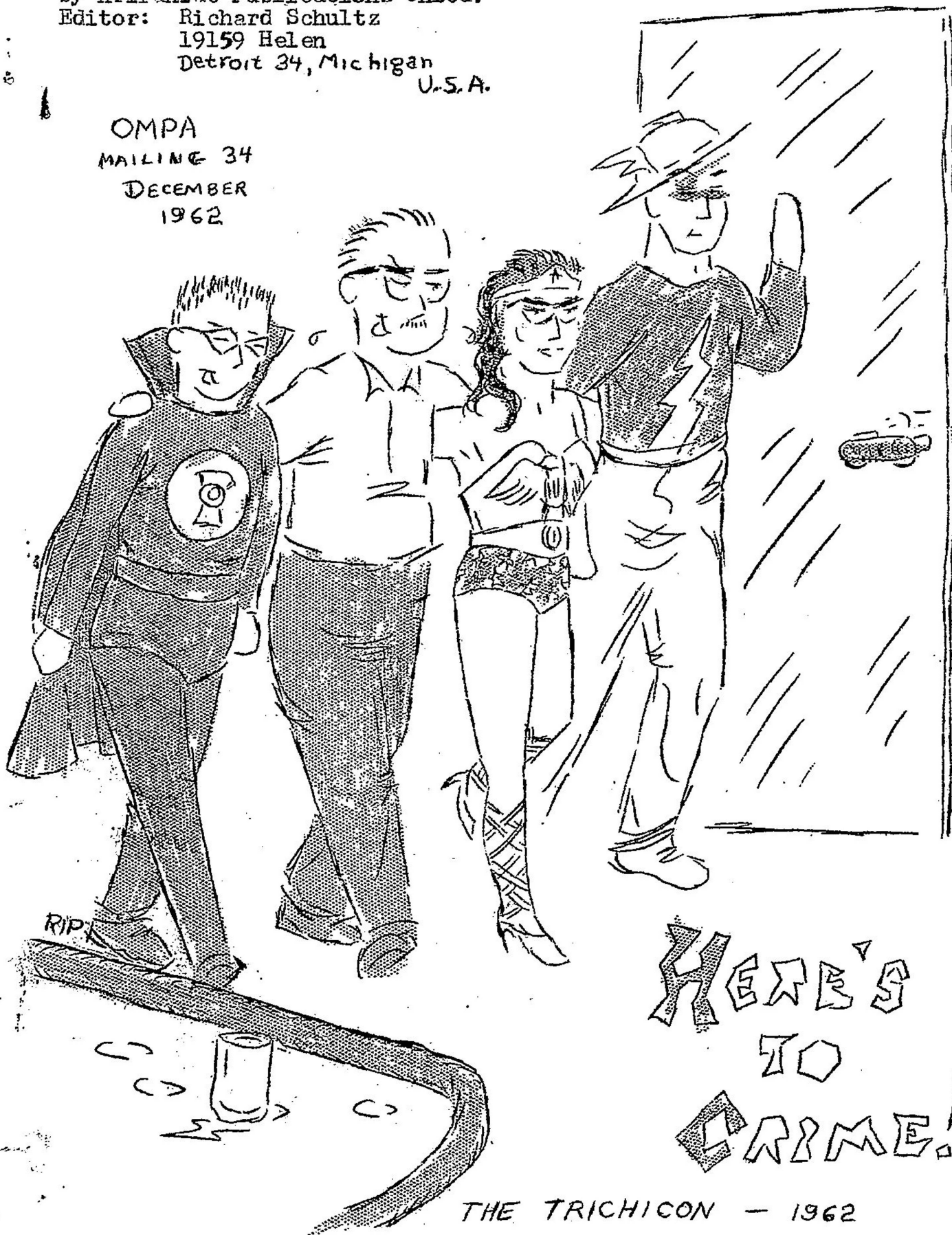


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A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME ON

Buck Coulson and assorted types can stop reading right here. For this is one of those terribly subjective Con reports. And is being cut down horribly from what it was originally. Anyone who doubts me can come see the 54 page original themselves. And now on to Chicago.

For a moment I couldn't pick out anyone I knew from the loitering groups in the Pick-Congress. But then I saw Ted Johnstone and went on over to him.

"Hello dere, Mr. McDaniels," I shouted. Ted looked blank for a moment then said, "Oh, yes" and asked me if I had seen Ruth Berman yet. I still don't know why Ted felt it necessary to invent a name for fandom.

Pelz, complete with black beard, black tunic, black levis and black boots steered me to a pillar and asked if I was going to remain in SAPS. Due to personal difficulties I'd been considering the idea of dropping most fanac. I hadn't even opened the summer SAPS bundle until the Monday before the Con. But I've decided to stay, and the Chi-Con has renewed my desire to be one of the fannish mob.

Pelz belonged to a number of mundane APAs now and he had asked me to get a few back mailings of the mundane apas from one Victor Kneer in Detroit. So I went out there and came back with a pair of monster cardboard boxes, just stuffed with about five years worth of five apas. I felt like sneaking up to Pelz with the one big 60-pound box and hollering at Pelz, "Here, Catch!" Unfortunately I put away the notion. For one thing I doubted if I could lift it. And for another such a ploy would undoubtedly prove fatal to Brucifier, considering the velocity and added mass the box would probably have by the time it reached him. Bruce has spoiled us SAPSites with his Library Rate mailings and that's the only reason he's alive today.

I'm putting you on, Bruce. Tho the idea of seeing you splattered by that box did cross my mind.

Someone had invested some money in a series of records which contained puns by Forry Ackerman, the Nine Planets Suite and that beautiful mess, Aniara. So Forry got to sign record album covers during the whole Con.

As usual everyone was talking to everyone else, but I found Mike Domina soon enough. Excepting Friday night, me and Mike roomed together. Cheaper that way.

Amongst those in attendance was a short plump chap who stood there and blinked at me. Mike McInerney handed me a contributor's copy of Hkloplod or whatever it is. So I put my arm around his shoulder in a comradely fashion and said, "Mike my boy..." I said it kindly for such is my

THE WAY TO THE CON TODAY - - - -

way, I am that way you know. "Mike my boy," I said, "you have got to retain for posterity, for mankind, for all the beautiful things in life... You have got to keep your SAPSzine title the way it is, if do not wish to destroy something beautiful in the world. Yes."

Mike had put a SAPSzine in the last bundle and titled it Number One. Could anything be so perfect? Mike was staring at me open-mouthed by then so I told him, "Close your mouth, son," for I felt like calling him son. "If you drop that title you will have diminished the world around us."

It does my heart good to impress someone. It's a wonderful thing.

Speaking of which line, it disappointed me to discover that Pete Grahame and Terry Carr would not be at the Con. A sad loss. I also quickly discovered that Harry Warner had inherited the City Desk at his newspaper or something and would not be able to make it. Sad.

Bill Donaho was looming over a group and I espied a wee lady beneath all that bulk. It could only be wee Ethel Lindsay.

Strangely enough she looked as her pictures showed her. Elegant and a wee mite of a woman. Her accent wasn't half as thick as some of the local dialects. As a matter of fact, it was but a shadow of a Scottish, a purr of the clydes as it were. She's got a perfectly wonderful habit of being a natural born human. As Ted Sturgeon put it later (and the quote holds good for her) she loved mankind and it showed.

Ella Parker had sent over loads of pix that Ella had taken in America and Ethel was passing them out. That's the kind of person she was, always willing to do things.

While Ellik peeled off twenty dollar bill after twenty dollar bill for Ethel as TAFF winner, I sidled over to Bloch, the Bloch. And congratulated him on his Hollywood success.

"You know," he said, "I wish everyone would stop thinking I'm rolling in money just because I've been doing some TV scripts." It seems that while The Bloch is doing well, he is not quite in the 90% bracket yet and is a mite tender about it.

I turned around and blocking my view was a wall clothed in a brown suit. I looked up some. And some more. And eventually found a beard, glasses and a camera. First Ford and Eney and Donaho and now this. Shall we blame it on fall-out?

Anyways, this was Eliot Shorter, a big overweight nergo and the word for him is eubilent. Yes.

Marsha-almost-Brown and Charlie Brown were with him and compromised the active elements of the NYCity College Stf Circle or whatever it is. They put out ENGRAM a bit ago.

"Charlie Brown," I said kindly, "I'm very glad to meet you even if you don't exist." Charlie Brown may deny it but how can a character in PEANUTS be real? I hope Marsha knows she's marrying a figment of someone's diseased imagination. And no, Sharlie, ENGRAM is not a crudzine. Crudzines are fat, illegible and without merit. ENGRAM has enthusiasm anyways. But that poetry.....

