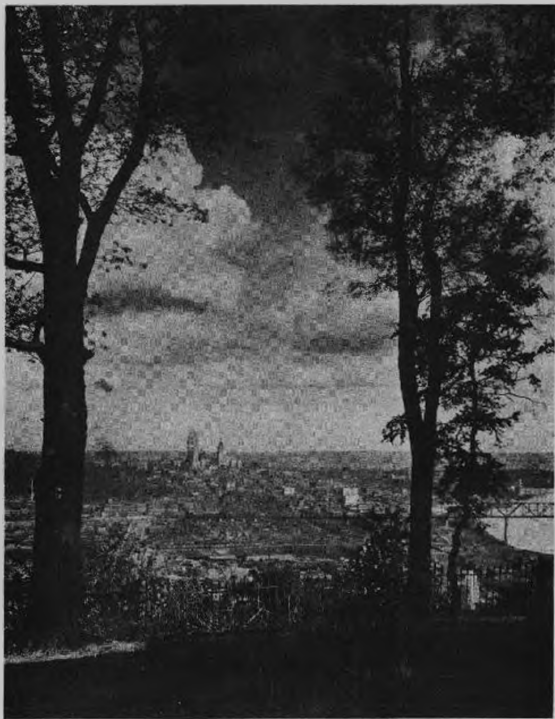


CINVENTION MEMORY BOOK



CINCINNATI, OHIO
September 3-4-5, 1950

Sweet Essence of C invention.

In your hands you have what we have tried to make the essence of the Seventh World Science Fiction Convention, the C invention. Call it the residue, if you choose, but here it is:

For those of you who attended the C invention, this publication will serve to recall memories of your three days at this monumental affair; both the familiar memories you have mullied over since last September and some which had slipped from you completely. In addition, it isn't at all unlikely that you will learn of happenings at the C invention which you hadn't even known of; no one could have been everywhere and seen everything during the hectic three days which saw the C invention burst into full bloom and then run its meteoric course.

For those of you who weren't lucky enough to be in Cincinnati for the C invention, we have tried to make this Memory Book a fairly complete account of personalities and happenings. For those who wanted to come, but couldn't make it, this may serve as somewhat of a balm. For those who passed up the opportunity to attend, we hope that the Memory Book will arouse so much chagrin at missing such an enjoyable brawl that you will never let it happen again.

We have included at the beginning of this memoir the majority of the speeches given at the C invention, in a day by day order. These will serve to give you, in combination with Don Ford's article, a pretty thorough picture of the official proceedings at the C invention.

The latter portion, from page 63 on, is composed of what we have called "Addenda" for lack of a better term. In it, we have tried to give a picture of the C invention as it was actually experienced, ranging from the pronouncements of personages like Arthur J. Burks and Fritz Leiber, Jr. to the babblings of a nobody like Stan Skirvin, plus little associational items. These should serve to give you that---you should pardon the expression---warm, personal feeling of intimate contact with the C invention.

As many of you know, much of the C invention was recorded on wire by David A. McInnes. It was from copies of Dave's original recordings, kindly loaned to us by Dr. C. L. Barrett, that the speeches reprinted here were obtained, with the exception of Jack Williamson's speech which was copied directly from the typescript lent to us by Mr. Williamson. Altho the majority of the speeches given are included herein, we were unable to obtain copies of some of them, due chiefly to difficulties and mishaps during the recording at the C invention.

Among the missing are Fritz Leiber, Jr.'s first speech given on opening day, E. F. Smith's speech (see page 33), Ray Palmer's talk, Judy Merrill's round table discussion on the second evening which featured Miss Merrill, L. A. Eshbach, E. E. Evans, Milt Rothman, and Fritz Leiber, Jr., George O. Smith's brief sojourn on the podium, and the space opera given by members of the Philadelphia contingent.

Our apologies and regrets.

We are extremely grateful to all of those who have cooperated with us in putting on the Convention and in aiding us with this, the official Memory Book. Rather than offend someone by omitting their name, we will say thank you to all the fans and editors, both professional and fan, who have aided us so materially with both these productions. With their aid, two impossible jobs were reduced to the status of being merely back breaking.

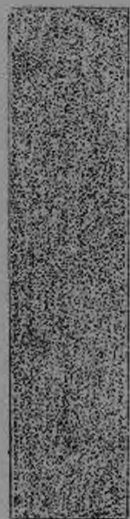
We would, however, like to take exception to the above and thank in particular Don Fruchey, Jr. for the artwork which he provided, James Golden of the Cincinnati Enquirer who was instrumental in obtaining the cover photograph for us, and all the others whose contributions grace these pages.

In conclusion, we, the editorial entity, extend congratulations to Don Ford, Mr. Convention himself, for the monumental task which he performed so notably, and to both Don Ford and Lou Tabakow for their herculean efforts at mimeographing and assembling which have been the major factors in the production of this publication.

We hope you enjoy it.

The Editors

Don Ford
Lou Tabakow
Roy Lavender
Stan Skirvin



S T

DAY

S-F COMES OF AGE

7

L.A. ESHBACH

Thank you, Mr. Tanner, and how do you do, fans?

First of all, I want to read a few letters---that is, excerpts from a few letters; an interchange of correspondence between Don Ford and myself:

"Since you're going to be at the convention,"---this is a letter from Don Ford to me---"can we also persuade you to be on the program? I can see you throwing up your hands now. You were the first to put stf in hard covers; that should make an interesting story in itself. You could also talk about your early fan days and when you started writing, etc. What do you think? And now here's something to really scare you. We'd like to have you be Guest of Honor. Thank Charlie Tanner and myself for that last friendly idea. When we brought it up before the rest, they all thought it was a good idea. What do you think?"

My reply: "Boy, am I puffing out my chest. Seriously though, I think you guys are crazy. It's alright for you to ask me to appear on the program and I'll be glad to do it; I don't think I'll disgrace you. But this business of being one of the guests of honor; there are certainly a lot of famous people who would be available and I think you should ask them. Now understand, I'm not turning you down flat; just giving you time to reconsider. I appreciate the honor, honestly, but I don't want you to be in a position where you guys decide you made a mistake and feel as though you'll be hurting my feelings if you correct the error. So, if after you've weighed the matter further and surveyed the available material, you still feel like sticking out your necks, okay. In the meantime, give the matter some heavy thought."

His reply: "As they say in the Army, you're in like Flynn. You still deserve to be Guest of Honor and I don't think anyone in fandom will disagree. Charlie and I got a big laugh out of your saying we're crazy. We've been hearing that ever since we became fans. One of these days, I guess we'll believe it."

So much for that.

In fiction writing, it's customary to use what is known as a "narrative hook". That's the stopper at the beginning of the story to get the reader's attention. In copy writing, advertising copy writing, which I did for a number of years, you use a stopper or something to catch attention. So at the beginning of this so-called speech, I'd like to ask a few questions which I hope to answer in the course of the talk and which questions I trust will serve as stoppers.

What famous science fiction artist of a few years ago preferred the comfort of bare feet to wearing shoes?

What one-time editor of a science fiction magazine had his picture published by Pictorial Review?

What famous science fiction author, present in this assembly, cheated one of the New York subway lines of a nickel by vaulting over the turnstile?

What famous writer---he was supposed to be here, by the way, and I suppose he may arrive yet---wrote his part of "Cosmos", the eighteen part serial, in two hours?

What science fiction author, whose work today is considered among science fiction greats, was once given national publicity as having given up writing to turn to raising chickens?

What not so famous writer, present in this assembly, tried to get on the editorial staff of AMAZING STORIES while it was still being published by Tech Publishing Company?

Now it's my intention, as we go along, to answer these questions. If I should forget to do so, one of you remind me.

Now this matter of my being Author Guest of Honor: I imagine there are some people in this room---I daresay half the people in this room---have never read a story by L. A. Eschbach. As a matter of fact, I might go so far as to say that nine-tenths of the people in this room haven't read a story by L. A. Eschbach. I hope I have one or two who have.

As a matter of fact, I'm sure I have. I sent Doc Smith a couple, so he, at least, has read one.

At any rate, if you'll pardon the personal reference, just by way of explanation, I have sold in the neighborhood of a million words of fiction. I have written and sold approximately forty science fiction stories. That's not a big production, I realize, but at least, I suppose it qualifies me to be called an author. You notice, I didn't say what kind of an author. Just an author.

But confidentially, and I trust the committee isn't listening, I'm practically certain that I'm Author Guest of Honor today because I'm a publisher. Now that sounds like sort of a paradox, but I think the committee was smart in this respect; if they had made me Publisher Guest of Honor, next year, where ever the convention might be, such fellows as Jim Williams and Mel Korshak and Marty Greenberg would be besieging the committee to be made guest of honor. Why not? Eschbach was last year. So the committee wisely decided to fall back on the fact that a number of years ago I wrote science fiction and today I am Author Guest of Honor.

Actually, my last appearance in a science fiction magazine was in the Summer, 1944 Issue of THRILLING WONDER and my last appearance in the general publishing field was in 1947 in THRILLING

LOWE. Maybe I shouldn't've said that.

In addition, though, there was this one old plug that kicked around for a number of years---ten years, as a matter of fact---which FANTASY BOOK published. That was last year.

But you know and I know that I'm really here as a Publisher Guest of Honor instead of Author Guest of Honor.

Enough of preamble: I'm here, and the committee has given me two hours and a half to talk. I'll try to keep my remarks within the prescribed period, so maybe I'd better get going.

That is, get going on the speech.

I want to say at the outset that I don't plan to say anything profound or significant or important. Maybe it won't even be entertaining. I'm sorry if that's the case, but blame the committee.

I am an old timer in science fiction. I've been around in science fiction circles for a good number of years. I've jotted down some statistics: I began reading science fiction thirty years ago. Now I know when you look at me and see my quite evident youth and innocence, that you'll think that's practically impossible, but actually, I've been reading science fiction for thirty years. I began writing it twenty-three years ago and sold my third attempt. They didn't have much competition in those days, you know.

And I've been selling them for twenty-two years, and I've been publishing science fiction for approximately the past three years.

Now, in passing, Don Ford in one of his bulletins mentioned that I was at one time editor of a fan publication called "The Galilean". Was I surprised when I read that! That was the first inkling I had that I had ever put out a fan magazine. The fact of the matter is that I did publish, or rather, edit, one of the so-called "little" literary magazines back in 1935. It was called "The Galleon", not "The Galilean"; "The Galleon", of course, being a treasure ship. Two of the publications are collector's items today, incidentally, because one of them featured the first appearance of an H. P. Lovecraft story---very few fans have copies of that in its original appearance---and a David H. Keller original. So these two are collector's items, but I'm sorry; since I have only a single set, I can't supply any of you rabid collectors with duplicate copies.

So I was not a fan publisher, but an editor of a "little" magazine.

In the line of fan clubs, I joined what I think is the first national fan organization, the old Science Correspondent Club, I recall, by the way, contributing a so-called scientific article to the club bulletin. I remember I did my research in "The American Weekly". I got all my scientific and technical information from that very learned periodical. The article had to do with

the possible end of the world. Tom Gardner, who knew something about science, jumped on me with hob-nailed shoes. He ripped the article to shreds, but I got the better of him; I just ignored his tirade and didn't say anything. I didn't have anything to say.

So, at any rate, I've been active in science fiction for a good number of years. And I plan, or hope, rather, to reminisce a little. It's an indication of old age, but it occurred to me that some of you fans would be interested in the experiences of past years and in some of the people I've met and the circumstances under which they were met; people who were in that day just average fans and who today are famous people.

I recall that one time I made a trip to New York in company with my wife, our first trip. Mort Weisinger, who later became editor of THRILLING WONDER and STARTLING, met us, took us around to meet the editors. We first went to visit Dr. T. O'Connor Sloane.

I don't know how many of you have met Dr. Sloane. I suppose that all or most of you have seen his name on the masthead of the old AMAZING STORIES. Dr. Sloane was a little fellow with a white beard, hard of hearing, and rather absent minded. When I was introduced to Dr. Sloane, he acknowledged the introduction, then he brought, while I was talking to Miriam Ward, a slip of paper and asked me to write my name. After I'd done so, he looked at it, went back to his desk, thought a while, got up and came over to me and said, "Now I remember you. You sold us some stories." Sort of deflating experience, you know.

At any rate, there in that office I met Leo Morey, a Peruvian, as I recall it, who had a little wax mustache, coal black, and who at that time was working on a cover design for one of the magazines.

Well, we went from there to WONDER, where I met Gernsback. That's a name to conjure with in science fiction circles. I was a little on the nervous side as I was introduced to Gernsback because just about three months prior to that visit, I had sued him, or threatened suit, to get a check. Well, he was willing to bury the ax and I had gotten the check, so I didn't have any ax to bury and we had a nice conversation. Then we went out to lunch with Charley Hornig, who was then editor. Charley checked the time---and I'll never forget this---by looking into the top drawer of his desk where he had a great big dollar alarm clock. There wasn't a clock in the office, so that was his timepiece.

After that we went to the editor of ASTOUNDING, who was then Desmond Hall, and while in the offices of ASTOUNDING I met, or rather I saw, a tall man with close-cropped hair and white ducks. Mort Weisinger leaned over and said, "Hey! I think that's John W. Campbell, Jr." So we both looked and we checked with Desmond Hall and, lo and behold, it was Campbell.

And Hall said, "That's the matter with that guy? He's a hard man to deal with. We've just accepted a story of his, "The Mightiest Machine", but he wants all kinds of assurances that

we'll continue using his stuff. We plan to use his stuff." Then Mort told him that he (Campbell) had been running into some sad experiences over at AMAZING and that he preferred to get things straightened out when he started. Well, as we all know, Campbell later became editor and is really up there these days.

There was another gathering I attended and I think that this one was in Newark; I'm not sure. But a young fellow had come in from the west coast---a bushy-haired boy, I don't believe he was more than seventeen or eighteen---he had come from the west coast to introduce t h e artwork of a friend of his. I recall him spreading out these very striking drawings on the table before Campbell. Campbell said he was sorry, they looked very good, but all our artists must be residents. They must live in New York. The name of the bushy-haired young man was Ray Bradbury who was then just a fan like most of us here. And the name of the artist he was introducing was Hannes Bok, who is here today. So there was a case o f two men, today famous in their fields, who were just beginning.

Maybe ten years from now somebody at a science fiction convention will recall this convention where you were present as a fan and at that day, you will have reached the position of eminence you are striving for.

Well, enough of such reminiscences, I guess. Could talk about the World Science Fiction Convention in New York City, the first world science fiction convention I attended and I guess that it was the first one. About all the big people who were there and how Leo Margulies got up and made the classic statement about the fact that the fans were "...so damned sincere." That was his statement which TIME magazine quoted, by the way. And I have a copy of that issue of TIME here today, together with an issue of TIME put out more recently where their attitude was just a little bit different.

So science fiction has come a long way. And I believe in great part that it's due to two things; first, that the young fans who started out with science fiction have grown up and have remained science fiction fans with the result that the magazines have had to publish more mature material and secondly, the recent upsurge in the book publication of science fiction. If I may be permitted the momentary flash of immodesty, I do believe that Fantasy Press has done a little bit t o help establish science fiction in its present position.

On my notes here I have one line which I would like to read: "We have seen science fiction pass through the days of rather juvenile fan fusain' and feudin' to the time when a gathering of this sort can take place through the cooperation of the rank and file of fandom." And that, I think, is definitely true; it has grown up.

But now, to get back to those questions:

I first said, what science fiction artist of a few years ago preferred the comfort of bare feet to wearing shoes? Surprisingly, I have here a photograph---if I didn't lose it---of H. W.

Wesso, or Wesso/osky (?), taken when he was barefoot. It's a priceless possession. Not priceless because he's barefoot, but because it's a Wesso.

Secondly, what one-time editor of a science fiction magazine had his picture published by Pictorial Review? Here, I'm afraid that I'm going to disappoint you. That's the picture. It was to identify Mort Weisinger while he traveled around the country selling subscriptions to Pictorial Review.

Third, what science fiction author, present in this assembly, cheated one of the New York subway lines of a nickel by vaulting over the turnstile? That really isn't correct. As a matter of fact, I think the whole thing is a canard, a piece of trumped-up fiction, but I've heard it said that in 1939, Jack Williamson visited New York to go to the world convention. He put a nickel in the turnstile and nothing happened, so he put his hand on the thing and vaulted over and a guard chased him to find out what the trouble was. I don't know if it's true; I'm making this statement with the qualification that maybe it's purely fiction. But I did hear it said.

Now I've the notation that what famous writer, who I said might be here, wrote his part of "Cosmos", the eighteen-author science fiction novel, in exactly two hours? That man was Arthur J. Burks and I had a letter from Burks from Paradise, Pennsylvania, saying that he had planned, or did plan, to be here today with his wife. I don't know if the convention committee knows anything about it, and I don't suppose Burks is in the audience, but there is a possibility that he might make his appearance.

But I have some correspondence here, and I'd like to quote briefly: Here's a quotation from Mort Weisinger in a letter from Arthur J. Burks when he wrote him asking him to write his part of "Cosmos". "Your desire for speed on a super-serial couldn't come at a worse time for me 'cause I've so blamed much work to do that I expect to get paid for, and you send me a part on which I have to do considerable research when I haven't time to do it. However, here it is: I understand that anything from one thousand words to five thousand will pass, so come up to my domicile Thursday at 1:00 P.M., furnish me with enough information about callisthenics or whatever it is you want me to write about and then wait while I do it." And some more of the same.

Then I had a letter later from Mort saying that in exactly two hours, Burks wrote his "Callisto to the Rescue". I think that it's three or four thousand words. The guy was a million word a year man for ten years, so that was just a few minutes' chore for Arthur Burks.

Now I have the question: What science fiction writer whose work today is considered among science fiction greats was once given national publicity as having given up writing to raise chickens? That man was George Allen England. I have a letter from England--I have it here; I prize the thing for its autograph--in which he denied the whole thing. I happened to read it somewhere in the newspaper and wrote and wondered what the score was, asking at the same time for information on how I might

locate some of his out of print material, which was the chief object of my writing, anyway. He wrote back and said that he had been interviewed either down in New Mexico or Texas and an enterprising newspaper reporter who had interviewed him asked him what were his chances of being a professional writer. He (the reporter) didn't look like a likely prospect, so England told him that if he followed England's advice, he'd raise chickens instead. So the reporter played it up, "George Allan England Forsakes Writing to Establish Chicken Farm". And the NEA or one of the big syndicates picked it up and it was spread all over the country. Good publicity---of the wrong kind.

Now the last question: What not so famous writer, present today, tried to get on the editorial staff of AMAZING while it was still being published by Tech Publications? This is the first time that I'm telling anybody that I tried to do that. I wrote a special delivery, receipt-requested letter to the big boss at Tech Publishing, laying before him all the reasons why I should take over AMAZING STORIES. Never even got an answer.

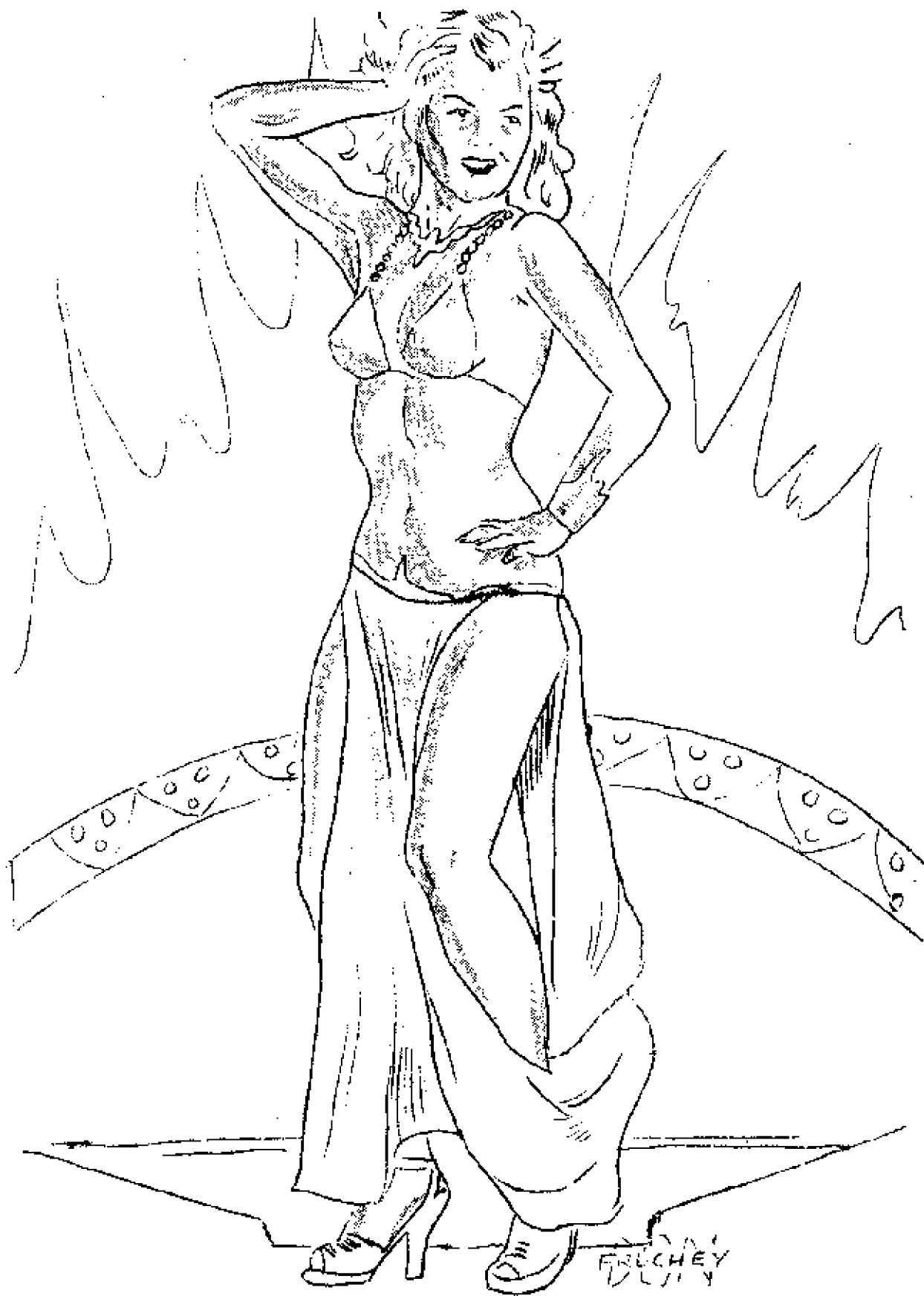
I'm almost finished. If this talk should have a name at all, it would be, "Science Fiction Comes of Age", so maybe to establish that title, I'd better say a little about that.

