

Degler! #2

The World of Yesterday, Today!*

Degler! [New Series #2] is published 1 Sept. 2004 for Noreascon 4 by Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St. #3J, Brooklyn NY 11201, <andyporter@ix.netcom.com>. First published in 1964 for apa-F, *D!* became a newszine renamed *S.F. Weekly* [no relation to the current e-zine] and then appeared every so often over the passing decades. Its first incarnation had perhaps 300 issues, all told. *With apologies to the ghost of Jimmy Taurasi.

Gee, Another Boston Worldcon?

This is the 4th Boston worldcon, and I've been to them all. I remember when they built the Sheraton Boston, and when it had just one tower. That was when the swimming pool was out in the open air, with a bunch of lanai rooms next to it. I had one, for NI, and think I paid \$20 or \$30 a night then, which was pretty steep for a single fan. I'm not sure *why* I had that room, but as I recall, I used it to host a FAPA meeting.

I have to confess to having an especially useless file of old hotel receipts. I have lots of these starting in the 1960's, and am strongest in 1970's conventions, including Midwestcon and Westercon [75 Westercon: \$9.50 plus 57¢ tax per night at Oakland's Leamington] and Worldcons, too. [Fontainebleau, Miami Beach, 1977: Room 515, \$28.62 a night including tax; Hyatt Regency Phoenix, Room 1714, \$26 a night in 1978]. I gave my 1963 Discon I hotel confirmation to Joe Siclari—which is another topic.

I went to Boskones from the start, before there was a Sheraton Boston, before the Hynes Auditorium existed, when Boskones were held at the Statler-Hilton (now the Park-Plaza) in one room, with a grand total of maybe 75 people at them. Just like Lunacon and every other currently giant convention started.

This time will be different. I plan to do some touristy things as well. For instance, although I've been on Boylston Street dozens of times, I've never actually made it into Back Bay. The neighborhood, so I understand, looks a lot like mine, though built about 50 years later.

And there's a museum show, "Art Deco: 1910-1939" at the Museum of Fine Arts, 465 Huntington Avenue, direct from London's V&A (Boston locals: it runs through Jan. 9th). I have a whole bunch of Deco at home, from an ash-tray and jewelry inherited from my Mom, to a flashlight-night light (Bill Burns has one, too), to items from the 1939 NYC World's Fair, including a personal connection: my stepfather Joe Porter sold ads in the Fair's Program Book; his friend Ted Miller was the production manager. Although Joe was never a Deco kinda guy—he had an eye for Renaissance Italian...

Patron of the Arts

I am using what New York has to offer more than I ever did, and enjoying the experience. I came to the realization that I could live frugally, just getting by, until I finally die. Or, I could enjoy life now, while I'm still relatively youthful. And in the next decade my Social Security will kick in (if it's still around), providing a financial cushion that I don't have now.

So I've begun going to concerts and Broadway shows. I admit a 20 year gap between "For Coloured Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow is Enuf" and more recent shows. I saw "The Producers" and "Man of La Mancha" when Roy and Irene Gray were in town last year.

I've seen "Dinner at Eight", "Crazy for You", "Debbie Does Dallas: The Musical", "A Very Merry Unauthorized

Children's Scientology Pageant", and "Metamorphoses" in the company of fans in the last year or so. In late May saw "Gypsy" with Bernadette Peters just before it closed, and in early August saw the revival of "Wonderful Town" with my cousin Natalie.

Earlier, on May 20th, got a ticket through Moshe Feder to the NY Philharmonic, part of their "Charles Ives: An American Original in Context" series. Although I liked works by Mahler, Copeland and Berg, Ives is very much an acquired taste (I prefer Elgar, thanks). On the 29th, back to the Philharmonic with Moshe, who got to beta-test a PDA with streaming video plus detailed descriptions of the movements. You ended up staring at a tiny screen, then had your hands full when you wanted to applaud. More Ives, but preceded by Stravinsky's "Petrushka" and Ravel's "Concerto for the Left Hand". Next up, I plan to see "42nd Street", by myself if I have to, preferably with others.

In the wider world, I spent a great week in late June at my brother's home in Ypsilanti, Mich., enlivened by a visit to the Yankee Air Museum and the sweet potato fries in Ypsilanti's Depot Town. Then home via Midwestcon, where the previous issue of *D!* appeared. Discovered how many fans are also W.W.II airfans, had good talks with Howard DeVore, Ken Moore, Margaret Ford, and others, and saw how a lot of us are not getting better; we're getting older, sigh...

