Number 1 Fan Personality: Forrest J Ackerman  
Best Interior Illustrator: Virgil Finlay  
Best Cover Artist: Ed Emshwiller & Hannes Bok (tie)  
Excellence in Fact Articles: Willy Ley  
New Science Fiction Author or Artist: Philip Jose Farmer  
Best Professional Magazine: *Galaxy & Astounding Science Fiction* (tie)  
Best Novel: *The Demolished Man*, by Alfred Bester.

1954

No awards were given

1955

Best Novel: *They'd Rather Be Right*, by Mark Clifton & Frank Riley  
Best Novelette: "The Darfsteller," by Walter M. Miller, Jr.  
Best Short Story: "Allamagoosa," by Eric Frank Russell  
Best Professional Magazine: *Astounding Science Fiction*  
Best Illustrator: Frank Kelly Freas  
Best Amateur Publication: *Fantasy Times* (James V. Taurasi, ed.)

1956

Novel: *Double Star*, by Robert A. Heinlein  
Novelette: "Exploration Team," by Murray Leinster  
Short Story: "The Star," by Arthur C. Clarke  
Feature Writer: Willy Ley  
Professional Magazine: *Astounding Science Fiction*  
Illustrator: Frank Kelly Freas  
Most Promising New Author: Robert Silverberg  
Amateur Publication: *Inside Science Fiction* (Ron Smith, ed.)  
Critic: Damon Knight

1957

Professional Magazine, U.S.: *Astounding Science Fiction*  
Professional Magazine, British: *New Worlds*  
Amateur Publication: *Science Fiction Times* (James V. Taurasi, ed.)

1958

Novel: *The Big Time*, by Fritz Leiber  
Short Story: "Or All the Seas With Oysters," by Avram Davidson  
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*  
Illustrator: Frank Kelly Freas  
Motion Picture: *The Incredible Shrinking Man*  
Most Outstanding Actifan: Walter A. Willis

1959

Novel: *A Case of Conscience*, by James Blish  
Novelette: "The Big Front Yard," by Clifford D. Simak  
Short Story: "That Hell-Bound Train," by Robert Bloch  
Illustrator: Frank Kelly Freas  
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*  
Amateur Publication: *Fanac* (Ron Ellik & Terry Carr, eds.)  
Most Promising New Author: Brian W. Aldiss

1960

Novel: *Starship Troopers*, by Robert A. Heinlein  
Short Fiction: "Flowers for Algernon," by Daniel Keyes  
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*  
Amateur Publication: *Cry of the Nameless* (F.M. Busby, ed.)  
Illustrator: Ed Emshwiller  
Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone* (Rod Serling)  
Special Award: Hugo Gernsback as "The Father of Magazine Science Fiction"

1961

Novel: *A Canticle for Leibowitz*, by Walter M. Miller, Jr.  
Short Story: "The Longest Voyage," by Poul Anderson  
Professional Magazine: *Analog*  
Amateur Publication: *Who Killed Science Fiction?* (Earl Kemp, ed.)  
Illustrator: Ed Emshwiller  
Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone*

1962

Novel: *Stranger in a Strange Land*, by Robert A. Heinlein  
Short Fiction: "The Hothouse Series," by Brian W. Aldiss  
Professional Magazine: *Analog*  
Amateur Magazine: *Warhoon* (Richard Bergeron, ed.)  
Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller  
Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone*

1963

Novel: *The Man in the High Castle*, by Philip K. Dick  
Short Fiction: "The Dragon Masters," by Jack Vance  
Dramatic Presentation: No Award  
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*  
Amateur Magazine: *Xero* (Richard Lupoff, ed.)  
Professional Artist: Roy G. Krenkel  
Special Hugos: P. Schuyler Miller (book reviewing)  
Isaac Asimov (for being Isaac Asimov)

1964

Novel: *Way Station*, by Clifford D. Simak  
Short Fiction: "No Truce with Kings," by Poul Anderson  
Professional Magazine: *Analog*  
Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller  
Book Publisher: Ace Books (Donald A. Wollheim, ed.)  
Amateur Publication: *Amra* (George Scithers, ed.)

1965

Novel: *The Wanderer*, by Fritz Leiber  
Short Fiction: "Soldier, Ask Not," by Gordon R. Dickson  
Professional Magazine: *Analog*  
Professional Artist: John Schoenherr  
Book Publisher: Ballantine Books (Ian & Betty Ballantine, ed.)  
Amateur Publication: *Yandro* (Buck & Juanita Coulson, eds.)  
Dramatic Presentation: *Dr. Strangelove*

1966

Novel: *And Call Me Conrad*, by Roger Zelazny; and *Dune*, by Frank Herbert (tie)  
Short Fiction: "Repent, Harlequin! Said the Ticktockman," by Harlan Ellison  
Professional Magazine: *If*  
Professional Artist: Frank Frazetta

Amateur Publication: *ERB-dom* (Camille Cazedessus, ed.)  
Best All-Time Series: *The Foundation Trilogy*, by Isaac Asimov

1967

Novel: *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress*, by Robert A. Heinlein  
Novelette: "The Last Castle," by Jack Vance  
Short Story: "Neutron Star," by Larry Niven  
Professional Magazine: *If*  
Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan  
Dramatic Presentation: "The Menagerie" (*Star Trek*, Gene Roddenberry)  
Amateur Publication: *Niekas* (Ed Meskys & Felice Rolfe, eds.)  
Fan Artist: Jack Gaughan  
Fan Writer: Alexei Panshin