We all of us here know, of course, the recent developments in the field. Some of you may not know that major publishers like Doubleday; Little, Brown, and Company; Dutton; Simon and Shuster, and others, are planning complete lines of science fiction. They wouldn't be doing it if the little fellows like Hachley, Prime, Shasta, FPGI, and Fantasy Press hadn't paved the way. We started this; they're carrying it on. We're not sorry, for the field as a whole will develop, and I think it will not only be beneficial for the readership who get more books, but for the small publishers who'll sell more books.

But that's only one phase of it. Science fiction is growing up in the sense that we're getting better stories. More qualified people are writing; one of the reasons that I'm not writing much science fiction is the fact that I don't have much of a foundation in science. And today, you should have it. And most of the good men do.

Science fiction is growing up, but one thing we should remember; it's still fiction. It's still written just to entertain. It isn't any great factor in our country's development. It isn't any great social force. It's not a lot of things that a lot of people would say it is. It's simply good entertainment and a lot of fun. So let's keep our feet on the ground and remember that we're interested in science fiction---even though it's growing up---because it's fiction which is intended to entertain.

Thank you for listening.



SEX & S-F

LESTER DEL REY

First, I must request all ladies and gentlemen of lady-like feelings to leave, since I've been shocked to find there are people who object to hearing, and, by God, when I extemporize, I demand the right to appear, or even be indelicate. (Fuss over exploding flashbulb and like trouble, while speaker wonders what he is going to speak about.) There seems to be a certain bass boom to this thing. Well, it's appropriate to the subject.

It can be base, and some handling gives it quite a boom. Subject: sex in science fiction. It's only part of what I want to discuss, but will do to start.

What I want to know is why among all the practitioners of the good old-fashioned American game of sex---I don't think it's un-American yet, though you never know---so few science fiction writers handle sex on an adult level. I do not mean mere sexiness, but the whole concept of integrating male and female sexes.

We've always had certain concepts of sex in science fiction. One example is all too familiar. A guy and a gal start out in a space ship on dimension tube and are captured by some monstrous outland dictator. Hero must save the universe and earth from said dictator. He just gets down to earth-saving, when the dictator goes over and says, "Boo! Kitchy-kitchy coo," to the gal. Hero drops everything, saves girl, who immediately wanders off into some grasping hands, so hero can save her, etc., etc. Finally, somehow incidentally, the hero saves earth, and gal comes into him. Maybe he now says, "Kitchy coo," to her, but it's a cinch he doesn't quite know what it means.

This isn't seen quite as straight as that too much today, so maybe the writers have grown up to be as old as their readers. That isn't a joke. When science fiction started, a lot of writers were younger than I was when I began reading it. I believe some were as old as fourteen, or so. Readers were younger then, too. And it's a perfectly normal high-school attitude to feel that a gal is somebody to whom you occasionally say, "Kitchy-kitchy coo," and who is so helpless she has to be rescued from something.

At least, so editors feel, judging by most juvenile books. Anyone here of high-school age has probably figured out pretty much what it's all about. But even in most adult fiction, the stupid and helpless girl is frequently only something to give the emasculated hero a job of saving. Roller derby on television may change some ideas about the helplessness of women, but that's still to come.

Lately, we've come up with a considerably more healthy story, which might be called the George Smith formula. There, a girl is something you take out in a spaceship so that when you come back to earth, you have to get married. It's both healthier and more

resultful, though it still leaves things on a mere physical action plane. And I wonder whether they would have to get married.

George's angle is representative of the general idea that sex is going to be the same forever---it's a good, healthy job of bringing science fiction up to general magazine level, but doesn't go much beyond it. Suppose we go to 200,042 A. D.---probably then called 219 PEX, and we're running around in ships that go 743 parsecs a second. In fact, they talk something like this: "I've got fourteen megaparsecs to walk over there, so it'll be an hour before I get back." What's the big conflict on the sex level?

Hero meets gal, thrills and stuff. But there's a war going on, and they can't settle down long enough to get married, and she has to preserve her virginity at all costs. (I've often wondered if the extreme value of that is due to its scarcity.) It's the same old holicularum spread in the magazines of 1890. Hero meets girl (we gather), who can't say yes because papa forbids a wedding. Today editors know the gal would say, "Phooey", to papa, and usually won't print it; but I expect it someday in a far future story---right down to papa with whiskers.

There used to be an obvious reason for the gal saying no until the preacher said yes. Now they have contraceptives, and whether we like it or not, they've made major differences in our practiced morals. Down in a primitive South American village, there is an oral contraceptive which can be taken about once a month to insure temporary female sterility---without harm to the eventual fertility of the woman. Isn't it possible to imagine a society in which papa worries about whether daughter took her last medicine, instead of about what she's doing with the young man?

That would not be an immoral society, but a society with a different morality. There have been a lot of different systems of sexual adjustment, all moral when and where used. Polygamy is a common one, and rather popular where used. You get a lot of waiting women in return for your paycheck---if the paycheck is big enough. The Arabs found that it took a man of considerable means to afford two women---but one could wash his feet while the other combed his hair. It has its advantages. Particularly if you have enough money to hire a man with a sword to make sure your women do what you want.

Polyandry is less popular; it seems a narrow concept to me, but maybe I'm prejudiced. Mostly in cold countries and poor countries, like Tibet, is this system of one woman and fourteen poor damn men to be found. Incidentally, judging by the effect of diet and climate on sex, the one woman is definitely not up to the average American woman, so you can figure out the result.

Those are actually minor variations of our system---but the main difference is that both systems are necessarily based on the work and breeding concept of marriage, rather than dual relations between sexes. Hoinlein has hinted at another system, in use today but not considered 'nice', which does recognize other facets, while providing sexual outlets. In this, when a man and a woman wanted physical sex, they were whole hearted and healthy about it, accepting it in good companionship without any of the gush of

a good love story, but without the after-pains. They lived together as long or little as they liked. It was simply a part of social life. Heinlein is gifted with more sense of social change than most writers.

There is also the possibility of group marriage, something many discuss and few try, though it has existed at times. It is probably the closest thing to full recognition that men and women are completely different; both human, completely equal, and each in some fields--superior to the other. It also recognizes that men and women are attracted to each other and are necessary beyond sheer physical sex. Sex has a lot more than you see from the girl on the BEM cover; she has her good points, but there are others.

Group marriage is too complicated for full discussion here, but we can define it quickly. Let's say six men and six women all like each other; because you have variety in the group, you needn't have the adolescent romanticism commonly known as love--the type found on the radio, or in the movies, where the tingle of a kiss proves compatibility. Real love isn't harmful, here, though that will come in some manner by itself in any compatible group of men and women.

In any event, the lack of variety or complete compatibility between an isolated couple isn't present here, and no chusing around goes on. The group has a rigid morality of its own. This morality is going to be terrific, because it will have to be a social code which will equalize the burden on all, and protect the group from all outside interference.

For Pete's sake, don't think this type of group is designed to provide pure physical sex in wholesale lots! People belong to a group marriage for mental variety. In such a group, there's no looking around at one woman (or man) and saying to yourself that you like living with this person, but what in hell are you going to talk about for the rest of the month, until the bills come due to bring up an argument. There's a constant interchange and flow of ideas, without the forced constraint of having only two sides to each argument.

Everyone in the group is married to everyone else--and that means man to man or woman to woman--but without the homosexual physical relations. And within the group lies greater strength than any single couple can muster.

Marriage, however, must include children--that is the only real reason for marriage, and without them sex would probably be unimportant. But the kids must be tied into a recognized social framework where they can receive proper training, bringing up, support, and a chance to become healthy adults. There is one of the reasons that our present marriage system may very well change ---because it isn't preparing this generation for life like--but rather for the life of the last generation, already a man-bean. The tragedy of our social ways lies not in the divorce statistics but in the children we see too often. Sometimes, it seems that bastardy is healthier than being legitimate, since the illegitimate child may necessarily have to develop better social habits.

In Heinlein's set-up, much too little attention was given to the children, though we have a slight precedent in the Scandinavian countries, where there are no illegitimate children. The children are the responsibility of the state to some extent, and of the father when he recognizes them--which he will usually do when the social stigma is removed. In the group marriage, the children are fortunate; they are saved from being "only children", or having "momism" raise its head, and they are naturally born into a social structure, rather than spending their earliest years pitting one parent against the other and throwing tantrums.

How often are those children recognized in science fiction? About our only concession is to assume that there will be one change, in that the social diseases will be eliminated--though there's no reason to bother with it in most stories. But that has been something we could have done fifteen years ago, and haven't done. The changes I'm discussing won't occur in any 25 years, since all the psychodynamics in hell won't change custom and stupidity that fast--nor even increase stupidity that much, as in 1984; there, though, so much was bad that a few thousand errors don't really matter.

I'm discussing the story of the further future. And there, while any system may be the accepted one---and where it is quite conceivable that every system I've mentioned, plus the normal, every day marriage of today will operate simultaneously, which is a pretty idea for a story background--you find the same old pattern of romance of any other magazine. "She sweeps me off my feet, oh gosh, oh goo, oh gee; isn't love wonderful to me!" I find it in few of the classics, definitely not in the book of Ruth, which is a nice love story, and usually only from 1900 or later up to now. That's a very brief time to set up a fixed and inflexibly permanent pattern. Yet in stories of 2200, 2400 or 2600, there it is.

They're still thinking sex is something people do in bed, after some blinding flash of ecstatic love. Sex should mean a lot more than that, though we haven't the slightest reason why. Sometimes I want to talk to a woman, rather than a man--want to spend an evening with someone completely feminine, and with no idea of physical sex in mind. I suspect that women would still be courted if a miracle were passed so that intercourse or even procreation of it was impossible. Science fiction overlooks this, too, to a major extent.

Here I'm just getting to the basic subject of discussion. We have explored every other -ology, including Sociology with a capital letter, and Psychology with dynamics. We haven't discussed people and living, beyond superficial lip service. I picked sex because it has a certain shock value, and because we were talking about it over a few beers before I was called up here. We were also talking about the fact that sex and beer don't mix, though alcohol and sexiness may. But the confusion between sex and sexiness is typical of the foundation of sand on which we---and this includes myself--have built our futures. We're conventionalized, without realizing that today's conventions may be tomorrow's superstitions.

But they don't explore the really vital things, the average human

being's sex and home social life, who puts the cat out, what he reads in his daily papers, his sources of information, etc., etc. Heinlein has discussed propaganda, of course---but I mean the unintentional propaganda of books and papers---the propaganda for the generation past, rather than future, that colors everything we study, for instance. We discuss policing a galaxy in which atom bombs can wipe out planets, but how do you like your steak tomorrow? That won't change too much, of course, pills or no pills. But lots of things will---such as the limits of man's friendships.

Friends come to the conventions today from opposite sides of the continent. A century ago, that was impossible for mere conviviality. That is changing our society, just as is the increasing average age of the citizens. What will it be like when we have friends of other races? How will it change our living? Doc Smith has created some lovely non-humans, and touched on things that will be required of the human race when it mixes with humanoid and non-human beings, but his chief emphasis was on other things. Most writers have touched on it, but none have explored it fully.

What of man's attitude toward his rights? Sex enters here, of course, but there is much more. How much freedom do we want? We all want some--but ninety percent of the race wants darned little at present. He may want to get away with things, but he won't approve of general freedoms. How much right to kill our enemy do we want? There are conditions under which we will kill him, and our rights on this should be clarified. How much right to be conventional do we want, and how much to be original? There are societies in which you must be conventional, and others where the chief convention is so-called unconventionality.

We're in a great flux today. For the first time, and over a very short period of time, really, we've brought together almost every kind of society heretofore known, and they've been interacting and re-interacting on all society. The net result is that today people act in the goddamnedest way like people--and that's all we can surely say. We're in a trial and error period, midway between the tribal priest and the technical expert. Our astrologers use comptometers. We haven't made all the trials yet, nor--inconceivable as it is--have we made all the errors. We have very little idea of the warmly personal aspects of man's psychological adjustment to the patterns, stresses and strains of the future.

We've explored the macrocosm and the microcosm, but we have the all-important middle--the personal elements of life--still to examine. For years, medical experts strove mightily to find a cure for venereal diseases, while the pillars of society went on with their macrocosmic task of eliminating sin, which would stop VD. But it was a quiet surgeon general, fifteen years ago, who hit at just one thing--the taboo against the terms, gonorrhoea and syphilis. He found the important thing within the houses of our fathers, rather than the alters of our gods--and his contribution in the long run was the greatest of all---because today I can use the words here without anyone fainting; and from facing it, we have begun to do something toward wiping out the morace.

Things have changed, including morals, which are always being

changed. They're simply conventionalized attempts to find a means of getting along with other men---and being conventions, can't keep up with changing factors, so that they must be changed in the long run. Maybe there'll be no conventions in the future, or there may be more---and they may be sensible ones. Maybe they'll be so well designed that they'll work forever---and maybe only half-way to forever, but become so rigid that we can't shake them and will perish because of them.

But we can tell a little about one thing in the future. The boom in science fiction for the general market won't be met by men who automatically add twenty decimals to everything and think in terms of -ologies and -onomies. The books by such houses as Doubleday, Simon and Shuster, etc., will be best received when they are written by men who can find the really personal subject. When you can shake off your conventions and attitudes, and explore the tremendously important ground of the lives of just people, you have a vital subject for a book.

There'll always be the gadget story. Van Vogt's psychological gadgets (which have nothing warm or personal, but simply the vast and exalted) and Jack Williamson's stories of gadgets as seen by more normal people will always be worth writing and reading---to us who feel the love of gadgetry. But the drive for general science fiction will be a drive toward the exploration of this, my life, which is the bedrock of all literature. The exploration of the limits and horizons of the individual, is without limit, and goes far beyond the horizon. And it can only be explored properly in science fiction, because only there can postulates be set down in the necessary simple or hand-picked situations to work them out most effectively.

It's an artificial way of handling literature---but so are they all. And with the proper skill, it can have the universality for which teachers praise Shakespeare and condemn good pulp fiction. Incidentally, in passing, consider the teachers in the future. Must we have school systems designed apparently to limit? Or can we get schools with the ability to develop more than a crop of dry facts? The artificiality of science fiction comes from a bad choice of postulates; the universality from stripping away all the frou-frou and operating on honest essentials.

In other words, if you're going to write a story to explore a section of the future, the man who tosses in "sex" to keep the reader excited will be a genius if he doesn't write a bad book; but the man who strips the quotes from the word, and honestly wonders what sex will mean to the individual in the future, will have the basis for literature.

Take any homespun bit of the fabric of life and explore it fully, and you'll have a good book. If you want to put some gadgets in it, it can still be a good book, for the magazines. But if you have picked your premises wisely and find---as you will---that a host of gadgets isn't necessary, you may have a book to be read long after you've stopped collecting royalties. And by God, I'd like to see more of the writers doing it.

I'd also like to see some of the fans think it over. If you are

then bored with juvenility, I doubt that you can get your money back--but you can scream like hell. You don't represent the major part of science fiction readers, by a long way; you represent a very small group---but a very active one. When you see a story that does what a good story should do, and relates itself to real life and people, you can help to get more of them. Editors are sensitive to letters.

And since I'm at least somewhat sensitive to expressions of boredom, so long--and thanks.

editor's note--

The title of Mr. del Rey's speech is his own, as are any revisions of the original speech. When first transcribed from the wire recordings taken at the Convention, the speech lacked the "punch" which the outstanding personality and stage presence of Mr. del Rey gave to the original. Mr. del Rey kindly volunteered to edit his own speech within the general frame of the original and we feel that he has done a masterful job of it, despite the limitations of macro punctuation as a means of emphasis.

SCIENCE AND SCIENCE FICTION

I'd like to comment tonight on some of the values of science fiction, especially as compared to the values offered in other types of imaginative literature.

The somewhat exciting success of such enterprising new book publishers as Fantasy Press and Arkham House, in rescuing fantastic fiction of all types from the pulp magazines and introducing it to an audience of book readers, is bringing a certain amount of critical attention to a field that has been almost entirely neglected.

JACK WILLIAMSON

While the reviews in the science fiction magazines have generally been intelligent and appreciative, I believe fantasy books still tend to be overlooked by the highbrow and upper middlebrow reviewers — generally either lumped together with the whodunits or ignored altogether.

Among people interested in fantasy, there has been an endless and sometimes pretty bitter debate over the relative merits of science fiction and stories of the Weird Tales school. I haven't followed that argument very closely, and I don't want to get involved in it too deeply, although as a science fiction writer I'm naturally more interested in the case for science fiction.

While of course science fiction isn't anything new to the veteran fan, it does seem to be something strange and bewildering to a large part of the general public and to a good many book reviewers. I believe an effort is in order to restate the values of science fiction as clearly as possible, to work out a theory of criticism which can be applied to it, and to undertake some sort of educational campaign to tell the world what it's all about.

I believe that imaginative literature can be most profitably divided for discussion into the three more or less accepted categories — tales of the supernatural, pure fantasy, and science fiction. In the magazine field, the three types are probably best represented by Weird Tales, the lamented Unknown, and Astounding Science Fiction.

Superficially, all three types are pretty much alike. They are all games of make-believe. The reader is invited to turn his back on literal reality, in order to accept some premise that he knows isn't strictly true. The remainder of the game consists in following that original premise out to its logical conclusion.

It seems to me that such a departure from reality involves a necessary sacrifice of certain literary values. For one thing, as Jack Chapman Miske pointed out in his able paper on "Characterization in Imaginative Literature," in the Spring 1949 issue of the Arkham Sampler, it limits the possibilities and importance of characterization.

Although that point had never occurred to me before I read his paper, it isn't hard to see. Any human being can be known only by his interactions with the world around him. He reflects the society which has made him what he is, and lives as a part of it. When you tear any character out of his real environment -- whether you do it by putting him in the thirtieth century or by setting him down in Alice's Wonderland or just by bringing him face to face with a ghost -- you can destroy him as an individual acting as part of any real world. His behavior becomes a sort of guessing game between writer and reader, because no further direct reference to reality is possible.

I don't mean of course to say that there are no vivid characterizations in imaginative literature. Certainly I don't want to offer any brief for the use of sloppy stereotypes. But I do agree that most characters in imaginative literature are idealized types or emblems of social forces in action or symbols of the hopes and desires of the writer and reader, rather than real individuals in their own right.

If characterization is really the chief aim of literature, it ought to follow that the greatest literature will be written about the people of a recent generation -- remote enough in time so that they and their world can be seen in full unprejudiced perspective, yet still near enough to be thoroughly known by both writer and reader. That proposition may be true. Science fiction stories aren't expected to reflect reality in the same way as Tolstoy's "War and Peace" does. But they do make up for that lack with other sorts of values.

The element of make-believe isn't really limited, of course, to imaginative literature. Any sort of fiction at all requires the reader to accept circumstances that he knows aren't literally factual. Any sort of art in fact, gets its value from being a representation, and not the original object or experience. That departure from the literal reality is what makes form and meaning possible in artistic expression.

Anyhow, that departure from reality is the reason for being of any sort of imaginative literature. Considering the three types again -- the supernatural, pure fantasy, and science fiction -- it seems to me that the most important difference between them is in the sort and degree of intellectual appeal.

The supernatural story is based on the beliefs of an age when the supernatural seemed natural. It was science fiction — or perhaps something even more realistic than science fiction — to people who actually accepted its premises. And it still has a certain strong appeal, even to those who consciously reject the premise that witches exist or magic works, because the old theories of magic and witchcraft grew out of the naive, intuitive conclusions about the nature of things that children reach almost as easily today as their savage forebears did. Most of us have to break habits of magical thinking as we grow up, and the symbolism of the supernatural still offers an expression to the impulses of the savage and the child who lives on in the unconscious after we are grown.

I'm not trying to deny the literary value of supernatural fiction in general; but since those values are determined in the mind of each reader for himself, and against a scale derived from his own experience and conception of reality, it seems to me that their defiance of accepted knowledge tends to keep them out of the highest brackets of literary worth — at least in the estimation of educated readers in a scientific age. I'm sure their popular appeal is somewhat limited even now, and I should expect them to become less highly regarded as the old superstitions continue to die.

It does require a rather high order of craftsmanship to write acceptable stories of the supernatural, because it is necessary to create a mood that will suspend the ordinary intelligence of the reader, so that some degree of belief in the discarded science of the witch doctors can be restored temporarily.

The intellectual appeal of the supernatural story, I should say, is nil.