Apparently I'll be going to London in the Spring, for a command performance, then Glasgow in August. I plan a several week stay in the UK: nothing urgent to bring me back sooner.

Less Stuff, More Design

I continue to have less stuff. I just recycled a stack of SFC's from after I was terminated. I was supposed to contribute an editorial to the 250th issue (October 2004 is SFC's 25th anniversary) but never heard anything more. I just gave Joe Siclari an enormous pile of negatives for *Algol/Starship* and *SFC* full color covers. No one uses these things anymore: it's all digital files e-mailed to the printer. I kept the color proofs for many of those covers, which you can see here at N4 in the Retro Art Exhibit—look for "Color Proofs from Andrew Porter's Science Fiction Chronicle". I'll probably display some of them at home after N4.

I'm also bringing a whole bunch of color proofs from my F&SF days. Not sure how they'll be used, but they don't have type: lots of art by Bonestell and Emsh... I'm bringing other color proofs from SFC; ask to see my "AP's Artshow in a Bag".

At home, I've been hanging more artwork, and rearranging what I have up. I finally got a new box spring and mattress and set up my enormous full-size bedstead; now my feet don't touch the floor, a weird feeling. And lots of old twin-size sheets are also going out the door. I still have a massive number of photos to go through, and keep

finding SFC stuff I don't need. I sold a whole bunch of old paperbacks to a book dealer, and gave away some digest-sized SF. The next big step: new bookcases. Nearly everything available is made for rooms with 8-foot ceilings, but I've got 11-foot ceilings. This could be very expensive, alas.

A Sense of History

I haven't gone to many movies over the last few years, but I did see all three of the *Lord of The Rings* films. And I have to say that over all, I was really disappointed in them. I won't go into the various superficial changes that never advanced the plot, but I tend to think of them as the *Readers' Digest* condensed version of the actual books. Which, in case you've forgotten, I devoted my editorial in *Algol* #20, back in 1972, to. What was lacking in the movies was the broad sense of the sweep of history that you find in most of Tolkien, and not just in LotR.

I think of the films as like the Hawaiian Islands: vast piles of rock sweeping up five or six miles from the ocean depths, with just the tops sticking out of the sea. The islands we know are these very tips, while still unexplored and forgotten are the vast ranges and folds hidden by the Ocean. We see the surface, and disregard the depths.

So I've just reread the books, which I haven't read in more than a decade. And I found that sense of history, that feeling of great age and events unfolding, in the section on Tom Bombadil—which, of course, the movie never used at all, deleting the first several hundred pages of the novel in favor of advancing the action.

The sense of history is brought to life in the detailed background to the Shire, but it's brought most vividly to life in two passages—the first where the Hobbits hear stories by Tom Bombadil:

"They heard of the Great Barrows, and the green mounds, and the stone-rings upon the hills and in the hollows among the hills. Sheep were bleating in flocks. Green walls and white walls rose. There were fortresses on the heights. Kings of little kingdoms fought together, and the young Sun shone like fire on the red metal of their new and greedy swords. There was victory and defeat; and towers fell, fortresses were burned, and flames went up into the sky. Gold was piled on the biers of dead kings and queens; and mounds covered them, and the stone doors were shut; and the grass grew over all. Sheep walked for a while biting the grass, but soon the hills were empty again...

"He had now wandered into strange regions beyond their memory and beyond their waking thought, into times when the world was wider, and the seas flowed straight to the western shore...

"You are young and I am old; Eldest, that's what I am. Tom was here before the river and the trees; he made paths before the Big People and saw the little People arriving. He was here before the Kings and the graves and the Barrow-wights. When the Elves passed westward, Tom was here already, before the seas were bent. He knew the dark under the starts when it was fearless—before the Dark Lord came from Outside."

But none of this was in the movie; it was all excised. The second passage is after Bombadil saves them from the Barrow-wight, and chooses weapons for them—weapons which play a crucial role later in the story. Again, not in the film:

"For each of the Hobbits he chose a dagger, long, leaf-shaped, and keen, of marvelous workmanship, damasked with serpent-forms in red and gold. They gleamed as he

drew them from their sheaths, wrought of some strange metal, light and strong, and set with many fiery stones. Whether by some virtue in these sheaths or because of the spell that lay on the mound, the blades seemed untouched by time, unrusted, sharp, glittering in the sun.