1968

Novel: *Lord of Light*, by Roger Zelazny  
Novella: "Weyr Search," by Anne McCaffrey, and "Riders of the Purple Wage," by Philip Jose Farmer (tie)  
Novelette: "Gonna Roll the Bones," by Fritz Leiber  
Short Story: "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream," by Harlan Ellison  
Dramatic Presentation: "The City on the Edge of Forever" (*Star Trek*, Harlan Ellison)  
Professional Magazine: *If*  
Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan  
Amateur Publication: *Amra* (George Scithers, ed.)  
Fan Artist: George Barr  
Fan Writer: Ted White

1969

Novel: *Stand on Zanzibar*, by John Brunner  
Novella: "Nightwings," by Robert Silverberg  
Novelette: "The Sharing of Flesh," by Poul Anderson  
Short Story: "The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World," by Harlan Ellison  
Dramatic Presentation: *2001: A Space Odyssey*  
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*  
Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan  
Amateur Publication: *Psychotic/SF Review* (Dick Geis, ed.)  
Fan Writer: Harry Warner, Jr.  
Fan Artist: Vaughn Bode  
Special Award: Neil Armstrong, Edwin Aldrin, Michael Collins, for "Best Moon Landing Ever"

1970

Novel: *The Left Hand of Darkness*, by Ursula K. Le Guin  
Novella: "Ship of Shadows," by Fritz Leiber  
Short Story: "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones," by Samuel R. Delany  
Dramatic Presentation: television coverage of Apollo XI  
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*  
Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas  
Amateur Magazine: *Science Fiction Review* (Richard E. Geis, ed.)  
Fan Writer: Bob Tucker  
Fan Artist: Tim Kirk

1971

Novel: *Ringworld*, by Larry Niven  
Novella: "Ill Met in Lankhmar," by Fritz Leiber  
Short Story: "Slow Sculpture," by Theodore Sturgeon  
Dramatic Presentation: No Award  
Professional Artist: Leo & Diane Dillon  
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*  
Amateur Magazine: *Locus* (Charlie & Dena Brown, eds.)  
Fan Writer: Dick Geis  
Fan Artist: Alicia Austin

1972

Novel: *To Your Scattered Bodies Go*, by Philip Jose Farmer  
Novella: "The Queen of Air and Darkness," by Poul Anderson

Short Story: "Inconstant Moon," by Larry Niven  
Dramatic Presentation: *A Clockwork Orange*  
Amateur Magazine: *Locus* (Charlie & Dena Brown, eds.)  
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*  
Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas  
Fan Artist: Tim Kirk  
Fan Writer: Harry Warner, Jr.

1973

Novel: *The Gods Themselves*, by Isaac Asimov  
Novella: "The Word for World is Forest," by Ursula K. Le Guin  
Novelette: "Goat Song," by Poul Anderson  
Short Story: "Eurema's Dam," by R.A. Lafferty, and "The Meeting," by Fred Pohl & C.M. Kornbluth (tie)  
Dramatic Presentation: *Slaughterhouse Five*  
Professional Editor: Ben Bova (*Analog*)  
Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas  
Amateur Magazine: *Energumen* (Mike & Susan Glicksohn, eds.)  
Fan Writer: Terry Carr  
Fan Artist: Tim Kirk  
John W. Campbell Award: Jerry Pournelle

1974

Novel: *Rendezvous with Rama*, by Arthur C. Clarke  
Novella: "The Girl Who Was Plugged In," by James Tiptree, Jr.  
Novelette: "The Deathbird," by Harlan Ellison  
Short Story: "The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas," by Ursula K. Le Guin  
Amateur Magazine: *Algol* (Andy Porter, ed.) and *Science Fiction Review* (Dick Geis, ed.) (tie)  
Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas  
Professional Editor: Ben Bova  
Dramatic Presentation: *Sleeper*  
Fan Writer: Susan Wood  
Fan Artist: Tim Kirk  
John W. Campbell Award: Spider Robinson, and Lisa Tuttle (tie)  
Gandalf Award: J.R.R. Tolkien

1975

Novel: *The Dispossessed*, by Ursula K. Le Guin  
Novella: "A Song for Lya," by George R.R. Martin  
Novelette: "Adrift Just Off the Islets of Langerhans," by Harlan Ellison  
Short Story: "The Hole Man," by Larry Niven  
Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas  
Professional Editor: Ben Bova  
Amateur Magazine: *The Alien Critic* (Dick Geis, ed.)  
Dramatic Presentation: *Young Frankenstein*  
Fan Writer: Dick Geis  
Fan Artist: William Rotsler  
John W. Campbell Award: P.J. Plauger  
Gandalf Award: Fritz Leiber

1976

Novel: *The Forever War*, by Joe Haldeman  
Novelette: "The Borderland of Sol," by Larry Niven  
Novella: "Home is the Hangman," by Roger Zelazny  
Short Story: "Catch That Zeppelin," by Fritz Leiber  
Professional Editor: Ben Bova  
Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas  
Dramatic Presentation: *A Boy and His Dog* (Harlan Ellison, L.Q. Jones)  
Amateur Magazine: *Locus* (Charlie & Dena Brown, eds.)  
Fan Writer: Dick Geis  
Fan Artist: Tim Kirk  
John W. Campbell Award: Tom Reamy  
Gandalf Award: L. Sprague de Camp