The "pure fantasy" is in a different category. It's more frankly make-believe. The writer sets up conditions which are admittedly contrary to fact. The reader accepts them in the same spirit, for the sake of taking part in a sort of intellectual game. The writer is in turn bound to play fair, by not violating those initial premises, while he attempts to surprise the reader with the conclusion to which they logically lead.

As such a game, pure fantasy is delightful. The only pity is that a great many readers are too much preoccupied with reality to be interested in playing. John Campbell's UNKNOWN was the only effort I know of to edit a magazine devoted frankly and entirely to pure fantasy. I'm sorry that it didn't find a larger public.

Science fiction, as I see it, follows a different method, which allows the reader to take a more serious — or perhaps a less sophisticated — intellectual interest. Reality is neither denied nor ignored, but rather projected on imaginative screens. The general method, it seems to me, is the extrapolation of trends and the extension of possibilities, into future times and other worlds.

The basic premise underlying a great deal of science fiction is simply that scientific progress will keep on. Interested in the swift march of science, the reader meets no violation of his sense of reality when he joins in testing some possible new gadget and surveying its dramatic human consequences.

This method of projection isn't limited, of course, to the physical sciences alone. When the sociologist or the historian or the philosopher discovers a pattern in the past, or a trend in the present, or a new equation linking man and his world, the writer and the reader share a legitimate intellectual interest in what will happen if that trend goes on, or if that pattern is repeated in a different future setting, or if the terms of that equation change.

The difference in intellectual appeal, I think, is the basic distinction between the several kinds of imaginative literature, but I don't want to seem dogmatic about it. After all, the lines aren't clearly drawn. Many stories of the supernatural make some use of scientific or pseudo-scientific trappings. The writer of a pure fantasy is free to take either science or superstition, or a mixture of both, for his raw material. I suppose that many stories of the supernatural are read as pure fantasy by readers too sophisticated to feel much terror over any pictured contravention of nature by the forces of evil, and many science fiction stories taken as fantasy, by readers unwilling to accept the premises elaborated.

But even in view of the great difference readers make in their estimates of what is possible, I still believe that the feeling of possibility is the essential thing in a science fiction story. Looking back to the enormous thrill I got out of the first science fiction stories I read, it seems to me that the sense of projected reality was an important part of the experience, and I know that I used to feel highly offended by violations of it.

In the early days of *Amazing Stories* and the old *Wonder Stories*, Hugo Gernsback, who launched them both, used to make quite a point of the educational and prophetic nature of science fiction. Perhaps his claims went too far. While a certain amount of true science can be found in science fiction, any textbook is a richer and more reliable source. Although some of the prophecies of science fiction do come true, many more don't. Yet I feel that his point was sound, because it emphasized that element of possibility.

I believe that this method of science fiction can be fairly described as a sort of time machine, which can transport writer and reader, not to one future alone, but to any number of alternate future times and worlds of if — keeping them always in contact with solid reality, through that vital thread of possibility which must never be broken.

In stressing this primary element of interest in the logical working out of an idea, I don't want to minimize the importance

of plot and conflict and emotional values, which create the illusion of reality, and hold the focus of interest on the evolution and dramatic consequences of the idea.

Most great science fiction stories, from "Gulliver's Travels" on, have served as vehicles for the satiric exaggeration of human imperfections or for Utopian plans for a better world, but the writer has made a blunder whenever he attempts to play up his thematic ideas at the expense of story values.

The work of H. G. Wells is the classic illustration of that peril. In his earlier and more readable stories, the ideas are allowed to work themselves out dramatically, through the story action, while in many of his later books the socialistic preaching was allowed to crowd out the story values, so that the feeling of possibility was destroyed and the writer's whole purpose defeated.

That's a problem of integration. While the characters and plot may have been selected in the first place to illustrate some thematic idea, in the finished story it ought to seem the other way around — that the story itself is the important thing, from which the theme follows inevitably but also incidentally.

This intellectual interest in scientific possibilities, examined in the light of all their logical consequences, seems to me, what makes science fiction exciting and worthwhile.

I won't undertake to claim that it's anything better than the more pretentious literary values offered in other types of fiction. After all, one man's literary meat can be a pretty dull dish to another. Considering the uses to which such discoveries as the atomic chain reaction are being put, you can't blame people who prefer to ignore such uncomfortable possibilities so long as they can.

I am very happy, however, about the increasingly wide and alert interest in science fiction, and I feel that writers and publishers can extend the field still further, by offering books which are really worth serious interest.



DONT POUCHER

ALLEY OOP IS THE MAN I'D LIKE TO BE

V. T. HAMLIN

I expect the main point to get across to you people tonight is why I'm here. About---oh, I guess it was twenty or twenty-five years ago---when I was a press photographer and sort of lay geologist down in southwest Texas, I started reading a new type of a magazine printed by Hugo Oernsack. I think it was either AMAZING STORIES or SCIENCE WONDER.

I was particularly fascinated with those, they were very improbable, but they were scientific and I had scientific leanings myself. I read them for several years. Of course in due biological time, I got married. Married a very fine girl. In fact, if I hadn't married, there would never have been any brains under my roof.

You know, I never could sell her on those stories. One of the first things I did shortly after we were married was to read her an installment of a story that was current at that time. I think it was called "The Second Deluge". Maybe some few of you remember it. I thought it was a particularly fascinating piece of work. And I could not sell it to her, so help me! I was beating my brains against a wall.

You know what struck her? She said, "What makes it go?"

There you have a perfect balance in a family. I'm mechanically minded and scientifically minded and what-have-you; she's got a lot of brains and knows how to take care of money and what to do with it and knows nothing about science. She's still that way. Doesn't want to know anything about science.

Maybe I ought to talk to you people about drawing a comic strip, but first I'd like to tell you a few things about the fellows you are hearing from this platform tonight. Not me---I'll tell you about no---but first I want to tell you about these other fellows. I don't know them all, but I had the extreme pleasure of going out to dinner with them. We sat for about two hours in a bull session this afternoon and then we went out to dinner. Over to the Cricket.

Of course Smith, he didn't like the way his steak was cooked. Two or three others had a beef about something. I had chili, which I ought to know better than to eat up in this country even with a bunch of guys from Texas. We had a bunch of fun, though.

I imagine that most of you fans would have loved to have set in on that conversation. You would have been the most disillusioned bunch of people you can imagine. We were talking about our kids. We were also talking about how our folks disciplined us and brought us up when we were youngsters, which is probably the reason why you've got crazy people like us in this world. They are a pretty swell bunch of fellows. They're posted and they

know their stuff and they're not dizzy. Anybody that knows as much about kids as these fellows know; they're all right.

Now me, I've got two kids. I just married off a daughter here not very long ago; swell kid. I've got a thirteen or fourteen year old son. He plays pool with me. Beats me, too. You know, I think that probably the best I ever did in the world was when I set back and realize that my kids know their old man and like him.

I'm bragging a little bit, but of course, all this time, these two youngsters have stuck their noses in on my easel, my drawing board---every morning. Possibly the greatest critics I have ever had in drawing a comic strip.

Now drawing a comic strip was something I just could not help doing. It's an expediency of course, but I was long a newspaperman and I had these stories in my system and they had to come out. But you know, when I was a little fellow---of course I'm still a little fellow, but I'm no young fellow any more---when I was a young fellow, I had it kind of tough to hold my own with these babes in town, all these big fellows pushing me around. So I decided that the one thing I could do to hold my own was to develop a conversational topic that would amuse them.

That is, if I could talk glibly about something that a young lady or a group was interested in, that was over the heads of these big stiff's that didn't have any trouble making center and guard on the football team, why I had an in. That's how Alley Oop started, believe it or not.

I started studying palmistry. It's awful corny, but it got over. Well, I went into the newspaper business after going through the First World War where I got pretty badly cut up. But I still kept up this fourflushing business and when I got into the oil fields I studied geology, because I was interested in the romance of the rocks. The romance of the rocks led to the study of dinosaurs; paleontology. And when the bottom fell out of things around there in 1929, I had to come north---one jump ahead of the sheriff---and I went back into art.

At that time, I had a big job. I had charge of fifteen---twenty guys; photographers, engravers and one thing and another on a big newspaper. But I didn't like it too much. I am too active, anyway. So I developed this comic strip---a comic strip based upon geology---upon prehistoric monsters. Now the funny thing is that it waen't the comic strip you see today or have seen for the past seventeen or eighteen years. This comic strip was simply a strip devoted to dinosaurs, and being an old newspaperman, I know that a strip based solely upon dinosaurs, which even in my imagination didn't talk a word, wouldn't go over.

So I invented a stooge to do the talking. That was Alley Oop. Well, Dinny, of course, has gone the way of most dinosaur flesh. I drag him back into the scene once in a while, but he's through; Oop's stolen the story. Well, I suppose that you people would say that since this comic strip is based to a degree upon science I am a science fiction writer. They say that stf is fantasy, or a plot fictionized, based upon science.

Well, I consider the study of paleontology, ethnology, and eight or ten others including sociology as a good enough basis to make me acceptable as a science writer. But my main concern is not so much with science as it is with people. I could just stand up here and tell you people how I'm surprised and very reluctant to get up in front of you good people and talk. If I was to tell you that, anybody who knew me, and none of you do, would say, "Good Lord, listen to Hamlin lie again!" because I came here with the distinct idea of getting up in front of you people and making a lot of noise.

Because I wanted to meet you. I figured that if you people read stf you also read Alley Cop and that's what feeds me. So I wasn't at all surprised although I did very politely demur when they asked me if I'd get up here and speak tonight. I was just tickled to death. So that's why I'm here.

I have a few things I want to say about scienti-fiction and maybe I'm out of line. First, I want to say that my writing of stf is based from an entirely different premise than that of the stf magazine writers. I write for newspapers---I understand that my comics are published in 650 (and translated in one or two foreign languages). That makes me very happy. I worked hard for that success and I expect to continue to work hard. But the idea is that I write for the world. My audience is everybody, whether they're science minded or whether they're not. Therefore, I do not write science; I write sociology, which is the study of humanity. I'm very interested in people. I'm very interested in Alley Cop, who to me is as much flesh and blood as you are. Now there's a lot of me in Alley Cop, of course. Alley Cop is the man I'd like to be.

That isn't hard to understand, but a big man couldn't draw that comic strip. I don't have any great admiration for a lot of brains; I don't have any, I don't have to worry about 'em; neither does Cop. He's awful lucky, but so am I. I've got all the breaks a man could ask for. You'll talk to no happier man than I, if you live to be a hundred years old. But science writers--they work for you people. They have a prepared audience and they give you straight science. I'd like to, but it just doesn't work.

Now about this moon story---I have wanted to draw a story, an interplanetary story for a long time. You people would accept it because you know all these ramifications and what makes a liner go from here to Alpha Centauri, or some such impossible place, but my readers don't. But thanks to the Army and White Sands Proving Grounds, they finally popularized rocket propulsion. So it wasn't too hard for me to build this story up, use a booster and carry their own landing gear and show how they could carry enough fuel to the moon to get off. So we put those two bozos of mine in a tin can and shot it to the moon.

But then another problem arose. It's alright to take them up to the moon, but even you and I in our most fantastic moments know that there is no life on the moon. We don't really know it, but we have very good reason to believe it. So to make their stay on the moon more palatable, why not use those flying saucers that

had everyone upset and have them as scout planes from the planet Venus? It worked out, and everybody thought it was swell. I was a little afraid to come down here, because I thought you might clip my ears.

But anyway that's how it worked. Now this is the first story my hero has never carried his axe. He's always come out pretty well on top--when he had the axe. But he didn't carry it with him this time, so just remember when you start reading about poor Alley Oop in the next two or three weeks, or maybe sooner--I don't remember just exactly what the release dates are now--the old boy hasn't got his axe.

That just about covers the subject of Alley Oop. Now let's go back to stf.

I'm particularly upset about certain stf artists. I'm very glad to see this beautiful display of illustrations and cover designs. There isn't one of these boys that can't draw better in his sleep than I can wide awake and cold sober. I have no quarrel with the inside illustrations. I think they're wonderful. Some of them are absolutely classics. But my complaint is with the covers of your magazines. We have four to illustrate, or five, and they're perfect jewels of artistic technique. They are pretty. They're beautifully done. But I wouldn't be caught dead with a magazine that looked like that!

Well, I got that gripe off my shoulders.

Now you know I do read a lot of this stuff. Some of the stuff I go through pretty fast because I don't like some of it and then again I'll strike a story that's really got something to it and I'll steal all the gimmicks I can from it. But you know, when I read them I don't want to hide myself in my bedroom. My wife knows I read the stuff and she doesn't pay any attention to it. You know what she reads? She reads detective stories. You know, you can read a detective story on a club car or somewhere else and nobody thinks anything about it, but any goon that reads that stuff, they say, "Look at that! He's a lunatic!"

Now there's nothing wrong with those illustrations. It isn't the fact that the illustrations are bad; it's the fact that they're not artistic. And it's the fact that the rest of the public thinks we're crazy.

Well, that's about all, folks. I could go on here and talk a long time, but in conclusion, I want to tell you that it's been a lot of fun. It's been a revelation to me. I've been a newspaperman, I've been a camera man, and I've covered conventions from coast to coast and border to border, and I hate conventions. I think they're a pain in the neck. The thing that they do at most conventions anyway is get about half-slopping tight. But this is the first convention I have been to in my forty-nine and one half years voluntarily. I've got to get out of here at eleven o'clock tonight and thank you for being a swell audience.

Apr. 13, 1950

Dear Don:-

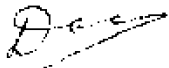
Heh! Heh! Just got your letter today.

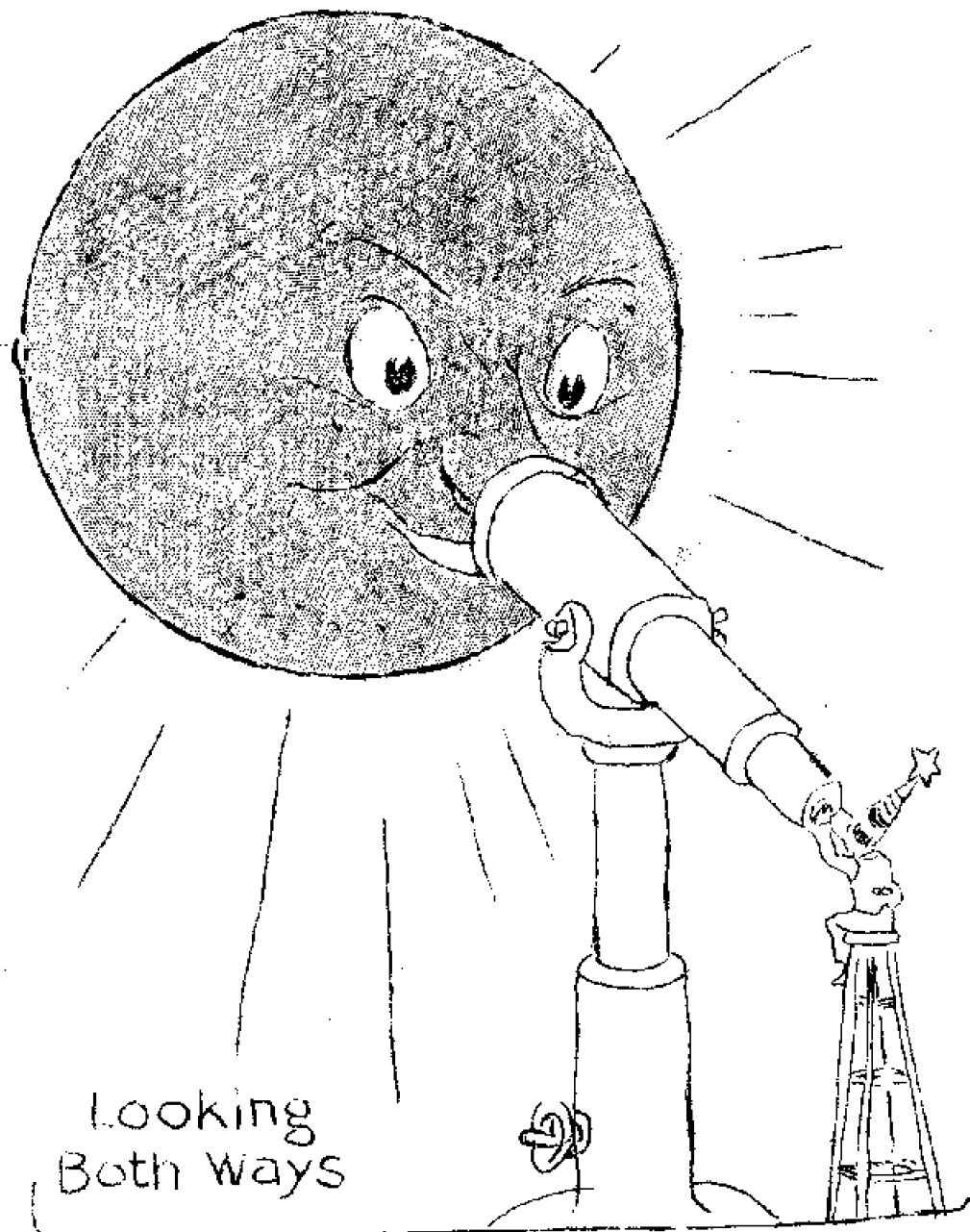
No can do on the reconstruction of what you so flatteringly call my "speech" at the Convention. As you ought to remember, it wasn't a speech; since I didn't know I was on for one and didn't have anything prepared. It was strictly off the cuff, and I have not the foggiest notion what I talked about. I don't even know whether or not it sounded like anything at the time--but just between you and me, I'm tickled pink that the wire broke. Heh! Heh!

I have shuddered many times at the idea that some of that "speech" might be played back at me some time; and I chortle with glee. Heh! Heh!

My very best to Lou and Stan and Roy, as well as some for yourself.

Sincerely-----


E. E. Smith, Ph. D.



Looking
Both Ways

2

ND

DAY

TED CARNELL

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it is indeed a very great pleasure for me to be here on this platform tonight. I'd like to say right now that one of my childhood dreams has been broken.....you are not all Cowboys and Indians. I haven't any set speech at all; because I think you would like to hear a lot about Stf. in Britain and later on you'll probably like to ask me some questions about British Stf. I will be only too happy to answer them.

"Ever since I arrived in New York, before I even got ashore, the hospitality of your country has hit me greater than I can really express. I don't think I can ever recollect seeing before now, the kindness, generosity, and friendship extended between our two countries. And I know; for a long time I had personal experience with American soldiers in Europe; of the friendliness of the American people as a whole.

"It's very appropriate, I think, that Cincinnati and my visit to your country coincided in respect to the fact that eight months during the last war, I was attached to the 168th Regimental Combat Team of the U. S. Army; which was mainly National Guardsmen from Ohio; and I formed some very nice friendships during the eight months. So, to come to Ohio on my first trip to the United States, is as much a privilege as it is a pleasure.

"In Great Britain, we have a set up very much the same as you have here. If I say that we're just a bunch of goofy goons, the same as you are, you know how we are. We have a considerably different set up than you have because we have a far smaller country; and communications are a lot faster, with people being able to visit each other much easier. The natural tendency is for London, the Capital, to take the lead in British Fandom; and, we have built up, in the last two years, a very considerable fan gathering which has not been called 'The London Circle'. But; from what I've seen here in Cincinnati the last two days, there's no great difference between the fans in London and the fans in Cincinnati; or any other city in America.

"The bunch gathers every Thursday evening in Whitehorse Tavern.....which is beginning to get a reputation; even among newspapermen. Everything from politics down to, last, but, not least, Science Fiction, is kicked around in odd corners; and everybody has a good time. However, we have one great difference which is very noticeable to me. Here, I see many National fan groups; when, in Britain, we have really only one fan group. Although, the British Fantasy

Society is nominally in existence, in actual practice, it isn't functioning; because, over the last two years, everybody who has had an executive position has for one reason or another shifted the balance of his titular job to somebody else. Thus, there has been a constant shift off the shoulders of one person onto the shoulders of another; until really, the Society isn't functioning as it was hoped it would.

"Now, going back considerably earlier; before the war, in '38 and '39 we had a very strong, active fan group in the Stf. Association. This was mainly carried on by 8 or 9 fans in London, who did all the work; very similarly to most fan groups I've met, where a number did the majority of the work. During the war, this was closed; and there was no Stf group in Britain. A name very well known to you, Mike Rosenbloom, managed to carry on; in some small manner, with the few remaining fans in Great Britain.

"This, is where I would like to, personally, give the thanks of everybody in Great Britain to all of you good people in America, for the unbounding help and assistance you gave to Britain, during the war, in the fantasy line. Individually, I cannot thank any of you; because, so many of you sent Bundles to Britain at a time when Science Fiction was almost dead in our country. Those packages which came in from the big names in American Fandom, and the small names, too, the odd magazines that were sent; ALL of them, each one, were very deeply appreciated. Although the Britisher's natural tendency is not to get excited, and to be profuse in his thanks, I really can assure you that we did appreciate those gifts. I only wish that sometime we could reciprocate on the scale which you have given us over such a long period.

"Before I get off the thanks, I would like to say, now, that I personally am grateful for the Big Fund Fund; which was, at least sponsored by Forrie Ackerman on my behalf, in the long run. Although it wasn't intended that I should come, to everybody who donated something to that fund, I would like to say thank you. I would thank Forrie Ackerman, also, for his support; and to Alfred C. Prime, Lloyd A. Eschbach, and all the people I'm constantly in touch by mail in a various number of business ventures in Stf. Everyone of them has contributed to some small part of my trip; and I deeply appreciate that.

"I'd like to go on, now, discussing S-F in Britain, as opposed to Fandom.