Charlie hoped I was some relation to the Shultz that draws the PEANUTS strip but that'd be too perfect a coincidence.

Do any of you know much Freudian theory? Well...but let me illustrate...

When John Berry was in the States, he stopped off in D.C.. While there Don Studebaker mixed up a rather sickening potion which the Goon promptly dubbed Studebaker's Horror. And when I mentioned it to Don, he couldn't remember it. Personally I wouldn't want to keep it in my conscious memory either, if I had permutated it.

Ethel Lindsay chatted away for a while and she was very enthused over the Up-Hell-Aa celebration revealed in Fred Hunter's OUTPOST. If only Fred would tell us more of this type of thing, she said. And Jim Groves had been up there, too, so Fred is no longer a fannish hermit.

In the bar, with Caughran and Donaho, she mentioned Cheskin, the present OA of OMPA. She loved his spirit and the way he went about things. She said, "he doesn't let anything that has happened to him keep him from doing anything at all that he would have done before. He's so sweet."

If I didn't say so before, I love that woman. She's all heart.

Donaho explained that DNOac was a real zine, Rike pubbed it. And naturally sent it to the people who already knew all the gossip, I complained. And what about fans like me? Never, never does anything leak to somebody like me, all alone, until everyone else in fandom has picked over it.

A Pro's Table was setting up next to us, so I took advantage of a lull to excuse myself and seek out Avram Davidson. Grania is blond and big and very happily pregnant, congratulations, etc. Avram published that digest-sized slick fanzine called F&SF, you know.

And he seems to refuse to believe that the anti-stories in F&SF are ruining the mag. Well, it's one fan's opinion and Avram deserves to hear everything about his mag.

I went back with Ethel and all and after a while one bearded chap came in with wife and two kiddies. I almost cried out aloud, "It's Ted Sturgeon!" The years have put a bulge here and a little fat there but the years have not been bitter ones. His wife's eyes were magnetic and I think Tandy is going to inherit them. Robin is lean and blonde and Tandy was a little shocked when I recognized her.

Egoboo at an early age.

I had to check in sooner or later, so I left to do that. And I must tell you about those elevators. They had two banks of them. One bank serviced one tower of the hotel the other bank the other tower. Odds in one tower, even numbered rooms in the other tower. But. One of the elevators were broke in the north tower, leaving but one elevator. And an elevator in the south tower soon gave up the ghost sometime Sunday. The service was so bad that most fans were just walking up when their destination was just two or three floors higher and walking down the service stairs. Pretty soon the more desperate were discovering and using the freight elevators too!

On the way up in the elevator I had the chance to casually tell Jack Harness that he was stuck with the next chapter of the SAPS serial, the FELLOWSHIP OF NOTHING. And then stepped out. Hehehehehe

Steve Schultheis, downstairs again, seemed quite enthusiastic about the Special Collections at UCLA but meant to house the fanzines he's getting in more than just a stack in UCLA Library. More later...

Off the lobby there was a drug-store with lousy service and for a hotel drug-store damned cheap prices. In there a sad-eyed chap by the name of Willis was talking with Lee Hoffman. As Bloch put it Monday, "If LeeH made it to any convention, it would be this one."

Anyways, Walt had an odd smile. He had one all the time. But when he particularly liked something one corner would lift more than usual and he'd sometimes chuckle in a refined sort of way.

WAW agreeded that with all the mob at the Con and the old-timers at the ChiCon about all that would be needed to complete the group would be Max Keasler to walk through the drug store doors.

And Studebaker or somebody asked WAW if he intended to get two sticks of gum at Fort Mudge this time and I just now got the bloody joke as I'm writing this and remembering.

I asked Walt if he'd give us a pun so naturally WAW went 'ry. And when Andy Main walked by Willis assumed a New Diet in the heavens.

Now, the readers of HARP in WARHOON are familiar with the outcome of Sid Coleman's visit to 170 Upper Newtownard's. For the conversation somehow impossibly gave forth perfect punchlines for the most outrageous of puns. This was fighting circumstances so much that WAW assumed that Someone Up There must be making them happen. It was but an easy additional step to surmise that this diety was directing things and had been directing them for centuries. That the earth was created, man was brought forth, he evolved and produced a society that allowed fandom to come into existence and maneuvered certain people into this fandom of his. And that, having directed all of earth's history for so long was getting impatient for the final denouement. For this diety was sending Walt back to the States, to Chicago where talented punsters of fabulous degrees would be lying, acquiescent, waiting for the circumstances to come into play in which the Ultimate Pun would be created. After which, since the purpose of creation will have been achieved, the diety will pack up his toys and go home.

At any rate Walt observed that each time he seemed on the verge of saying a pun, Andy Main walked by and Andy was sure death on puns. His very presence killed the straight lines, it seems.

So Walt and I hypothesized that there must therefore be an anti-pun Diety of whose agent Andy Main was. That Andy was being used to make sure that the ultimate pun never took place.

The idea of two Gods using Walt Willis and Abby Main as opposing pieces was slightly croggling.

So, in full retreat we started talking about science fiction. Yes, good old stf. Walt hadn't heard about Campbell's latest insanity so I filled him in.

You see, Campbell has proved that the astrologers of olden days were right all along. The thing that got them in bad repute was us persant types who persisted in thinking the astrologers were trying to predict the future when actually all the time all they were trying to do was to tell us how to pilot a spaceship between the planets.

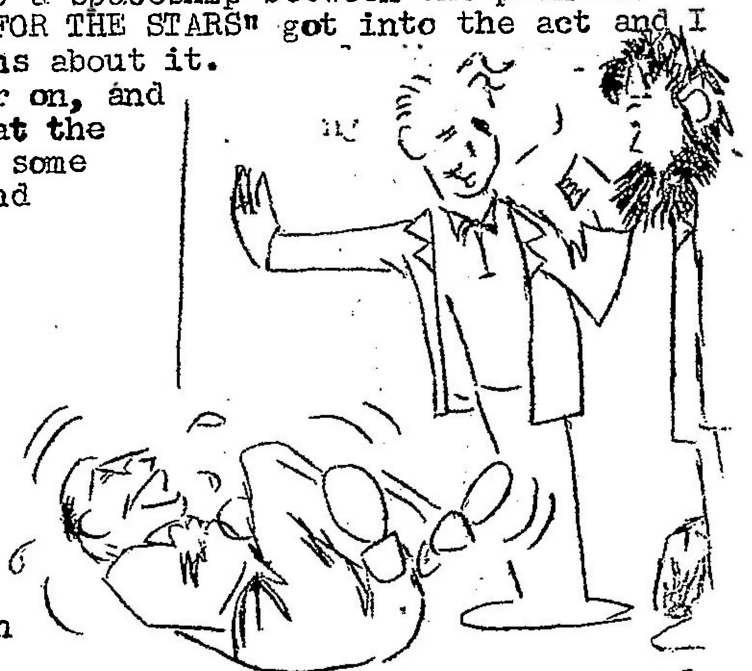
At any rate, Blish's "LIFE FOR THE STARS" got into the act and I was making pessimistic predictions about it. Namely that Blish had a potboiler on, and that all that would happen is that the hero would save the Okie City in some way and be made a Full Citizen and everyone would end happily ever after.

Walt just quirked one side of his mouth up more than usual and carefully asked: "Oh? Then Everything will be Okie Dokie, eh?"

It took me a second to get the full import.

After a moment I greeted Madeline Willis, quit laughing and went with them into the bar.

After complimenting White on Second Ending and the Hospital



series. And reassured myself that there had been no split between Berry and Willis, Berry just wasn't dropping by as often.

Madeleine was wondering about all the cute young girls in the hotel, they were wearing little round tags. So they learned for the first time that there were two conventions in the Hotel besides our own. A Catholic Youth Con or pep-talk. And a con/reunion of a SeaBee outfit. Naturally a few of the others at the booth proposed methods of leading the innocent lambs astray.

It was getting late so Walt suggested they should go on up and register for the Con, a reasonable suggestion, it seemed.

Up on third floor everyone was in line. Vic Ryan, Kemp, Rosemary Hickey, George Price and others were laboring under the load of a few hundred people all trying to register at the same time.

The public image of Ted White is vastly different from Ted White, boy fanzine critic. Ted ascribes it to his reserve. He still tears 'em apart mentally, tho.

Ted wondered about the gig I'd had going about him and the Pepsi bottles and the chili and all that. I was just putting you on, Ted. So ted said, "Well, egoboo is egoboo is egoboo."