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1958	BARRY FIELD	2186	GREG FROST	1703	ROBERT GOLDSTEIN
1956	WILLIAM FIELD	2092	FRANCESS FUBANKS	1044	STEVEN GOLDSTEIN
2252	JEAN FINCH	1334	JIM FUERSTENBERG	767	WENDY GOLDSTEIN
2253	ROBERT L. FINCH	2044	MASAHIRO FUKUDA	1629	JEANNE GOMOLL
309	JAN HOWARD FINDER	2079	MARY FULLAM	553	WALLACE S. GONSER
510	SALLY FINK	1111	RANDY FULLER	1388	JOSE M. JR. GONZALEZ
449	ED FINKELSTEIN	1476	ROBY FURBER	1985	JOY GOODIN
194	CRAIG FINSETH	1101	BILL GABRIEL	2226	LYNNE ANNE GOODWIN
445	LEONARD FIORENZA	2166	DEAN C. GAHLON	2227	MICHAEL C. GOODWIN
2207	LORENZ J. FIRSCHING	1174	GIL GAIER	218	REGINA E. GOTTESMAN
1490	MARK D. FISCHER	619	IRVIN GAINES	1340	SHERRY M. GOTTLIEB
2184	BARBARA FISHER	1330	KENNETH P. GALE	1392	MIKE GOULD
675	JANE FISHER	206	THOMAS GALLOWAY	1153	THOMAS PHILIP GOULD
2183	LOU FISHER	741	NATAHAN B. GAVARIN	997	DAVID GOVAKER
1458	SAMUEL P FISHER	1277	ALBERT S. GECHTER	1012	ROBERT GRACE
1031	GIL FITZGERALD	2258	JANICE GELB	1056	D. GARY GRADY
581	AL FITZPATRICK	828	RIEK GELLMAN	325	CLAIRE GRAHAM
1756	BARBARA FITZSIMMONS	550	MARGARET GEMIGNANI	720	LOUIS ALLEN GRAHAM
1757	MICHAEL FITZSIMMONS	2062	SANDRA GENT	1325	MARK GRAND
1074	KEN FLETCHER	310	BARBARA GERAUD	1992	RAY W. GRAU
317	JAMES FLICK	1114	JAY L. GERST	1227	BRIAN GRAY
118	GEORGE P FLYNN	894	KIM GIBBS	610	L. ELVER W. GRAY
1991	CLIF FLYNT	1081	PATRICK GIBBS	923	WAYNE GRAY
385	DOROTHY FONTANA	1304	PAMELA GIBSON	1117	LESTER K. GREATHOUSE
640	KEN FORD	2119	AMY J. GIFT	2215	DEBORAH L. GREEN
1290	DAVID R. FORSTEN	2120	DAVID M. GIFT	1689	JOSEPH L. GREEN
1737	ALAN DEAN FOSTER	2117	HOWARD H. GIFT	641	NORMA GREEN
1738	JO ANN FOSTER	2118	JANET M. GIFT	1688	PATRICE M. GREEN
1712	TERRI S. FOUST	2121	KEVIN M. GIFT	602	EDWARD GREENAWAY
1348	CAROLINE FOWLER	1518	PAUL T. GIGUERE JR.	1606	TED GREENSTONE
1347	WAYNE A. FOWLER	1698	WADE GILBREATH	1468	PAUL WALTER GREIMAN
596	JOHN FOYSTER	1027	ADAM GILINSKY	1744	JOSEPH GUY GRILLOT JR.
853	BRUCE FRANCIS	1479	JUDY GILL	1809	GUS GRISSOM
688	DEBBIE FRANCIS	1478	PETER GILL	2257	CHARLES F. GRONAUER
689	EVERETT FRANCIS	869	DAVID GILLETT	280	DAVID GROSS
2135	MARY K. FRANCIS	1449	WAYNE A. GILLIS	488	ELIZABETH GROSS
686	STEVEN FRANCIS	1321	JOHN GILMORE	1777	MARK D. GROVER
687	SUE FRANCIS	2076	JIM GILPATRICK	702	INDIA B. GROW
2134	WILLIAM C. FRANCIS	1951	GUY GIPSON	701	JAMES E. GROW