"We have a very similar set up in the professional publishing world to our own Fan world. It differs entirely, I think, to your country; mainly because we have no big publishing companies sponsoring Stf. As most of you know, we have been forced to sponsor it ourselves. After many belated attempts by publishing houses in Britain with money behind them; but, without the brains for the specialization of knowing what to do, we eventually about a year ago, got together and decided that if we pooled all our brains and resources, we should be able to produce at least one Stf. magazine which would be comparable, in Great Britain, to what you are accustomed to in America. Many of you have now seen the 4th issue of NEW WORLDS; which I personally did not like, but which has received a certain amount of praise from many directions. A great deal of praise, much to my surprise, came from America; where I should have imagined our magazine would be torn to shreds. There's something about it which has reader appeal over here. I think that all of you will begin to enjoy the next issue; which is starting to shape up more near the mark which I originally would have liked number one to be.

"However, we have a great many difficulties in Britain. Not only haven't we the money, or the big publishing houses behind us, we haven't the artists who

can possibly cope with the work at all. They just aren't used to the medium. Several artists that I have tried out, whose work hasn't been published; but, whose work I've seen, were just hopeless. And as you know, we haven't a great many authors in Great Britain who can really write the right stuff. If my memory is correct, I think we only have about 9. Unfortunately, the best one of them is not available to British Stf., although he would be; and that is Eric Frank Russell. Eric is a very slow writer and he contends that he cannot write enough for the American market; with what time is at his disposal. So, he cannot produce anything for the British market at the moment. Of the rest of the authors, quite a few of them have crashed into the American market recently; and I have been able to obtain quite a few good ones which just missed being published over here for one reason or another, but which suit me, as an editor, to publish in NEW WORLDS.

"I have a very happy feeling that, from number five, NEW WORLDS is really going to become something in Britain. We have certainly made the grade with number four; it's nearly sold out, and financially, the magazine is a success. With number five, the wholesalers who saw the advance proofs of the cover, all immediately upped their orders by 50%. So, we can practically guarantee that the next issue will be oversold by the time it is on the stands. That issue will be published by the end of this month; or, very probably by the week I get back home. It's an increase in eight pages, which brings us up to 96. The artwork has been done by two artists, one entirely new to Stf. and by an old friend of ours, Harry Turner, whom so many people requested return to the field, that he eventually agreed to come back and try some. Now, his work has changed considerably over the years. During the war, Harry was away in India with the Royal Air Force, and he spent most of his spare time doing cartoon work. His fantasy work has not exactly suffered through doing cartoon work, but it has changed and the changes are very marked in his work which is coming out in NEW WORLDS.

"I found it very difficult to find new artists who could be molded to the medium. Clothier, whose cover you saw today, has done some interiors for the next issue; and I think we really have a find in him. Unfortunately, BBC Television is after him for scenic background paintings and there's a strong possibility that if he gets tied up with them, we shan't see much of him. The trouble with us is the same as over here; as soon as a man gets good, he gets more money doing something else, and then you lose him.

"But, we're really trying very hard to establish Science Fiction in England.

"Now, while I'm discussing other people, I would really like to talk to you for a few minutes about Walter Gillings, who is undoubtedly the greatest Science-Fictionist in Great Britain. Walter should have been over with me on this platform tonight, but when January came around and the tickets for the trip had to be booked, Walter was expecting to change his job from an editor back to Fleet Street, where he really belongs, and he held up on deciding whether to come. At last he took the job in Fleet Street which was offered to him, and that cut off his time so he definitely couldn't come over with me. He sends through me his most heartfelt wishes to you all for the great support you have given him in FANTASY REVIEW. I know, personally, that he's had a tough row to hoe with that magazine which is, without doubt, the best in the field. He's been supported by a number of us in London who, being professional booksellers can afford to place advertisements with him; and that has been his backbone.

"He really needs subscriptions; advertisements need subscriptions, otherwise they fall down and the advertiser decides to pull his ad. out. We're going to

try to get a campaign going shortly so we can see more copies of FANTASY REVIEW in this country. Walter's changing the set up of that magazine considerably; he's going to turn it towards a digest of Stf. articles, semi-scientific articles, and enlarge the reader appeal. And I think that very soon, probably inside another six months, his magazine can be placed on any newsstand anywhere and sell. There's no doubt about it that that magazine has done more in Great Britain for Stf. than anything else. It's reaching a far wider public than it ever did before; the book reviews covered in it are bringing book orders in better than even the advertisements are doing.

"So, I was personally very disappointed that Walter couldn't be here this evening; because he could give the detailed background of British Stf. even better than I can; although, I was in it as long ago as 1934. Gillings has been the 'kingpin' behind all major attempts in our country to establish magazine Stf. there. I think that over the years, the constant disappointments have rather embittered him. He's had three very unfortunate attempts at becoming an editor the second one was TALES OF WONDER.....I won't mention the first one, because that one was unofficial, and nothing was ever publicly known about it. The outcome of his first attempt was for another magazine company to take his ideas and put their own editor in and publish them. The second attempt, TALES OF WONDER, was difficult from his point of view in so far as the publishing company would not finance him above a certain figure; and they allocated certain funds for editorial requirements, out of which Walter had to make his profit for all the work put in. But, even so, that magazine drifted along right through to 1942, and reached 16 issues before it was eventually washed out.

"Then, he tried again, when he got out of the Army with another now publishing house and we saw FANTASY, as it was called, in three issues, probably the best magazine we've ever had. I'd like to say right now, strictly off the record, that we'd very much like to get FANTASY back with Gillings as its editor; and the plans for Nova Publications are that, given a reasonable break in the next six months financially, we shall incorporate FANTASY as it was, into our company with Gillings as editor, and will run it in conjunction with NEW WORLDS as an alternative publication. We have the opportunity of buying, fairly cheaply, all the manuscripts which he prepared for some 16 issues of FANTASY. Some of the English authors have been fortunate enough to buy the rights to their stories, and we have seen three or four stories in ASTOUNDING within the last six months, all of which were due to be published in Britain in FANTASY, but were not, and the publisher granted rights to the authors. So, as you see, Walter Gillings himself is the kingpin in British Stf. I'm a very poor second to him, probably because I have so many other interests. It was a great disappointment when I knew he couldn't come over here.

"So, on his behalf, I express his thanks and his good wishes to all of you for the future.

"Now, to change the subject a little, is there any question anybody would like to ask me ?

Ed. note: a question and answer period followed, with some of the answers being given below. The questions can be deduced from those.

....The rates for NEW WORLDS are \$1.50 for 4 issues. The price on FANTASY REVIEW has been changed very recently when Gillings upped his price and went into a quarterly.

....The question of British fans having difficulty in obtaining American mags.

is a very good one. Quits recently, the situation changed in our favor. ⁴⁷ Up until recently, we couldn't place any subscription in another country. They were strictly forbidden; and the fans had to resort to swapping magazines, or relying upon charity, and that charity is a very tough one. Much as we appreciate it, there's hardly anyone who wouldn't rather swap or pay or give their shirt; just to get Stf, rather than accept it as a gift. But, a few months ago the heat was off, for some unknown reason, and we have now discovered that a fan in England, if he goes to the post office and applies for an International Money Order Form, can now take out a subscription for one magazine for one year and it's okay. He can also go to his bank and get that same form. We are now publicizing that fact to all the fans in Britain, so we are not experiencing the difficulty which we had a year ago.

...The question of whether you can supply British fans with magazines is one which is easily answered. One of our greatest exponents of Stf, is the very well known fan named Captain Ken Slater, who is now residing in Germany with his wife; and who also sends you his very best wishes. Ken Slater wrote me before I left; and said that if anyone in America wanted to swap magazines with him, or books or anything, he would be only too pleased to take care of them. I'll be only too pleased to give you his address and you can write to him. He has probably the largest collection for the active fans in the country, and he just can't get enough magazines to go around. My experience as a book dealer, is that 15% of them buy books, and 85% of them buy magazines.

...Saying how many active fans there are in Great Britain is like saying how many active fans there are in the United States. I believe there were several hundred names on the list I brought to Doc Ford; and, to my knowledge, there are at least another hundred or two who actually read Stf. However, we can start a very long debate on what an active fan is. If you mean the fan who attends a regular meeting, or drops in at a meeting occasionally, there aren't more than 80 in London, and central area. There are quite a few more farther north, but they just can't get down. But, if you call an active fan a reader who writes to others, that number rises considerably and there are probably 4 or 5 hundred. From the checks that I've personally been able to make, there must be at least 50,000 readers of magazine Science Fiction in Britain. Now, I worked that on a check of the sales of ASTOUNDING British Reprints (I know what their sales figures are) and if we reckon that at least 2 other people read the same magazine, that puts it up considerably higher still. That actually has been the basis of our policy. If a British reprint of an American magazine can sell 20-30,000 copies at 20¢, there must be a wide appeal for a British mag. with new stuff in it, at thirty-odd cents.

...What would be the result of selling a large quantity of British mags. in America? Now, the question is an awkward one; because we cannot compete with the vast resources of the American magazine publishing companies. We can't have 4 and 5 color covers. We haven't the paper for a 160 page magazine. We can't even compete in price. But, I can give you a rather interesting statistic on NS. WORLDS with a bookseller in New York. As you know, the magazine is selling for 35¢ here. He took 20 copies to try it----number 4. He hadn't had them for more than 24 hrs. when he sent an airmail letter for another 20. He had the second 20 a week when he sent another airmail letter for another 20, which brought him up to 60, and soon after that, he asked me for another 20, which made him 80 copies. Now, 80 copies of a British magazine at 35¢ that's about half the price of a 35¢ American magazine, was pretty good selling. I still can't understand it, because he couldn't have sold to 80 fans in New York all passing through his street door. He has subsequently placed an order for 100 of the next issue. That's really going some for just one magazine store or

42
book shop, to be able to sell a 100 copies of good British magazines which is considerably higher priced than most American magazines. We're very interested in the outcome of further experiments in the American magazine field. We have approached the International News Co., who are one of the largest magazine distributors in America, and we are not prepared to offer them the discount they would like; and consequently, they are not prepared to take any copies at all. There are a number of dealers in America who are handling copies. FPOI of L.A. are handling a fairly large quantity to the western seaboard of America, but they are distributing to book shops. A number of individual book dealers are taking 50-100 copies, or maybe in smaller quantities. At the moment, the whole of your question is in the experimental stage. If someone came up and said, 'I'll take 5,000 copies.', we wouldn't refuse him, anyway.

...NE WORLDS is not considered a high priced magazine in England, to answer your question. It's an average price. A new publication which came out 2 months ago in the Detective-Mystery field, rather shook the whole trade, because it did not conform to any tradition. It's called MYSTERY MAGAZINE, it sells at 60¢; which is way above anything sold in Britain. It has little comic cuts inside, and it is about the thickness of one of your thicker pocket books, but much larger in size. That's an experiment which is being carried out by one of the very large publishing houses. In the main, 30-35¢ is an average price for a British magazine.

...Why don't the big publishing houses in Britain publish Stf? That's a question we've been asking them for 20 years, so, I can't really give you the answer. I think that the truth behind it is that Britain is not a big magazine publishing country. Those that are, are leaning more and more toward the five and ten cent picture magazine, rather than fiction magazines. In fact, you'd probably be very greatly surprised to see any large bookstand or newsstand in London, to see the very small percentage of magazines, and by magazines I mean fiction magazines. They're in a little tiny corner; well, you probably would never see them. The big publishers do not consider fiction a profit-making and to a business when they make far more selling 300,000 copies of a picture magazine to women, or a picture magazine on general topics. Of fiction mags., we have very few.

...MYSTERY MAGAZINE published unusual fiction. We were very much hoping in London, that they were going to take up weird and fantasy. Their first issue, which had many big names in the English Fiction world, the trend was toward the off-trail weirds. Subsequently, some friends of mine who thought they were going to get in on it, found out that the whole policy of the magazine was changed after the first issue, and they are going to switch to detective stories. So, another hope for a British weird, or off-trail fantasy magazine was crushed almost before it started.

...My personal reaction to the Penguin Co. bringing out an anthology of Stf. is no.

"If there are no more questions, this will conclude what I have to say, here today.

Charlie Tanner; "Thank you Ted, and I hope something unforeseen happens and you are back with us next year."

FANS HAVE INFLUENCE

43

ARTHUR J. BURKS

I've spent the last six years practically outside the business of writing; science fiction or anything else. I've had a little job doing a retraced job in the service, I've spent the last eighteen months out of the last two years in central Brazil, and so I'm pretty much out of touch.

That's the reason I'm here; to try to find out.

Now, one of the reasons I went to Brazil was to try to find old, ancient cities. Nobody down there ever heard of any of them. Colonel Lindbergh is supposed to have seen ruins back in the jungle someplace. Colonel Percy Fawcett has been lost since 1922. When I first went down to Brazil two years ago, he had just been found in two places at the same time a thousand miles apart.

Percy found all the cities. As soon as we find Percy Fawcett, I'll have something to tell you about them. I didn't go down there looking for him, but every writer who has gone down there has. They have hunted for him in the bars of the coast cities. He is lost somewhere in the Matto Grosso.

I went that far, anyway. I became a little discouraged. I took my wife along with me and she walked me to death every day. So I got to thinking that this Amazon business is not all it's cracked up to be. You read a lot of books about the Amazon and about the long snakes and about the alligators and about all the stuff that falls in your hair. I didn't find any of that. I went a lot of places Americans hadn't gone---my wife was the first white woman in lots of them---and there just wasn't much of anything to it.

And we didn't find any ruined cities except those built by the Portuguese 250 or 300 years ago.

So I didn't particularly prepare anything on it, but I did want to say one or two things to you which I think will be a lot closer to your heart, because I'd much rather listen to you people. I'll tell you why in just a moment.

Mr. Smith here mentioned that we didn't know anything, but I know one thing that fans ought to know. I wonder if any of you realize how actually much authority you carry in this business of science fiction? I can tell you from personal experience that I have been in and out of magazines on account of three letters.

I was telling some of the boys at lunch today---not on science fiction and other sorts of things---how I lost on a series which was paying my rent just because a publisher happened to see

a kid on a train reading one of his magazines. He said, "Son, how do you like that magazine?"

The boy said, "I like it fine, but," he said, "this thing I just read I don't like."

Unfortunately, it was my story.

So what happens? The publisher goes back to his office and he kills this series. So I have to change the guy's name and start all over again.

You have a great deal of power in the pulp paper offices, especially in this pseudo science business, if you use it. Now I noticed something in your comments up here today about how you have a committee. I suppose it's something like an executive committee. Well, if those fellows really bear down, if you've got somebody that works and you follow out what they find to be a pretty good job, you can really exercise this authority.

Now, I'm speaking from three different kinds of jobs I've held in my time which makes me a pretty good science fan, too, because it gives me three necks to stick out. For five years, I headed a writer's group. For two years I was the vice president and for three years I was the president. I had an executive committee and, boy, they were good in telling me what to do. They were always around, but never to do anything. That's one thing that your executive committee and your president must take in their stride; that's the way people are and if you all had to decide things, you'd never get anything done as you realize when you start to do it.

Three people are an awful lot to get to decide on a particular thing and get it done.

Don't try to do your stuff as a pressure group. Write as individuals from all over this United States. You know blamed well that there are a lot of good writers coming up, a lot of youngsters that have really got something on the ball; they need to be boosted and they need to be helped to get up into cover names. I want to assure you that in a very brief period of time, the very best of them slip away; you can't invent stories every day of your life for thirty years and get away with it.

Believe me; I know. I'm just twenty-nine years at it. That's how close.

If you had some way of keeping in contact with one another and you really wrote letters to your magazines---not as a group, but as individuals---you could practically dictate the contents of magazines, believe it or not.

I want to switch around a little bit. There was one man who wanted very much to come here. We planned until a couple of days ago. He was invited; Rene Lafayette. He writes for John Campbell. The only thing was, he couldn't come without bringing Ron Hubbard, who didn't get an invitation. But Ron was going to come

along with him anyhow since they're practically inseparable.

The only difficulty is that Ron had to go to the hospital in Bethesda yesterday or the day before for a checkup. He got pretty badly shot up during the war; how it's affected his fiction, I don't know. That's something you'll have to decide. He had to go down to find out whether he'll draw a pension or whether he'll have to go on writing this stuff and take you fellows' rough stuff in the magazines all the time.

I'm not going to wait for a question period or anything of that kind. I'm going to call it short because I would like to hear from you people and know more about what makes you tick.

Believe me, it's very necessary that I know that, because when I know what makes you tick, I can continue to make a living, which I'd like to do, if you don't mind.

3

RD

DAY

FRITZ LEIBER

I figure that I'm just supposed to talk until you get quieted down for the Business Session; so as soon as I see that everybody is fast asleep, why then I'll cut it short.

Now, when I first heard that I was going to speak, I thought it was going to be the first day and I figured that I'd be subbing for Robert Bloch. Now, to have me subbing for Bloch is just about as if you thought you were going to a special performance of Charlie Chaplin and out on the stage stopped Herbert Hoover. So, I won't make any efforts in that direction, though as far as Bloch is concerned, knowing him, I think that in commemoration and in honor of him I really ought to ask you all to rise and stand for one minute on your heads. I know he'd like that. However, since we're supposed to be quiet, I won't pull that.

Along with the Herbert Hoover idea, it occurs to me that every convention, every meeting, has to have a paragon somewhere. Somebody with a little serious reminder. Even Congress, I understand, keeps a couple of gentlemen with their collars turned around to say a few words now and then. Along with that line, I think that this will quiet you faster than almost anything else would, I'd like to bring up this one point: There's the fact that Sci. is entertainment and we get a great kick out of it all the time. There is one side, however, on this is almost, I'd say, a responsibility that the people who read, write, and publish Science Fiction do feel.....

And that's this; Science, and the ideas about life that have come out of science, are not particularly welcome throughout the world. Human beings are culture-bound. They have been culture-bound for centuries; for well, as far back as you want to go in the evolutionary process. They find it difficult to look beyond the walls of their own habits, the customs they've been brought up to, and that has a profound affect on the world today. A very profound and sometimes very dangerous effect. I was looking up some of the things recently, Stuart Chase, the Semanticist, has been doing lately, and one of them is that he has been making a popular study, though a very thorough going one, of the work that's being done in Anthropology today. One of the big jobs they're on, is called The Cross Index of Cultural Traits. I believe that it's set up at Yale, but there are people working on it throughout the country and throughout the world. The idea there is to find, and state, the customs and habits of every separate culture that exists in the world today and has existed; with the idea of finding out what's common between those cultures, so there will be some idea what can be built on in making some type of one-world government or federation in the future. For instance, one of the things that's been pointed out is that it's found practically everywhere government grows out of the war-making committee. In other words, the power behind the government, right from the start, is generally the war making power. There are ideas like that, that have some very interesting suggestions to them.

Now the point I want to make, however, is that Chase was pointing out how cult-

are-bound to all are; how unable we are to look over the fence at the other fellow's habits and customs of life, without criticizing them of failing to understand. He was pointing out that the idea of culture-binding was probably the most important idea where war and peace are concerned in the world today. And, he was saying, that he didn't think there was one major statesman in the world who had a clear idea of this concept. Statesmen don't have time to get a background yet, on the whole. Neither does the public at large. Even the scientists themselves, are likely to come from highly conservative, even narrow minded home backgrounds which makes them—although scientific principles influence their lives—have a hard time; their whole personalities aren't remade. They're apt to be tolerant, and understanding, and farseeing in their own home field; but rather prejudiced in other fields. I do think that science and the fans can play a part—that's where Science Fiction comes in. As a group, they are people who have accepted science, who have tried to build their lives and beliefs to some extent around science. There are exceptions, of course, but I think on the whole that can be stated. That puts all of us into a little more responsible position than it seems on the surface. We have a chance to help people of our times with the application of science to Social and political problems throughout the world; and to show the need of running our lives and our countries according to the findings of the Sociologists and Anthropologists, instead of according to inherited prejudices. We have a chance to put in a good word for science---all of us.

I was just writing a book review, recently, of that anthology THE BEST SF STORIES—1949; and it occurred to me in re-reading those stories that the majority of them are Superman stories. Then it occurred to me further that the Superman idea has a wider application than I ever realized before. There is a sense in which all of us are called upon to be Supermen today. You can't do it in the sense of the super-high IQ. We can't do it in the sense of the rigorously and scientifically worked out training and discipline. But, it is possible today for everyone to be a Superman in the sense of adopting the scientific principle of being a Superman of Understanding, Tolerance, Vision, Judgement, and Justice. These aren't things which necessarily require high IQ. Personally, I have never seen it proved that a high IQ is required there. And personally, I don't believe that a Democracy or any other form of Democratic government will work in the long run, unless every person is to some degree, a true Superman. In other words, a person who to some degree has gotten beyond himself, who can see a bigger picture, who isn't culture-bound, who isn't solely the victim of his habit and his inherited prejudices. And so, in that sense, I wrote in that review that-----well, I have to write something! I believe that in the middle of the last century, Karl Marx or Engels wrote something to the effect that: "There is a specter haunting Europe today, the specter of Communism." Well, today I'd say that there is a Superman awaiting at everybody's elbow. He's invisible, and he's waiting there; ready to be embodied.

Thank you.

A S-F FIRST:

51

THE CONVENTION ON TV

ANNOUNCER: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.

Did you ever read Buck Rogers? Of course you have; for at one time or another you've all been interested in science fiction.

More than two hundred delegates are here in Cincinnati for this weekend at a gathering; as the Seventh World Science Fiction Convention. Convention Chairman, Charles R. Tappan says that the convention delegates are followers of the future before it gets here. And he goes on to point out that the atomic bomb was actually foreseen over twenty years ago in science fiction and that today, the atomic age is a reality.

