

SFCON

PROGRESS REPORT #2

APRIL 1954



ANNOUNCING
THE 5th

Indian Lake
Convention

May 22 & 23, 1954
Hotel Infall
Bellafontaine, Ohio

C. L. Barrett, M.D.

Don Ford

Lou Tabakow

Stan Skirvin

Roy Lavender

In The SFC on

By Poul Anderson

Reader, I hate you.

I don't know if your name is Joe or Mike or Forrest J. . .

The facts are as follows. One evening Karen and I dropped over to the Coles' place in all innocence, meaning to turn in some membership dollars and maybe bum a cup of coffee. Les was out of town, on expense account yet, but Es and Gary Nelson were there. They were assembling Progress Report No. One. "Come right in," said Es cheerily; with the hospitality for which she is famous, she took our coats, found us seats, and thrust a hundred pounds of Progress Report into our hands... The drive home, hours later, was dangerous; I kept trying to fold the steering wheel and hand it over to the stapler. In the middle of the night, Karen woke me up by screaming: I was trying to fold her and hand her over to the stapler --

I do not approve of progress reports.

Nevertheless, the show must go on, and here is the news of what has been done for the SFC on since the last report. There is less to tell, because the groundwork has now been accomplished and from here on it's a more quiet and gradual process of preparing events, lining up speakers, and making the other mysterious behind-the-scenes arrangements which seem necessary to all conventions. But we do have some items to pass on.

The masquerade will be held on Monday evening; as we promised last time, it will be a large affair lasting for hours, with prizes for costumes and live music for those who wish to dance. The music, by the way, will be furnished by Turk Murphy's band, which aficionados will recognize as one of the hottest names in Dixieland jazz and non-aficionados, like myself, can listen to without wincing. We repeat that this will definitely be an event, and that it's worth your while to prepare the best costume you can. Even if you are in civilian clothes, come anyway and see the rest; it will be worth your while to see the Gnarly Man dancing with Aladoree Anthar or Jommy Cross wrapping his tendrils around the Red Lensman. If you want to hang from the ceiling and drip green, go right ahead.

The banquet will be on Sunday eve and will cost \$3.50 a plate, possibly less but certainly no more. The traditional program of speakers will be there, but the committee has decided on one novel feature: you'll pick up your food cafeteria style and take it over to your table. This was chosen because it makes possible a wider selection of food and greater efficiency. Coffee and dessert will be served by waiters, and the speakers' table will be served throughout.

To help you in your planning, here are the facts about room rates. A single at the Drake is \$7.75 and up

a double from \$9.75. These are all excellent rooms, and we recommend them highly, both for quality and convenience of location. As we said before, they will be in one block assuring more privacy and freedom than has often been the case in the past.

However, if you feel these rates will break your budget, there are several other good hotels in the immediate vicinity which are more economical. We list a few at the end of this article.

May we repeat our request that all reservations for rooms at the Drake be made through the committee.

As yet, not too many big names have definitely promised to attend; but as Anthony Boucher (who will certainly be there) has pointed out, nearly half the writers of science-fiction live on the West Coast, within easy distance of San Francisco--as well as many prominent fans--so a considerable number of notables are sure to be there to meet you. Besides these, there will of course be any number flocking in from further east and from foreign countries.

Incidentally, a cable car goes right by the Drake. If you've never ridden one, you ought to; it's an experience which will make going to Mars in a leaky barrel powered by shotgun blasts seem rather boring. Catch the Washington-Jackson, get off at Jackson, and walk a few blocks down to Grant Street, and you'll find yourself in the most picturesque Chinatown in the world, where you can gorge yourself on almond duck and fried won ton; thereafter one waddles a few blocks further to the Latin Quarter and drinks cappuccino while listening to operatic arias. If you find yourself with some time to spare--or better yet, decide to stay a few days extra--you should visit Golden Gate Park, with its Japanese garden whose paths seem to have infinite connectivity, stop in the fine museums, and go on to the Cliff House for a drink and the barking of sea lions; you should go up in Coit tower for its view of the Bay and take a second look at the paintings in the lobby and their sly humor; you should--but now we're making like the chamber of commerce and had better close till next time.