408	DAVID G GRUBBS	1979	ARTHUR HENDERSON	254	KEN HOYME
1145	RICHARD P. GRUEN	1980	REBECCA HENDERSON	482	JAMES HUANG
748	JOHN H. GUIDRY	1955	LOUIS HENDRICK	1477	RICHARD ALAN HUBBARD
1184	JAMES GUNN	1030	JOHN C. HENEGHAN	824	GARY HUDSON
2290	JON GUSTAFSON	1621	ANITA V. HENRICKSEN	358	JIM HUDSON
1567	HARRY E. HABBLITZ	1620	KEITH T. HENRICKSEN	561	ALAN HUFF
283	ALICE HALDEMAN	2072	MARGARET HENRY	926	TERRY HUGHES
193	GAY HALDEMAN	927	BILL HERON	1580	CHARLES R. HULSE
192	JOE W HALDEMAN	928	BILL #2 HERON	791	BARRY HUNTER
432	KRISTINA HALL	929	BILL #3 HERON	2161	NANCY HUSSAR
1403	BOB GT HALLORAN	930	BILL #4 HERON	1024	JAMES HUTTNER
1182	DAVID A. HALTERMAN	215	DOUGLAS C. HERRING	647	W. A. BILL HUXHAM
1026	CHARLES HAMILTON	2208	JIM HERSHBERG	915	CLARENCE B. HYDE
871	KAYE E. HAMLIN	441	ALAN HEUER	1329	TODD ILLIG
695	ROBERT HAMLIN	102	RUSTY HEVELIN	1432	MARY PAT INDA
870	RONALD U. HAMLIN	1528	CHERYL HEYER	428	GEORGE INZER
1094	STEVEN E. HAMM	237	CAROLYN HICKMAN	1158	MARK IRWIN
551	CAREY HANDFIELD	238	LYNN HICKMAN	716	JOHN R. ISAAC
1583	JOAN HANKE-WOODS	2272	WILLIAM S. HIGGINS	954	ALAN ISAACSON
766	EDWARD B. HANLEY	1549	DEBORAH LYNN HILBE	1001	DANA IVERSON
843	MARY JO HANLEY	822	ALAN #2 HILL	733	GLENN IWASHI
1346	LENORE J. HANOKA	199	ALAN G HILL	1408	CHRISTINA MD IYAMA
1404	ARNOLD HANSEN	1033	BARRY H. HILL	1303	CARIG JACKSON JR
2292	BRUCE W. HANSON	681	ROBERT L. HILLIS	322	FREDERICK W JACKSON
2211	STEVE HANSON	1593	TERESA HILLS	951	ROB JACKSON
1309	RICHARD L. HANTZ	444	MARGARET A HILT	531	ROBERT JACKSON
2069	LARRY W. HARBOUR	1212	DDN HINAMON	1418	BECKY JACOBS
304	MARI HARDING	1636	R. HINKLE	940	JANICE JACOBSON
187	GERALD HARP	1019	CHARLES J. HITCHCOCK	2154	KEN JACOWITZ
1203	MICHAEL HARPER	1977	CAROL HOAG	613	SIMON JACQUES
1427	HAROLD HARRIGAN	742	GLENN A. HOCHBERG	1684	S. SGT. CHARLE F. JAEGER
1539	GUY HARRIS	642	GARY HOFF	1685	VELMA JAEGER
1064	JEFF HARRIS	2250	ALBERT V. HOFFMAN	1535	FRED JAKOBCIC
161	MATT HARRIS	886	LEE HOFFMAN	2110	GAYLE JAKUBI SIN
2238	TOM HARRIS	548	PAUL MILLAR HOFFMANN	728	LILA JEAN JAMBOURSKY
352	JUDY HARROW	369	JOAN HOFSTETTER	727	WILLIAM JAMBOURSKY
1242	BARNEY C. HART	450	ROSE M HOGUE	154	VICKI JAMES
1243	BARNEY C. #2 HART	821	LARRY J. HOLDEN	1308	JOHN R. JAMISON
2209	GREGORY HART	717	RONALD F. HOLIK	1160	PAUL E. JAMISON
2111	MAURICE HARTER	386	FLIEG HOLLANDER	211	STEVEN JANOSKO
1288	RICHARD HARTER	387	LYNN HOLLANDER	1322	RICHARD DR. JANOVSKY
599	JOHN HARTMAN	1374	JOHN A.R. HOLLIS	158	DENNIS S. JAROG
1456	FRED HASKELL	785	JOHN HOLLIS	740	BEN JASON
1421	BIG LEE HASLUP	2196	PRESTON HOLLISTER	2244	ALBERT JATHO
1097	DAVID JOHN HASTIE	731	LYNN HOLLYN	2243	JAMES JATHO
1637	ANTONIA K. HAWKINS	730	NORMAN D. HOLLYN	1787	LEIGHTON JAVID
1634	DONNA JO HAWKINS	1589	C. W. HOLMES	1788	VICKIE JAVID
1049	JANE HAWKINS	1588	J. E. HOLMES	1752	EVA JOCOBSON
1507	PHILIP HAWKINS	1648	KIRBY JR. HOLMES	2176	DENNIS S. JOHNSON
1633	RANDAL HAWKINS	436	KLEED HONDROS	1700	K. HEATHER JOHNSON
1508	SYLVIA HAWKINS	1534	JOHN M. HOPFNER	1699	M. DAVID JOHNSON
231	PAT HAYES	1581	PRISCILLA A. HOPKINS	607	ROBIN JOHNSON
270	TIMOTHY R. HAYS	1188	MICHAEL L. HOPPER	1324	STEVEN F. JOHNSON
1686	ADRIENNE L. HAYWORTH	1046	EDWARD HORN, JR	1446	VERA JOHNSON
1687	LOUISE H. HAYWORTH	512	ROBERT HUTCHKISS	1124	TOM JOLL
260	MARLENE HEALEY-OGDEN	980	HELEN HOUGH	1964	BRENDA JONES
1484	KENNETH CHARLES HEATON	1098	STEVE HOUSKA	383	DALLAS JONES
2050	CARRIE L. HEDGES	1319	DENYS HOWARD	2147	DUNNA E. JONES
2051	RANDY HEDGES	802	JOHN HOWARD	622	EDDIE JONES
1785	ROBERT A. HEINLEIN	769	JOHN HOWARD	2273	GERALDINE M. JONES
507	BARRY HEITIN	770	ROBERT HOWARD, JR.	1090	KARYN JONES
1624	CLAUDINE HELDT	1204	RICHARD J. HOWELL	623	MARSHA JONES