So, at this time I'd like to introduce to you a gentleman who knows much more about science fiction than you or I, I'm sure -- of the Gnome Press, formerly connected with radio stations in New York state, Mr. Dave Kyle.

DAVE KYLE: Thank you.

Science Fiction is a very unusual field and I know quite a few people know nothing at all about it. We have some celebrities here tonight -- Jack Williamson, Fritz Lieber Jr., E. E. Smith, Ph. D., Judy Merrill, and E. E. Evans; all of whom are well known authors of science fiction.

Tell me, as our board of strategy tonight, what the introduction to science fiction, of someone who knows nothing about it should be.

FRITZ LIEBER JR.: I would say that the person who is interested in science fiction today, or who wants to become interested in science fiction can find any number of ways to further that interest. Science fiction is in magazines of several sorts, in books, and in fact, I believe that we'll be seeing it in the pictures more than in the past.

KYLE: You mean something like "Mighty Joe Young".

LIEBER: Well, that belongs to the sort of imaginative literature that's called fantasy, the fairy tale for adults.

KYLE: Ah, now we have two distinct facts here; we have science fiction and we have fantasy fiction. Well, science fiction convention I guess, means that we don't think we care for fantasy fiction.

What would you say, Mr. Evans?

E. E. EVANS: No, we care for both the science fiction and the fantasy and also what is known as "weird" and any of the off-trail writing. It is called a science fiction convention merely for convenience, but it takes in all four types of literature and art.

KYLE: But of course this is not confined to just a masculine readership?

EVANS: No, probably twenty-five percent of the readers belong to the fair sex.

KYLE: Do you visualize more and more feminine readers, Dr. Smith?

E. E. SMITH: Yes, definitely.

I think that anyone who is interested in exercising his or her imagination is going to be interested in science fiction and the other forms of fantasy.

KYLE: Well, Mr. Williamson just had a book published this past month by Simon and Schuster. What do you think of the trend toward "popular" science fiction?

JACK WILLIAMSON: It's a very pleasing trend and it seems to me that as science and its effects on everyday life becomes more and more apparent, more people will become interested in science fiction which is the projection of possibilities into future times and other worlds.

KYLE: Well, I can readily follow that. All you people here are representative of authors. I'd like to take a look at the other side of the picture; the artists. We have over here, Hannes Bok, and Mr. Grossman. Hannes Bok is a well-known fantasy artist, whose pictures many people undoubtedly recognize but whose face perhaps hasn't been seen by many.

Well, Hannes; what's your conception of art in science fiction?

HANNES BOK: Well, you know all art is art, whether it's in science fiction or not, but it has to make all things seem possible. Fantasy, of course, has to be done very photographically and realistically because to draw a Martian and do it quite modernly and sketchedly, well, people can't believe it's quite possible. You do it photographically and people say subconsciously, he *must* exist because this looks like a photograph.

KYLE: I see, well then, you think that there is definitely a chance for realism in fantasy and science fiction?

BOK: Oh, I think fantasy is about the best of all forms of art because you have free rein and can do exactly as you like.

KYLE: Why don't you ask your compatriot there, Mr. Grossman, what his ideas are on the subject?

BOK: That's right John; what do you plan to do with the commercial aspects of fantasy art?

JOHN GROSSMAN: Well, I believe in trying out your imagination. I draw mostly just gadgets and things like that; the more mechanized type of thing. In regard to fantasy, I like to draw machinery; it's more intriguing to me. That is, rather than figures or something like that; I get a bigger kick out of it. I

don't care too much for fantasy because I don't know too much about it.

KYLE: Ted Carnell is the editor of this new English magazine, "New Worlds". He is a well-known science fiction fan, active for many years in this sort of thing. And for the first time, he's come to America to visit at this convention and meet the people with whom he's corresponded for years.

Now let me turn this interview over to a real science fiction fan who for many years was called America's number one fan, Forrest J. Ackerman. Well, Mr. Ackerman, if you'll carry on as MC here, I'll step out of the picture.

FORREST J. ACKERMAN: Thank you, Dave.

Ted, I was just looking over that cover. You know, I've been reading science fiction since 1926 and of course in that time I've seen hundreds of covers on the American magazines. I think that's one of the finest I've seen on either side.

TED CARNELL: Well, that's very nice to know, Forrie, because you know, I don't think that it's very good really. But it's something a bit different. We haven't exactly the same set-up in Great Britain that you have here. You have a very long record of good magazine publishing. England isn't such a good magazine publishing country at all whereas we specialize in books -- and we're finding a great deal of difficulty in producing a magazine which will conform to the readers' tastes and yet not differ too greatly from the American counterpart -- and that particular cover is one of a long line of -- I should say -- dismal failures. But we think we're beginning to get somewhere, along the line that you have already blazed.

ACKERMAN: Well, what I particularly liked about it was that it's up to tomorrow in its concept, you might say. I think it won't be long before we'll be seeing that sort of thing in reality; rockets to the moon -- and too, a cover like that will attract a higher type of reader.

CARNELL: I would like to say one word here, Forrie, before we pass away from the cover. The artist who painted it has never read a science fiction story in his life, and he's never done any drawing of fantasy either. But I really think he has done a good job.

ACKERMAN: Now, out in Hollywood before I left, Bob (Tucker), I was talking on the phone to John Payne. I don't know how many people are aware that this well-known movie actor is himself a science fiction fan. He was telling me that he's interested himself in your detective book, "The Dove". Is that true?

BOB TUCKER: That's true. I understand that Mr. Payne himself sometimes writes science fiction under a pen name.

ACKERMAN: I ran across him when I was in the Army, but I could not pin him down to just what the pen name was.

TUCKER: He didn't want to influence an editor into buying his stories, so he adopted a pen name.

Ted brought up something a moment ago which strikes me as typical of science fiction fans. Here are four of us who started out as mere fans and each of us in our own way has worked up to something. Ted has become an editor, and you have in turn become an agent, and, I understand, a prosperous one. I branched off a little bit -- I'm writing detective stories now -- and this young man who was able to buy an original cover for forty-eight dollars is the most successful of us all. I think that the one value of science fiction fans that is seldom touched on is that quite often it is a proving ground for the future professionals. You run off the names of the professionals who started as fans; just dozens of writers, almost, you could say, and numerous artists. Yesterday they were just young fellows reading their magazines and turning out their amateur publications; today they're either editing for slicks and pulps, writing for slicks and pulps, or selling to them as an agent. I think that fandom is a wonderful proving ground from the professional science fiction angle.

CARNELL: We have exactly the same set-up in Britain where as far back as ten or fifteen years, science fiction fans who had grown up with it had become highly successful authors. Several of them have recently had books about science fiction published in England, which is very rare; the British publisher does not really understand the fantasy fiction field from the book angle.

KYLE: If I may sneak in on this little convocation, Mr. Carnell, I understood you to say that the publishers don't really understand science fiction. Just by some strange coincidence we have gathered on the other side of the studio some representatives connected with the publishing end of science fiction.

So I'd like to shift the camera over to our publishers, who are, from left to right; Lloyd Eschbach of Fantasy Press, Jim Williams of Prime Press, and Melvin Korshak of Shasta Publishers. Inasmuch as I'm figured in on this, I think I'll introduce Mr. Korshak as MC and let him take over so I can sit down.

MELVIN KORSHAK: Okay, Dave; why don't you just take a seat and we'll kind of throw this problem around a little bit.

The publishers in this field seem to feel that we are publishing tomorrow's fiction today, that we are putting the headlines that you'll read in the newspaper tomorrow, into book form at the present time. Now, just to get some different slants on this, I'd like to call the audience's attention to Mr. Eschbach of the Fantasy Press in Reading, Pennsylvania -- and he in turn will give you some idea of what Fantasy Press sees in science-fantasy fiction and what they're doing about it.

LLOYD A. ESCHBACH: Well, it seems to me, that as you mentioned, science fiction is the fiction of tomorrow being published today. But it's a whole lot more than that -- first of all it's good entertainment. It's the sort of entertainment which lets the people escape from the present, awakens their imaginations, and at

the same time, gives them a vision of what modern science can perhaps develop in the future, so that we, as publishers of science fiction in book form, are doing more than just providing entertainment. We are actually opening the future to the general public.

KORSHAK: But never let us forget that the important fact is entertainment. After all, people are interested in entertainment in all mediums, and I think that our most important job is to provide that entertainment.

ESCHBACH: Well, obviously, Mel, if we don't entertain, we can't sell books, so entertainment value has very naturally come first. At the same time I think we're providing a type of entertainment that isn't found anywhere else.

KORSHAK: Well, I don't want to argue that because I'm 100% with you. However, we have a number of people and it's a possibility that there might be other slants on the same thing. Jim, you have the Prime Press in Philadelphia and you have books all over the country. Why don't you give us an idea of what you feel is the importance of this type of literature.

JIM WILLIAMS: Well, we've covered the entertainment idea fairly well and possibly the extrapolated science of the future, and beyond that, there isn't much more. If it's a good story -- it can be a good science fiction story, a good fantasy story, a good detective story -- they're all published primarily for one purpose, and that is, to make good reading. They're not textbooks, and they're not supposed to be.

KORSHAK: Well, even besides that, and I want you to come in on this Dave, this field is unusual in publishing, in that there are a number of specialists who are doing nothing but publishing in this particular line. I'd like you to comment on that.

KYLE: As we are here representative of the specialists, we have a very unusual operation in the publishing field. We're giving to the reading public a type of literature that's long been ignored; a type that is in demand and is certainly proving that it is growing in popularity every minute. Your discussion of the entertainment value of literature is a very interesting point, because after all, that's what literature is for. But I'm glad to see that Lloyd sort of eased up on the point that he made in Convention Hall yesterday, about entertainment being the primary reason for science fiction. I might be a little too idealistic, but I think that science fiction is one of the best forms of education we have today. I mean that in the sense that we can prepare the people of America and the people of the world for progress. The outstanding example of that is of course, that in 1944 one of the science fiction magazines published a story on the atomic bomb which caused an investigation by the FBI because they couldn't believe that any layman had any knowledge about the atomic bomb. Well, the fact that something like that exists is

proof to me that people as a whole are familiar with the rate of progress the scientific world is reaching. I think that science fiction will be able to give to the reading public of America a new conception of mankind's progress.

WILLIAMS: What you tried to express, Dave, and you did it very well, was that by shooting the books out and taking them so far in the imaginative field, although scientifically there's some point of take off, that you prepare the people for what normally will come out of straight facts.

ESCHBACH: It may be changing the subject, Mel, but it may be interesting to the public to know that we too are science fiction fans -- that we started out as science fiction fans.

KYLE: That's right. I remember when I met Mel at the Chicon in 1940 when I took an automobile trip across the country and back; I measured it by my flat tires. I had twenty-four.

WILLIAMS: I understand, Lloyd, that outside of being a publisher you had experience as a writer in the field in the early days.

KYLE: As a matter of fact, Lloyd, aren't you the Author Guest of Honor at the convention?

ESCHBACH: Yes, but that's a queer state of affairs.

KYLE: Well, that means you're sitting on the wrong side of things. If the camera will move over to my right, we'll have the authors on whose side you really should be.

We have Doc Smith, Dr. G. L. Barrett, E. E. Evans, and Judy Merrill back with us again. Tell me; you just heard the publishers talk about the publishing business. What do you take exception to? As authors you must take exception to some of their remarks.

E. E. SMITH: I take exception to very few things that they said. In fact, before we go any further with this, I would like to reinforce something that was said about the way science fiction has anticipated actual scientific developments. I have an autographed book which was written by John W. Campbell, entitled "The Atomic Story".

KYLE: By the way, John W. Campbell is the editor of "Astounding Science Fiction".

SMITH: Right. And his autograph, when I got that was one of the proudest moments of my life; because he said, "To Doc Smith, who commercialized atomic energy twenty-five years before the Manhattan Project was ever heard of".

KYLE: Well, that's really something, doctor. Let me ask you this -- what are you commercializing on now?

SMITH: Well, inertialess and special drives which will take us through space at the rate of multiples of the speed of light.

KYLE: Using that measure of twenty-five years you used in predicting atomic energy, do you think we're going to have space travel in the next twenty-five years?

SMITH: No -- that is, we will have space travel in a small way. I believe that I will live to see the first rocket trip to the moon, and I hope to live to see the first trips to the planets by way of a space dock in space, to fuel rockets which will go to the moon, from which they will take off for the planets. Now, as far as deep-space travel is concerned, which we as authors and fans have played with for at least twenty years, that is not in the foreseeable future, because the strict application of mathematical and physical principles does not seem to permit the development of velocities greater than the speed of light.

KYLE: Well, that's really a fascinating thing, I'm sure, to our audience. To me it doesn't sound out of this world at all, although it may be, by a few million miles.

DR. C. L. BARRETT: Dave, you'd better correct one thing. I'm a collector, not an author.

KYLE: I was just going to get to that. I'm afraid I got carried away listening to Doc Smith.

BARRETT: You're so used to eulogizing him as "Skylark" Smith that you tried to include me in the same category.

KYLE: That's right, Doc Barrett, you represent the opposite side.

BARRETT: We're the rank and file; the ones who are not authors, editors, or publishers, but the ones who read it and collect it. I've been collecting it since 1923 and I've accumulated some four thousand books and six thousand magazines. I don't collect as many pictures as some of the others; I don't have the space for it. But it's the most fascinating type of literature and we are the only group which will go to our authors to tell them what we don't like about their stories.

Doc Smith will tell you that I've driven clear to Michigan to tell him what I don't like about his stories, and to argue with him for hours about the incongruities that occasionally creep into the science attempted.

KYLE: Well, thank you very much for the two sides of the story, one from the readers and one from the authors.

So, leaving you at the studio, I'll turn you back to your studio announcer.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you very much, Mr. Kyle.

Ladies and gentlemen, you've just seen and heard a very fascinating discussion, carried on by Mr. Kyle, our moderator, and

authorities who are meeting in Cincinnati this week for the three day gathering of the Seventh World Science Fiction Convention.

I think that by now, Mr. Kyle, we realize that the reality of the future is certainly based on today's knowledge and that science fiction's growing popularity indicates the changing perspective of this world.

This has been a production of WLW-Television, The Crosley Broadcasting Corporation.

PUBLISHER'S REPORT

1. SHASTA - CHICAGO, 37, ILL.

With the beginning of 1950, Shasta Publishers shifted into high gear with its publishing program.

Already published were a number of extremely well-known and liked titles: WHO GOES THERE? by John W. Campbell Jr., (Don A. Stuart), SLAVES OF SLEEP by L. Ron Hubbard, THE WHEELS OF IF by L. Sprague de Camp, THE WORLD BELOW by S. Fowler Wright, as well as the monumental CHECKLIST OF FANTASTIC LITERATURE, edited by Everett F. Bleiler. WHO GOES THERE? is now out-of-print, but a brand-new second edition is scheduled for release early this Summer. A new dust-wrapper, plus newly-designed front matter, will make an entirely different volume of this second edition. THE CHECKLIST OF FANTASTIC LITERATURE will soon be out-of-print also. Only a small number of copies are still left.

February, 1950, saw the release of popular Murray Leinster's SIDEWISE IN TIME, a collection of his best shorter works. The jacket was done by Hannes Bok, and brilliantly executed in an array of colors. March of the same year was the month in which the first volume of the long-awaited Robert Heinlein Future History series appeared. This was THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON. A brand-new 30,000 word novella, especially written for this book, gave its name to the volume. This is the first of five volumes. (Next one will be THE GREEN HILLS OF EARTH, followed by IF THIS GOES ON, METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN and THE ENDLESS FRONTIER). A two-tone binding, chronological chart end-papers and a masterly cover by Astounding's Kubert Rogers undoubtedly make this one of 1950's finest books!

Coming up after this are a number of titles, some already awaited by science-fiction readers and some that have not been announced up to the time of writing. These are as follows, although not necessarily strictly in the order listed: KINSMEN OF THE DRAGON by Stanley Mullen. Besides bringing out the best of past science-fiction, Shasta is trail-blazing in the field by BRINGING OUT top-notch material by new writers. KINSMEN OF THE DRAGON is a long novel which we predict will make Mullen's reputation as a writer of good fantastic literature. Another new novel will be NEVER SAY DIE by Curme Gray. Writing with a deft touch, Gray has successfully combined the science-fiction story with the detective tale. It is a fast-moving tale of the future that will be read with interest and delight by readers in both fields of fiction. Fredric Brown follows his hit, WHAT MAD UNIVERSE, with a top collection of his stories, both grim and gay, entitled SPACE ON MY HANDS.

THE GUIDE TO IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE, edited by, ~~EVERETT F~~ Bleiler, is rapidly nearing completion and will appear as an even

bigger volume than originally anticipated. This is the big book that tells what almost 1500 fantastic books are about. Also appearing will be H. L. Gold's NONE BUT LUCIFER which has been completely revised, lengthened, and brought up to date. One of the greatest novels ever to appear in Unknown, it will gain new laurels in the Shasta hard-cover version. The second volume of "Don A. Stuart" stories by John W. Campbell, Jr., CLOAK OF AESIR, will appear after the second edition of WHO GOES THERE? has been released. And the end of the year will see publication of Robert Heinlein's second volume of the Future History series, THE GREEN HILLS OF EARTH.

Other books are still in the planning stage and will be announced at a later date. But the above titles are those which will be coming out periodically throughout this year.

WATCH FOR THEM!

2. ARKHAM HOUSE

SAAK CITY, WISC

Titles in print at Arkham House as of this writing are as follows

THE HOUNDS OF TINDALOS, by Frank Belknap Long. (soon o.p.)	\$3.00
THE LURKER AT THE THRESHOLD, by H. P. Lovecraft and August Derleth (soon o.p.)	2.50
WITCH HOUSE, by Evangeline Walton.....	2.50
THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND AND OTHER NOVELS, by William Hope Hodgson	5.00
SKULL FACE AND OTHERS, by Robert E. Howard.....	5.00
THE DOLL AND ONE OTHER, by Algernon Blackwood.....	1.50
WEST INDIA LIGHTS, by Henry S. Whitehead.....	3.00
FEARFUL PLEASURES, by A. E. Coppard.....	3.00
THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE, by H. R. Wakefield.....	3.00
THIS MORTAL COIL, by Cynthia Asquith.....	3.00
DARK OF THE MOON, edited by August Derleth.....	3.00
DARK CARNIVAL, by Ray Bradbury (going fast).....	3.00
REVELATIONS IN BLACK, by Carl Jacobi.....	3.00
NIGHTS BLACK AGENTS, by Fritz Lieber.....	3.00
THE TRAVELING GRAVE AND OTHER STORIES, by L. P. Hartley....	3.00
THE WEB OF EASTER ISLAND, by Donald Wandrei.....	3.00
THE FOURTH BOOK OF JORJENS, by Lord Dunsany.....	3.00
GENIUS LOOI AND OTHER TALES, by Clark Ashton Smith.....	3.00
ROADS, by Seabury Quinn.....	2.00
NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD, by August Derleth.....	3.00
SOMETHING ABOUT CATS AND OTHER PIECES, by H. P. Lovecraft... 3.00	
THE THRONE OF SATURN, by S. Fowler Wright.....	3.00
THE MEMOIRS OF SOLAR PONS, by August Derleth.....	2.50
CARNACKI THE GHOST FINDER, by William Hope Hodgson.....	3.00
THE NIGHT SIDE, edited by August Derleth.....	2.50
THE ARKHAM SAMPLER; Volume One, 1948 (almost gone) Set of four	5.00
THE ARKHAM SAMPLER; Volume Two, 1949.....The set of four	4.00

All Arkham House books have been sold in from one half to two-thirds or more of their respective editions to date, or have already gone out of print.