Walter Breen was in line behind me and that beard of his is fantabulous. It stuck out like he was scared to death, a good foot at least. And Monday one neo asked me who the character in The Beard (yes, Virginia, capitals can be evident when one speaks) and I knew who he was talking about. His briefcase, from the PittCon had gotten a little worn with age and use and fully forty airline baggage tags were still tied to the handle. I think Breen is an Airlines Tag completist. Walt was also a notes completist.

He had this little notebook and he was constantly scribbling wee microscopic notes in it as the Con progressed. And he took in everything. Unfortunately I'm working entirely from memory myself.

Andy Main wandered by so I mentioned the latest Willis theorem. This was the one about there being a Diety Up There working through Andy Main to keep the Ultimate Pun from being spoken.

And then I mentioned the spindizzy-okie pun. Willis, who was ahead of me, turned and said that I shouldn't tell Walt the horrible story. I really shouldn't.



So Willis curled that lip up a bit again and smiled at me. "Really Dic, ignorance is Blish."

I was crying, oh Lordy, I tell you I was absolutely roll-in-the-floor cryin'. I was more shook up with laughter than an old maid falling into a pillow factory. That delivery was stone cold perfect.

And there was Breen with a pencil in one hand, a notebook in the other and a smile on Breen's face as if he didn't know whether to laugh with me or call for a doctor.

After I got to the point where I could breathe again, I told Breen the whole story between gasps. Willis looked around like he had finally created the ultimate pun and the Diety was about to close down shop or something.

Madeleine herself was happy about not being recognized from her photo.

"Well, Charlie, I told you...I'll be right with you son...that those Triffid seeds were just sunflowers."

Madeline quickly explained what she meant. There was going to be a public reception for the Willises and Ethel Lindsay Saturday afternoon. And an invitation was printed up inviting every ChiCon attendee to the reception. Within the invite a pair of pictures of the Willises were printed up. And Madeline's was a bit aging to her. So this one chap had met her and stated he hadn't recognized her from the photo. And Madeline was glad he hadn't!

Speaking of Madeline... I know they don't go for child brides in Ireland and I know they have a teen-age daughter and I'll be hung if I can match the one apparent fact with the other and Madeline as I saw her. Maybe I've got rosy glasses? I doubt it....

Lupoff in all his crew-cut glory was handing out copies of XERO #9. He handed me Boyd Raeburn's copy and said to forget what the envelope said. I was tempted to ask him in a ~~British~~ Canadian accent if he wanted me to give Les Nirenberg his when I got back home. But I'm not quite up to such tricks, unfortunately.

The next day Hal Lynch, I think, walked by with an envelope with XERO #9...with his name on it. And Ted White asked, "How on earth did you ever rate that?" We're putting you on, Dick.

The Shaws were up ahead and I think this is as good a place to apologize as any. Back at the MidwestCon '61 I won a prize in the VAW raffle they held. And Larry gave me a choice of the first six IFs or an old fanzine. Unfortunately I think I said something along the lines of "Who needs 'em?" and took the fanzine. What I didn't mention was that I already had all of the first six issues of IF. Should have, but didn't. And shouldn't... Oh hell, I apologize.

The ChiCon Committee had gotten a thousand or so "Triffid Seed" packets from a promotional outfit pushing the movie, and were passing them out with the program book packets. Naturally Breen and I got to wondering what if? What if they were real, etc. Ho ho ho ho. Unfortunately, I think that I'm lucky the frost killed the sibling plants that sprung from the seeds. I was getting tired of their walking around and uprooting the dahlias.

Ruth Berman had arrived by then, and the word of "Food!" was heard. Charlie's Steak House specializes in roasting beef over an open fire. You line up and orders and this perspiring negro chef flops a thick hunk of meat down. In time you get back a raw, slightly singed steak. Or medium rare (well singed); medium and so forth until you reach the charcoal stage. Good prices, though.

Chuck Hansen and Mike McQuown got to talking religion and was soon telling us preferred methods of dealing with door-to-door salvation salesmen. I still prefer the Coulson method, however. (Here, let me tell you about my religion, here's a few pamphlets...) Mike told us of the church parades in the Air Force and showed us the Devil's Cross. But Chuck started to beating the organized religions a bit eagerly and came across the Hebrew eventually. To which Ruth Berman reacted that she was more than a little tired of antisemitic "Yid" jokes. Like Les Nirenberg, she's quite sick of "casual" anti-semiticism floating around.

Oh well, I'm sure Chuck didn't mean anything by it.

Burnett Toskey, the Math wizard of SAPS had put a little professional paper on the theory of rings into the last SAPS mailing, so Pelz wanted Fred Galvin to rebutte, correct, enlarge on Toskey's statements, anything! Just so long as something was said about Toskey's paper.

And having seen the next SAPS mailing after the SeaCon, I wonder if Toskey was a little surprised at Pelz' algebraic eruditeness....

Upon getting back to the hotel I looked up the Art Show Room and found Ernie Wheatley, B. Joe Fekete, Don Studebaker and other awaiting the imminent arrival of John Trimble, key man.

John opened her up and a willing crew of galley slaves set to work, milling around. After a while Bjo snagged a few and we started hauling artwork down from the Trimble's room to the art show room.

I must write an escape manual some day to be distributed at handy intervals on the stairways of that place. For a while there I thought me and my Simpson oils would disappear into the Dimension X.

Speaking of dimensions, the Art Show room was a stinker as far as hanging space went. With all the artwork they had it became evident immediately that most of the accessible wall space would have to be covered. They set up the ply-board tables in the center, the sketch table in back, easels around and paintings everywhere.

Bjo was sort of shaking her head as she told Studebaker how to cut matte board and Meskys moaned about how to keep the bloody paintings on the wall without using spikes and John tried to keep track of entry forms and incoming money and Kafka hung his beautiful map up.... Bjo grabbed Ellik and I suggested that she ask him if he couldn't whip us up some more wall space because unless they used the 4th Chorp dimension I didn't see how they were going to hang all this stuff.

It seemed hilariously funny then but now I'm sitting here wondering how they did manage to hang up all the work.....

Meskys needed help with the tape, Larry Ivie couldn't be found to repair his superb frame and picture and gawkers kept wandering in and Steve Schultheis was having trouble matting a big Goldstone and Bjo just laid down on the floor and did arm exercises. She looked up at me and said, "The doctor recommends them. I shouldn't even be here but he said I could be sick here just as well as I could at home."

Later, upstairs Bjo contemplated her assortment of multi-colored pills and ruminated softly. "Let's see...is it two of the green ones one hour after one of the purple ones or is it one of the red ones two hours after dinner with four of the blue ones before going to bed or is the square one when nervous or the pink capsule for stuffiness but not if nervous or if I'd taken one of the green ones an hour before or is it...."

I went looking for some more matte board but they were all closed for the night. They didn't sound surprised to discover that I'd almost got bumped off by two Virginia license plate cars coming back.

Tejon rather liked my carving and copper plaque. "Phantom of the Opera" inspired my "The Master Of Sound", a copper plaque. But Tejon and I would like to root out the source for my "Last Muse."

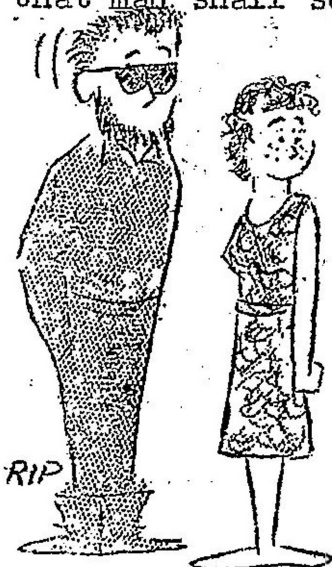
It was in a hard-bound, non-stf, possibly fantasy or borderline, and described in a poetic mood the last-muse. The last muse, the last that man shall see, which waits for man, on that last day to greet

him, riding across the snows of time, with her tiger of the snows.

Anyone out there know it?

At any rate, the Art Show was simply fabulous. And it was purely a visual effect, to attempt describing them in print would be idiotic. Besides which I don't feel like spending the whole bloody next ten pages trying.

It was party time so I went on up to a recommended one, the Millardi-Bowers gig in 633. And so I sat there listening to Seidman and Boardman



"Say there..is this the dimension what ordered some wall space from us?"



argue Russian conjunctions and I said to myself, "Schultz, here are these people dying for a guitar and you're sitting on your backside maoning with the rest." So I went down looking for Ted Johnstone or anybody with a guitar. And in the bar I sat down for just a moment to chat with Ethel Lindsay and the Kujawas. I told Betty about Eliot Shorter and the pack of clubfans who had showed up in the Chicago club, to prove to her that there are a few negros in fandom. Damned few, but still there.