2146	RICHARD LEE JONES	1127	DENTON KNOR	1327	EUGENE T. LEANDER III
2274	SCOTT T. JONES	538	JOHN KNOTT	2033	DEBORAH LEDFORD
271	WAYNE H JONES	423	CHARLES KNOX	284	CAROL ANN LEE
312	JEAN JORDAN	2222	IRVIN KOCH	1213	JACQUELINE ANN LEE
999	KEN JORDAN	797	DAVID KOGELMAN	669	JOHNNY M. LEE
812	KRISTINE JORDEN	1275	CONNIE KOLODZIJ	391	TIM LEE
653	KEN JOSEPHANS	1096	SAMUEL KONKIN III	1613	EVERLYN C. LEEPER
1999	DANA JUNG	127	KENNETH R KONKOL	1612	MARK R. LEEPER
2179	TEDDY JUNG	1631	SHIRLEE KRABACHER	134	HOPE LEIBOWITZ
1481	GINGER KADERABEK	1630	TOM KRABACHER	1452	DALE I. LEIFESTE
456	DAVE KADLECEK	1365	LARRY KRAMER	1017	AE-2 RANDALL J. LENTS
1448	CAROL L. KANE	696	CLIF KRANISH	1563	FRED LERNER
1021	BEVERLY KANTER	1959	BARBARA KRASNOFF	1342	LAWRENCE J. LERNER
842	IRA KAPLOWITZ	1219	STEVEN R. KRAUSE	1559	MAUREEN LESHENDOK
359	CAROLE KARCHESKY	708	EDWARD J. KRIEG	1560	TOM LESHENDOK
360	WAYNE R KARCHESKY	661	LEONARD KRIETZ	1482	REBECCA LESSES
509	ADAM KASANOF	243	ARLINE E KRIFTCHER	1553	RUSSELL LETSON
1982	EVERETT, KASER	314	JOE KROLIK	1345	JEFF LEVIN
1010	KAREN KASTING	614	BRAD KRONGARD	1808	ROBERT LEVIN
706	KEITH G. KATO	1377	STEVE KROSNER	1480	CYNTHIA LEVINE
1672	ARNIE KATZ	654	JUDY KRUPP	520	KATHERINE LEVINE
1671	JOYCE KATZ	190	ROY KRUPP	1717	MARTY LEVINE
1643	ROGER A. #2 KATZ	356	JOHN J. KULIG	2230	ALFRED LEWIS
1642	ROGER A. II KATZ	906	WALDEMAR KUMMING	111	ANTHONY R. LEWIS
1336	RICHARD KATZE	1015	CHARLENE KUNKEL	2232	BOB LEWIS
961	GAIL KAUFMAN	1014	WILLIAM KUNKEL	335	HENRY CHARLES LEWIS
129	JERRY A. KAUFMAN	676	JUDY F. KURMAN	2127	STEVEN LEWIS
1400	KEITH KAUFMAN	677	MICHAEL D. KURMAN	107	SUSAN H. LEWIS
1496	PHILIP E. KAVENY	1407	DANIEL F. KURTYCZ MD.	1522	TAWNA LEE LEWIS
1011	ED KAWASAKI	1234	KATHERINE KURTZ	981	LIBRERIA SOLARIS
956	LEAH KEEFER	1450	ZITA KLITICUS	722	J. LICHTENBERG
459	MORRIS KEESAN	1681	TIMOTHY B. KYGER	723	SALOMON LICHTENBERG
1445	MARGARET FORD KEIFER	604	A. C. KYLE	1957	IRA LIEBERMAN
160	KEN KELLER	578	DAVID A KYLE	375	PAULA LIEBERMAN
1167	MARK M. KELLER	605	KERRY KYLE	501	DENNIS LIEN
2191	NORMAN R. JR. KELLY	603	RUTH E. KYLE	1502	LIGHT MOTIF
2148	PATRICK JR. KELLY	1608	LIZ LA VELLE	1503	LIGHT MOTIF #2
601	WILLIAM KELLY	1742	R.A. LAFFERTY	1504	LIGHT MOTIF #3
508	J. E. KELSO	313	MIKE LALOR	1505	LIGHT MOTIF #4
1969	SAMUEL KENDALL	566	JAMES A LANDAU	1506	LIGHT MOTIF #5
1263	MARY KENNARD	212	LAWRENCE A. LANDSMAN	665	GUY H. LILLIAN III
415	PAT KENNEDY	1130	ELLEN LANGLEY	1272	SCOTT C. LILLIE
416	PEGGY KENNEDY	562	JOHN W LANGNER	852	WENDY LINDBOE
308	MARK KERNES	180	DEVRA LANGSAM	181	WILLIAM LINDEN
1775	GREG KETTER	775	ALAN LANKIN	393	ERIC BRUCE LINDSAY
1779	M. LEE KILLOUGH	405	STEVE #1 LARUE	1086	ETHYEL LINDSAY
1780	PAT KILLOUGH	690	STEVE #2 LARUE	904	TAMAR LINDSAY
1126	JULIE ANN KIMBRELL	529	L LASFAS	2053	F. R. LINDSEY JR.
985	ANNEMARIE KINDT	2123	GEORGE J. LASKOWSKI	1514	DANNFLL LITES
628	TRINA KING	1511	LYNDAL SP57 LAST	458	ELAN JANE LITT
1650	JAY KINNEY	1148	JOHN LATENSER	2003	CLAY LITTLE
1658	DAVE B KIRBY	1149	TERRY LATENSER	547	DAVID LOCK
1736	MAUDE L. KIRK	1414	JAMES W. III LATIMER	298	TRACEY LEE LOGAN
2132	DAVID KLAPHOLZ	1159	TIMOTHY W. LATIMER	1398	KAREN LOHMAN
907	JAY KAY KLEIN	1786	JOSEPH LATTIN	1397	ROBERT LOHMAN
163	SHELLEY KLEIN	2199	ROBERT H. LAURENT	712	BRIAN LOMBARD
2279	PAULA KLOSTERMAN	364	MICHAEL J LAURINO	713	JENNY LOMBARD
857	MARTY KLUG	1584	TYRONE LAURY	168	SAM LONG
544	DEBORAH KNAPP	555	DEEDEE LAVENDER	866	TOM LONGO
862	DEBORAH KNAPP	554	ROY LAVENDER	668	SANDI LOPEZ
825	JANICE A. KNAPP	182	JAMES LAWSON	2266	BEVERLY LDRENSTEIN
1557	D. JEAN KNIGHT	1381	ROGER D. LAWTER	1075	LINDA LOUNSBERRY