In 1950 Arkham House will publish four or five books, as follows:

A HORNEBOOK FOR WITCHES, by Leah Bodine Drake.....	\$2.00
AWAY AND BEYOND, by A. E. Van Vogt.....	4.00
THE ABOMINATIONS OF YONDO, by Clark Ashton Smith.....	3.00
TALES FROM UNDERWOOD, by David H. Keller...Tentative price..	3.00
THE MEMOIRS OF SOLAR PONS, by August Derleth.....	3.00
(This may be done by another publisher)	

After these books Arkham will do as rapidly as possible:

INVADERS FROM THE DARK, by Grege La Spizna.....	2.50
THE PHANTOM FIGHTER, by Seabury Quinn.....	3.00
KELUCHA AND OTHERS, by M. P. Shiel.....	3.00
THE GREEN ROUND, by Arthur Machen.....	2.50

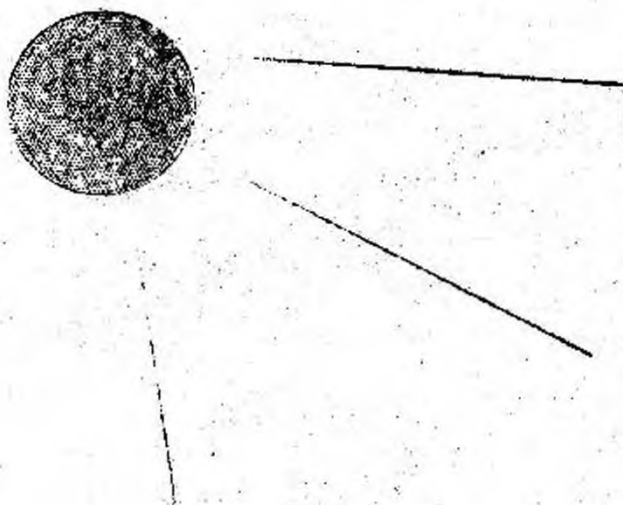
GATHER DARKNESS, by Fritz Lieber, released by Arkham House to Pellegrini and Gudsby who will publish it at..... 2.75

Information on other current titles can be secured from the following publishers who specialize in this field exclusively:

Fantasy Press.....	Reading, Penna.
Gnome Press.....	New York City, 57
Grandon Publishers.....	Providence, R. I.
Fantasy Publishing Co., Inc.....	Los Angeles, Calif
Merlin Press.....	New York City, N.Y

PRIME PRESS SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY TITLES IN PRINT AND FORTHCOMING

<u>THE HOMINGULUS</u> by David H. Keller, M.D.	\$2.50
A strange and beautiful story by a master story-teller.	
<u>EXILES OF TIME</u> by Nelson Bond	2.50
A tremendous adventure of a little group of time-exiled persons from the 20th Century in the time of the Twilight of the Gods.	
<u>RONAD</u> by George O. Smith	3.00
The captivating story of a man with divided loyalties, upon whose decision rests the fate of worlds.	
<u>LORDS OF CREATION</u> by Eando Binder	3.00
A darkly ominous novel of the future, by one of science fiction's classic craftsmen.	
<u>LEST DARKNESS FALL</u> by L. Sprague de Camp.	3.00
A modern man in ancient Rome; an intriguing fantasy. A collector's "must" now available in a new edition.	
<u>THE TORCH</u> by Jack Bechdolt.	2.50
The gripping story of New York in the year 3010 A.D. -- after the destruction!	
<u>THE MISLAID CHARM</u> by Alexander M. Phillips	1.75
A thoroughly whacky fantasy, with twelve delightful illustrations by Herschel Levit.	
<u>WITHOUT SORCERY</u> by Theodore Sturgeon	3.00
Thirteen memorable tales of the outre, with an introduction by Ray Bradbury.	
<u>"...AND SOME WERE HUMAN"</u> by Lester del Rey.	3.00
A collection of twelve stories by one of the most popular of all authors to appear in Unknown Worlds and Astounding Science Fiction.	
<u>EQUALITY; OR A HISTORY OF LITHCONIA.</u>	2.50
A collector's item, first published anonymously in 1802, and probably the first American utopian novel.	
<u>VENUS EQUILATERAL</u> by George O. Smith	3.00
Second edition A huge (455 pages) volume of fast moving adventures in interplanetary communication.	
<u>THE LADY DECIDES</u> and <u>THE ETERNAL CONFLICT</u> by David H. Keller, M.D.	Each 3.50
Two volumes, limited editions, handsomely bound and boxed, each autographed by the author.	
<u>THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER</u> by Fletcher Pratt & L. Sprague de Camp.	2.50
Harold Shea's adventures in the worlds of Irish mythology and of Spenser's Faerie Queen.	
<u>THREE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE</u> by Mary Griffith	2.50
No. 2 of the Prime Press reissues of unobtainable early American utopian novels.	
<u>THE WOLF LEADER</u> by Alexander Dumas. Illustrated by Mahlon Blaine	3.00
A chilling werewolf story by the greatest story-teller of them all.	
<u>THE BLIND SPOT</u> by Austin Hall & Homer Eon Flint	3.00
A great fantasy classic superbly illustrated by Hannes Bok.	



ADDENDA



A BRITISH
 APPROXIMATELY

One of the first casualties of the last war was the British Science Fiction Association, officered by active enthusiasts, Ted Carnell, Ken Chapman, Eric Williams, and others whose names are as familiar in U.S. s-f circles as they are in their own country. The S.F.A. formed a focal point for all British fan activity for some time prior to 1939.

Its dissolution left half-a-dozen fanzine editors striving to maintain contact between their readers -- readers whose addresses altered with remarkable rapidity as they were called up and transferred from one part of the country to another, or who, after the first year, were 'bombed out'. One by one these fanzines ceased as their active spirits were mobilized, or found that longer hours of work permitted them little leisure to wander in the gaudy worlds of the now rare s-f magazines. The fictional 'Final Blackout' did not seem too far from the reality that flashed with steel and fire across the imagination.

If one excepts the 'Cosmos Club', a South West London organization with only local membership but with strong connections in the U.S. which enabled it to build up a large library from the generous gifts of American fans, the only link uniting the British fans in wartime was Mike Rosenblum's fanzine 'Futurian War Digest', affectionately nicknamed 'Fido'. Through miracles of hard work, 'Fido' was produced throughout the war; sometimes on paper sent across by U.S. fanzine editors, so that one would turn a page and be confronted with the cover of 'Vom' or 'Le Zombis'; sometimes it included one or two page 'zines from other British fans, the collection being aptly named 'Fido's Litter'.

'Fido' enabled the active fans to keep in touch, welcomed many newcomers who had been contacted by serving fans up and down the country. 'Fido' eventually ceased, to take thereafter a prominent place in our fan-history, but before it did so its readers formed the British Fantasy Society. Although equipped with a large library, much of which was donated by the U.S. British Science-Fiction War Relief Society, which had already helped the Cosmos Club, the BFS could do little in the period of re-adjustment following the end of the war, and was soon wound up, although the library was still active, and after many vicissitudes is still functioning.

The 'Cosmos Club' was disbanded, and its library went into storage, but another group was then in existence. The 'London Circle' was no formal body, but a group of fans who met (and still meet) once a week at the 'White Horse Tavern' in the heart of London. It was at these weekly meetings that 'New Worlds' was re-born as a fan-financed publication.

When in 1948 Capt. Ken Slater felt that there was a need for a country-wide organization of fans again, it was members of the 'London Circle' who formed the Central Committee of the 'Science Fantasy Society'.

This rather lengthy preamble is necessary to give an idea of the state of British fandom with which we on this Committee have been confronted. We can learn from the mistakes and mishaps of our predecessors. We number amongst our members long-standing fans who have belonged to all of the organisations mentioned here. But we face a problem that has no precedent.

During the war, the only s-f prozine available here was the British Reprint Edition of 'Astounding S-F'. It may have made hundreds of new readers of s-f who are eager for each issue, but it did not make 'fans' as we understand the term. You in the States may not realise the tremendous effect produced by the readers' letters departments in the various prozines. It informs the readers that they are not alone in their enthusiasm for this strange branch of literature. It enables those with that inward urge to be 'actifans' to get together. It produces, if you like, a feeling of comradeship. Over here, the B.R.E. did not contain a reprint of any of the departments such as the 'Brass Tacks' section, and the reader without contacts remained on his own, unless by some lucky chance he met someone who knew of 'Fido' or the B.F.S.

Every week, we in the S.F.S. are contacting people who have been avid s-f readers for years, but have no idea that there exists any common ground on which they can meet other readers, to exchange news and views with them, or to try their hands at writing s-f for the fanzines as a prelude to writing for the pros. 'Science Fantasy Review', (of which we are extremely proud), has had advertisements in the few British prozines that have appeared during the last three years, and some enthusiasts have been contacted, but beyond that there has been nothing to bridge the gap.

The consequences are that not only are the majority of British fans over 25 years of age, when the average male devotes most of his time to family affairs and has no time to participate in 'fanactivity', but there are less than a dozen under-20's known to us. The younger reader has grown up in an environment of B.R.E.'s and is frequently unaware that they are B.R.E.'s and not a native product, or thinks that the reprint is the whole U.S. edition.

Thus at a time when many of us have lost the early flush of enthusiasm, and give mature appreciation to only the minority of published material, we not only have to contact the younger, 'pre-fan' reader without the help of the prozines, but have to try and satisfy their demand for large quantities of science-fantasy reading matter, after they have found out what the s-f pulps are not ephemeral things that appear for a couple of weeks and then vanish, but have a solid and interesting past.

Furthermore, we give them the (almost incredible!) news concerning the sudden growth of U.S. fantasy-book publishing, and this time there is not only the frustrative effect of the currency regulations, but the fact that the ordinary American s-f novel costs twice as much as the average British novel. You in the States can get some of the idea of the effect by imagining it to be double the price of any other fiction.

The obvious solution, that satisfies the requirements of not only the new but the old fans, is to have a large communal library; a magazine and book library, stocked and run with the minimum of expense for the readers. We have taken some steps towards this by combining the two ex-club libraries, but they were formed before the present boom in fantasy book publishing, and consequently contain few modern volumes.

Therefore the news of the Cinvention's most generous donation of \$150 to buy books for British fandom was breath-taking. It is impossible to think of a more helpful action toward us than this. We now have, with this help, a very solid basis on which to extend our present efforts to build a new active fandom, something to which we can direct the younger readers, and say: Here is a record of science-fantasy in the past, its history and many of its best stories; here also is a record of present day achievement and the international unity of s-f readers; and here, too, is not only pleasure, but inspiration for the future. Read this, review it, criticise it; then go and write, edit, publish!

Yes, Cinvention, you may have done a lot more than give us a great deal of pleasure and boost the morale of the 'actifans'. We thank you now for your gift on behalf of British fandom ...and wonder what probable future British Bradbury or Campbell or Smith or Van Vogt will also look back with gratitude on Cinvention '49.

THE CONVENTION SCENE DIMLY

ROY LAVENDER

.....
 What are my most vivid memories of the Convention?

Oh Brother! What you're asking!

So much happened in such a short time, and I met so many people and talked to so many that in some cases I'm not even sure which day it occurred. Of course the two nights before the Convention were used up completing mimeo work and bus riding, which might have a little bit to do with the confusion that exists as to the chronological order of events. Anyway, reached the hotel and room 100 around 6:00 AM Saturday morning.

Found Don Ford and Bok already sacked in. Don grunted. Bok stated something in doubletalk. I prowled through rooms 100 and 100A, stepping carefully around the glassware and looking things over generally. Bed looked best. Sacked in. Blackout.

Up at 8:00. Went out to Don Ford's with Don and Bok after the last load of the thousand and one things he had stored until Convention time. Don talked faster than Winchell all the way out to bring me up to date on the doings of the previous evening in room 100. That evening will go down in legend. I'm still picking up little details.

Bok sketched some of his friendlier little characters on Terry Anne Ford's little blackboard, thereby winning himself a new fan among the younger set.

Back at the hotel we became involved in erecting the backdrop. We were rescued by the hotel engineer and two able assistants. It went up in short order then. Nothing like professional work. Don took off to round up some of the Cincinnati Fantasy Group to get registration started and I did what I could to help put up the auction exhibit. Doc Barrett and son Jerry had it pretty well in hand by that time, so mainly I just hung up pictures. Was quite impressed with the velocity of Jerry. He scoured the downtown dime stores in a remarkably short time, coming back with about a bushel of large size paper clips. More help than others twice his age.

Don had his record player at the hall, and I put on a few jazz records while we were putting up the exhibit. Some of the long hairs gave dirty looks, but kindred souls recognized them for the collectors' items that they were and wandered over. Led to some interesting contacts with fellow collectors (and of course more help with the exhibit).

Finally we got the exhibit up and the PA system turned on. I said a few kind words meaning, "Shut up and sit down," and got out of the way for Charlie Tanner to officially start the show. Milled around for the rest of the afternoon being generally useful (in my opinion, at least). Don was involved in lining up speakers for the vacant spots in the program left by those who couldn't

make it. Had a few minutes talk with Rog Phillips. Noted that if you stood in one place for more than a couple of minutes, Bok would pass.

Ate with Ray Palmer, Rog Phillips, Stan Skirvin. We discussed a good share of the known and the guessed at universe, all of which led to Rog getting an idea for a story plot. Hurry up Rog, I'm anxious to see how it turns out. Both Stan and I are members of the Fortean Society, but we were on our good behavior.

Listened to most of the evening program. Talked a bit with Vinco Harlin, Rog again, Bok again, Lois Miles. Found that she was a most appropriate choice for "Miss Science Fiction", even if only by chance. She really does read s-f and can talk it with the most rabid of the fans. Need I add that only the most rabid fans would? Our best to her. She did her job well.

After hours, just about everyone dropped in at room 100 at some time during the evening. Remember talking to Lou Garner and wife and perhaps ten more, but there were many, many more. Evening rather confused.

Sometime later, Stan Skirvin, Frankie Robinson and I went to the Purple Cow for a late snack. Found Paul Anderson, Judy Merrill, Fritz Leiber and Doc Winters had had the same idea shortly before us. Wordplay much too sharp for anyone as sleepy as I. Listened.

Back at the hotel. Sometime around 8:00. Don took the last ones by the hand and led them to the door. We sacked in.

8:00 again. fog. very foggy until noon. bok and i had lunch. at don's. it was terry anne's birthday.

Back at the hotel again, rushed madly about with last minutes details of the auction. Auction all afternoon. Made like an easel, holding up pictures. (On looking up the spelling, I found the word has another meaning which might also apply.)

Was again impressed with the velocity of Jerry Barrett when he made half the length of the hall in time to make off with a prize right under the nose of Harry (Bid-a-quarter) Mocre.

Watched the telecast in the evening. Was rather dissatisfied, with the camera work, but with such a roundup of notables to represent the field, it was a good publicity break. Their well thought out notices did a great deal to help promote the field of science fiction. To me, at least, it seemed that the guests were much more at ease than the announcer.

Heard the sound of a cork being pulled, so hurried back to room 100 to find some of the Cincinnati group standing around getting used to the feel of a glass in the hand in preparation for the Shasta party later. A little later we went up to that affair. Not more than sixty people in the two rooms, so had one sociable drink and kept moving. Talked to numerous people briefly on each floor of the hotel on my way back down to room 100. Arrived just in time to be drawn back to the Shasta affair again to hear Dave Kyle

give a reading from an anonymous publication. Dave had the last laugh when he recited another (clean) version from memory while reading the printed version to himself.

By that time some of the publicity group had departed, leaving a corner clear. Stan Skirvin and I managed to get Ted Carnell and Lois Miles to ourselves for at least two minutes. Asked him the usual questions comparing British and American fan groups. The subject must have been quite novel to him by that time.

On my way back to room 100 (once more) I stopped and chatted with two characters and a bottle who were setting up housekeeping in the hall. Have a feeling that the conversation made up in fluidity what it lacked in brilliance.

Back at the room again, found Jack Williamson, E. E. Smith, Lloyd Eshbach, Arthur J. Burks, Basil Wells, A. J. Donnell, the wives of several of them and a good share of the Cincinnati group.

Glanced up once to note a stranger following a glass around the room. Thought for a moment it was George O. The resemblance was remarkable. Only difference, the glass had water in it.

Found, to my great joy, that Lloyd Eshbach had plans afoot for a collection of the works of my favorite author, to be published in the not so far future. Happy day!

Some time later, Lester del Rey, Ted Carnell, Rog Phillips, Dave Kyle and Lois Miles walked in. A moment later some preposterous female smelted a cork out and tried to get in. The chain held, and with Don's help was able to get the door closed again.

Beams involved in a conversation with del Rey, Stan Skirvin, Bea Mahaffey and Lois Miles. Subjects ranged from concealed weapons and their management to communication without words. With a mere glance, del Rey demonstrated how to convey such abstract ideas as "You look good to me," or "I appreciate your act". Lois did a fine job of demonstrating the subtle differences between the look meaning "Some other time", and the one meaning, "Some other time, but soon". Del Rey with, "You're not my type". Bea with the universal, "Brother, what a line!" In retaliation the entire male element joined in the equally universal, "Your zipper has slipped".

Out of all this came the del Rey formula for a successful "line". First, believe 95% of it yourself. Tell the girl 150%. She'll discount it a third, of course, and arrive at 100%, just the way you planned.

During the course of all this quiet conversation, Rog was demonstrating a few wrestling holds, which caused considerable amusement. Very professional, Rog.

After the crowd had thinned a bit (about daylight), George O. drifted in, glass in hand, and entertained us with incidents from his long career as a motorcycle enthusiast, a few limerics (which I must unfortunately leave out if this is to be published) and a

few tantalizing hints at how a successful author may add sex interest to his stories. Remember particularly his droolful description of one "study in frustration". All this unfortunately led to some uncouth individual casting aspersions, whereupon Geo. O. stood, glass in hand, and made a brilliant defence of his sterling character, which, I'm sure, left no doubts lingering in anyone's mind. We close this scene with George O. wending his lonely way to his room, glass in hand.

6:00 again. A last lucid moment of discussion with Bok.

8:00 again. Why did I get up at this unhappy hour? Ate breakfast with someone---I think.

Back at room 100. Saw some beautiful artwork. I had missed them when they were passed around the previous evening. Those were not the usual "scaly monsters", but landscapes, moonlight scenes that are really moonlit. All of his previous "scaly monsters" were pale efforts indeed by comparison. Perhaps someday a photographer on the moon may make a fine bromoil print of an alien landscape with every detail perfectly balanced, but until then, I'll take Bok.

Sometime later ate chili with Reg Phillips, Bok and Stan Skirvin. Bok left a trail of his famous mice all the way back. On the top of the restaurant table, on steamy windows, street signs. Wonder if the waiter know, as he wiped the table, that he was destroying a Bok original?

Got in on the wind up of the main auction and part of the fan auction. Somewhere along in here, Stan, Don and I managed to slip in and play "Herd Rag Hop" for A. J. Donnell. More dirty looks from the longhairs. They just ain't livin'.

If all this isn't in chronological order, never mind. I'm happy in my ignorance.

Biggest thrill. Meeting Bok and his pictures.

Regrets. Not many. I didn't get to talk to everyone I'd have liked to, but on only 22 hours of waking time per day, I did what I could.

Sorry there wasn't time to wedge in a Fortean Society meeting.

Sorry Tucker wasn't prepared when Ted called on him for a speech. His reports are famous. I'd have liked to have heard that one.

I hereby make a formal motion that "Cocaine Lil", who has been inflicted upon three conventions, be restrained, preferably by force, from any future appearances.

See you in Portland.

Yours, *Roy Lavender*

ADDRESS BY AN AUTHOR

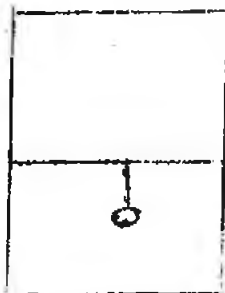
WHO DID NOT ATTEND

ROBERT BLOCH

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I assume you are ladies and gentlemen, although I have no way of knowing, because I am not present.

It gives me a great deal of pleasure not to be with you on this momentous occasion. I can safely say that only one thing would give me greater pleasure, and that would be to be with you.



Bloch's shade.

This "would be to be" stuff is a little confused, and if I keep going I shall get trapped in a semantic monstrosity suitable only for sale to John Campbell, Jr.

So let's proceed with the body of my speech and try to dismember it.

As I don't look out and see your smiling faces, I am not reminded of any funny stories today.

There are many things I would like to impress upon you if I could, but how can I, being a thousand miles away.

All there is left for me to say is, enjoy yourselves. I am with you in spirit if not in the flesh ...and if anybody taps George Smith on the shoulder as he is about to take a drink of Pepsi Cola, or breathes down Tucker's neck as he is about to lay out a hand of Old Maid, it's probably me, in spirit. I shall also be hanging around the auction, offering fake bids, and my astral presence (pardon the expression) will haunt the party in Korshak's suite.

This is the first convention in history which I am privileged to enjoy as a ghost.

In conclusion, let me tell you all how much I enjoyed not talking to you today, and I hope I haven't bored you with the speech I didn't give. I should like to say, "Thank you very much," but why should I?

As a matter of fact, I never opened my mouth!

The following is as accurate an account of the Tucker death hoax and its subsequent repercussions as I am able to piece together at this writing. I trust that this will be accepted as the final word on the matter, putting the lie to several rumors and suspicions circulating about the fan field. -BT

BOB TUCKER

Ben Singer is a young fan from Detroit, Michigan. During the late summer and early fall he was stationed at Chanute Field, about fifty miles from my home. He visited me one Saturday on a week-end pass and there followed the usual science-fiction bull session.

After leaving me, he apparently sent a telegram to someone whose identity is unknown to me, announcing my death in a theater fire. He also contacted another Michigan fan, and collaborated with this fan in publishing a mimeographed bulletin giving details of my supposed death. This Michigan fan states the bulletin was mailed to about forty people. Among other things, the bulletin said that I had been drinking because of worry, and reported for work (at the theater) in a dazed condition. It was surmised that I dozed off while running the projection machine and the film caught fire, destroying me and the theater. The bulletin contained perhaps 500 words of phony material which should have revealed it was all a hoax -- but many people believed the news.

After that many things happened which proved embarrassing, some of which put me in hot water, and one of which nearly cost me my job. For instance, some fan in Chicago telephoned the local Chief of Police to ask details of the death. Walt Daugherty telephoned from Los Angeles, saying the news had broken up a meeting of the club, and demanded an explanation. Of the other fans who received the bulletin, a few believed it and sent letters of sympathy to the family; others instantly recognized it for the fraud that it was, and berated me for pulling a hoax. Finally Will Sykora of New York opened fire.

Sykora, publisher of Fantasy News, telephoned the owner of the theater where I work, asking for details. The owner of course put the lie to the story and jumped to the conclusion that I had deliberately circulated the news, hoping to gain publicity for my new mystery book which was put on sale a few days later. and at this point a very queer misunderstanding arose -- I do not know

what Sykora said to him or hinted to him, but somewhere in the conversation Sykora must have mentioned a phony suicide which occurred in fandom many years ago. The owner, after the conversation had ended, held the impression that it was me, who was supposed to have committed suicide, and that I was supposed to have done it last year about the time one of my books appeared on sale. The result was of course that he fully believed, for two years in a row, I had staged a fake death to gain publicity for my books.

