

EMBER #15

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As forecast in EMBER #11 and succeeding issues, the price of EMBER has gone up to 5¢ per copy. As I promised, all those subs outstanding will continue at the old rate, but new ones will now be entered only at 5¢. Surprisingly few -- only two or three -- sent in large subs at the old rate before the wire was down. And no one as yet has tried to take advantage of my offer to give away the winner's choice between Well's FIRST MEN IN THE MOON or the Bizarre pamphlet edition of Merritt's THREE LINES OF OLD FRENCH. All you had to do was send in a largest sub at the new rate of 5¢ per copy before a deadline of 4 October.

ATTENTION: CENTRACON probably postponed to a later date. Apparently the Chicago hotels are in a much more crowded state than the Chifans had figured. Watch EMBER for further details. Robinson, Saari, Kadet, and Camden are in a huddle at Chicago getting the dope.



Sketch by Robert Nelson

• PACIFICONTRACEPTIVE -or: Lost in the Fourth Convention, by Milton A. Rothman. (Part 4, Conclusion)

Synopsis: It started July 1, with Elmer already full of wine. This did not impede the crifanac when the Combozine was assembled, adding only a little to the confusion at Slanshack and Myrtle's bedside. On the 4th just about everybody was present, even Thaddeus Bruce Yerke, present "out of morbid curiosity". Van Vogt's speech was puzzling; and the Foundation was cut-and-dried. After which Ackerman collapsed. At first, thought to be nervous collapse, but later discovered to be intestinal flu, with Ackerman spending the rest of the convention in bed. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.....

That evening was the auction. Prices were running up to \$10 for stuff that might have gotten a dollar or two at Chicago. Korshak handled the affair with finesse and gusto.

Friday morning the open house at Ackerman's was cancelled, and the gang met at Slanshack as usual. The afternoon session was quite lively, but exceedingly unsatisfactory, resembling in its operation the present activities of the Peace Conference in Paris. Things did start off well with a resolution presented by myself to support the Federation of Atomic Scientists with a collection of money to be sent to Albert Einstein, who is collecting a \$200,000 fund to be used for educational purposes relating to the control of atomic energy. That was passed unanimously. Followed a resolution by Jack Speer for the purpose of eliminating the words "fan" and "fandom" from use. I can't remember the vote, but I believe it was defeated. Anyway, I'm still using the words. Then a resolution to dedicate the convention to the fans who died in the war. Passed.

Then the fireworks started. Perdue made a resolution to the effect that: when convention sites are being voted on, the people from sites under consideration should not vote. That's so when a convention is held in Philly (for instance) and New York is running for the next convention, then people from New York will not vote, so the convention will have a better chance of moving west. Daugherty brought up an alternate plan by which votes would be weighted so that the person who came farthest, would have the most vote. The discussion got quite tangled up, and the whole matter was tabled until Sunday. As a matter of fact, it was never brought up again.

Luquel brought up a resolution to have a committee investigate a new regional classification, which was opposed by Speer. But a committee was appointed, with Speer on it.

Goldstone then moved that all of the convention profits be given to the Foundation. Daugherty maintained his opposition to this, and proposed that half the profits go to the NFFF and half be held until the Foundation proves itself to be worthy. A rough and tumble debate ensued with our Elmer lousing up the works with some chickenish parliamentary tactics. Then Goldstone wanted half to go to the Atomic committee and half to the Foundation. The thing was batted back and forth and at the last minute Goldstone's motion was defeated, merely for the purpose of clearing the decks so that the debate could be continued afresh at the NFFF meeting the next day.

In the evening was the Weird Session, with a scholarly talk on the justification of reading fantasy, by Sam Russell, and the performance of Theodore. This was the high spot of the convention. Since our large hall was being used for another affair, this session took place in a small, hot room, with noise of a dance band seeping thru the door. But in spite of all distractions, Theodore did a magnificent job. What he does is to sit at a small table on the stage, with a pink spotlight shining right in his face, and tells stories. Stories both horrible and humorous, with a continental humor that his accent emphasizes. The man knocks himself out with facial contortions, screaming, howlings, and insane laughter.

After the performance a bunch of us went over to Speer's hotel room. We had a bottle; we made highballs, and it looked like a nice party. Then people kept coming in. Hobs of them, including van Vogt. There must have been 30 in that room. It got so crowded, Ashley suggested we hold a Foundation directors meeting in my room. So Speer, Ashley, Tucker, Widner, and myself slipped out of the room and walked across the street to my hotel. The main purpose of the meeting was to reach some sort of compromise on the NFFF-Foundation controversy. The general attitude was that the F is not competing with the NFFF, the latter to go along its own merry way, and the F its own. The immediate controversy was how to divide the convention money in view of Daugherty's opposition to the F. The best compromise we could think of was to guarantee the atomic committee \$150 (collection at the banquet plus the remainder from convention funds) and divide the rest evenly between the F and the NFFF. Someone methinks Tucker, diabolically suggested that we send Dunk a telegram saying that the convention had dissolved the NFFF, for you will recall that at that time Dunk was afraid of that very thing. Immediately the vision popped into my head of Dunk blowing a gasket, and I said nothing doing.

For the next morning the official program gives relaxation in Westlake Park. Methinks Tigrina and I were the only gfans there. We went for a ride in the motorboats and had much fun. Ackerman's loss is my gain.

Afternoon gave the NFFF session with the expected fireworks, though somewhat subdued since the opposition had somewhat fizzled out as a result of the 170 members and \$114 treasury that appeared on the books. That was unexpected