Betty was especially enthused over the knife act I'd given Miller's TROPIC OF CANCER in my SAPSazine. Which makes me think

"SOMEONE HERE CALL FOR SERVICE?"

that perhaps I'm only able to critique a book when I'm trying to cut its liver out. Ted White thinks it's a fine book but more later.

Buz and Elinor Busby came in then and it was like old times. Buz was saying that if one more FAPA couple broke up, he and Elinor would quit the organization before the law of averages got around to them. Carr, Calkins, Jacobs, Linard and Young had already broken up and the big news was that Ted and Sylvia White were quietly seperated. Who's next, I wondered?

After waiting half an hour, Buz got a little peeved over the non-existent drink service and was heard to voice periodic rumbles at odd intervals throughout the whole Con.

Juanita and Buck Coulson also came in (it was a small group originally) and after greetings, Juanita and I got to discussing fandom's latest honesttoDegler nut.

I refer to D. Bruce Berry and his Trip Through Hell. This is a fabrication, a pack of lies mostly easily reputed. In it Berry tells how everyone is picking on him, how Kamp robbed him when he was also before a few hundred people in Los Angeles and this and that. A rank neo might decide that Berry has something, but a detailed observation of his statements and the way he said them would show the paranoid ravings of a self-deluded fruit. If Jennings had had the guts or brains to check the most easily proven statements in Berry's pack of libel, he would not today be open to a open-and-shut libel case. Les Gerber congratulated Earl Kemp on being the subject of the most easily disproven lie of the year.

Me and Juanita got down to discussing the mind of D. Bruce Berry, and we agreeded on almost every single point. Berry persists in repeating conversations "verbatim" yet he insists on throwing in "what they really meant was" tidbits. He delights in repeating the bit about having a perfect memory yet his memory falls down in a dozen respects. His journal is full of proof which is not proof. Like the Army discharge. What does that prove? Only that he had been in the armed forces. The Christmas card proves only that Earl sent him a Christmas card once, something a good hundred fans send to each other on occasion. And yet he continues to trot out his perfect memory, with holes in it you could send Longstreet's Corps through. He has loads of proof which proves They are out to get him only if you accept the devious conclusion jumping and ridiculous intents his sick mind sees. His whole accout is a series of gaps of logic bridged only by what

Berry says they really meant. How he deduced this without the aid of a Universal Telepathic Machine, I do not know.

In short, from the very way Berry wrote, and the way he trotted forth his proofs we deduced that the man is a true paranoid schizophrenic, observing reality only through a glass darkly. As Juanita put it, the frightful thing is that they had him locked up once but let him go!

After two hours of this I remembered Tejon and the guitar bit. As the BarCon was breaking up, I went back up to hear the lilting tones of Sandy Cutrell pounding away at some defenseless anti-Capitalist workers song. I never hear workers singing workers songs.

Buz Busby was in later and he commented that Sandy doesn't sound too bad the first hour but after that he no longer sings the songs, he can only shout them. Sandy is reputed to have but one shave and hair-cut a year. He then has both shaved clean to the skin and then lets it grow out the rest of the year.

Al HeLevy was there and he gave me the word about the Barea bid for the '64 WorldCon. Al is boosting the informality bit. A program to keep the little kiddies happy and for the report writers to write about. But he was hoping for an auxillary "pool-con" a la SeaCon. All the more power to him, I said, so I'm now going to wait until DC to make my choice for whom to vote for.

A beat-type friend of Sandy's collapsed on the floor and Buz said, "Oh hell. Another Perdue."

This sounded odd so I weasled out the whole story from Buz. It seems that in the old days Elmer Perdue used to come to the LASFS meetings and parties and he would sometimes stagger out in the middle of the floor and say, "Oh, I'm going to faint" and would promptly flop out on the floor. No explanation was ever offered for his odd acts.

A blond car salesman type came in then and Buz went into raptures of joy. It was Wrai Ballard.

Wrai had a horrible story to tell of trying to get there. Wally Weber, Wally Gonser and the Webberts were supposed to pick Wrai up on their way to Chicago. So they phoned they were coming and then out in the wilderness of eastern Washington, their station wagon broke down. (Willis was in America, you know.) So Wally flew back to Seattle and the Webberts and Gonser phoned Wrai to tell them they would be way late. So Weber came through and they pushed themselves and Wrai was expecting them the next day if at all and they phoned that they were in Blanchard and when could he be ready to go? So Wrai took about ten minutes showering and packing and here he was. All in all a hair-raising tale of incredible action and suspense and all that.

So I left Pelz sitting on the back of the chair singing. Wrai was dropping and tomorrow was a nother day.

SATURDAY

The big news Saturday morning was the Great ~~77/77~~ Art Show Robbery which had occurred sometime the night before.

Now John Trimble had been given the key to the Art Show room by some sort of assistant manager who assured John that he had the only key to the thing. So comes the dawn and the cash box was gone. John had believed the character and he only found out the next morning that something like several other keys were floating around in the hands of various janitors and workers.

The gumshoes couldn't find anything on anybody and John stated that no fan could have stolen it and left the art goodies intact. And the ~~key~~ hadn't been forced, anyways. Over \$50 was gone and the chap who heard this tale of woe assured John that if he could find the asst. manager type who lied to John about the keys, they would fire him at the spot. Naturally the trick was finding him, since he seemed to

have conveniently disappeared for the duration of the Con. The hotel denied all liability, would not replace the loot, etc. So Bjo and John looked up Mindes, the friendly ChiCon Committee legal adviser, a real lawyer. He sadly assured them that the Hotel could not be made liable for the missing money, though the Hotel would have been forced to pay if any art or property like the typewriter had been stolen.

So everyone was quite unhappy about the hotel. And as the Con progressed, it developed that it was also a shoddily run place to boot. The halls were unswept, attendees complained about unchanged linen, I never got any new soap nor did others, even a bed or two was unmade! All in all, many people vowed never to touch another Albert Pick system Hotel.

And they never did fix the two broken elevators or the escalator.

Up on third Les Gerber was telling all about the latest developments in the White-Moskowitz lawsuit. It seems that White had taken out a lawyer of his own. The lawyer was pulling some beautiful delaying tactics along the line of... Well, they'd go in court one day and Ted's lawyer would "notice" that the other side's petition was worded incorrectly in the fifth paragraph or was on the wrong color paper or needed a different form or the sky was pink or the procedure of introducing this and that memo was not in order and generally putting up the good fight with red tape. And the Moskowitz' were evidently about ready to call it quits, armistice and all that above and beyond the harassment they were getting in court.

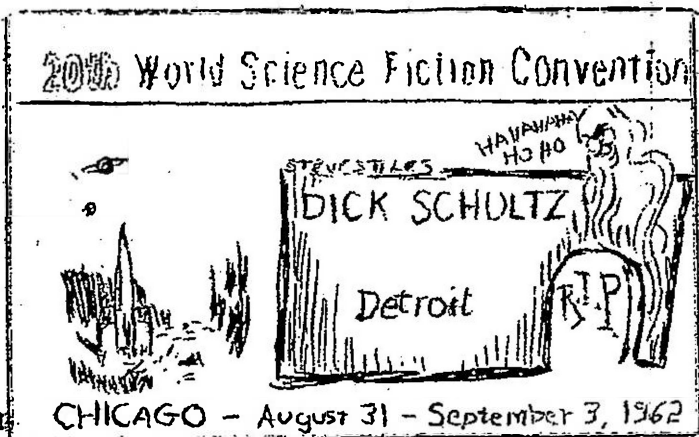
And Les told of a tale that circulated for a while. It was said that Ted White had legally sold all his worldly goods to Les Gerber for one dollar. So that if Christine went ahead she couldn't get much anyways. So Les sidled over to Jimmy Warren, the publisher and sold all of Ted White's possessions for a buck-fifty. The next move in the tale was when Jimmy Warren then went over to Moskowitz and sold them Ted's worldly goods for two dollars, also making a clear profit on the transaction. And somehow or other Ted lost out....

A fabulous joke. It was a joke, wasn't it Les?

Steve Stiles was finishing up his Edwards Personality Quotient test for Jerry Pournelle and Vic Ryan, so I got him to draw the above cartoon on my name tag. I think he's putting me on.....