1804	ROBERT G. LOVELL JR.	888	MARK MATHOSIAN	2028	PAUL W. MEYER
796	ALAN LUCK	735	DENISE M. MATTINGLY	145	PAUL W MEYER
1293	CARL LUNDGREN	734	GARY S. MATTINGLY	1298	KEVIN MICHAEL
265	ANITA LUNDRY	2280	MARY ELLEN MATYI	275	PAUL MICHALS
101	DONALD W LUNDRY	2082	STEVEN M. MATZ	1103	MARGARET MIDDLETON
108	GRACE C LUNDRY	1533	THERESA MATZ	1102	MORRIS H. MIDDLETON
264	MELANIE LUNDRY	1773	GRAHAM MAUGHAN	376	JOHN MIESEL
1380	FRANK LUNNEY	1524	FAIRNEST MAULDEN	377	SANDRA MIESEL
451	HANK LUTTRELL	1525	MICHELE MAULDEN	2251	WALTER A. MILES JR
452	LESLEIGH LUTTRELL	157	JEFFREY MAY	583	PETER MILLAR
1463	LINDA LUTZ-NAGEY	1994	RICHARD MAYER	552	JOHN MILLARD
1462	RD LUTZ-NAGEY	1198	JOSEPH T. MAYHEN	1247	A. WATSON MILLER
208	MICHAEL LUWISH	1523	WILLA MAYS	252	ALAN F MILLER
1085	BRADFORD LYAU	1045	FREDERIC M. MAZURSKY	121	BEN W MILLER
1498	ELIZABETH A LYNN	1734	JO MC BRIDE	1323	BRUCE CHUBB MILLER
315	AUBREY MAC.DERMOTT	2101	PAUL M. MC CALL	281	CRAIG MILLER
1405	MICHAEL D. MACDONALD	2260	RICHARD J. E. MC CANN	2212	DANIEL J. MILLER
803	SPIKE MACPHEE	2259	SHIRLEY MC CANN	1248	KEITH MILLER
1590	JAMES R. MADDEN	1719	JOHN CHAS. MC CORMACK	152	MARTIN MILLER
826	MARY LEE MADDEN	2265	MARGARET E. MC EWEN	1093	S. M. MILLER
4	BILLIE MADLE	1967	CHARLES MC GREW	917	STEVE MILLER
846	JANE E. MADLE	255	DIANE MC.CLAUGHERTY	1249	SUE MILLER
845	MARY MADLE	549	SHAYNE MC.CORMACK	384	SUSAN NICE MILLER
844	RICHARD F. MADLE	835	ANN MC.CUTCHEN	2047	JAMES MINOR
3	ROBERT MADLE	834	TERRY MC.CUTCHEN	1619	M. RUTH MINYARD
1665	BEA MAHAFFEY	897	CHERYL MC.DONALD	2153	RITA MIRAGLIG
969	DEBBIE K. MAHAFFEY	210	PETER MC.GARVEY, JR	983	GIAN LUIGI MISSIAJA
968	MICHAEL A. MAHAFFEY	736	DAVID D. MC.GIRR	234	ANDREA MITCHELL
1984	SHIRLEY MAIEWSKI	924	VONDA MC.INTYRE	233	GEORGE MITCHELL
266	JOSEPH T.U. MAJOR	301	KAJSA MC.KINNEY	1510	SUE ANN MITCHELL
1229	MICHAEL JAMES MALEY	300	RICHARD MC.KINNEY	461	HOWARD MODELL
2105	MICHELLE MALKIN	198	PATRICIA J. MC.NALLY	239	JUNE MOFFATT
1784	MARY R. MANCHESTER	1362	LINDA MCALLISTER	240	LEN MOFFATT
222	O PAUL MANESS, JR	1363	RICHARD MCALLISTER	936	JOHN MOFFITT
874	JAMES MANN	1451	JANE D. MCASHAN	937	LYNDA MOFFITT
1259	FRAN MANNING	903	GEORGE F MCAULAY	1569	TOM MOLDOVAY
711	HAZEL MANSFIELD	1389	CATHRYN S. MCCREADY	1662	ENRIQUE J. MOLINA
710	JOHN MANSFIELD	1358	RONALD G. MCCREADY	244	CAROLINE MOLITCH
1776	KEN MANSON	1385	JUDY MCDERMOTT	1457	PETER MONDLER
2285	SHARON ALBAN MAPLES	1384	MIKE MCDERMOTT	598	MICHAEL MONTGOMERY
854	FREDERICK A. MARCOTTE	1410	JOHN MCDILL	471	THOMAS MONTGOMERY
1987	MARCUS,DAVID E.	970	CATHY MCGUIRE	556	BILL MOON
2172	ROBERT B. MARCUS JR.,	1415	WILLIAM MCMILLAN	1783	LYDIA A. MOON
318	FERN SHERRY MARDER	1531	ROY SCOTT MCNUTT	567	WAL MOON
944	MARCO MARIANI	778	BANKS H. MEBANE	174	CPT. EDWARD V. MOORE
2136	LOUIS V. MARINO III	201	MICHAEL MEHL	1311	DON T. MOORE
1274	TIM C. MARION	568	CONSTANCE MELLOTT	1312	DON MOORE
1644	TAD MARKHAM	268	GEORGE MELNIK	783	KENNETH MOORE
1568	MARKLAND MEDIEVAL MER	1143	HENRY MELTON	784	LOU MOORE
877	WILIAM C. MARLOW	1144	MARY ANN MELTON	1680	MOORE ZTIA M.
534	MARK MARMOR	1806	CHRISTINE MENELEE	235	KEITH SP/4 MORAN
286	A. K. MARTIN	1108	M. L. MERRITT	1050	STEVE MORGAN
1283	DENNIS L. MARTIN	1758	MARY MERTENS	2115	DEBORAH K. MORRIS
1216	DIANE M. MARTIN	324	ED MESKYS	138	SKIP MORRIS
1536	GEORGE E. MARTIN	323	NAN MESKYS	1471	GARY MOSELEY
425	GEORGE R. R. MARTIN	469	ANDREW MEULENBERG	1472	KENNETH MOSELEY
1740	LILLIAN MARTIN	468	PULLY MEULENBERG	868	CHRISTINE MOSKOWITZ
1739	ROBERT S. MARTIN	363	DOUGLAS R MEWHA	1466	SAM MOSKOWITZ
1638	BRUCE MARTZ	1069	MARY MEWHA	2040	CHARLOTTE MOSLANDER
2054	G.K. MASE	2156	ALICE MEYER	402	BET MOSS
1058	ELLEN C. MASON	2155	KATHLEEN MEYER	403	DAY MOSS
684	LARRY MASON	2084	KATHYANN MEYER	1592	LINDA ANN MOSS