HOTELS

| <u>Hotel</u> | <u>Address</u> | <u>Single</u> | <u>Double</u> |
|--------------|-----------------|---------------|---------------|
| Cecil | 545 Post | \$4-5 | \$5-6 |
| Devonshire | 335 Stockton | 4-4.50 | 5-6 |
| Fielding | 386 Geary | 4-6 | 5-7 |
| Franciscan | 350 Geary | 3.50-5 | 5-6.50 |
| Plaza | Post & Stockton | 5-6 | 6.50-8.50 |
| Somerton | 440 Geary | 3.50-4 | 4-5 |
| Stratford | 242 Powell | 3.50-4 | 4-6 |

123. Gary Nelson
124. Bill Nolan
125. W. S. Houston
126. Robert Gilbert
127. Rita Krohne
128. Kenneth Marder
129. Roberta J. Collins
130. Ron Smith
131. Hal Lynch
132. Richard D. Ellington
133. Page Brownton
134. Dave Koblick
135. The Terrans
136. The Terrans
137. The Terrans
138. The Terrans
139. The Terrans
140. The Terrans
141. The Terrans
142. The Terrans
143. The Terrans
144. The Terrans
145. The Terrans
146. Evelyn Cole
147. Eva Firestone
148. G. M. Carr
149. Pvt. Richard Eney
150. M. A. Southworth
151. Alfred DeBat
152. James H. Newberry
153. Tom Condit
154. Dr. Charles L. Barrett
155. Jerry Barrett
156. Earl Barr Hanson
157. Sam Bowne
158. Louis Meltzer
159. Marion Sturgeon
160. Robin Sturgeon
161. Theodore Sturgeon
162. More than Human
163. E. Pluribus Unicorn
164. Lyle Kessler
165. Mark Clifton
166. Johnny Christensen
167. Gordon M. Kull
168. George Finigan
169. Dean Natkin
170. Carol Blum
171. James S. Hughes
172. Margaret St. Clair

173. George H. Ahlborn, Jr.
174. Denis Moreen
175. Joe Miller
176. Richard Geis
177. Warren de Bra
178. Bob Silverberg
179. Gilbert Menicucci
180. Philip L. Stein
181. Thomas Hinmon
182. M. Edward Peck
183. Wm. Goldsmith
184. Richard Lendheim
185. Jim Rief
186. IF, Worlds of Science Fiction
187. J. L. Quinn
188. Gheen R. Abbot
189. Peter J. Vorzimer
190. Kenneth H. Bonnell
191. Dale Hart
192. Judith Goodman
193. Sam Sackett
194. Ruth Stage
195. Harold Mollendick
196. Jim Webbert
197. Jo Hampton
198. D. R. Fraser
199. Stan Woolston
200. Gregg Calkins
201. Thomas R. Clifton
202. Edyth S. Short
203. Arnold N. Kirschner
204. W. S. Hofford
205. John Walston
206. Mary Seeley
207. Roy C. Seiler
208. H. B. Michel
209. Pvt. Roger C. Nelson
210. Judith P. Weinberg
211. Carl Dill
212. Jon Stopa
213. Florence Nelson
214. Richard Sickler
215. Norman F. Stanley
216. Albert Lastovica
217. E. S. Robinson
218. Phyllis Scott
219. Wm. A. Sell
220. Frederick Prophet
221. Ima Anita Jones
222. Warren F. Link

Con-Notes

This is the year for conventions, there's not a question of a doubt. It's a year for conventions--in Europe or Mexico or Mars. As far as lining up speakers goes, we are amazed at the number who will be traveling abroad when September rolls around. For a while we thought it was us; perhaps we weren't using the proper amounts of chlorophyll or lanolin or over 80%. But then we interviewed Poul Anderson, who just returned from Europe late last year and on whom we had to sit to keep him from going this September, and Poul began painting word pictures. There may be something to this Europe business after all. In fact, if we aren't here for the convention, you can contact us at American Express, 11 Rue Scribe, Paris...

As has been done at past conventions, we are providing time and place for meetings of the national fan organizations and amateur press associations. If your group wants time to meet during the con, please notify us as soon as possible.

Who are you? We don't know and we can't, for obvious reasons, until you tell us. Are you an editor, writer, or just the plain old backbone of the science fiction convention, the fan? Have you a gripe you'd like to air publicly? Got something funny to say? And where's our unknown Leonardo with the plans for the tri-dimensional fenniculator with raschig rings and dextral grunlion? We may have a spot for you on the program.