To say the theater owner was enraged was putting it mildly. He immediately contacted the business agent of my union, raised hell about the matter, and said that I could never work for him again. After several days the union official succeeded in pacifying the man, and convinced him that they should wait to hear my side of the story. (I had already left on vacation when all this occurred.)

Meanwhile Sykora, also believing I had staged the hoax for publicity purposes, published a special issue of Fantasy News denouncing me. He related the details of his phone call to Bloomington and the owner's denial; he also recalled a previous occasion when I was supposed to have died, and mentioned the phony suicide that happened some years ago. It was this last that showed me where the theater owner got the suicide story. To Sykora's discredit he did not check sources of facts before publishing the tirade, but to his credit, he did apologize to me at the convention when he learned the truth, and assured me that he would not circulate the special issue.

The end was not yet, for like widening ripples in a pool and giant oaks springing from little acorns, the damned thing continued to spread. Anthony Boucher, editor of The Magazine of Fantasy and conductor of a column in Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, wrote to my literary agent in New York for biographical material; he intended running an obituary in the two magazines. And the agent was upset, believing it to be true.

At this writing, late in September, the stew is slowly simmering. The Michigan fan mentioned earlier, has promised to print a letter of mine and a retraction in his publication, making sure it gets into the hands of all those who received the original hoax bulletin. I was told (but do not know of my own knowledge) that Singer apologized on the convention floor. I successfully convinced the union agent that I had nothing to do with the hoax, but the theater owner is still doubtful. It was pointed out to me that had I lost my job, legal recourse was open to me because libel and slander appeared in two separate publications. I have done nothing in that direction and do not intend to, if nothing worse than the above items come to pass. Beyond desiring to put the whole story before the eyes of my friends and acquaintances -- and to ask them to lay off of me -- I'm willing to let the matter drop.

Did you have fun, Ben?

WHAT HAPPENED?

STAN SKIRVIN

Lampino.

Survivors of cataclysms and eyewitnesses of scenes of carnage and uproar are notoriously unreliable in their accounts of same. The former, if not mute because of damage, are prone to exclamations like, "Oh, my God!", "What hit me?", and "Where am I?". The latter are liable to the same triteness, but, depending on the nature of the carnage and uproar, can often have their memories jugged slightly, at which time the bewildered, perhaps hangover expression fades from their faces to be replaced by a secret little smile as a few half-memories return to them. You press them again for information and they assure you smugly, still with that secret smile on their faces, that they don't remember a thing and then they wander bemusedly away to commune with their subconscious; just what did happen?

I like the Convention.

Elsewhere in this memory book, in which I optimistically assume this article will see publication, you are going to find accounts of the official happenings at the Convention and also accounts of some of the unofficial happenings; the latter are the ones that are the most fun. I shall try in my allotted space not to repeat too many of these and, above all, to be most discreet in choosing those I do tell.

So let's take a look at what happened to me from the time that I was sucked into this maelstrom until the time it spewed me forth a mere shadow of my former self on September 6, 1949.

He'll didn't really break loose until late June, 1949. When Don came back from Toronto with the bid for the next convention, I had typical reactions; shock, denial, and dubiousness. We got into gear quite nicely in fact, surprisingly so. However, in a few months, the inevitable lull occurred with practically everyone sitting around on their tails while Don beat his brains out to keep things going. I dabbled only slightly in convention matters through the school months, my time being rather fully occupied by college work and merely helmed a bit on advertising and mimeoing. In the spring Don asked me to take over the job of editing the program booklet and I agreed to.

It took a while for the fact that there was much work to be done to sink in; what the time for fiddling and fiddling was over. Around the first of July I began to go to work on soliciting ads and along about the middle of the month I was swamped with copy and orders for the program booklet.

After the meeting was over, a large group adjourned to
Don's room, East 100. For me, and for quite a few others,
room 100 was one of the most interesting spots at the convention.
Others have undoubtedly described in some detail the program of
these gatherings, so I shall try to avoid repeating all those bits
and pieces, even as they related to the work I was doing. I
should be acquainted with them.

All in all, we passed at this time that things seemed fair-
ly well under control even with me not giving a damn, as was
stated earlier. Generally, however, conditions had been
totally some things with those mentioned conditions, even if
somewhat after the last dinner.

The end.

Joined sort of there for the motion and organized a work-
ing party from among the folks to assemble and share the suc-
cesses. Now I was really in the convention.

So, I was in time to see as I slipped into the convention
hall late Friday evening. A small group of things was work-
ing feverishly to get out the items for the motion. Still more
other things were standing around doing nothing but talking, a well
known and much liked speaker was there. I had a group of
strangers were wandering around looking for me. I was
left very surprised. I didn't know what the hell was going on ei-
ther, but at least I know what town I was in.

Stemmed on a note at work that Friday morning and that, con-
sidering with the local organizations to help others, yesterday,
yesterday, and books ready for transport to the local hospital,
and me in a state of mind for the coming day. The books
included those for auto-repairing and for looking off on pro-
fessionally organized things. Those in the latter category did not
get sorted out, as far as I know, because of lack of space and
time, but through law of time. There are entirely too much fun
to be had to bother with such seemingly matters, although that
state was not universal.

For the next week and a half or two weeks, I didn't mean five
a damn about the convention, having that day and. During this
period we debated somewhat polished itself and by September
21, 1949, I was ready to re-enter the work, and work at London as
the latter condition.

As only a separate communication for the little mag-
azine of my life was the criteria and existing matter. I felt
when I set out for the first time to the printer---

to see just about the time that I went to work as a man-
agement. This seemed to be not too much a state of expectation
by the end of each day and the challenges of work on the program
booked was this strange---strange---strange, in fact, to occur
sincerely with me off the bed.

Remember in particular being a member of a group talking with Ray Palmer and Rog Phillips, which talk revised considerably the rather pungent opinion I had had of AMAZING and those connected with it. Money and, in general, the necessity for making a living, can make men do strange things.

Somewhere along about here, met Hannes Bok. However, ran into him so often as he flitted about that it's impossible to remember just when and where.

It was during one of these evening sessions, probably Sunday's, that Bok showed us color transparencies of the sort of work he likes best to do: portraits, landscapes, and murals. Needless to say to anyone familiar with his work, they were beautiful, but far more so than anyone who has seen only his magazine work can realize. A number of us resolved at that time that a visit to Bok's studio would be a must during any trip to New York.

This session was very interesting---a foretaste of days to come---but my memories of it are rather hazy---also a foretaste of days to come. Personally, I susoicion some sort of narcotic quality in the air. Or perhaps it could have been fumes of some kind.

But I'll give you a clue: much more will be remembered about the convention than will be told, by all parties concerned. Like I said earlier, "Oh, my God!", "What hit me?", and "Where am I?".

Or even, "Who am I?"

Ah, me.....

The next morning, the official first day of the convention, saw me bleary-eyed and quite hungry. Waited in the lobby to go to breakfast with Doc Barrett and Dave Kyle, but the wheels were turning and eventually the thrill of watching celebrities arrive pulled on me and I allayed approaching starvation by going to breakfast with a couple of fans, including members of the Canadian contingent.

The return to the convention hall revealed a scene showing few signs of organization but a lot of people. Eventually came across Roy and Don and made ineffectual attempts to help get the auction material hung around the hall.

Roy, Don, and I had all brought jazz and boogie woogie records with us with the intentions of playing them over Don's powerful amplifier for the delight and edification of the assembled multitude. Roy got the amplifier set up and we played records for a while, but eventually we had to give it up; there was just too much to do. Later, occasional use was made of these facilities.

The girls who were supposed to handle registration were no-

where to be found for the moment; undoubtedly thoroughly celebrity-stricken. But although late, registration finally did get started and the Convention was officially underway.

Somewhere in all this bustle Doc Barrett buttonholed Don and told him that Dave Kyle had big plans for publicity and needed help from someone who knew the local setup. Don threw up his hands (a gesture that was to be seen often during the convention) and stated truthfully that he had more than he could handle.

And there I was, foolishly within arm's reach. So I told Dave that we could depend on only ourselves to get any work done. With the help of one of the hotel secretaries and generally frantic and confused activity on my part, we got out invitations to a press conference to be held at Shasta's cocktail party that night (Saturday).

Which concluded my contribution to that part of Convention publicity, much to my relief.

Somewhere in this confusion I missed out on part of the introductions, losing, I have been told, my only chance at the limelight. So I had to content myself with what ego-boo I got from numerous compliments on the program booklet, all of which warmed the cockles of my heart.

Picked up the loose ends of the afternoon and then went to show with Roy, Palmer, and Phillips. Talked about matters Fortean, Shaverian, and Palmer.

After the evening speeches, back to Room 100, thence a flying visit to the mob scene otherwise known as the Shasta cocktail party. Then a quick visit to Dave Molnes' room where acquaintanceship was formed with Goldberg Soda who treated us to one of his beautiful arias. And back to the comparative safety of Room 100.

Returned to the Shasta brawl as an aftermath of the mighty battle of limericks between Doc Winters and George C. Smith. There met Ted Carnell for the first time.

Back in Room 100, were later treated to the exquisite pleasure of Geo. C.'s company. What a gay and witty soul! What an act that man puts on when he has a mind to! Received a very informative lecture on the writing of sex operas with specific application to a science fiction novel.

Stepped out with Roy and Frank Robinson for a snack at one of the local all-nighters. Found a rather impressive gathering there which included Paul Anderson, Judy Merrill, Fritz Leiber, Jr., and Doc Winters. This led to a combination of talking and eating after which we returned to the sanctuary of Room 100.

But a new day was dawning! New adventures! Now, however, back time.

Dragged down Sunday morning in time to catch the N3F meeting. Known otherwise as slow death. Decided I should have stood in bed.

Auction was fun. Spent almost all the money I had and came very near to spending more than I had. Got to watch yourself at those affairs. Not for the weak of heart.

Having been busy the preceeding day when everybody else was getting their autographing done, I decided somewhere along about this point that I should get the lead out. I think that I can say in all due modesty that I succeeded beyond my wildest expectations in making myself obnoxious to many "buses" during the last day and a half of the Convention. But others can undoubtedly make that claim, too, so I will not brag too loudly of my modest abilities.

That evening, saw most of the telecast of a number of Convention notables and items which it was hoped would interest the general public. The show was good as far as the material went, but it was badly handled as far as kinescope pickup was concerned. It should have impressed whatever portion of the then comparatively small television audience might have been listening and viewing, however.

It gives future conventions something to shoot at---maybe a network telecast.

The evening session in Room 100 produced a most impressive gathering of people. The details still escape my befused mind, but I can remember such personages as Jack Williamson, R. E. Smith, Arthur J. Burks, L. A. Esnbach, A. J. Donnell, Lester del Rey, and Basil Wells as being among those present. The evening and morning were one long, absorbing bull session. One of the best I've ever been in in my life.

Left while I could still walk sometime Monday morning.

Awoke Monday morning with something that bore a bewildering resemblance to a hangover. Was lying there trying to decide whether to get up and face the world or to end it all by throwing myself out my sixth floor window. Ted Carnell dropped by to use my typewriter to type out a dispatch to Walter Gillings in England and solved my dilemma; it would not have been polite to defenestrate myself in the presence of the guest of honor. My conversation at this point was quite perfunctory, consisting chiefly of moans and groans, although undoubtedly brilliantly used.

Dragged myself downstairs with the thought that perhaps a little food (ugh) would set me a t. rights with the world. Ate lunch with a group which included Bok, who had his heart set on chili. We ate chili. I was not at rights with the world.

Though interesting and, as usual, hectic, it was not a happy day for me. Regular and fan auctions were terminated sometime

during the day and balloting was held to determine the site of the next convention. Scurried about doing little odd tasks and continued making myself obnoxious by seeking autographs.

Was buttonholed by Dave Kyle who introduced me to a local reporter who was going to do a story on and take photos of the costumed fans that evening. I agreed to take the gentleman under my wing that evening, but I'm not sure just what did happen to him. I know that I ran across the reporter and his photographer that evening, but I sloughed them off on someone else. I suspect that that someone was Dave Kyle.

Somewhere in all this madhouse, after the business meeting had been concluded, managed to play "Head Rag Hop" for Donnell. I had been raving about this boogie woogie number for two days and he was almost convinced that he was never going to hear the piece. Luckily, he liked it, even after all my build up.

In view of my mysterious malady that morning and the very unsatisfactory lunch I had had, I was getting pretty hungry by the time evening rolled around. So at the banquet I found myself trying to sort the diners into congenial little groups, a task which proved quite futile since everybody sat where they pleased. However, it gave me a marvelous chance to view subjectively the feelings of a starving person while watching others stuff their faces. I hated them all.

It paid off in the long run, though, since by being one of the last through the chow line I was able to secure, and later demolish, a truly astonishing amount of food.

Everyone returned to the convention hall for what was left of the scheduled entertainment. Quite a few of the scheduled performers had found it necessary to leave early, unfortunately, but the Philly group did put on a fine sequel to their soap opera which was given last year at the Torcon.

People were introduced by MC Ted Carnell and things were finally concluded by having the entire Cincy group take a bow on the platform. Don had to be roused from his recumbent position on four or five chairs for this ceremony and still declares that he has no memory of it.

People scattered quickly after that, including me. With much shaking of hands, congratulations, and farewells, I bid a fond adieu to the Hotel Metropole and strode fearlessly into the night with my baggage---perhaps luggage would be a better word---glad I had attended a science fiction convention at long last, sorry that it hadn't lasted longer, but glad that it was over so I could begin recuperating. With shining eyes I faced the brave new world that the morrow would surely bring, confident that science fiction would blaze a pathway for man to follow into a bright future.

And so, as the sun pulls away from the shore and our boat

sinks slowly in the west---but I wander. And, what's worse, plagiarize.

I suppose that in the time elapsed since the Convention---over six months---I should have gained some perspective regarding the affair and an ability to make a mature evaluation of the value of science fiction conventions in general, but I haven't. I'll leave that to the boys who take their science fiction more seriously than I do. I think that they're a helluva lot of fun, and that's justification enough for me.

And that, dear chil'lun, is all I'm going to tell you about the brawl. So save your money and get plenty of sleep. You can just go and find out for yourself at the Norwescon.

Have fun.

MY CONVENTION MEMORIES

by Ray Palmer

I spent only one day at the Convention, and missed most of the fun, I understand. But perhaps the high point in twenty years of fandom was the opportunity to inform the fans that I was now on my own, and was intending to put out a professional magazine patterned after what I thought science fiction should be, as a fan, and not as an employee of a publisher.

I knew when I arrived that I was walking into a group that might range all the way from hostile to just an attitude of "I'll believe it when I see it." So, I was rather surprised at the very warm reception given me, and also by the general opinion that my twelve years as an editor of *Amazing* and *Fantastic* were actually a good job, and although that job was in the making of the financial success of those two magazines, rather than in the promotion of science fiction toward what fandom considered its natural goal I did find that many fans liked the magazine, except for the Shaver mystery.

I left the convention with a personal "I'll prove it to them" attitude, and that's what I gained from the convention primarily. If I could give a fine bunch of people a magazine they'd like, I intended to do it. Because it was obvious that I'd get plenty of support.

Naturally I'm looking forward to future conventions---because I like to have a good time, and I had one in Cincinnati!

COMMENTS ON CONVENTION

FROM

It was the first of convention I ever attended. I think three things about it stand out most vividly in my memory, from the personal standpoint.

ROG
PHILLIPS

The first, and one I can't get used to, is the discovery that there are people who regard me with something akin to awe. Not many, but that there are any, amazed me. At first I thought it must be put on to make me feel flattered. But it wasn't. It was genuine. It gave me a new slant on myself to mull over, and I have come to a realization of something very important to me. As I sit at my typewriter putting everything I've got into my work, I now know that there are many people out over the world who know more about me and my inner thoughts than most intimate friends usually do about each other. That they have liked what they saw, and looked forward to meeting me, has given me a greater confidence in myself and a greater pleasure in my writing. I never want to let them down.

The second was amazement at the very existence of such a thing as a convention whose "members" belonged to nothing, really; but were knit together by a common spirit. The convention gave me a closer insight into fandom than anything else ever has. I am just beginning to understand what it is all about, vaguely. And it fills me with awe.

The third thing that stands out was the discovery that there are people who place a great value on things which I thought of little value. These are the collectors. I had never met a real collector in action before, and at the Convention I saw lots of them. I made the discovery, a very important one, that besides the creative mind there is also the mind that values the creations of the mind. Besides the artist who congeals onto canvas or board the mental images he has created out of his imagination, there is also the collector who values that work of art.

So, I came away from the Convention very much enriched in understanding. In addition I made many friends, so that there is hardly a place in the United States that I can go where I won't find friends already there. People I have met. People I like.

COMMENTARY

I was much impressed by the earnestness of the science fiction fans at the Convention. It is quite clear to me that they are in a position, because of their organization, to make or break writers. I do know that editors pay considerable attention to letters from them. For that reason I was much surprised that so few editors saw fit to attend the convention. I am sure fans took note of their absence.



ARTHUR J. BURKS

For myself, I was amazed at the widespread interest in science fiction and the international aspect it has developed. With the rapid growth of science fiction interest the fans appear to be quite realistic. There were times when I felt that the group might well weed out its crackpots, but it occurred to me that every individualist in past history, in science, religion, and every other walk, has been regarded by his contemporaries as a crackpot. Again, since I had just joined the national organization myself, I was none too sure they might not begin weeding with me!

I realized one thing during the convention: that to the fans science fiction was a serious business. To me, I'm ashamed to say, it had always been the means to a quick check. I began to realize my responsibility to the fans, to such an extent in fact that I questioned seriously whether I had a right to continue a line that was so much a byproduct for me -- as a result of which I have all but withdrawn from writing science fiction. Hereafter I'll wait until I have a story instead of merely "cooking up" a yarn I feel will fetch in some bacon, bread and beans. I owe the fans much for this lesson. Hereafter, though it may be visible only to the very discerning, my science fiction yarns will have theme, meaning, purpose -- and somewhat less nebulous gadgetry.

By the way, since the convention many fans have written me. I am always so snowed under with work -- I handle two weekly radio shows besides my magazine and book stuff -- that my correspondence suffers. I wish to thank every fan who welcomed me to the outfit, until I have time to dig into the pile and answer everybody direct. I'm much ashamed, but just can't help it on a current allowance of 24 hours a day. As a science fictionist I should be able to elagate time but find I lack the wisdom of many of my own heroes.

SCIENCE-FITTING CONVENTION

5/11/47



POST MODERN

85

DON FORD

The Tuesday before the convention, Franklin Kerkhof of Washington, D.C., called me up saying he'd arrived and asked if anything special was going on as yet. Made arrangements for him to come out to the house for supper on the following night. While sitting around talking, after supper, Charlie Tanner called saying that Barry Moore and Paul Juncoo were at his house and wanted us to drop over. Since it is 15 miles to Charlie's house, I declined. It was already 9:00 P.M.; and the travel time involved would merely cut the evening that much shorter. While slightly slipping Kerkhof more highballs, I managed to get an idea of the fans in and around Washington through his descriptions. As Washington had announced that they intended to bid for next year's convention, I wanted to get an idea of what sort of a group they had; and how they would work together. I had no intentions of helping them or any other city get the bid; I just wanted to find out all I could about their members and their club activities. As far as next year's convention was concerned, the only thought I had in mind was for someone to take it. Take it anywhere; but, for God's sake don't leave it here in Cincinnati!

Thursday night I had nothing scheduled but rest and relaxation; as I would be busy for the next 4 days. There was a long distance call in from Michigan, and Sel Levin, the artist, called me up from downtown Cincinnati when he arrived. I hated not being able to get with him before the convention; but, I was tired and really needed the rest. Along about 9 O'clock or so, Doc Barrett and Jerry stopped by on their way downtown to the Metropole. We talked for awhile and then they left; taking along a batch of originals for the Auction that were at the house.

Friday morning found me checking into the hotel around 9. Lou Garner and John Millard were the first two fans I saw in the lobby. They and 4 or 5 others helped me unload the car. It was really loaded; they let themselves in for a job that time. The Doorman had that fixed peculiar smile on his face; reserved for honoring screwballs. Guess he figured he couldn't be lucky all the time.

After the checking in process was completed, met E. R. Evans and the two of us went over to a building a few blocks away where I made arrangements to rent a room for the CINCINNATI FANTASY GROUP and their future meetings. That completed, I went back to the hotel to meet some more of the incoming fans who were now coming; in rather fast; and to see the hotel management about a few last minute details. By that time it was noon; so, Doc Barrett, Jerry, Walter Coelet, Forest Ackerman, Evans, Richardson, and a few others I can't recall at the present, went out to eat dinner together.

The afternoon for me was taken up with more last minute details and some more visiting in between. The hotel was agreeable to our going in and decorating the hall; even though our rent did not officially start until the next day. The tables were moved in; and some of the publishers started to set up their nice displays. Doc Barrett, Jerry, Chick Houston, Bob Mahaffey, Nancy Moore, George Barlog, and myself then started in to get the originals slated for the Auction sorted out to correspond to their number and description listed in the Auction Guide. Richardson's secretary had just finished running these off, and he made

a mad dash, down from S. St. Mitchell, to deliver them. The identifying was quite a job; because of the large number of originals obtained. In addition, more were coming in and donations were made during the first two days of the convention. One of the nice things about Science Fiction Conventions is that all the early birds, and the older fans come up to the committee and ask you if there is anything they can do to help out. This is unique, I think, in the way of conventions. So, while there are some specific names listed here and there in this account, as doing something or another, they were not the only ones doing anything. Trying to remember who all did what is impossible. Anyway, it doesn't make much difference; those who helped did so because they wanted to; and not for any future publicity.