I must take time out here to introduce Adrienne Martine and Dian Girard. Now, many fans have been guilty of exaggeration. But Dian is a real honesttoDegler knockout. (That is, if you go for shapely brunettes with finely-moulded features and sexy glasses.) And Adrienne had such a look of innocence on her face that the fatherly instinct immediately arose in me. Ah hah. Adrienne should never detract from her eyes, they're simply marvelous. And all my fatherly instincts come to the fore again when I remember her in those black tights and mesh hose at the costume ball and I must mention Dian's costume some time. A nice pair of women. And the right age....

The Schultheis's had an informal meeting with Albert Lewis, Hal Lynch, Don Studebaker and myself to talk about plans for the establishment of a real library for fanzines. All prospects call for lots of money, and Steve was wondering about Ford Foundation or something similar. The idea was to build on land belonging to the library a cheap basic unit building to start the library. As and when funds come in,



more units could be added on and the project enlarged. But Steve was trying to get it off the ground without running to fandom with a cup in his hands. 4E had promised to donate a plot of land behind his house but it was way too small if enlargement beyond the basic poured-cement or cinder-block design was to be contemplated. So now Steve wants to know if anyone knows of an unused tract of land, near to communication centers, with facilities available, dirty cheap and not already covered by suburban developments. In southern California, that's asking for something. Still, Steve is hopeful. Fandom has responded well to the UCLA Library offer and Steve hopes to get college aid for the separate library proposal. Certainly it would be damned few fans who would have access to something quietly stuck away in the UCLA stacks.

Studebaker said that apart from the monies, "our biggest problem is figuring out some way to design a cube so that it will be light, airy and cheaply made out of cinder block with room for additional units." Not to mention finding land.

Good luck, I hope the Fanzine Foundation thrives.

I went up to the N3F room to get Jim Broderick and Nan Moore, hard working registration slaves, some coffee. And discovered a quiet refuge from everything.

John Boardman revealed himself to be well acquainted with Michigan politics and we had a fine time tearing apart candidates. John doesn't much care for Romney because of his religion, for one thing. Romney, the Republican candidate for Governor in Michigan, is a Mormon. And the Mormon church is the only one which in its religion classifies a negro as being lower than a white. No negro believer in the Mormon sect, no matter how faithful, may enter the Tabernacle. What's more, I told him, Romney is definitely anti-labor. He and Bentley own most of an electrical company in Saginaw which got a court decision two years that such and such a union is the legal one for their plant. Romney and Bentley's company has defied the court order for two years and duly elected officials of the union (a small one) are still forcibly ejected from the premises whenever they try to enter. Romney himself has repeatedly tried to make Nash a non-union shop and is presently fighting no less than seven charges of contempt and unfair labor practices.

But Romney is a louse and Boardman is not and I'm only sorry that his side didn't win the New York City elections.

Downstairs I handed Jim the hot cups of coffee and Jim said to "Nan, I told you he'd bring the coffee. It might take an hour, but..."

When the introductions started, it rapidly became evident that someone should have found out for Big Hearted Howard DeVore and Jean McLaughlin, the introders, who was and wasn't in the room. For over half the pros the famous cry of "Down at the bar!" could be heard. BHH played me by having Dean introduce me when they got to fans...and then introducing me again. You ever seen shell-shock? I'd met Lloyd Biggle of Ypsilanti, Michigan a few times for a writer's group and he was a bit amazed. "I didn't know you were such a Big Name!" I mean, after all....would you have disillusioned him?

When Doc Smith was introduced, people just kept on clapping and clapping and soon it was a standing ovation. Jennie Smith, his wife, was in tears and I doubt if we ever often see such open spontaneous demonstrations of feeling and regard for a great man and writer.

So maybe it's space opera. It's cosmic, by Ghod! And Doc's nice...

Lewis Grant of Chicago lives with his folks, so he can't purchase some of the fannish art he'd like. However, he enthused wildly over my copper plaque, "The Master Of Sound", the organ player. It seems that it'd go beautifully over the hi-fi! Ah, sweet egoboo.

Phillip Jose Farmer and family made it to the Con and Bjo went ape when I told her about him. But it was time for the Willis/Lindsay Co....

However, time for a quick meal, (I forgot a page so this is a back-track) with Buz Busby and Wrai Ballard. Wrai entertained us at the greasy spoon with tales of his derringer and I told Buz about that Savage .30-.30 of mine, but I couldn't remember the type number.

Then Wrai told us of what had been happening on the farm the day when the Seattle crew were supposed to pick 'em up. The hay had ripened and even I know you've got to leap when it does, and get it in before the rains. So Wrai was working like 'ell and he thot he wouldn't be able to go. ("So there I was, a bale under each arm!")

Wrai got finished and flopped out and then he got the word and left for Chicago. If the car hadn't broken down Wrai would never have been there in Chi.

On the way back Buz mentioned an interesting fact. Bob Tucker was staying in a different hotel and it was just across from a Burlesque House. Tucker said there was no connection....

And as I said a while back, the Shaws were putting on the reception for the Willises and Ethel Lindsay. ("Where's Ted White? One of these bottles of Pepsi might be the very ones he needs to complete his collection?") Later on when Eney came in with more Pepsi and chips Noreen cried, "I could kiss you, Dick Eney!"

While everyone was milling around I discovered the old fan from the Document X Wars, Don Wollheim.

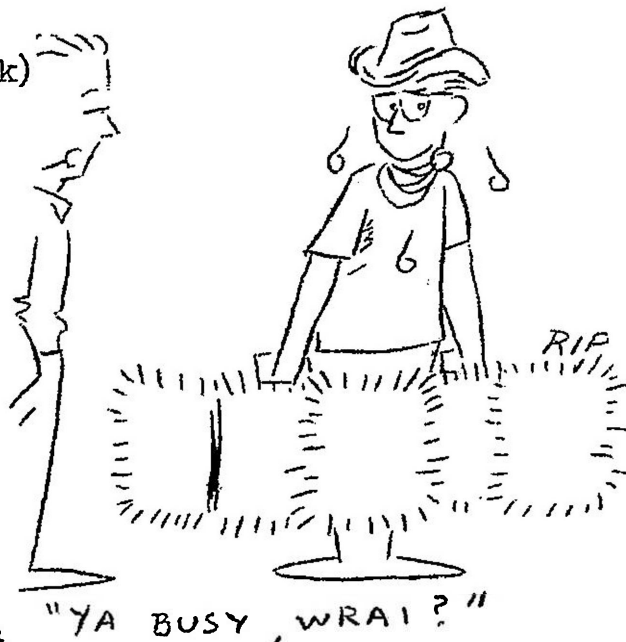
Don is justly proud of the ACE stf line, and he sells it all sooner or later without any of it coming back home to roost. The new Classic line is getting a lot of good reviews and Don is going to continue to issue as much classic stuff as he can. Wyn evidently gives him a pretty free rein, and under rumors of a new price hike I mentioned that at least some fans would be more than willing to pay .45¢ or .50¢ @ for good action stf. But Don was quite adamant about the fact that ACE foresees no price hike. They're making everything in the black ink, thank you.

In time the Shaws shooed us all out and I drifted down to the huckster room. BHHoward told me a story about a proposed ploy against a blood-thirsty hickster in the Chicago area. The Committee learned that he was going to rent table space so they had the idea of charging him triple rates and all the other hucksters half rates. With that sort of an advantage all the other hucksters could undercut him and still make a profit! Unfortunately, they decided not to.

I'd been trying to talk Pelz into calling a SAPS meeting, but he kept saying that the SAPS table would be enough. Neither I nor Tejon could make him see things our way. Evial ol' OE.

Breen was still flitting about looking for quotable notes for his ChiCon report so I told him about a little incident that occurred in the Art Show Room. As you will remember, a Catholic Girl's Convention was also in the Hotel. Well, in came this small covey of chicks all wearing their round tags. They did the huddle bit by the door. The three or four furtively peeked around, took off their tags and stuck them in their bags. So they crept in and the one said to the others, "Remember girls...MINGLE!"

We also had trouble with the non-fans gate-crashing the masked ball and using the dance band which started up after the judging.





"GEE, MR. ACE! WOULD
YOU AUTOGRAPH ONE
OF YOUR POCKETBOOKS?"

while it didn't matter at the Art Show, they helped make an already crowded situation even worse. Next time a guard...?

