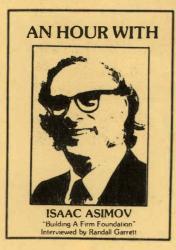
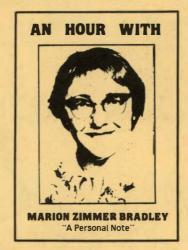


September 29 & 30, 1979 — Moscow, Idaho

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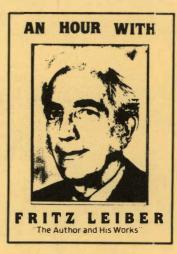




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MosCon 1

Guests of Honor

September 29 & 30, 1979 Moscow, Idaho

Verna Smith Trestrail Alex Schomburg

Fan Guest of Honor

Jessica Amanda Salmonson

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Committee Members

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Security: Larry Oakford
Hotel Liaison: Sasha Zemanek
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An Show: Jane Fancher
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Membership: Beth Finkbiner
Movies: Don Qualls
Publicity: Jon Gustafson
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Hucksters: Charlie Leaphart Gophers: Tim Cridland

Also: Bill Profit, Matt Cherry, Jerry Eveland, Jeannie Wood, Dean Smith, Nina Hoffman, Debbie Miller, Ruth Vance, Chris Nelson, Dru Daily

Cover by Alex Schomburg Back cover by Jane S. Fancher



FROM: Virgil Samms, Director

TO: All Lensman and Patrol Cadets

SUBJ: Patrol Induction and Regulations

TO ALL GALACTIC PATROL AND LENSMAN CADETS, GREETINGS! On behalf of the Patrol, I hereby officially welcome you to Prime Base. On this and the following pages, you will find your schedule for the two days' orientation training you are about to undergo, and directions to all pertinent rooms here at Prime Base. You will find that the Patrol life here, while rigorous at times, will prepare you for all or most situations you will be likely to encounter after graduation from the Academy.

The main lectures will be hald in the Tellus and Klovia rooms; all cadets are urged to attend as many as possible — this is, however, not mandatory; if you should be inclined to do something else, remember that the Patrol realizes that cadets are adults, and as such are able to make their own decisions. Training films are available in the Zabriskan Fontema Room; and combat situations will be simulated in the Plooran Room. Feel free to avail yourself of the opportunities at any time. Again, on behalf of the Patrol, I extend my most sincere welcome to the Academy. CLEAR ETHER!

THE PATROL WISHES TO EXTEND ITS THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING FOR SPECIAL HELP:

Craig W. Anderson; George Barr; Graham Buxton; L. Sprague de Camp; H.R. Van Dongen; Jane Fancher; Lynn Fancher; Mr. and Mrs. Mike Finkbiner; Jack Gaughan; Mr. and Mrs. Michael C. Goodwin; Jon Gustafson; Robert A. Heinlein; Frederick Pohl; Ron Sabins; Jessica Amanda Salmonson; Alex Schomburg; Clifford Simak; Bea Taylor; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Trestrail; and Alexandra Zemanek. Also thanks to OMNI Magazine for their donated door prizes.

And special thanks to Steve Fahnestalk for urging us to kill ourselves with overwork in such a novel manner.

Programming

	FRIDAY, September 28
Noon:	Registration opens (Arisian and Plooran Rooms) Art and Huckster rooms open for set-up only
5:00	(Arisian and Plooran Rooms) Art and Huckster rooms open
6:00:	(Zabriskan Fontema Room) Film room open
8:00:	(Arisian and Plooran Rooms) Art show and Huckster rooms close (Velantian Suite) "Welcome to Munchkin Land" party in con suite, hosted by Mike "Munchkin" Finkbiner
1:00:	(Zabriskan Fontema Room) Film room closes
	SATURDAY, September 29
9:00:	Registration opens in the lobby (Arisian Room) Art show opens
10:00:	(Plooran Room) Huckster room open; (Zabriskan Fontema Room) Film room open
10:30:	Coffee and Donuts around the pool (in registration area if the weather is bad); donations gratefully accepted
12:30:	(Tellus and Klovia Rooms) Opening Ceremonies and Guest of Honor speeches; inane babbling by chairman Steve Fahnestalk, and lucid words of wisdom by Verna Smith Trestrail, Alex Schomburg, and Jessica Amanda Salmonson
2:00:	(Tellus Room) "Fandom" Panel — What is Fandom; where did it come from and where is it going? Who cares? These and other fascinating questions are answered by our panel and our audience.
	(Klovia Room) Reading by Jessica Amanda Salmonson — One of the northwest's best-known fans reads from her recent works. Outspoken and articulate, Jessica is (becoming a) Professional Writer.
3:15	(Tellus and Klovia Rooms) "Everything You Wanted To Know About E.E. Smith But Didn't Know Who To Ask" – For those of us who (like Peter Pan) have NO INTENTION of growing up, Doc's daughter, Verna Smith Trestrail will take us back to Space Opera's "Never-Never Land".
4:30:	(Tellus Room) Trivia Quiz — The \$64,000 Question: who's the most trivial-minded person in fandom? This ever-popular panel should settle that question forever (or at least until the next convention!).
	(Klovia Room) Computer Panel — A varied assortment of professional and semi-pro computer buffs will tell about today's computers and attempt to tell what the "home computer revolution" will mean to us in the future.
5:45:	(Tellus Room) "Design-a-Monster" Panel — Some art and author types get together and try to make some aliens for your edification and enjoyment.
	(Klovia Room) "Sex in Science Fiction" — Parental guidance suggested but not necessary. How does sex fit into the science fiction world; has the portrayal changed over the years, and what's in store for the future?
7:00:	Dinner Break (for those of you who absolutely <i>insist</i> on eating) Registration closes (Plooran Room) Huckster room closes

(Tellus and Klovia Rooms) Masquerade Walk-through (Arisian Room) Art show closes

8:00:

- 8:30: (Tellus and Klovia Rooms) Elinor Busby's Birthday Party! Refreshments and entertainment (and what entertainment!) will be provided.
- 9:30: (Tellus and Klovia Rooms) Masquerade Awards
- 10:00: (Tellus and Klovia Rooms) Dance, dance, dance! For all you budding Buck Rogers who want to boogie down, we will provide an assortment of pre-recorded music and a place to strut your stuff. (Bring your own tiger-man.)
- 2:00: (Zabriskan Fontema Room) Film room closes; no more films tonight

SUNDAY, September 30

- 9:30: Registration opens
- 10:00: (Arisian, Plooran and Zabriskan Fontema Rooms) Art show, Huckster room and Film room open.