After finishing with the job of identifying, we called it quits for the night and invited what fans we saw over to my rooms for a ball session. They came and went in a steady stream; and the only ones that I can remember, outside of our local group, are Lou Garner and his wife. Getting rather sleepy and tired, and seeing no signs of the crowd diminishing, I gently invited them to leave and hit the sack. Roy Lavender and I had gone together and rented a suite in order to have plenty of room for visiting, during the affair. This turned out to be a wise move. Two hours a night was my usual average sleeping time for 4 days. If I'd have had to drive 1/2 hr. each way to my home from downtown, I'd never made it.

After a late breakfast, we got set for the Registration Period from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. We managed to get about 175 to 180 names on the books; but the ~~athens~~ merely picked up their Program Booklets etc. and took off; rather than stand in line. So, we can only guess and say approximately 200 attended.

At a little after 1, we got everyone herded into the hall; and Garner gave the opening greetings. I got up to remind everyone who was interested that the State Liquor stores would close for the week-end at 7 P.M. This was duly noted after which Mel Kershak was asked to introduce some of the outstanding fans and professionals in the audience. Since he is well acquainted with fandom, we were glad to have his assistance on this.

Next come the speeches. These are covered rather thoroughly elsewhere in this booklet; so, there is no use repeating here. Dave MacInnes burned out his wire recorder on the hotel's D.C. current. Having none of his own, then, he offered to do the recording; for Doc Barrett while he was helping us. It is from these recordings that the speeches were transcribed.

Bob Block and Fletcher Pratt were unable to attend; so, Ray Palmer and Lester del Rey agreed to take their periods. I thought this was very generous of them especially on such a short notice. In the meantime, V. E. Hamlin, the creator of ALLEY OOP, showed up; and we got him to agree to be on our Program in the evening. This worked out nicely; Ted Sturgeon, who was on the evening spot, had sent us a telegram saying he'd just gotten married and was leaving on his honeymoon.

With the end of the first afternoon, everyone seemed well pleased; and the conversations started humming. A delegation gave directions to the nearest liquor store; and after the plasma was secured, food was the next item on the agenda.

The 3 evening speeches by Hamlin, Williamson, and Smith were over fairly early and left quite a bit of the evening free for the little get togethers that the fans want. They had had a short, snappy, first day; plenty of big names to dazzle them, and now the rest of the evening was ripe for discussions, swaps, poker, drinking, politicking for next year's convention, or anything else.

In the meantime, Hannos Bok from New York showed up. I'd invited him to come and stay with me during the convention; and was wondering if he could make it after all. He looked a little older than the picture of himself he'd sent me. He was bubbling over with enthusiasm when I first saw him; and it is always a real pleasure to meet Bok. That night, with Bok as a drawing card, we collected an even greater crowd in our rooms. It was five A. M. when we got everyone pushed out the door; and when we hit the sack,

A few hours later, we woke up to a nice Sunday morning. The NFFF had been given the hall for the entire morning for their own Business Session. Bok, Roy, and I decided to skip this; in favor of dinner at my home. While waiting for dinner, my 4 year old daughter was enraptured by his sketches of various animals on her blackboard. She was so fascinated that she sat real still while he drew her portrait. Since then, the blackboard has been put away to prevent her erasing it. Would you? After all, it's a Bok original.

The time for the Main Auction had come. Over on the side I had Bea Mahaffey helping me take the money and give out receipts along with recording the purchasers in the Auction Guides for future reference. Mel Korshak was our Auctioneer. He does a good job; and is fast, too. We were hard pressed to keep up with him. We were constantly adding more items as we went along. Ted Carnoll gave us the cover to his #5 New Worlds; and Roy Palmer donated the cover and all interiors from the #1 Other Worlds. All in all the amount of material, and the range of subjects, should have pleased every fan. The Alley Cop originals donated by Hamlin went at \$1.00 apiece. There was not much excuse for every fan to have come away empty handed. By 5:30 there were still many items to go; but, we had to stop in order that the fans who were to appear on the television program from 6:30 to 7:00 over WLOT could get something to eat; and be out at the studio on time. Those who cared to do so, could go out and watch in the studio; and for the others, a table model was set up in the hall by Phil Stephenson so that the remainder could watch from there. That is those on a milk diet. They say the program was pretty good; me, I was out eating supper at the time. I was feeling just a little ragged after that fast and furious bidding. There's something about auctions that stir up the emotions; even though you may be only a spectator most of the time.

One thing I forgot to mention so far is the backdrop we had. Bill Kroll and John Grossman offered to do us a backdrop in trade for table space in the convention hall. We got a good bargain on that deal. Everyone who came in had a nice comment about it. It measured 9' X 12'; and shows up in most of the photos taken in the hall. They had it rolled up in a long roll; and brought it on the bus all the way from Des Moines. Bok thought these boys had real talent; and while asking them some things about it, they told us how they tacked it on the side of their house back home while painting it. Then they got up on step ladders doing the upper portions of it. The neighbors get quite a kick out of them doing that.

Sunday evening we led off with Ted Carnoll giving news and sidelights of the English Fans and their activities over there. Arthur J. Burke followed; then Geo. O. Smith; before Judy Merrill's panel discussion. All of this was over by about 8:30; and the evening sessions were in the planning stage. For me, the highlight of the convention came that evening. After stopping by Shasta's cocktail party for awhile, we started collecting a group for our rooms with the accent to be more on talking than drinking;.....at least for awhile. As near as I can remember, the following were there: Doc Smith, Jack Williamson and Wife, Ed Counts, Charlie Tanner & Wife, Lee Greenwall & Wife, Lloyd Eshbach, Lew Tabakow and Wife, Rog Phillips, Ray Palmer, Nancy

Moore, Basil Wells and Wife, Bek, Arthur J. Hurks, Foster del Rey, Marty Greenberg, A. J. Dennell & Wife, Andrew Harris, Rava Smilansky, Ben Keifer, Geo. O. Smith, Ben Mahaffey, Stan Skirvin, Ted Carnell, Dave MacInnes, etc. There was no attempt to conduct any organized discussions; but, with such a group like this thrown together, it was not monotonous.

Any professional who comes to a convention is more of a fan than author when he gets there. They are always willing to talk to the fans and listen to them; instead of trying to play big shot. Ed Counts, Doc Smith, and Jack Williamson were off in one corner with a cluster surrounding them; while the rest were breaking off into little groups of their own, or shifting from one to another as the tides of conversation flowed. There were times when I was actually keeping up with two discussions; one on each side of me. I managed to wedge in a few brief moments of uninterrupted talk with Dennell about his collection of Hot Jazz records; picking up some tips for my own collecting. Saksch is pretty good at imitations; and was the "life of the party" in one corner with his jokes and monologues. He's pretty good on the sunchucks; and with 5 or 6 people to take up the reports, the gags flow thick and fast. A wire recording of that evening would be priceless. Along with all this, the wives of the pros, who are about as interested in Science Fiction as the fan's wives are, had a good time discussing the trials and tribulations of being "Science Fiction Widows". That, to my way of thinking, did as much as anything in making this convention the success it was. When the wives find out that they, too, can have fun and a lot in common with the other wives at these conventions, there will be an interesting attendance each year.

Bek showed a couple of boxes of 3 X 4 Kodachromes of his paintings. These brought exclamations of admiration from everyone. All of us had gained an impression of his art from the work he has done in the maga, and books. However, all of this goes into nothing; when you get a look at his landscapes. That man is without doubt, a genius. The detail is minute; and the colors are something I have never seen. This all adds up to the fact that I will never rest until I have a Bek Landscape for my living room. Why this man does not have national recognition, I cannot understand.

That pretty well covers the highlights of the second night of the convention. As you can gather, the unscheduled events are what everyone looks forward to getting in on. To the newcomer, or casual visitor, there is enough on the regular Program to interest them; but, to the initiate, the various get-togethers in the rooms afterwards, are THE convention. Thus it was to me. By putting all these people in one room together, it was like putting the ingredients into a cake batter and stirring up.....the finished product is good. Wonder how many ideas were gathered for future stories that night?

In passing, there's one thing that should be mentioned.....Geo. O. Smith was actually seen in front of at least 10 sober, reliable witnesses, to be drinking ice water! That is an event that should be recorded for posterity. It's too bad no one had his camera along.

After the usual 2 hrs. sleep, we ate some breakfast; and then headed for the hall to go to the wind up of the Main Auction. Dave MacInnes had some wire recordings of some radio shows that featured Santag. Neil R. Jones also sent us a recorded speech on 3 records; so there was some entertainment for those weird people who have to get up early every day. As soon as the recordings finished, we turned the auctioning over to Bob Tucker and Sam Bakawa; a. Kurshak's voice took a terrific beating the day before; and he was still a little hoarse. Sam, of course, can over-ride the background conversations with his voice; and he experienced little difficulty. We got it over in a

couple of hours. The Fan Auction, which was to have been in this period originally, got squeezed somewhat. It's original purpose was to help some of the fans defray their expenses by having us auction off their articles, 20% of which was to go to the Convention. Since we'd done so well in the Main Auction, I announced that there would be no deducting of 20%; and the fans should keep it all. We were not out to see how much profit we could make. If these conventions got too mercenary, they will tend to kill themselves off. The prime purpose should be to cover expenses (of course); and clear enough extra to give the next convention a good start.

Due to a lack of time, we had to cancel The Report From The Publishers; which was to be just before the Business Session. Because of that, we are giving out all their latest information from those who answered our letters, as of April 15th. This information is given in a separate report elsewhere in this booklet. While the sites were being picked for next year's convention, Lou Tabakow and I were checking the receipts of the Auction. This was rather complicated; as while the auction was in progress, numerous people came up and offered to give us 1/2 if we would auction a certain item of theirs off, then. Naturally, we took them up on this; and had quite a few covers more as a result. Before the convention, I had maintained, all along that we would make \$1,000 in the auction. Everyone thought I was crazy; but, it only lacked \$25.00 when the total was added up. We must have set a new record, there. One thing is sure; the profit was greater than at any convention before. The total gross receipts were; \$1307.15. Our expenses were; \$443.96. This left a profit of; \$863.19. The program booklet and the banquet were not included in these expenses. We ran both of them on separate accounts and broke even; which was our only aim on these two. On the banquet, I had \$15.00 left over; which was used to tip the Chef & his two assistants. Not a large tip, you'll agree.

After reading off this report to the members present, a Steering Committee was made up of: Tucker, Zahbach, Jim Williams, Moskowitz, Korshak, and myself. The idea of this Committee was to bring back a suggestion to the membership as to how the money should be split up. Naturally, any suggestion had to carry a vote of the majority of the membership. All of the Committee were chosen either because of their previous record, or because of their fan activity and prominence. The only reason I was included was because I was still holding the cash. The first suggestion brought back was; \$250 to the 1950 convention, \$150 for England, \$150 for Australia, and the remainder to the Cincinnati Fantasy Group. After some discussion on the floor, the question of the NFFF participating on the receiving end was raised. The arguments flew thick and fast; both pro and con, until Darrell Richardson jumped up on the stage and suggested, over the P.A. system, that \$50.00 be taken from the allotment for the CFG. This was agreeable; and the votes were cast in favor of this compromise of Richardson's.

Before I explain about the \$50.00 earmarked for England and Australia, I want to get something off of my chest concerning the NFFF. First off, I've been a member for over 3 yrs.; so, I do have a right to have my say. Eventually, the NFFF should be in a position to take over these national or world conventions and be their sponsor. They can hardly do so until their membership increases. However, right now they contribute nothing; and in turn always expect a cut out of the profits of some one else's labors. Look at the roster of the Convention; and then look at the NFFF roster. If the NFFF is going to keep on collecting at each annual Business Session, then I think it is about time that their own membership contribute a dollar to the convention committees. By the same token, why can't say the LABS, PSFC, etc., claim a share of the profits of the coming Norwegian? After all,

they'll have done as much or even more than the NFFF. Perhaps with the new Administration in office, things will improve. Their other activities have; so, maybe this one will improve, too. This, I realize, is letting me in for a target from the NFFF fanatics; but, even they will admit that it is true. How about it? I don't think anyone can call themselves a fan if they do not support these annual conventions. If I can jolt a few out of their lethargy, it's worth all the griping that will come my way. Someday, I'd like to go to a Science Fiction convention and see the attendance numbered in thousands; instead of by hundreds.

Now, about the England-Australia deal. Due to the dollar restrictions, the fans in each of those countries simply cannot send out money for books, magazines, subscriptions, etc. Not only that, the rate of exchange is so high, that a wage earner has to spend a much greater proportion of their weekly salaries; compared to us, for a \$3.00 book. In England, \$22.00 per week is considered a fairly good wage. How far does \$22.00 go, over here? Since there is only 1 fan club in each country, we voted to take \$150.00 for each; to buy books and magazines for their respective club libraries. By this method, Science Fiction will be within reach of all; and their membership will increase due to this. The original idea was to get 1 copy of each "in print" book; and a 1 year subscription to all the Science Fiction Mags. However, there just isn't enough money to do both. I decided to get the books instead; figuring that at the Konverson, the members can vote to buy magazine subscriptions, plus whatever latest books I could not buy. There's a suggestion anyway. Someday will want to know what books I got; so, here is a list up until April 1:

Black Flame	Skylark Three	Darker Than You Think
Speechmarks of IPC	Minister Barrier	A Martian Odyssey
Beyond This Horizon	Forbidden Garden	Divide & Rule
Triplanetary	Skylark of Valuron	Seven Out of Time
Sister of Fear	Carnotian Cube	Paracelsus Assassin
Lost Darkness Fall	Lords of Creation	Mislead Charm
Venus Equatorial	The Torch	...And Some Were Human
Without Sorcery	Exiles of Time	Homunculus
Konrad	Slaves of Sleep	Wheels of If
Checklist	World Below	Best S-F: 1949
who Goes There?	Something Near	Counts of Tindalos
Larker at the Threshold	Witch House	House on the Borderland
Skull-Face	The Doll	West India Lights
Fearful Picnatures	Clock Strikes 12	This Mortal Coil
Mark of the Moon	Dark Carnival	Revelations in Black
Knight's Black Agents	In Re; Sherlock Holmes	Garnacki, the Ghost Finder
the Travelling Grave	The Sleeping & The Dead	Strange Ports of Call
Wet of Easter Island	4th Book of Jerkens	Genius Lost
Roads	Not Long for this World	Best Supernat. Stories IPL
H.P.L.: a Memoir	Arkham Sampler; Vol I	Arkham Sampler; Vol II
Sidewise in Time	Man Who Sold The Moon	

The cost on all these so far has run to: \$229.86. The postage has run to: \$15.30. This leaves a balance of: \$54.86 left out of the \$300.00. As of April 1st, everything was in the mail. So far, all concerned have been well pleased. As a follow up, we intend to send a number of copies of this booklet to each club, also.

Monday night saw the banquet; and the final wind up of the convention. We had a Grille Room in the basement of the hotel, all to ourselves. It was large enough; but the various supporting pillars prevented any speech making.

down there; if all were to see the speakers. We were served cafeteria style and some thought it should have been served by waiters. The only reason we did not have it that way, was because it would have run the cost up about \$1.50 more per person. At any rate, there were no complaints about the food or getting enough to eat. Stan Skirvin ~~shall~~ ~~and~~ ~~himself~~ ~~proud~~ ~~that~~ ~~right~~. I'll bet the Chef thought he hadn't had anything to eat for days. After a few minutes, Ned McKeown and several others, had a group gag act which was good; and received a big hand. Since the Banquet was mentioned as the place for any costuming or masquerading, quite a few showed up in various get ups. Photographers were over from the Cincinnati Enquirer and took a few shots for their Sunday Retogravure Section. This feature came out 2 weeks after the convention was over. As a whole, I think our publicity turned out rather well; considering the past publicity given other conventions. Dave Kyle handled practically all of the publicity during the convention. Cyril Kerabath and Dick Wilson (both old time fans) are the heads of Transradio Press in Chicago & New York; so, Dave phoned in the news to them every day. This went out over the teletypes to the radio stations. Several relatives told me later that they heard mention of the Convention over the radio where they lived. There were some who thought the idea of "Miss Science Fiction" was undignified; and cheap publicity. To this minority, I can only say, try to get publicity for ANYTHING; and see if you are satisfied with the results. The 1/2 hr. on television was the first for any convention, and presented the hobby of Science Fiction in a manner not antagonistic. Saturday night, Stirling Macoboy talked to me on the phone from Sydney, Australia. During the conversation he mentioned the fact that the Convention had a write up in the Sydney Daily Mirror. Most of our local coverage was pretty good. Lou Tatakow summed it all up when he said; "I don't give a damn what they write about me, or the convention, as long as they spell my name right."

After the Banquet, everyone who did not have to check out and start the journey home, went back upstairs to the ball room; where Ted Carroll, as MC gave the farewell toasts, introductions etc. By this time, I felt the inevitable collapse coming on. I was doing all right until I sat down to eat. I just kept getting more and more tired from then on. So tired in fact, that during Ted's finale, I stretched out on 5 or 7 chairs and went to sleep. Fortunately, I had the car all loaded and ready to leave whenever I got to where it was parked. At 11 P.M. I started back to Sharpsville; feeling like years had gone by, and like 10 tons had been lifted from my back. I fell in bed; and left orders to tell anyone who asked for me or called me on the phone before noon, to go to hell. At noon, Franklin Dietz and Lynn Rickman stopped by for a few minutes while I was getting out of bed. Later, that evening, Doc Barrett and Dave MacInnes stopped by and were talked into staying for supper. During this time, the three of us made plans to have a get together at Indian Lake, Ohio on the following week-end. Dave was going to spend the rest of the week with Doc; and Ted Carroll was going to be there in a few days, when he got back from Chicago. He went to Chicago with Mel Korshak for a little visit there; first.

So, September 10th saw 3 car loads of the Cincy Group at Indian Lake. The usual rebanking of the convention was in order; and then we all got together and sent a 1/2 hour wire recording to Don Ray. On it, we gave him our views and advice of the convention; pointing out some of the little troubles we had in putting it on. The whole idea of the thing was to give them a little boost; and at the same time give them a chance to profit by our mistakes. That, along with the \$15.00 is enough to send them off on a good start. It is more than we had received; so, the MORNING should be that much better improved over the CONVENTION.

One nice thing about this week-end at Doc's, was that we all had a chance to have a more leisurely conversation with Ted Carroll. The whole atmosphere was one of relaxation; you didn't get that feeling that you had to cram every thing into an evening, or one hour or so; like we did at the Metropole. We took a few snap shots, and in general did nothing any too strenuous; preferring to sit, talk, and loaf. While taking some pictures, I remembered that in all the entire 4 days at the hotel, I had never had a chance to take any photos at all, of any of the proceedings, or fans!

Nearing the end of this report, I want to bring out some of the wonderful co-operation we received from various fields. First, the Editors of the Pro mags, all donated material; with the exception of John W. Campbell, Jr., of ASTOUNDING. The Editors of the Fan mags, devoted space for free advertising and kept their readers informed of any news of what was happening during the planning stage. The so called "Fan Publishers", like Fantasy Press, Shasta, Prime, and the rest contributed both books and originals in large quantities which insured our Auction's success. They weren't all; of course, many fans helped us out all the way. It all points out the fact that any convention is only as successful as the direct ratio of the amount of co-operation they receive. It's up to you; and not the Portland boys, to make the NORWESCON another success.

All fans reading this article should take note of the statement that Arthur J. Furks makes in his. Why not write a few letters to LIFE, LOOK, TIME, etc asking them to cover the NORWESCON? If, in writing to the Science Fiction magazines, you don't get results from the Editor, write to the higher ranking "beases"; as noted on the table of contents page. IF THEY get the idea that the Editor is not pleasing the readers, there will be some attitudes change. It's up to you. I don't mean to run any Editor out of his job; but, I do resent the attitude of some in regarding fans in the same class as a bastard at a family reunion.

That's all. I enjoyed meeting every one of you. Some, I expect to see in Ohio; May 21st. Others, I'll see again in New York; the July 4th week-end; and if at all possible, will see the rest at Portland.

Don Ford

SOME ARTIFICIAL GEMS

93

OF WISDOM

BY

FRITZ LEIBER

A peyoniatrist who had darn well better remain nameless here once confided to me that if a man and his wife can't finish a fifth of whiskey between them in an evening, there's something wrong with their marriage. CONVENTION-cers, even unrelated ones, largely proved themselves to be un-neurotic by this test.

Sales of the supernatural horror story haven't boomed along with those of science-fiction. That's to be expected. The tale of spectral horror is a narrower genre, largely devoted to the awakening of the feeling of supernatural fear. Science-fiction, on the contrary, has the universe for its subject, and especially the future. It perfectly fits the modern temper of exploring the consequences of all actions, of experimenting before committing oneself, of using imagination to the full and for practical purposes. It can work a great change in all fiction, art, and ways of thought. It remains to be seen whether its practitioners will fully grasp this opportunity.

Science-fiction started as a kind of juvenile writing, often designed to impart scientific information in sugar-coated form. It has never fully shaken off this kindergarten involvement, but the growing distinction made between juvenile and adult science-fiction is encouraging.

If some of the big publishing houses would reprint less science-fiction and devote the same dough to financing the writing of adult science-fiction novels, the results might be profitable all around.

Suggestions for future CONS and VENTIONS: Mikes that can't be talked around, swayed from, or otherwise evaded; well-stocked private cellars to get the hangoverish through liquorless Sundays and holidays; rocket transport to Portland; more Miss Science-Fictions, more femmes, more fans, more everything; a MOONVENTION by 1960! a MARS CON by 1970! ...and on to the asteroids!

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