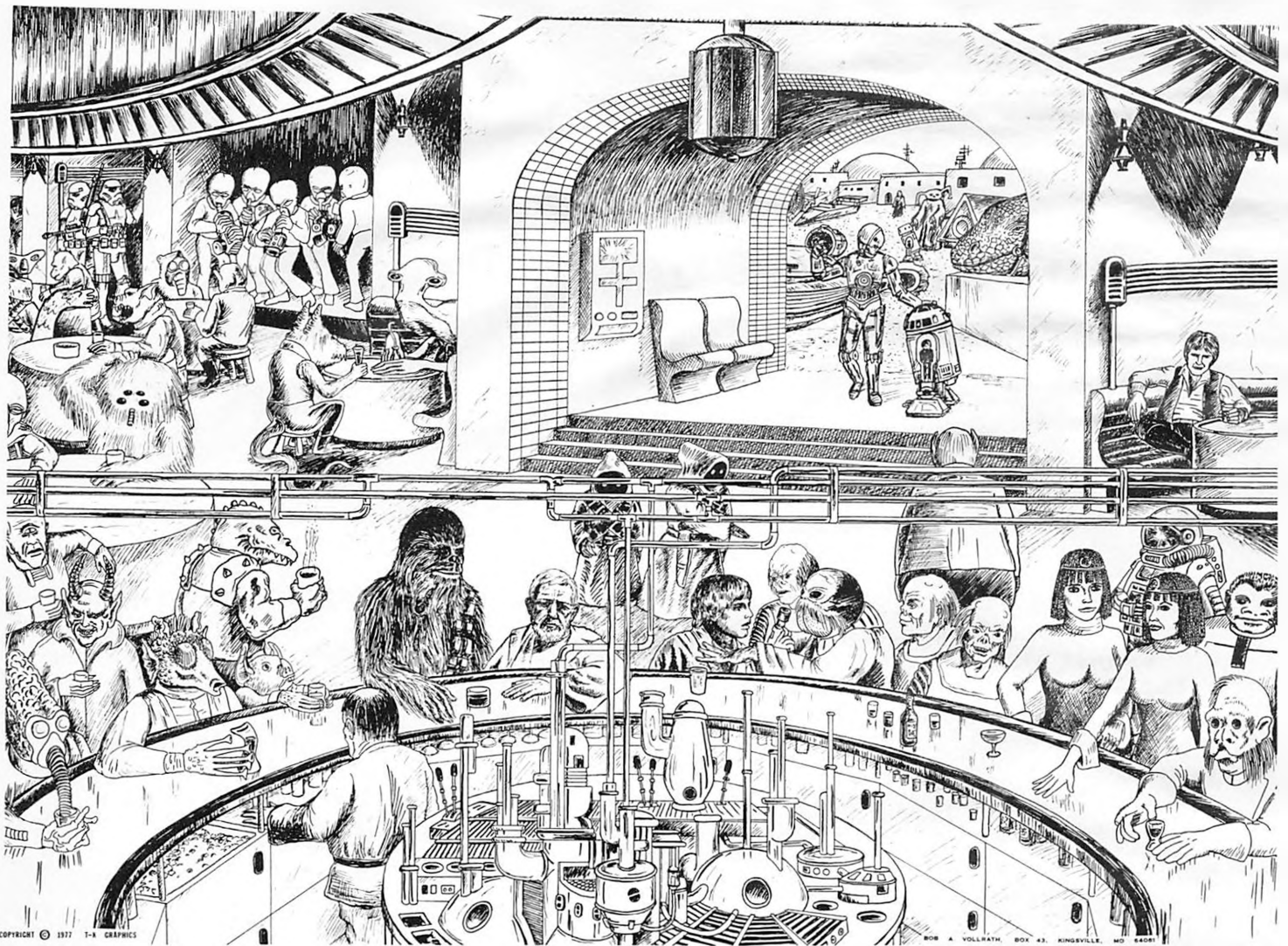


183	JOE MOUDRY	1454	RONDI OLSEN	2287	FRANK PERKINS JR.
958	E. S. MOULIC	227	MARK L. OLSON	978	BRIAN H. PERRY
957	P. A. MOULIC	638	FRANK OLYNYK	979	FLIZABETH PERRY
859	KATHLEEN A. MUNROE	867	EVELFEN ONNOP 2CO ROY	746	JOE PERRY
1185	DARYL MURDOCK	2030	RICK OPPENHEIM	2039	ROBERT PERRY
1186	JOHN W. MURDOCK	2030	RICK OPPENHEIM	1639	DAVID A. PERRYMAN
732	KEVIN C. MURPHY	1295	ROBERT OSBAND	257	STEVEN PETERKORT
1218	MARGERY #2 MYERS	159	PER OSTERMAN	815	PATTY PETERS
1217	MARGERY MYERS	1382	BEN OSTRANDER	754	CAROLE C. PFLOCK
807	N.E.S.F.A.	2052	CAROL OSWALT	755	CYNDI PFLOCK
827	NANCY NAGEL	858	JOHN OSWALT	216	KARL T. PFLOCK
994	NATIONAL FANTASY	1029	A. D. %BUZ# OWEN	756	KURT PFLOCK
	FAN FEDERATION	287	MARK OWINGS	1674	MEG PHILLIPS
986	NC SF	584	KENNETH W OZANNE	1395	SUE PHILLIPS
1429	DONOLD O. NELSON	585	MARIA OZANNE	1673	THIERRY PHILLIPS
1459	KARL NELSON	1647	JOHN ALLEN PAINTER	1782	LA VONNE R. PILATI