 (Tellus and Klovia Rooms) Brunch begins.
- 11:00: (Arisian Room) Art show closes so we can prepare for the Art Auction.
- 11:30: (Tellus and Klovia Rooms) First Lensman Award Ceremonies begin (doors open for general membership) Besides the tasty food served at the brunch, a major part of the fun at MosCon will be the first Second Stage Lensman Awards; given to two deserving "elder statesmen" in the science fiction and sf art fields. This will all be accompanied by banter for your amusement by the Chairman and Guests of Honor.
- 12:00: (Tellus and Klovia Rooms) The MosCon Art Auction Not content with boring you at the brunch, your convention chairman is going to attempt to separate you from your hard-earned money; this time, by giving you a chance to bid on the beautiful works of art in our show. We even accept bank cards! (Please check at the beginning of the art auction for which ones.)
- 2:15: (Klovia Room) Trivia Quiz Finals The truth is revealed and the finalists fight it out to the last question: Whatever did happen to Fay Wray?
- 3:30: (Tellus and Klovia Rooms) Alex Schomburg: Past, Present, and Future. Science fiction's longest practitioner of art, and one of its best known, talks about his work. Illustrated with slides, and questions from Jon Gustafson.
- 4:45: (Tellus Room) Collecting Panel Some of the area's most fanatic book, art, and magazine collectors attempt to show you the whys and wherefores of collecting; and maybe even clue you in on what's going to be valuable in the future!
 - (Klovia Room) Jupiter Flyby Here they are folks! This is your chance to see, with your own oculars, those marvelous pictures of our solar system's biggest inhabitant, with commentary by a local astronomer.
- 6:00: (Plooran Room) Huckster room closes your last chance to let the Ploorans get their slimy tentacles on your currency is now gone.
- 8:60: (Velantian Suite) THE DEAD COW PARTY!!! Just when you thought it was safe to go out into the pasture. again.... Pullman-Moscow's answer to everyone's "Dead Dog" party, Edmonton's "Dead Cat" party, and Seattle's "Dead Sasquatch" party! For diehard convention and partygoers, a great way to finish the weekend, and wind it all down.

Verna Smith Trestrail

Verna Smith Trestrail, daughter of Edward E. "Doc" Smith, graduated from Jackson (Michigan) High School at the age of fifteen and at sixteen married Albert Trestrail, public school music teacher. They have four children, two girls and two boys.

When all the children had "grown and flown" she felt she ought to do something but couldn't decide what. Doc, her father, suggested she go to college and become an English teacher. So she did, doing five years' work in three, receiving her Master's degree and is now head of the English Department at Central Noble High School, in Albion, Indiana.

Her favorite course is "Masters of Science Fiction." Verna has been asked by the powerful and prestigious NCTE (National Council of Teachers of English) to lecture on Doc and teaching Science Fiction, in New York City and in Indianapolis. It looks as though science fiction has really come out of the closet.

James Gunn, head of the English Department at the University of Kansas, invited Verna in July to take part in their Science Fiction Teaching and Writing Seminar during the John W. Campbell Award week.

Doctor Marshall Tymn, of Eastern Michigan University invited her to take part in their annual Spring Seminar. Vince Miranda, science fiction editor for *The Saturday Evening Post* asked her to appear at the Boca Raton Florida Festival.

She has had articles on family life published in Parade magazine, Ladies' Home Journal, Farm Journal, etc. She has written papers for the PLMA and The English Journal. Verna has worked closely with the British publishers of the honor edition of The Best of E.E. "Doc" Smith and has edited her father's notes for the "D'Alambert" series, the "Tedric" series and now, with Fred Pohl for Bantam Books, she and Dave Kyle are doing Dragon Lensman.

Edward E. Smith, Ph.D.

Edward E. Smith, better known to hundreds of thousands of readers and fans throughout the world as "Doc" and "Skylark" Smith, never lived to realize the full impact of science fiction upon daily life, but he knew its possibilities and realized its imminence.

His novels have been translated into seventeen languages and are newer than the day after tomorrow: although his first book was written in 1918... The Skylark of Space, which was so far ahead of its time that there literally was no publisher for something so "far out"!

This same Skylark has been in continuous print for over fifty-five years — so meticulous, scholarly and scientifically correct that it is required reading at MIT, U of M, etc. for engineers and astronauts; so far-flung, exciting and imaginative that it enchants teen-agers!

It is not enough to say that Doc was a pioneer in the field, or Dean of Science Fiction Authors, or the first to break the mold. No, one realizes that above all he was a humanitarian, a master psychologist and cared so deeply about people.



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No teen-aged fan or would-be writer was too brash or unimportant for Doc to listen to. Each was paid attention to seriously and courteously and made to feel welcome. He treated everyone with equal warmth, interest and respect. Any author suffering from a "drying-up spell" was assured of interested assistance!

His restless, brilliant mind was forever searching for the new, the beneficial, the ultimate. His high optimism and truly tremendous imagination never ceases to enthrall his audience. Doc unequivocally stood for the best possible interpretation in human nature. Gary Lovisi in "Galaxy Times" writes "Doctor Edward Elmer Smith, better known to his millions of fans as 'Doc', opened up the limitless reaches of all the galaxies to the minds of writers and readers alike."

Smith was born in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, May 2, 1890. He always planned to "die with his high tan boots on" and he did (in Portland, Oregon, August 31, 1965). He



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and his beloved wife Jeannie Craig MacDougall were on their way from Florida to California when a massive heart attack ended the career of this "gentle warrior" forever.

The inimitable Fred Pohl, writing in Worlds of If in his succinct and scintillating style, said "Doc was the first. No one ever before had sent his characters racing into the unknown worlds of unknown galaxies to meet and learn from — or to battle — strange peoples and new forms of science. Doc showed all the rest of us the way; and now he has just gone on ahead to see them for himself."

Edward E. Smith, Ph.D. A Bibliography

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Review of the Reviewers. (Article) Luna Magazine, 1962 Supplementary:

Biographical Profile of Smith by Sam Moskowitz. Amazing Stories, April, 1964

Journey to Infinity. (Anthology edited by Martin Greenburg) Gnome Press

Alex Schomburg

In a field whose modern incarnation has so far lasted only a bit over sixty years, it is somewhat surprising that Alex Schomburg has been professionally practicing art since 1925 - 54 years!