"...these blades were forged many long years ago by Men of Westemne: they were foes of the Dark Lord, but they were overcome by the evil king of Carn Dûm in the Land of Angmar.

"'Few now remember them,' Tom murmured, 'yet still some go wandering, sons of forgotten kings walking in loneliness, guarding from evil things folk that are heedless.'

And here's the Essence that crystallizes the sense of History:

"The Hobbits did not understand his words, but as he spoke they had a vision as it were of a great expanse of years behind them, like a vast shadowy plain over which there strode shapes of Men, tall and grim with bright swords, and last came one with a star on his brow..."

Unless you've read the books, all this is lost to you. The world of Middle-Earth is no more real than that of the *Harry Potter* books and films: less so, in fact, because the former is a mythic place, a predecessor of our own world, while the latter is somewhere in England, hidden from the lesser people, the Muggles (ironically, what we in SF have for so many years called Mundanes).

What would Bruce Pelz, who published a Tolkien fanzine, *I Palantir*, in the 1950's, have made of the film?

George Nims Raybin

George Nims Raybin was unconventional even for fandom. He smoked what looked like a cigar, but unscrewed to reveal itself as a weird pipe. He wore lederhosen. He liked to lie on Frank and Belle Dietz's floor during Lunar-ian meetings—and their rug was pretty thin. He was an active fan long before I was, involved in the more esoteric legal maneuverings and feuds which have long since faded into the early, dim days of fan history.

Ask Dave Kyle or Frank Dietz about events from 40 years ago, if you have a few hours to spare. I'll just mention NYCon II, or the trip to LonCon in 1957, or the World SF Society, Inc. Check out references to Anna Sinclair Moffatt. You'll find them all in Harry Warner Jr.'s *All Our Yesterdays*, from NESFA Press, in a new edition overseen by Joe Siclari.

On the long drive to a convention, maybe a Midwestcon in the mid-1960's, I remember ogling a cute preteen in a rest stop along the way—with George then able to recite, from memory, all the various state laws governing relationships with teenage girls and older men in most of the states. A lot of which concerned the rights of fathers, shotguns, and justifiable homicide statutes. Scary stuff...

Is this a plug? Not sure. But our fannish history is always fascinating, and it's so easy to get sidetracked from one person to another, following up interesting stuff.

Random Factors: Letters

This was the name I called the letter column when I started *Algol/Starship*; I used it in *SFC*, and here it is again. I guess I'll never learn.

Peter Gill
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Enjoyed your [con]report, even if you didn't use the term "space boys" or even "zap" in it. Also you didn't mention the Torcon 2 drinking group...but who would care

except those who were there...and Derek Carter/Alicia Austin where ever they are. Guess you will have to learn how to write journalize, if only the yellow page style, in the Pohlness of time. It was really good seeing you, and catching up even a little.

Robert Lichtman

<locs2trapdoor@yahoo.com>

[from e-mail: I remember first meeting you on Lundy's Lane in San Francisco, in 1966. -AP]

Holy crap! That is a long time ago. I remember that meeting, too, though not its specific circumstances. Were you in town for something else? [There were a whole bunch of us, bidding for NY in '67; Mike McInerney was there, as was Ted White, Dave Van Arnam, Lee Hoffman, Rich Brown, Lenny Bailes, Arnie Katz. I think...-AP]

I read *Monadnock*, and I liked it a lot. It's good to see you back in action, and with a new title. Your explanation of how you came up with the title was an interesting read. To me *Monadnock* forever has a mental association with the historic *Monadnock Building* (formerly known as the *Monadnock Block*) located at 685 Market Street in San Francisco. It was under construction during the 1906 earthquake, which it survived, and is the building in which the employment agency was located that I first paid a visit to when I moved from LA to the Bay Area in 1965.

I was twelve in 1953, and my SF reading and my not-so-secret life as a media fan were already fairly well developed. I hadn't yet gotten into the magazines, but I read the Heinlein and del Rey juveniles out of the library, and the various pre-Code EC comics off the newsstand. I didn't buy them, mind you, not having a huge disposable income, but had an arrangement with the proprietor of Marv & Murray's Liquors by which I could carefully read all the comics I wanted from their enormous news stand in exchange for periodically stocking the soft drink cooler.