There was some sort of program going on in a side room so I wandered down and discovered what it was Ruth Berman moaned about the other evening. She said she'd been drafted for a panel and there she was, trying to tell us what a Sense of Wonder was...and stf in the process. The one is impossible to describe in the first place. As Ruth put it, a Sense of Wonder is a purely personal thing. At some stage to some writing the mind is stretched, new visions come forth and the Sense of Wonder leaps into the fray. To attempt to defferentiate for all of us what it is is simon pure madness. But they had a good go at it anyways.

As each of them attempted to define this elusive SoW the panel quickly developed into a detailing of what was etched on their minds.

Sooner or later the old question and answer period came around and the lead balloons hit the fan. For the people tried excluding and including various stories and ideas and it was still evident that SoW can only be a personal thing. Soon someone asked what lately had stimulated the ol' SoW and items like LITTLE FUZZY (they made HBeam Piper take a bow) and THE CHILD BUYERS and even old hoary space operas. Doc Smith mentioned love of what you are reading, that you've got to dig it to get the ol' SoW. And once more Doc got an ovation. This was just his Con.

Jerry Pournelle pointed out the necessity of good writing too. But time was pressing and Dean Grennell reluctantly called things to a halt. He thanked Phyllis Economou, Walt Willis, Ruth, Vic Ryan, Ethel Lindsay and Eney for their time and everyone went out to get ready for the masquerade. (And I suggest to the LonCon Committee that they make sure to hold the masked ball early...and it looks like London has a more than fair chance to get it too! Everyone I spoke too would like to see the ~~old man of the sea~~ Con really go international once in a while, provided the group is willing.)

For those who don't bother with stf, Cele Goldsmith edits AMAZING and FANTASTIC, both two good promags with a keen emphasis on plot and action. And far from the Fairman crudzines.

Well, Cele is..but look across the page. She's a locker, she is. Dresses well, looks good, acts wonderful, has a smooth voice and will listen to any fan complain or praise or criticize or suggest about her mags.

I was complaining about Birmingham for being a draftsman who got in illustrating by mistake (like, he lacks imagination...or didn't use it for most of his Ziff-Davis work). She listened politely but told me to reserve judgment until the November AMAZING came out. So maybe he can draw well and occasionally uses his imagination. He does some sweet work...but lord, those clinkers! So we talked about the old AMAZINGS and Sam's September sleection THE ICE MAN (which I liked) and Adkins and she told me about Keith Laumer who is a real person and was in the civil service overseas(diplomatic corps) and she's got a beautiful smile and some pro done took her away finally. She may not have as many Hugos as Campbell but she's got a softer voice and looks better somehow. My fatherly instincts coming to the fore again, no doubt.

Back to fans and Charles Wells isn't as good looking as Cele. He didn't quite entirely agree with his own statements in CADENZA anymore

but only in degree. So I explained how a social group like the NAACP and CORE can keep on setting things right better than new laws for two reasons. First off, the changes, the new social structure is built up slowly and is created at the working level instead being handed down. And two, social action groups cannot be shaken off their purpose by loopholes and clauses, like most any law can. If the social groups get tacit support through already ~~existing~~ laws from the government, further legislature is unnecessary and since it furthers the power of The Bureaucracy, dangerous.

And Owen Hannifen was able to show me that I'm not acting like a pacifist, so I probably am not one. Hmmm. I think he's right, and is correct in assuming that I am not pacifistic. Against the goold ol' Nuclear International Substitute For Brains, yes. Pacifistic, no. I don't especially dig the idea of getting shot at, that's for sure.

Leigh Brackett and ol' World Smasher Edmond Hamilton were there & I got to talk with him about his Hall of Heroes in THE HAUNTED STARS and soon we were discussing the finds they dug up in Asia Minor revealing Empires and cities of whose existence we never knew, and which provided the bridge for culture between the Aegean basin and the fertile crescent. You've got to admit one thing. Edmond is no piker. It's either future star-empires or totally unsuspected ones here on earth.

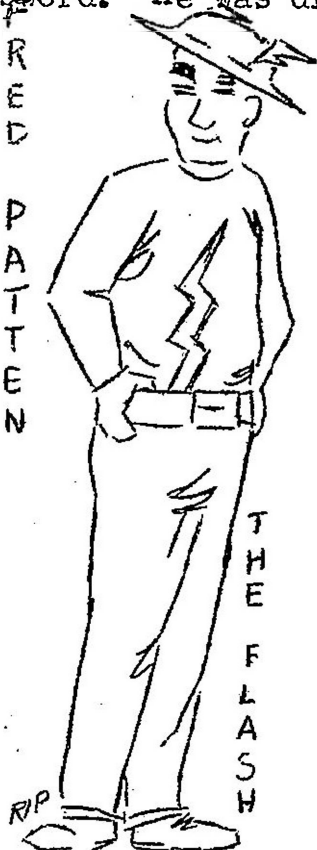
Hamilton was also amazed at the number of pros at the Con. The collectors of hard bounds must have gone off their gourds wishing they had brought their hc's to the Con to be autographed. Jack Williamson, Hal Clement, PHFarmer, Anthony Boucher, Bob Tucker, Bloch, Fred Pohl, AJBudrys, lots of non-Con attendees had chosen this one to come to. As Edmond put it, "it was if they'd planned it this way..."

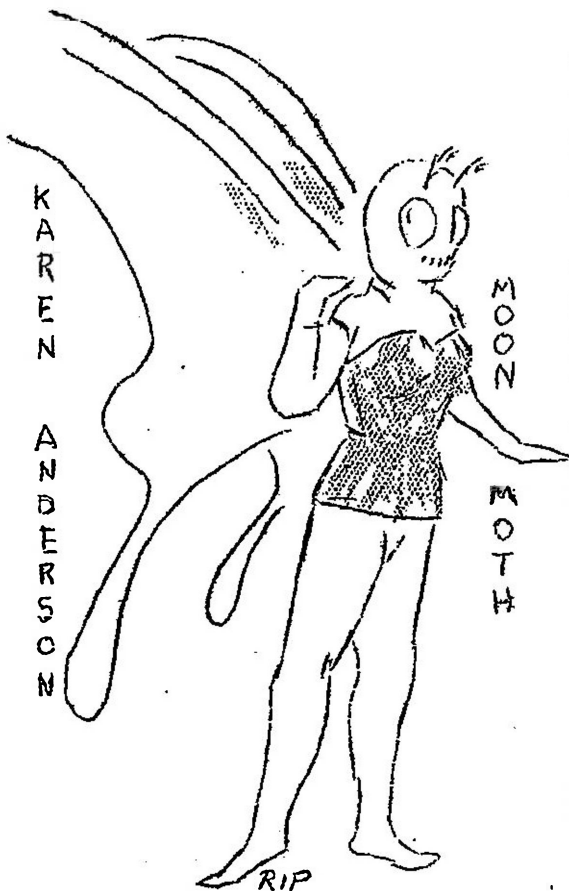
But it was getting late and time for the Masquerade Ball. After guiding Jerry Pournelle as the Brown Magician from the Tolkien saga to the West Room, I just stood there and dug that wild scene myself. If you people don't mind, I'll throw in an occasional costumed fan for illos here and there. The rest I will describe.

One of the first spotted was George Scithers in Aussie hat and sword. He was dressed for the wolly outdoors and was The Survivor. Of the Atomiggedeon, natch.. Don and Maggie Thompson (congrats again) came as Ibis the Magician and his girl friend, Taia. Comic buffs will remember that whenever a crook called down harm on Ibis with his magic wand the Ibistick, the Ibistick always unleashed that particular harm onto the illegal holder of the wand. So, smiling evilly I raised the Ibistick on high and called upon the Ibistick to curse Ibis with money and power. Unfortunately the Ibistick was another phony.

The physical aspect of the West Room was such that though it was actually in two sections they managed to hold the Grand March and the tables in the smaller section. Rats.

Karen Anderson came as an etherally beautifully textured Moon Moth and was an obvious prize winner. And Karen kept saying, "I can't see in this





thing!" The wings were two very diaphanous light clouds of cloth and she looked beautiful in those cream tights. Very unearthly.

Ted Johnstone (cover) came as the old Green Lantern and managed to still look like Tejon. Is that a compliment? In time I discovered that the entire LA mob were coming as characters from the old Justice Society of America. All but Bjo who was going as a FIRE BIRD.

Fred Patten came as The Flash and Charles Wells was moaning because he had decided to come as the Flash also, without knowing of the LA group costume. So Pelz and I suggested that Charlie walk in the front of the group and Fred in the back and they'd tell the judges that The Flash was moving so fast that it just appeared that there were

two flashes. Actually there were just one.