Born in Puerto Rico in May, 1905, Alex got an early start toward the artist's life: his father, himself a talented artist, gave him a paint set for his first birthday. Both Alex and his older brother August received private art lessons; and in 1923 four Schomburg brothers, Alex and his elder siblings August, Frederick, and Charles, opened a commercial art studio in New York City. Their studio was moderately successful, according to Alex, doing advertising art and window displays for major manufacturers, including Westinghouse, General Electric, Great Northern Railway, and Sanka Coffee.

Despairing over a small radio he'd assembled from a circuit diagram in Hugo Gernsback's Electrical Experimenter, and which wouldn't work, Alex went to the magazine's offices for some help, and as luck would have it, met Gernsback himself. When Gernsback discovered that Alex was an artist, he began offering Alex "small assignments".

In 1925 and 1926, Alex painted his first color covers for that magazine, although he laments their quality: "Today," says Alex, "you couldn't even recycle them!" Gernsback must have been pleased, though, for Alex kept working for him, and eventually Alex was doing covers for Radio Craft - and wound up doing all the covers for that magazine from 1943 until 1967!

In 1929, the year of the "Great Depression", Alex and his brothers dissolved the studio, and Alex got a job with a film company in New York City. As was common during the Depression years, Alex began moonlighting, doing comic book covers and science fiction illustrations. His black-and-white illustrations were, during that period, appearing in the "Thrilling" pulp magazines: Thrilling Detective, Thrilling Western, Thrilling Adventures, and Thrilling Mystery. His first sf cover appeared on the September 1939 issue of Startling Stories, and he went on to appear on the covers of Thrilling Wonder, Fantastic Stories, and other sf pulp magazines. (A thrilling story indeed!)

During the war years, the film company for which Alex worked "did an origami", and he opened his own art studio in New York City; and besides his science fiction art, did illustrations for almost every pulp magazine extant, including westerns, detective, and romance pulps. He also expanded his comic book work, doing such "classics" as the original "Captain America", and covers for most of the "golden-age" comics. (Some of his modern re-drawings of those comic covers have recently been auctioned, bringing in thousands of dollars!)

From the 1940's to the 1960's, Alex did covers for just about every science fiction magazine there was, includ-

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ing Amazing, Fantastic, F & SF, Future, Galaxy, Satellite, Startling, Wonder, and others; in fact, he did at least one cover for almost all of the magazines of those eras. He also branched out into book covers, doing covers for publishers like Whitman, Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, Franklin Watts, and many smaller publishers. He also did covers for many astrology and crossword-puzzle magazines.

Since 1954, when he moved to Oregon, Alex has done much freelance work in sf and other fields; but with the passing of the pulps, and the reduction in number of the sf magazines, his work was not very much in evidence as in previous years (his freelance work included a stint working with Stanley Kubrick on 2001: A Space Odyssey) — which caused many people to wonder whether he was still alive.

After being "rediscovered" by the sf magazines in recent years, Alex has found that his vision and precision of technique have kept him in demand: he has recently done covers for Analog, The Magazine of Fantasy and Science

Fiction, and Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine among other things.

Alex Schomburg has, I think, given the lie to the idea that a person's most productive years end at age 65; his talent, imaginative mind, and incredible skill with pen and airbrush are truly ageless. At age 74, though his dark hair is a little greyed, his energies and enthusiasms are enormous; and as the cover for this program book shows, he has, if anything, improved with the passing years — and might serve as a good example for the best of the rest of us.

Alex lives with his wife, Helen, in Newburg, Oregon; and we can look forward to many more years of his wonderful drawings and paintings: as Alex says, he's "still doing science fiction art and still loving every minute of it!" Alex Schomburg, we salute you!

Steve Fahnestalk Chairman MosCon 1

Jessica Amanda Salmonson

Statement for Your Fan Guest of Honor: Who I am and Why I'm Here:

Why am I being honored as fan guest of honor in the honorably honorable setting of Moscow's first regional science fiction convention? Could it be because I am bright, witty, wise, or famous? No! It could not! It must be because the con committee was hard up... ah, but I'm being modest to extreme, and in reality there are few folk more descrying than I, I mean, than me, of rich rewards and obeisance.

Way back in 1972, I didn't know fandom existed, but I wrote a couple letters to prozines which got published alorg with my address, and suddenly I started receiving weird, ugly, amateur magazines called "fanzines." I was so disgusted by them that I decided to publish one of my own, and have actually published several since, and still publish one called WINDHAVEN on fantasy and sf from a feminist perpesctive. I can rarely afford to get a new issue out, but when I do, it's a real event. I've also been nominated twice for the Faan Award (though I've never won, *sniff*) for being an incurable letterhack appearing multitudes of fanzine letter columns with commentary sometimes banal and sometimes spooky.

Like many other "mere" fans (Bradbury, Ellison, Bradley) I am steadily progressing toward a professional capacity within the science fiction community. My anthology, Amazons!, will be released by DAW Books in December (you vil buy, you vil read, you vil enjoy!), I have finished a novel and started another, acquired an agent so I won't get rooked, and sold a couple short stories to impressive places (at least, I'm impressed). Still, the reason I have to tell you this is because you didn't already know it, which means I'm not very famous after all. But you just wait! And when I'm Number One on the Locus Best Selling Science Fiction chart, and have dozens of fannish groupies begging to kiss the hem of my karate uniform, I'll step

down off my oversized ego and remember that at MosCon, I was honored by kind and gentle people *before* my successes.

All fooling around aside, thanks a lot, people!

Jessica Amanda Salmonson

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Appreciations:

Clifford D. Simak

While I remember and revere his writing as something that gave me pleasure in those early days, I remember the man himself with deep personal affection. Doc was a soft-spoken, unassuming man filled with glowing human warmth. You could sit down and talk with him comfortably for hours.

Doc Smith was among the first of us and long after many smoother, more elegant writers are forgotten his work will be remembered still. He wrote honest science fiction with an exuberance that was refreshing and still is refreshing whenever it is written.

L. Sprague de Camp

I was privilized to meet Doc Smith just a few times. Yet I remember him as one of the early "greats" of the Golden Age of Science Fiction. His LENSMEN Series broke new ground in stories of interstellar travel and warfare by the vast sweep of the author's imagination. Doc Smith also set a precedent by lining up several intelligent extraterrestrial species resembling crocodiles and other non-human creatures on the side of the good guys. His work influenced many later writers.