This was an arrangement I particularly enjoyed in the summer, when the L.A. heat was oppressive and a half-hour stint in a near-freezing walk-in cooler was a welcome break. As for my media fan ways, I'd early on listened to "Space Patrol" and then "Tom Corbett Space Cadet" and "Captain Video" on the radio, and got to see some of them on my friends' TVs. (My parents didn't get a television until 1954 because they, or at least my father, thought it might be Just Another Fad and would go away and they'd be stuck with a useless appliance.) All that said, I generally agree with your views on the Retro-Hugos. There just aren't enough of "us, the great Time Binders" to make a real difference in the voting.

It was sad to read of the demise of Walt Cole's collection, and in my mind I tied it to your comments about 55 Pineapple Street, from which you expect to "eventually be carried, feet first, some time in the future." One hopes that you have made some arrangements regarding your no doubt fabulous collection. I haven't quite decided about mine, but all four of my sons know, and know well, that all that paper in my file cabinets is Valuable Stuff and could, at the very least, be sold off on eBay for vast and/or not-so-vast sums, depending on specific items. But I'd rather pass it on to another fan, the problem being that one doesn't know when one will meet one's demise and who will be active and willing to take it all at that time.

It was chilling to read about the O'Nales, and personal. I had dealings with Jan O'Nale and her Twentieth Century Books back in 2002, purchasing a number of scarce

Fredric Brown hardcovers from her. She was friendly and courteous—and the prices charged, though certainly high, were reasonable and fair for the books in question. I'm shocked to realize that even as I conducted business with her, she and her husband had already put their plans in motion. [At least the O'Nales were methodical, whatever you think about their exit strategy. All my stuff is detailed in my will, but I plan to methodically sell/give away stuff. Unless I'm hit by a truck tomorrow morning. Meanwhile, I'm on another "When Fans Croak" panel at N4; frankly, I'm not so sure this should be a focus of so much of my current fanac. -AP]

Sandy Meschkow

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I especially appreciated your coverage of the bad things that happened to Walt Cole's collection. Let it be a lesson to us all! Did something the same happen to the fanzines that belonged to Harry Warner and Ray Fisher or did their heirs or relatives just hurl them into a recycle bin somewhere? My wife, Marian, and I saved Mike Hinge's paintings and papers from that fate. The artwork is being sold (as are many of the books) and the papers are now in Temple University's Paley Library here in Philadelphia. After struggling with the Mike Hinge experience (no will, no named executor, and a court-appointed lawyer) I warn all fans to write a will and name a competent executor to properly dispose of your fannish collections.

In one way we should all emulate Jan and George O'Nale of Cheap Street, in that we should wrap up our affairs nicely while we are still competent to do so. On the other hand ... Killing oneself at 56!??? Now there were two seriously depressed people! One wonders if they could have been helped and by whom.

Living in the same apartment for 35 years could either be boring or very interesting depending on the changes in the neighborhood. Changes in the ownership and types of nearby stores, just the normal business turnover, and in the local economy and atmosphere could make it seem like one was moving while standing still. I assume that since you have been there the area has been somewhat gentrified or, at least, has not become a high-crime area. Even we relatively energetic young elderly don't need to live in an environment where a trip to the supermarket becomes an adventure. [Harry Warner's zines continue to be in limbo; ask Rich Lynch for all the sordid details. Ray Fisher's collection was in a storage locker in Galveston, where he died. His former wife was living in Illinois and was penniless. By the time fandom heard about her plight, everything had been thrown away. As to my neighborhood, it's full of multi-million dollar townhouses, lawyers, writers, editors, literary agents, and politicians. There are several supermarkets and many stores within a 10-minute walk. The most hazardous aspect of the area are slow-moving tourists. In my building, it looks like upstairs neighbor Loudon Wainwright will sell his apartment... The 1-bedroom apt across the hall from me recently sold for \$365,000. -AP]

Phyllis Eisenstein

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Thanks for the con report. By the way, I read Alex's article on the retro Hugos, as edited by you, and you did a great job. Without comparing it to the original, I couldn't tell that you had done anything to it. Everything that needed to be there was there. Of course, I expect no less from you, since you're a pro. [Didn't know my sexual

history was that widely known. Uh... -AP]

I had a good time at Torcon, in spite of all the con glitches. My only complaint was that the publisher of my story collection (Five Star) couldn't get books to the dealers in time for the con. They blamed the blackout (they're in Detroit).