396	DAVID P. NESIUS	899	GREGG W. PALMER	1376	ANITA PLOUFFE
498	VIRGINIA L. NESNIDAL	795	CYNTHIA PALOMA	948	RICH POHLMAN
1047	BARNETT NEUFELD	2214	ALEXI + CORY PANSHIN	947	SHARON PONZER
876	NEW ORLEANS S-F ASSOC	2107	JOANNE PAPIN	392	DR A VAN DER POORTEN
1147	LOIS NEWMAN	2107	SHIRLEY PAPIN	1529	JUDY RENEE POPE
1270	S. RICK NEWMAN	1201	PAUL PAPPAS	1970	ANN POPPLESTONE
2138	SANFORD R. NEWMAN	2080	DAVID PARK	113	ANDREW PORTER
106	BRUCE NEWROCK	165	BARRY PARKER	1770	CHARMAINE D. PORTER
110	FLO NEWROCK	2242	TONY E. PARKER	1172	BRENDA S. POTTER
678	RICHARD NEWSOME	819	MARGE PARMENTER	2278	DEE POTTER
148	WARREN NICHOLLS	627	PARRIS	371	LARRY POTTS
311	ROBERT NIMCHUK	1467	JAMES PARRISH	223	ALEXANDER POURNELLE
528	FUZZY PINK NIVEN	170	ROLAND M PARSONS	224	FRANCIS POURNELLE
527	LARRY NIVEN	912	RUTH M. PATROUCH	213	JERRY POURNELLE
1971	EDWARD NIZALOWSKI	911	JOSEPH F. PATROUCH, JR	214	ROBERTA POURNELLE
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