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Frederick Pohl

When we're remembering Edward Elmer Smlth, Ph. D., there are a lot of things to remember: What Doc was as a writer, what Doc did for science fiction and, above all, what Doc was like as a human being... to name but three, out of a list that could go on all day. (I haven't even mentioned his talent as a waffle chef.)

As a writer, Doc was one of the first to put science into science fiction. He was, after all, a working scientist all his life. It showed in his work. It's easy to look back on his very earliest stories and find scientific flaws — in *The Skylark of Space*, for instance, he blithely skips by Einstein's limiting speed of light in gallivanting around the universe. But up until the 26th of May, 1919, relativity was just a conjecture by an obscure patent-office clerk somewhere in Europe. The 1919 eclipse gave it its first firm evidence, but by then *Skylark* was already on paper.

What he did for science fiction was open it up. He was the *first* to take the great leap forward into trying to guess what tomorrow's technology could give us in the way

of not merely interplanetary, but interstellar and even intergalactic travel. He was a vision of ultimate freedom, an intimation of immensity, in those early sf pulps; and although everybody instantly copied him, no one ever did it better.

As a person? Well, let me say only this. However much time I spent with Doc, it was never enough.

While I was a magazine editor, one of my proudest achievements was coaxing Doc into writing Skylark Duquesne, his last novel. It was still running as a serial in If when he died, fourteen years ago this month.

That slim, cheerful form of flesh is gone, but there's a lot of Doc that's still alive. Just the other day I read the manuscript of Dave Kyle's *Dragon Lensman*, and not much longer ago than that I read (for I guess the seventh or eighth time each) a couple of Doc's own novels — I do that every now and then, and enjoy every word every time.

We miss him a lot, and we will not see his like again — but how marvelous for all of us that his work lives on!





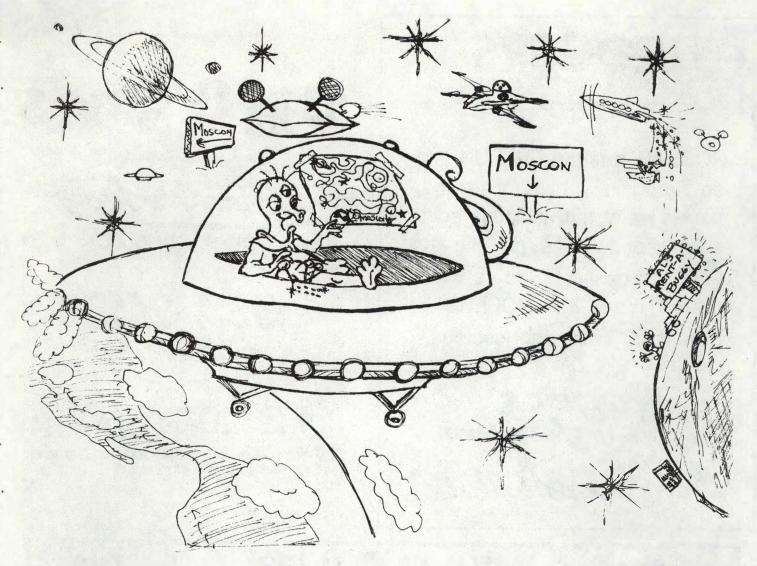
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Films

First, the worst news: Dark Star will not be here in Moscow as the Micro Moviehouse couldn't get it. They will be showing Barbarella at 7 and 9:15 pm on Friday and Saturday nights, and the 3-D version of Creature from the Black Lagoon at 7 and 9:15 pm on Sunday night. Also on Friday and Saturday nights, they will have a midnight show of Girl from Starship Venus, a science fiction (sort of) movie that carries an X rating. For prices, etc., see the Micro Cinema ad in elsewhere in this Program Book.

At the con itself, myself and my cohorts will be showing the original version of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, *The 4-D Man*, and *Laserblast* (a relatively new movie with some excellent special effects).

In addition to these major films, we have four films about science fiction from the University of Kansas (home of James Gunn). These are The Early History of Science Fiction, The History of Science Fiction from 1938 to the Present, Lunch with John W. Campbell, Jr.: An Editor at Work, and Plot in Science Fiction (in which Poul Anderson takes apart Heinlein's three basic plots). These films will, I

feel, be every bit as interesting to the neo-fan as to the long-time con goer.

If that wasn't enough, we have three flicks from fans in the Boise area. They are comedy/horror films and include Children of the Night (an X-rated horror film about a man and a vampire), Solstice (a PG film... aren't these ratings neat?... about a picnic with worse things than ants), and Stop Us, We're Mad (a G-rated comedy short in which the entire Boise Area Science Fiction and Fantasy Association [BASFAFA] meets a real mad scientist). These will arrive unseen... by us, anyway... but promise to be fun!

Please check the film room door for exact times of each film and for the hours that the room will be open.

We are requesting... um, make that *insisting*... that there be NO SMOKING in the film room, as this is bad for films, projectors, and projectionists. Thanks.

Enjoy the con!

Don Qualls Film Chairman

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What's Wrong With "Space-Opera"?

by E.E. Smith, Ph.D.

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Since no one has yet been able to make his own definition of science-fiction stick, I will not add to the confusion by giving mine. However, any science-fiction story should be, first and last, a *story*. If it has other values; if it is written on two levels, so that repeated readings are rewardful, fine; but it *must* be a *story*.

H.L. Gold, Editor of Galaxy Science Fiction, had a point when he commented so caustically on the transplantation of poor westerns to "alien and impossible" planets. There have been far too many such things perpetrated. One in particular was revised so hastily and carelessly that in two different places in the story the alien saddle-animal was still a horse; in one scene the side-arm was still a Colt; and in another the imperfectly-converted blaster emitted a "stream of lead." However, in my opinion, Mr. Gold did not go far enough. He should also have taken a shot at similar transplantations of abnormal psychology, perversion, frustration, and futility.

Science-fiction in hard covers came so fast that it caught most book-reviewers flat-footed. Some of them tried to be honest with the new medium, even though they knew nothing about it; others did not even try. Thus, one more-or-less-widely-known critic dismissed my First Lensman (no part of which, as anyone familiar with the field would have known, was ever published in any magazine) as carrying all the crudities, poor writing, et cetera, of its original magazine version! Another said of my Gray Lensman that it gave him "alternate waves of incredulous laughter and dull, acid boredom." No doubt it did, and perhaps the verdict of time will be along the same line; but I'm perfectly willing to take the chance.