It was great to see you. You look good these days. Though I'm sorry that your diet is so limited. It was hard enough finding something for Terry Matz, the vegetarian, to eat... It's a great advantage being relatively slim and able to eat anything, if in modest portions (so that I stay slim!). Alex actually seems to have lost a few pounds at the con. I'm hoping it's an incentive to him to lose more. I gained four pounds, but I expected that and have already lost three of them. I walk a lot. *[Phyllis remembers that I couldn't eat anything at the Really Expensive restaurant in the Fairmont Royal York—too much fat, too many carbs. I ended up going around the corner to the Tim Horton's, and ate there several times during the con. I think I'm down another 7-8 pounds from Torcon; I'm at my lowest in at least 20 years. -AP]*

Roger Sims

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I have not in the past been a LOC person; with this one to you, it is to be hoped that that will change. Remember you were the first to hear of it. So then on to *Monadnock*. First of all even though it was only six pages, it was packed with interesting fannish stuff that I am eager to comment on.

The name: almost more than I need to know! However, the last line was interesting, only 44 years you say, I say that makes you a short timer. I've been around since October, 1949!

Someplace in a box in our attached garage are at least two fanzines of Walter Cole that deal with the problems of the Kyle's trip to London in 1957. I will always remember with great fondness my trip by bus to Nolacon 1. Half way between New Orleans and Detroit, two fans who I had never seen boarded the bus. They were Rich Elsberry and Max Kessler. Both are long gone, which is much the pity.

While I did not read or hear about the March on Washington by MLK, Pat and I *did* attend the "I Have a Dream" speech he gave in Grosse Point, Mich. We were most impressed. As we left I was handed a card by a member of the KKK!

We Also Heard From: Steve Jones, Patrick Nielsen Hayden.

September Pro/Fan Birthdays

Edgar Rice Burroughs, 9/1/1875; Virginia Schultheis, 9/1/31; C.J. Cherryh, 9/1/42; Donald Keller, 9/1/51; Brad Linaweaver, 9/1/52; Cherry Wilder, 9/3/30; Jack Wodhams, 9/3/31; Marijane Johnson, Peter Heck, 9/4; Robert A.W. Lowndes, 9/4/16; Roger Hensel, 9/4/49; Betty Knight, 9/5/28; Walter Breen, 9/5/30; Paul Stinson, 9/5/53; James Odbert, 9/6/36; Dan Cragg, 9/6/39; Mike Urban, 9/6/53; Gerry de la Ree, 9/7/24; Cas Skelton, 9/6/53; John Boardman, 9/8/32; Bill Burns, 9/8/47; Dan Deckert, 9/8/52; James Hilton, 9/9/00; Bill Bridget, 9/9/45; Frank Catalano, 9/9/58; William Crawford, 9/10/11; Austin Dridge, 9/10/54; Roy Squires, 9/11/20; Kirby McCauley, 9/11/41; Walter B. Gibson, 9/12/1897; Charles L. Grant, 9/12/42; J.B. Priestley, 9/13/1894; Arthur J. Banks, 9/13/1898; Roald Dahl, 9/13/16; Dick Eney, 9/13/37; Lynn E. Cohen-Koehler, 9/13/55; Bob Eggleton, 9/13/60; Norman Spinrad, 9/15/40; Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, 9/15/42;

Art Widner, 9/16/17; Karen Anderson, 9/16; Owen Hannifen, 9/16/38; Lisa Tuttle, 9/16/52; Eva Firestone, 9/18; Damon Knight, 9/19/22; Tanith Lee, 9/19/47; "Lan" Laskowski, 9/19/48; Nancy Tucker Shaw, 9/20/28; Keith Roberts, 9/20/35; Beverly Warren, 9/20/45; George R.R. Martin, 9/20/48; H.G. Wells, 9/21/1866; Stephen King, 9/21/46; Alan Frisbie, 9/21/47; Fred Jacobcic, 9/21; Richard Byers, 9/21/50; David Dyer-Bennett, 9/21/54; Peggy Crawford, 9/22/24; Walter G. Irwin, 9/22/50; Paul Kincaid, 9/22/52; Joshua Bilmes, 9/22/64; Wilmar Shiras, 9/23/08; Richard Wilson, 9/23/20; Leslie Swigart, 9/23/48; Matthew Tepper, 9/23/53; Jack Gaughan, 9/24/30; Lil Neville, 9/24; John Brunner, 9/24/34; J. Hunter Holly, 9/25/32; Therri Moore, 9/25/53; John Rankine, 9/26/18; Denny Lien, 9/26/45; Jefferson P. Swycaffer, 9/26/56; Bernard Wolfe, 9/28/15; Michael G. Coney, 9/28/32; Ron Ellik, 9/28/38; Cy Condra, 9/30/16; H.B. Fyfe, 9/30/18.