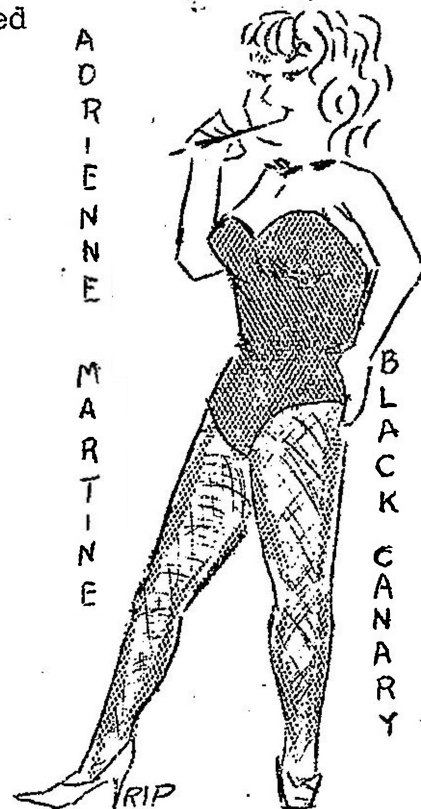
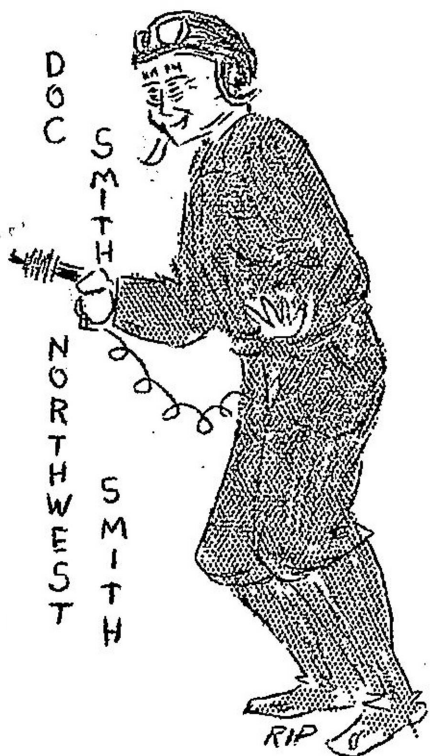
Les Gerber was dressed as Robin, of the Batman strips. And he looked like Robin. Larry Ivie was Batman and Larry isn't exactly a living advertisement for Vic Tanny. So, when Don and Maggie came by in their Ibis and Taia costumes, Don asked if this was the movie serial Batman instead of the comic book version.

Ted Cogswell, Juanita Coulson and Teed Sturgeon were trying to sing over in the smaller section but the PA system didn't take too kindly to human voices and I gave up trying to listen. Filk songs.

They came all dressed in black, rolling two large iron balls and his hands looked like he'd just washed them in a fresh cadaver. He was a bloody-handed War-monger, from the FAPA discussions.

The Sandman came in then. Beautiful job, John. An orange hat, green suit, gold gas mask, yellow gloves, blue shirt and red tie. And that was the color scheme of the old Sandman. I think the crooks died from shock more than from anything else.

Ernie Wheatley came as Dr. Midnight because ye could keep cigarettes on ye in that costume.



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The Dr. Midnight was simply a black outfit with crescent moons all over it.

But the real show-stealer in the group were the two femme members of the JSA... Black Canary and Wonder Woman. Adrienne wore a blond wig over her burnished tresses and Dian Girard was a knock-out in her star-spangled pants. And I can still remember that net hose Adrienne was wearing. Fatherly instincts, you know.

Pelz came in blue tights and yellow cape and shorts and a blank greek type helmet. He was Dr. Fate.

Eventually Jack Harness showed up as Hawkman, in bird's head helmet and beautiful long gray wingspan. He said that the

bed and floor up in his room looked like a molting bird's Convention Hall, it was ankle deep in feather fluff. Jack and Tejon told me that they planned to have the entire JSA there but a LA neo who was to be the Spectre conked out and Dian Girard couldn't be made to meet Albert Lewis' demands, so they were lacking a Atom too.

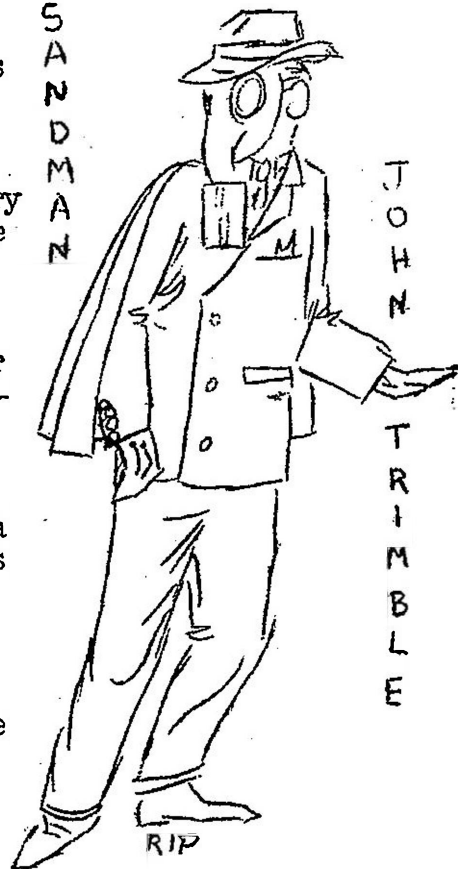
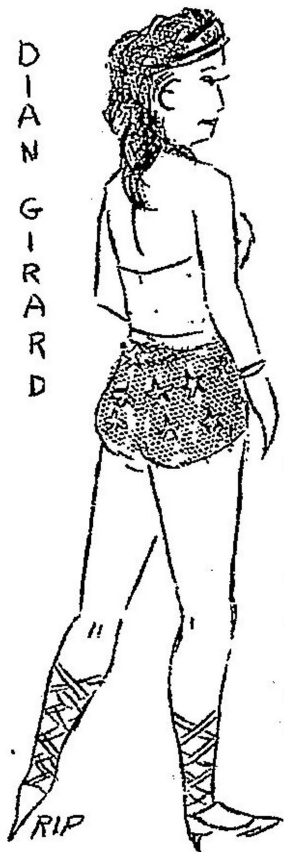
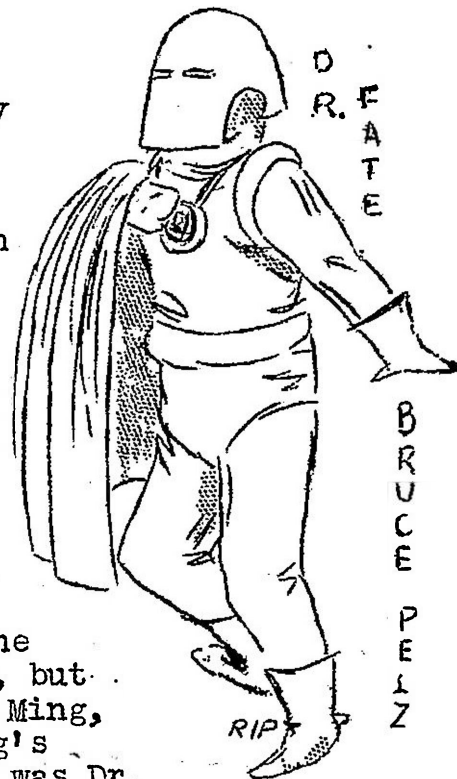
Dick and Pat Lupoff came as "The Lovebirds" and Dick was astounded at the number of comic book characters floating around. The year he decides not to come as a Comic character the place is packed with them. Also there from New York was Sylvia White as Polychrome. Which was actually just a bikini and an irridescent chiffon or reel light and transparent rainbow scarf which practictally covered her.

Noreen came in with Seven Veils and Larry Shaw came in with his head on a board. I wonder if Noreen had some honey and locusts to feed him.

Stu Hoffman was Zerka, a fantastic monster which had a pack of flashing eyes and teeth this long.

And Fritz Leiber came all in black and wearing a stiff silver collar with spiders on him. He was King of the Spiders, from "Change War" and "Big Time" fame. Also there and in a floor-length white gown of the "Virgin Maiden" type was Ruth Berman as Princess Artesia from Tolkien.

But the group which won the group prize was not the LA JSA, but the Ming group. Dave Kyle was Ming, Ruth was Lotus or whatever Ming's daughter was named. Jock Root was Dr.

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Zarkov and Steve and Virginia Schultheis were the Prince and Princess of the Forest People. And not hide nor hair of Buck Rogers was to be seen.