To such critics a story, in order to be "adult", and especially to be "important", must be Freudianally perverted, a study in abnormal psychology, or something of the kind; as is shown by the alleged science-fiction of which they approve. To be realistic, the seamy side of life is the only side allowed to appear. Cleanliness and decency, if not strictly taboo, are not to be played up by any really competent author. A story should have no beginning, little or not plot, the same anount of logic, no science at all, and preferably no ending. The more confused the reader is after finishing the thing, the better — this makes him remember the story. Or, if there is a definite ending, it should be gimmicked up with a dragged-in-by-the-heels "twist", a la whodunit.*

*I can't resist quoting Joseph T. Shipley: "It is only in the potboiler, the quick mystery or detective thriller, that a knowledge of what is coming spoils its arrival. It is one of the paradoxes of art that familiarity breeds contemplation and increased regard."

Also Olive Carruthers: "A novel, to be worth writing or worth reading, should give the reader... a rewarding, vicarious experience which will enrich his own life and give him personally 'something to go on'." Anything clean or decent, or carrying as substrate a philosophy of life as a normal man thinks it should be lived, is contemptuously brushed aside. Space stories in this category are called "space-opera."

What is space-opera? Why shoudn't there be good and lasting tales of space, just as there have been good and lasting westerns, detective stories, and tales of sheer adventure? I, personally, believe there are.

While I do not know exactly where the boundarylines enclosing "space-opera" are supposed to be, I believe very firmly that many stories that have been so condemned will be read and re-read long after this so-called "adult" trash — and the filthy "modern" novel [from] which it is being derived — will have been forgotten.

For space-opera has no narrow limitations. A writer is free to let his imagination roam. He can build his own universe to order; people it as he likes; imbue it with whatever philosophy of life he would most intensely like to see come into being here on Earth. He can being to pseudo-life



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men who in some respect or other are what he would like to be; women he would like to have bear his name and his children.

Idealized? Certainly. Why not? To idealize is infinitely better than to degrade, and it leaves a much better taste in the mouth. And the greatest stories of science-fiction's greats — Leinster and Heinlein, to name only two — have been of exactly that type.

Not all critics agree with those referred to above. In fact, the reviewers who know the most about science-fiction — P.S. Miller and G.O. Smith, to name a couple — are willing and able to judge a story on its merits, whether or not it has been branded as "space-opera" by the self-styled intelligentsia and cognoscenti. And please note: while both these gentlemen have been called a good many things, "stupid" was never one of them. To quote the latter:

"There is one school of the lit'r'y that holds that the popular adventure type of story cannot be of lasting value. Unless the opus is fraught with social significance or serious meaning, they feel that the writing is mundane and therefore destined for oblivion.... Having read a few of the plotless little horrors these

lit'r'y lights favor, I am glad to be an old space man from wayback.

"As a defense against these crackpots who revel in precious writing and the so delicate nuances of human motivation, I point to an old classic written by Alexander Dumas, entitled *The Three Musketcers*."

I have left no doubt, I hope, that I desagree violently with the Conklin-Derleth school of thought as to what constitues *good* science-fiction. Those who think with that school will not like [space-opera].

All others will.

Edward E. Smith, Ph.D.

Des Plaines, Ill. August 1, 1953

Excerpted from the Introduction to E.E. Evans' Man of Many Minds, Fantasy Press, Reading, Pennsylvania; 1953. Reprinted by permission of the author's daughter, Verna Smith Trestrail.

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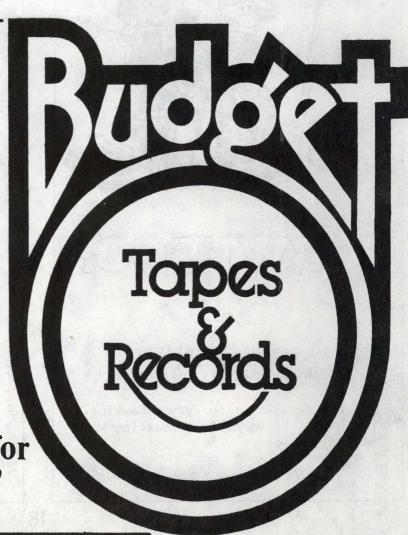
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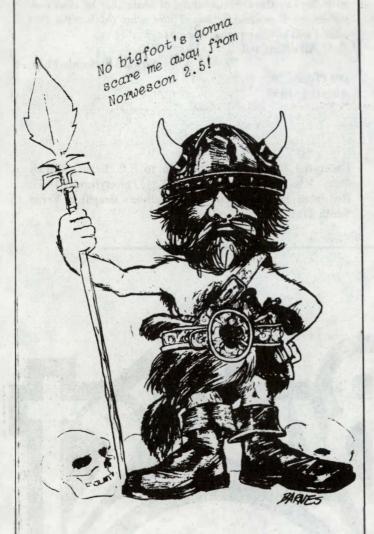
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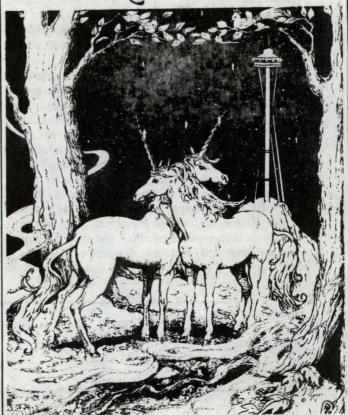
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LARGER THAN LIFE

A Memoir in Tribute to Dr. Edward E. Smith

by Robert A. Heinlein

Robert A. Heinlein, due to illness in his family, was not able to attend MosCon 1. In his place, he wrote and sent us the following special tribute to E.E. "Doc" Smith, with whom he was a longtime friend.

Copyright 1979 by Robert A. Heinlein

August 1940 – a back road near Jackson, Michigan – a 1939 Chevrolet sedan:

"Doc" Smith is at the wheel; I am in the righthand seat and trying hard to appear cool, calm, fearless — a credit to the Patrol. Doc has the accelerator floor-boarded... but has his head tilted over at ninety degrees so that he can rest his skull against the frame of the open left window — in order to listen by bone conduction for body squeaks.