October Pro/Fan Birthdays

Don Wollheim, 10/1/14; Martha Beck, 10/1/29; Rick Katze, 10/1/44; Mike Ashley, 10/1/48; Willy Ley, 10/2/06; Edmund Crispin, 10/2/21; Phil Harbottle, 10/2/41; Vernor Vinge, 10/2/44; Ira Lee Riddle, 10/2/46; Mike Wood, 10/2/48; Seth Goldberg, 10/2/52; John Boyd, 10/3/19; Don Bensen, 10/3/27; Ray Nelson, 10/3/31; Bruce Henstell, 10/3/45; Al Ashley, 10/4/08; Donn Brazier, 10/4/17; Anne Rice, 10/4/41; Harry Andruschack, 10/4/44; Val Ontell, 10/4/46; Dena Benatan, 10/4/51; Gary Plumlee, 10/4/54; Tetsu Yano, 10/5/23; H.F. Heard, 10/6/1899; Arthur Hlavaty, 10/6/42; Blake Maxam, 10/6/44; David Brin, 10/6/50; Jane Gallion, 10/7/38; Lee Gold, 10/7/42; Rick Foss, 10/7/56; Penny Frierson, 10/8/41; Beverly Kanter, 10/8/48; Harry Bates, 10/9/20; Max Ehrlich, 10/10/09; Jack Jardine, 10/10/31; G.C. Edmondson, 10/11/22; Doris Piserchia, Thomas Burnett Swann, 10/11/28; Sharman DiVono, 10/11/49; Sharan Volin, 10/11/69; James H. Schmitz, 10/15/11; Ted Tubb, 10/15/19; Ray D. Fisher, 10/15/34; Don Simpson, 10/15/38; Lon Atkins, 10/15/42; Freff, 10/15/54; Chester Cuthbert, 10/16/12; Paul Edwin Zimmer, 10/16/43; Lawrence Schimel, 10/16/71; Mike Walsh, 10/17/50; Jo Fletcher, 10/17/58; Katherine Kurtz, 10/18/44; Jeff Schalles, 10/18/51; Henry W. Eichner, 10/19/09; Stan Burns, 10/19/47; L.P. Davies, 10/20/14; Frank Herbert, 10/20/20; Erle M. Korshak, 10/20/23; Douglas Adams, 10/20/55; Edmond Hamilton, 10/21/04; Ursula K. Le Guin, 10/21/29; Richard Meredith, 10/21/37; Tim Marion, 10/21/58; Lee Jacobs, 10/22/27; Suzy McKee Charnas, 10/22/39; Roy Lavender, 10/23/19; Jean Barnard, 10/24/18; Jerry Boyajian, 10/24/53; Charles Platt, 10/25/45; George H. Smith, 10/27/22; Alina Chu, 10/27; Brad Strickland, 10/27/47; Charles V. DeVet, 10/28/11; Amy Thomson, 10/28/58; Fredric Brown, 10/29/06; Beryl Mercer, 10/29/25; Walter Willis, 10/30/19; Mike McInerney, 10/30/43; Tim Kirk, 10/30/47; Art Saha, 10/31/23; Larry McCombs, 10/31/39; Dan Alderson, 10/31/41.

See ISEWFGOH's half page ad in N4's Program Book:

The International Society of Ex-Worldcon Fan Guests of Honor

is delighted to induct our newest members,

Jack Speer & Peter Weston

For more info on the Society and its activities: social get-togethers, annual picnic, travel discounts, Claude Degler Ozarks Rest Home, Chromium Hotline, etc., contact ISEWFGOH c/o Andrew Porter, 55 Pineapple St. #3J, Brooklyn NY 11201, e-mail <andypor@ix.netcom.com>. FIAWOL!