How about that skit your club wants to put on? Better hurry because we have a place for you, and--the Utah Science Fiction League has already asked for time.

But remember, you have to let us know; our ESP equipment hasn't been functioning lately.

Concerning hotel reservations, we wish to emphasize certain points. Get your reservations in early! It won't cost you anything, and it may save you a great deal of misery. As stated in the first Progress Report, San Francisco is playing host to "Market Week" during the time of the SFCon, and the hotels are beginning to fill up already. You can bet that reservations won't be easy to come by, and we haven't yet determined what "Market Week" is. (Most of us get very vague when asked about it; we feel that it might have something to do with marketing albino truffles or two-headed beavers, the very thought of which terrifies us.) Now, if you are not staying at the convention hotel, make your own reservations directly with the hotel you have chosen. If you are staying at the Sir Francis Drake, make your reservations through us, the convention committee--and do it now!

Perhaps we should clarify the reservation charge for you. If you make a reservation through us and fail to show up, we get charged \$5. Don't send us any money; just bear in mind that we'll have to stand the cost if you don't notify us two weeks in ad-

vance of con time. The Sir Francis Drake will acknowledge your reservations, so you'll be able to tell if we're on the ball.

ITEM: the Bull Session. Our experience with conventions--both regional and national--and science fiction organizations has been the distressing and absolute lack of discussions of science fiction! As in any specialized organization, from the Bird Watchers of America to the Congress of Crystallographers, people are brought together by the one thing they have in common and then invariably fail to discuss it. In the science fiction world this failing has led to disappointment, particularly when travel miles are measured in thousands and travel dollars in hundreds. Our personal, completely unscientific poll of fans, writers, editors, and publishers indicates that more science fiction, more essence of science fiction along the lines of "What would be the result if condition A prevails over condition B," is accomplished in small groups than in any other way. So, we are trying an experiment. We have rented a room near the main meeting hall for a "continuous" bull session. Topics will be discussed for approximately two hours at a time under the most apt leadership we can find; for instance, Willy Ley has indicated he will be interested in helping out the discussion we have tentatively titled "Why Is A Mouse?" We plan to have these bull sessions running during most of the four days, so we are asking for your suggestions as to titles. Some already suggested are "Should Any Laws of Science Be Patentable?", "The Place of Sex In Science Fiction," "The Expiration of Natural Resources and Malthusian Doctrine," and "Is McCarthy A Threat to Science Fiction?"

Don't let us scare you off: any titles you suggest will be given full consideration and can cover any topic.

One of the interesting things about handling the convention is the num-

ber of wonderful characters you meet, mainly via the mails, who are (from your point of view) both good and bad--"good" and "bad" being defined here as helpful or not. We guess that about the bad ones the less said the better, but there's a fiendish sort of malevolence that comes creeping out of those envelopes...no, no, we're not suffering from incipient paranoia; we haven't the time. But every so often, when we are feeling low, along comes a letter that makes it all worth while; for instance, here's a paragraph from a letter from Mr. W. S. Hofford of Los Angeles:

"In the meantime, if you should ever need a little moolah for current expenses, I am good for a \$5 check at almost anytime, and I sincerely hope to be able to get away this year to attend the convention."

This is from the Letters-We-Finished-Reading Department. Incidentally, in case you're interested, we have not taken Mr. Hofford up on his offer, though the gesture is appreciated. (We're holding him in reserve, though!)

Under construction at the present time is time. A new kind of time. We call it, modestly, "convention time" for want of a better name. Before we explain this, a little background is warranted. Those of you who are regular con goers know the old story: you wake up in the morning (if you've slept), haul your head down from the ceiling where it has been gently bumping, and mutter, "What day is this?" Someone will tell you it's Monday, others Sunday, and so it goes. Your whole day could be spoiled. And the fault of this is the arbitrary designation of 24 hours in a day. We're changing all that. Convention Time will start at midnight of the day the Westercon closes and will run continuously through to the close. What will you be doing at half-past 42 (C.S.T.)? Well, that's up to you--but we guarantee you won't be confused as to what day it is!

FAN ·



TIMES

CLEVE-CON BY TERRANS "THE BEST" REPORT FANS

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