Were you to attempt this position yourself — car parked and brakes set, by all means; I am not suggesting that you drive — you would find that your view of the road ahead is between negligible and zero.

I must note that Doc was not wearing his Lens.

This leaves (by Occam's Razor) his sense of perception, his almost superhuman reflexes, and his ability to integrate instantly all available data and act therefrom decisively and correctly.

Sounds a lot like the Gray Lensman, does it not?

It should, as no one more nearly resembled (in character and in ability — not necessarily in appearance) the Gray Lensman than did the good gray doctor who created him.

Doc could do almost anything and do it quickly and well. In this case he was selecting and road-testing for me a secondhand car. After rejecting numberless other cars. he approved this one; I bought it. Note the date: August 1940. We entered World War Two the following year and quit making automobiles. I drove that car for twelve years. When I finally did replace it, the mechanic who took care of it asked to be permitted to buy it rather than have it be turned in on a trade... because, after more than thirteen years and hundreds of thousands of miles, it was still a good car. Doc Smith had not missed anything anything.

Its name? Skylark Five, of course.

So far as I know, Doc Smith could not play a dulcimer (but it would not surprise me to learn that he had been expert at it). Here are some of the skills I know he possessed:

Chemist and chemical engineer — and anyone who thinks these two professions are one and the same is neither a chemist nor an engineer. (My wife is a chemist and is also an aeronautical engineer — but she is not a chemical engineer. All clear? No? See me after class.)

Metallurgist — an arcane art at the Trojan Point of Black Magic and science.

Photographer – all metallurgists are expert photographers; the converse is not necessarily true.

Lumberjack

Cereal chemist

Cook

Explosives chemist – research, test, and development – product control.

Blacksmith

Machinist (tool and diemaker grade)

Carpenter

Hardrock miner — see chapter 14 of FIRST LENS-MAN, titled "Mining and Disaster." That chapter was written by a man who had been there. And it is a refutation of the silly notion that science fiction does not require knowledge of science. Did I hear someone say that there is no science in that chapter? Just a trick vocabulary — trade argot — plus description of some commonplace mechanical work —

So? The science (several sciences!) lies just below the surface of the paper... and permeates every word. In some fields I could be fooled, but not in this one. I've been min-

ing, off and on, for more than forty years.

Or see SPACEHOUNDS OF IPC, chapters 3 and 4, pp. 40-80... and especially p. 52 of the Fantasy Press hard-cover edition. Page 52 is almost purely autobiographical in that it tells why the male lead, "Steve" Stevens, knows how to fabricate from the wreckage at hand everything necessary to rescue Nadia and himself. I once discussed with Doc these two chapters, in detail; he convinced me that his hero character could do these things by convincing me that he, Edward E. Smith, could do all of them... and, being myself an experienced mechanical engineer, it was not possible for him to give me a"snow job." (I think he lacked the circuitry to give a "snow job" in any case; incorruptible honesty was Dr. Smith's prime attribute — with courage to match it.)

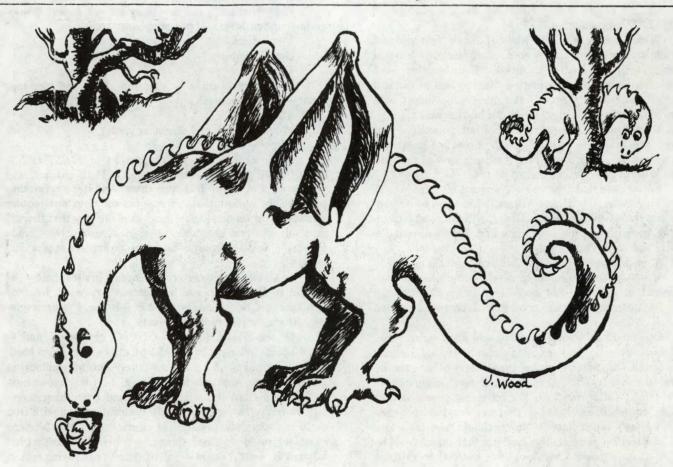
What else could he do? He could call square dances. Surely, almost anyone can square-dance... but to become a

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caller takes longer and is much more difficult. When and how he found time for this I do not know — but, since he did everything about three times as fast as ordinary people, there is probably no mystery.

Both Doc and his beautiful Jeannie were endlessly hospitable. I stayed with them once when they had *nine* houseguests. They seemed to enjoy it.

But, above all, Doc Smith was the perfect, gallant knight, sans peur et sans reproche.

And all of the above are reflected in his stories.

It is customary today among self-styled "literary critics" to sneer at Doc's space epics — plot, characterization, dialog, motivations, values, moral attitudes, etc. "Hopelessly old-fashioned" is one of the milder disparagements.

As Al Smith used to say: "Let's take a look at the record."

Edward Elmer Smith was born in 1890, some forty years before the American language started to fall to pieces – long, long before the idiot notion of "restricted vocabu-

lary" infected our schools, a half century before our language was corrupted by the fallacy that popular usage defines grammatical correctness.

In consequence Dr. Smith made full use of his huge vocabulary, preferring always the exact word over a more common but inexact word. He did not hesitate to use complex sentences. His syntactical constructions show that he understood and used with precision the conditional and the subjunctive modes as well as the indicative. He did not split infinitives. The difference between "like" and "as" was not a mystery to him. He limited barbarisms to quoted dialog used in characterization.

("Oh, but that dialog!") In each story Doc's male lead character is a very intelligent, highly educated, cheerful, emotional, enthusiastic and genuinely modest man who talked exactly like Doc Smith who was a very intelligent, highly educated, cheerful emotional, enthusiastic, and genuinely modest man.

In casual conversation Doc used a number of cliches... and his male lead characters used the same or similar ones. This is a literary fault? I think not. In casual speech most people tend to repeat each his own idiosyncratic pattern of cliches. Doc's repertory of cliches was quite colorful, especially so when compared with patterns heard today that draw heavily on "The Seven Words That Must Never Be Used in Television." A 7-word vocabulary offers little variety.

("But those embarrassing love scenes!") E.E. Smith's adolescence was during the Mauve Decade; we may assume tentatively that his attitudes toward women were formed mainly in those years. In 1914, a few weeks before the war in Europe started, he met his Jeannie — and I can testify of my own knowledge that, 47 years later (i.e., the last time I saw him before his death) he was still dazzled by the wonderful fact that this glorious creature had consented to spend her life with him.

Do you remember the cultural attitudes toward romantic love during the years before the European War? Too early for you? Never mind, you'll find them throughout Doc Smith's novels. Now we come to the important question. The Lensman novels are laid in the far future. Can you think of any reason why the attitudes between sexes today (ca. 1979) are more likely to prevail in the far future than are attitudes prevailing before 1914?

(I stipulate that there are many other possible patterns. But we are now comparing just these two.)

I suggest that the current pattern is contrasurvival, is necessarily most temporary, and is merely one symptom of the kaleidoscopic and possibly catastrophic rapid change our culture is passing through (or dying from?).

Contrariwise, the pre-1914 values, whatever faults they may have, are firmly anchored in the concept that a male's first duty is to protect women and children. *Prosurvival!*

("Ah, but those hackneyed plots!") Yes, indeed! — and for excellent reason: The ideas, the cosmic concepts, the complex and sweeping plots, all were brand new when Doc invented them. But in the past half century dozens of other writers have taken his plots, his concepts, and wrung the changes on them. The ink was barely dry on SKYLARK OF SPACE when the imitators started in. They have never stopped — pygmies, standing on the shoulders of a giant.

But all the complaints about "Skylark" Smith's al-

leged literary faults are as nothing to the (usually unvoiced) major grievance:

Doc Smith did not go along with any of the hogwash that passes for a system of social values today.

He believed in Good and Evil. He had no truck with the moral relativism of the neo- (cocktail-party) Freudians.

He refused to concede that "mediocre" is better than "superior."

He had no patience with self pity.

He did not think that men and women are equal — he would as lief have equated oranges with apples. His stories assumed that men and women are different, with different functions, different responsibilities, different duties. Not equal but complementary. Neither complete without the other.

Worse yet, in his greatest and longest story, the 6-volume Lensman novel, he assumes that all humans are unequal (and, by implication, that the cult of the common man is pernicious nonsense), and bases his grand epic on the idea that a planned genetic breeding program thousands of years long can (and must) produce a new race superior to h. sapiens... supermen who will become the guardians of civilization.

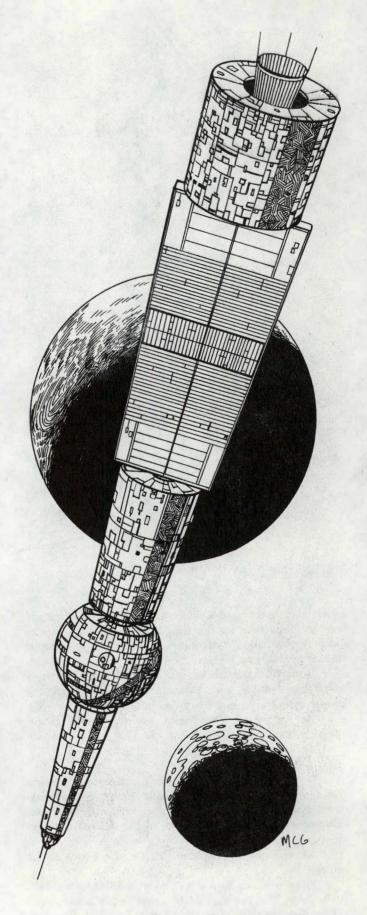
The Lensman Novel was left unfinished; there was to have been at least a seventh volume. As always, Doc had worked it out in great detail but never (so far as I know) wrote it down... because it was unpublishable — then. But he told me the ending, orally and in private.

I shan't repeat it; it is not my story. Possibly somewhere there is a manuscript — I hope so! All I will say is that the ending develops by inescapable logic from clues in CHILDREN OF THE LENS.

So work it out for yourself. The original Gray Lensman left us quite suddenly — urgent business a long way off, no time to spare to tell us more stories.







Where to Eat

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Allino's Hoagie Shop — 11 am to 10 pm, Monday through Saturday; 4 pm to 10 pm on Sunday. 308 W. 6th. Sandwiches, Italian food and a salad bar.

Biscuitroot Park — 10 am to 10 pm, Monday through Thursday; 10 am to 11 pm, Friday and Saturday; 8 am to 9 pm on Sunday. 415 South Main. International menu and Sunday brunch.

The Bistro — 4 am to 10 pm, Monday through Friday; 4 am to 2 pm, Saturday and Sunday. 2010 South Main. General menu and homemade goodies.

The Broiler — 11:30 am to 2:30 pm for lunch daily; 5:30 pm to 11 pm for dinner, Friday and Saturday. 1516 Pullman Road in the University Inn - Best Western. High quality menu.

CAFE LIBRE — 9 am to 9 pm daily. Located behind the Kenworthy Theatre and Bookpeople (see ad in this Program Book). A European-style traditional coffee house featuring expresso teas, ocally baked pastries, soups and bread and cheese plates.

Cavanaugh's Landing — Restaurant: 7 am to 9 pm, Monday through Saturday; 7:30 am to 8 pm, Sunday. Lounge: 11 am to 1 am, Monday through Saturday; 5 pm to midnight, Sunday. General menu, entertainment in lounge. In the Travelodge, 645 Pullman Road.

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Country Kitchen - 7 am to 9 pm daily. 1213 Pullman Road. General menu.

Corn Dog Factory — 10 am to 9 pm, Monday, Wednesday and Friday; 10 am to 6 pm, Tuesday and Thursday; noon to 5 pm, Sunday. At the Moscow Mall, Troy Highway. Corndogs and their variations.

Drive-ins — There are several in town that feature fast food and reasonable prices: Arctic Circle and McDonalds on Pullman Road; Taco Johns at 520 W. 3rd St. and Taco Time at 401 W. 6th; and Burger Express at 321 North Main.

Hong Kong Cafe – 11 am to 10 pm, Monday through Saturday; 4 pm to 10 pm, Sunday. 214 South Main. Cantonese-style Chinese and American food.

Incredible Edibles – 11 am to 11 pm daily. 26 Pullman Road. Pizza, sandwiches, Italian food plus a salad bar.

Johnnies' Restaurant and Lounge – 6 am to 1 am daily. 226 West 6th. General menu.

Karl Marx Pizza — 11 am to 12:30 am, Monday through Thursday; 11 am to 1:30 am, Friday and Saturday; noon to midnight, Sunday. 1330 Pullman Road. Pizza and sandwiches.

KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN - 11 am to 9 pm, daily. 310 West 3rd (see ad in this Program Book). One of the fast-food success stories is even in Moscow and Pullman. Features chicken, several types of sandwiches and lots of other goodies.

Mark IV — 6 am to 10 pm, Monday through Thursday; 11 am to 11 pm, Friday and Saturday; 7 am to 9 pm, Sunday. 414 North Main. General menu.

Moscow Hotel — 11 am to 10 pm, Monday through Thursday; 11 am to 11 pm, Friday and Saturday. Friendship Square, Main Street. Mexican and American food.

Moscow Mule — Restaurant: 9 am to 10 pm, Monday through Thursday; 9 am to midnight, Friday and Saturday; noon to 10 pm, Sunday; Lounge open 10 am to 1 am, Monday through Saturday. 505 South Main. Omelets, sandwiches and dinners.

Moreno's Sea Swiper – 11 am to 8 pm, Monday through Thursday; 11 am to 9 pm, Friday and Saturday. 305 North Main. Salads, seafood, and Mexican food.

Nobby Inn - 6 am to midnight, Monday through Thursday; 6 am to 1 am, Friday and Saturday; 6 am to 10 pm, Sunday. 501 South Main. General menu.

North Idaho Cowboy Bar – 4:30 pm to 1 am daily.

Troy Highway. Steaks and general menu.

P.W. Hoseapple's - 11:30 am to 1 am, Monday through Saturday. Corner of Asburry and 6th Street. Pizza and general menu. Stainless steel dance floor.

Rathaus Pizza — 3:30 pm to 1 am, Monday through Wednesday; 11 am to 1 am, Thursday through Sunday. 215 North Main. Pizza.

Student Union Building Cafeteria — Student Union Building on the University of Idaho campus. General menu.

TJ's Pantry — Open 24 hours, daily. University Inn - Best Western. General menu.

Yogurt Factory and Deli — 10 am to 9 pm, Monday, Wednesday and Friday; 10 am to 6 pm, Tuesday and Thursday; noon to 5 pm, Sunday. Moscow Mall, Troy Highway. Sandwiches and frozen yogurt.

VIP's — Open 24 hours, daily. Pullman Road, next to Best Western. General menu.

PULLMAN

Alex's Restaurante — 11:30 am to 2 pm and 5 pm to 10 pm, Tuesday through Thursday; 11:30 am to 2 pm and 5 pm to 11 pm, Friday; 4:30 pm to 11 pm, Saturday. North 139 Grand. Mexican food.

CHOVY'S - 11 am to 11 pm daily; 11 am to 3 am, Friday and Saturday. NE 103 Spring (see ad in this Program Book). Chovy's has a large selection of excellent sandwiches, including vegetarian, and has soft drinks and beer on tap.

Cougar Cottage - 11 am to 1 am, Monday through Saturday. NE 900 Colorado. Sandwiches, beer.

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DAYLIGHT DONUTS – 11 pm to 6 pm, daily. NW 102 Stadium Way (see ad in this Program Book). At last, a place that keeps the same hours as fans. Has cake and raised donuts, plus a variety of liquid refreshments.

East & West — Noon to 10:30 pm, Monday through Saturday. SE 415 Paradise. Chinese and American food.

FOOD & FUN FACTORY - 10:30 am to 10 pm, Monday through Thursday; 10:30 am to 2 am, Friday and Saturday. East 230 Main (see ad in this Program Book). Has a full line of submarine sandwiches and soft drinks. Also pool, foosball, and pinball machines.

Happy Joe's Pizza — 11 am to 11 pm, Sunday through Thursday; 11 am to 1 am, Friday and Saturday. North 1232 Grand Avenue. Pizza and ice cream.

Hilltop Motor Inn - 11:30 am to 2:30 pm and 5:30 pm to 10 pm, Monday through Thursday; 11:30 am to 2:30 pm and 5:30 pm to 11 pm, Friday and Saturday; 11:30 am to 7:30 pm, Sunday. Colfax Highway. Steaks and general menu.

Holly's – 6 am to midnight, Sunday through Thursday; 6 am to 3 am, Friday and Saturday. SE 915 Main. General menu.

Jerry's - 9 am to 8 pm, Monday through Saturday. South 400 Grand. Hamburgers.

Karl Marx — Hours about the same as in Moscow. SE 1135 Main. Take out only. Pizza.

McD's - 10:30 am to 11 pm, Sunday through Thursday; 10:30 am to midnight, Friday and Saturday. North 1110 Grand. Hamburgers and root beer.

MISFIT LIMITED – 5:30 pm to 9:30 pm, Monday through Thursday; 6 pm to 11 pm, Friday and Saturday. South 170 Grand (see ad in this Program Book). Steaks, prime rib, seafood, salad bar, beer and wine. Also has a cocktail lounge.

My Office Tavern – 11 am to 2 am, Monday through Saturday. South 215 Grand, Chicken, sandwiches.

Oriental Restaurant - 4 pm to 1 am, Monday through Saturday; noon to 10 pm, Sunday. South 300



Grand. Chinese and American food.

The Outlaw - East 1115 Main, Mexican food.

Perkin's Cake & Steak — 6 am to 9 pm daily. South 455 Grand. General menu.

Ram Pub — 11:30 am to 2 am, Monday through Saturday; 2 pm to midnight, Sunday. 1100 Johnson Road. Steak, sandwiches.

ROGERS - 5:30 am to 5:30 pm, Monday through Friday; 6 am to 5 pm, Saturday. East 247 Main (see ad in:

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Taco Time – East 530 Main. Mexican food. Tad & Jesse's – North 146 Grand. General menu.



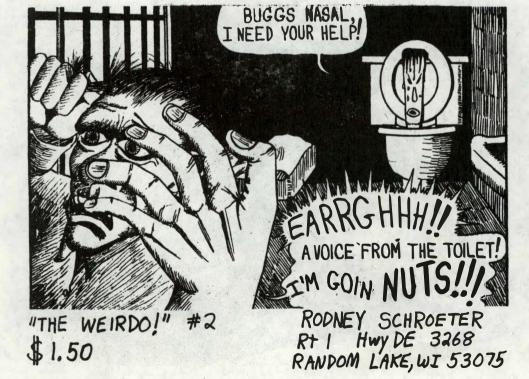
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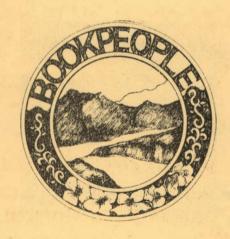


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