Dave Kyle had heard that the LA group was going to come as a group for Chi, so he had written and told them, strictly on the DNQ, what his group was going to be. Harness knew this and he also knew Kyle was going to be Ming, The Merciless, of the Planet Mongol. So he got Don Fitch to print up some little calling cards and upon each in elegant small script was printed, "Ming The Merciless says you can't sit here."

Jack was passing them out and Dave Kyle was crying, he was laughing so hard, from all reports, when Harness handed him one.

Doc Smith was in an all-black old flier's suit and jack boots and had a little (!) blaster wired up so that it actually shot forth a beam of

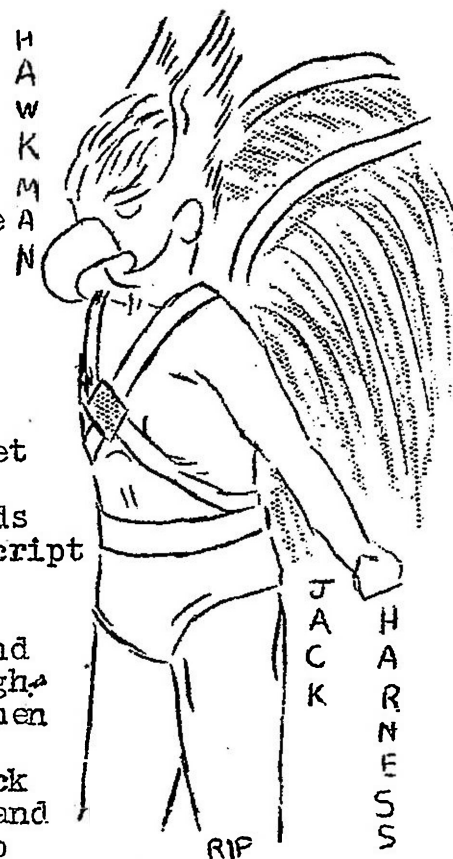
light. He was Northwest Smith and he wished Catherine Moore was there to see it. I did too.

Another fine costume was Harriett Kolchak and Don Studebaker as She Of The Two Masks and The Trumpeter. Harriett had two frightful masks and walked slowly forward while Don laid rugs in front of her. He was all green, even his skin and would stop periodically and blow his horn to warn of her coming. Snazzy.

In time they started the Grand March and it developed immediately that the march area was way too small, aggravated by too many outsiders floating around. So while everyone tried to move, I had time to point out who was who to Breen and White. Like Ellis Mills as Baby; The Woman of SolaCon fame as Basic Body; Mike McQuown as Count Drac; and someone, I think Nan Moore, as The Prosser Statuette! Breen was delighted at the sight of that. Anyone know who she was?

At last the judging was over. Bjo, in her black costume with red feathers won something, Fritz Leiber most authentic I believe, Stu Hoffman Grand Prize, the Ming group for Best Group. Go read AXE for the details.

So after things quieted down somewhat I invited Dian Girard down to the bar specifically to wow the peasants with her costume (and the rest of it). And I invited Tejon too, why I'll never know. Certainly my fatherly instincts don't rise to the fore when I think of Tejon. He's certainly not very sexy in my opinion but then maybe I'm looking at him from the wrong point of view.....



I tried to get Pelz and Jack Harness to come on down in full costume with us but Pelz came in later and Harness ditched his wings. At any rate, arm in arm, Tejon, myself, Dian and Fred Patten walked down the lobby and went through the swinging glass doors in full costume.

Don't forget, there were two mundane Cons in the Hotel, the staff and transient residents. So we walked in and jaws dropped and eyes popped right and left. Ah, the glory of it. The waitresses looked at each other like everything had happened to them now.

So we got a booth and later Pelz with helmet and Harness sans wings, plus Bjo in full dress came on over. So we hoisted glasses and the Justice Society of America drank saying, "Here's to Crime!"

Dian was calling Bjo "My Buddy!" so I got the story out of her, since there seemed to be one attached.

"I was talking to Bjo when someone thrust a folded note into my hand. It bore a message to the effect that if I were willing to go out on a date for dinner with someone I should nod my head, and if I wouldn't I should signify to that effect. I didn't know who the culprit was, but I suspected a dark fellow hiding behind a pair of sunglasses. (Inside a hotel room yet, Sheeesh!) I looked up, shook my head, and the guy in the shades bounced over and demanded to know why I wouldn't go out with him. "Why," he said, "We might get to know one another, fall in love, and wind up married by the end of the Convention." He kept saying things about not knowing whether I had any brains but when the chemistry was there, it was there.

Bjo was concealing mild laughter and seemed to know him, so I asked

her who the nut was. I got the answer that he was Jimmy Warren, and Forry Ackerman's publisher. This seemed to qualify him as an all around nut-but a nice sort of nut, so I told him I would have dinner with him - provided Forry gave him good reviews. "Sure, that's fine," he said, practically pushing towards the door of the auction room. I went in, located Forry, and sat down by him. "Forry," I said, "Who is Jimmy Warren? I have a date with him and I'd like to know what he is like." Forry looked at me with those large innocent eyes and said, "You have a date with Jimmy Warren? Let me look at you, I want to remember you as you are now." I cringed briefly and asked Forry just exactly what he meant. He told me a long and bewildering tale of Jimmy Warren's attributes, finishing off with what sounded like an advanced case of satyriasis. I looked at Forry dubiously and said, "Well, maybe I ought to break that date." Forry started. "Oh, no, don't do that! You, you go out with Jimmy Warren." "But Forry," I objected, "you want me to go out with him after all you've just told me? I thought we were friends!" Forry placed his hands on my shoulders and looked soulfully into my eyes. "Dian," he said, "we are friends, but Jimmy Warren is my publisher, and without him I

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MING THE MERCILESS SAYS
YOU CAN'T SIT HERE

HARNES & FITCH

don't eat. You will do this for Uncle Forry, won't you?"

I staggered back into the other room and leaned against a pillar next to Bjo and Jimmy. They both looked at me expectantly, and he said, "Well?" and I collapsed into a helpless fit of laughter. Bjo tried to get the story out of me, and within a few seconds I knew that Bjo was truly a friend, a kindred soul. Bjo leaned against the table in a calm and dignified manner, and joined me in helpless laughter as James Warren muttered things about "Some friends I've got!" (Reprinted from Dian's SAPSazineYEZIDEE #1, SAPS 61.)

So Dian told me this whole fabulous story and I just had to laugh at Dian's delivery. So we talked and the mundanes oggled Bjo and Dian and the costumes. Harness had laid his bird's head on a nearby table and this bunch of stoned citizens were employing their great wits to it and having a real ball. 20,000 comedians out of work and they think they're funny.

As good things always seem to do, this gig had to end, everyone wanted to get changed and make a party scene. So Dian wiggled by the bunch of blottos and the one asked Wonder Woman if she'd give him a little kiss so she kissed him on the forehead and swaggered on out. And the way I hear it, he later got power drunk for he asked Bjo the same thing when she was on her way out. So she bent over to give him a quick peck and she forgot she had this bird costume still on. And she had the bird's head on.... So she must have half pecked the poor guy to death and so on. Later on Dian was in an elevator with the lush and he kept asking her why she tried to murderize him and she didn't know what was happening until Bjo told her.

Evans had invited me up to the Washington DC do so I went on up there and found the place a madhouse. There were quite a number of parties going on, but most of them were invitation only or already filled to capacity I soon discovered.

However, by moving out into the hall a reasonable quiet ensued. Mostly because there was then a wall or two between youse and the folk singers. Paul and Ellie Turner were there and I talked old Army talk with him. Myabe I'm not Joe Gibson, but.....

John Trimble and BHHoward Devore were talking about the Jason-Hugo set-up. It seems that Ben Jason, who has been doing all the Hugo trophies was one, sick of the whole mess. It was costing him money and labor. Everyone was on his back. And then the molds have started going blooey. He was getting less than 50% acceptables on the casts he was doing, so he's told the WorldCon Committees they're going to have to get another boy and another trophy mold. He wasn't going to do it either.

The problem is acute, since it is known not at all whether one Con will make money or the next lose it. So someone is probably going to have to invest heavily on profits in a whack of Hugos, to last until someone else makes a profit and can do the same for its own future Cons. London might be in a pickle, you know that?

It was nice talking but Paul and Ellie went off to bed and I decided to look for a quiet party. Though I wasn't too unsuccessful, the one closed party I might have gotten in was crowded already. The



host, Dick Lupoff told me that the party was crowded and that was enough for me. A word to the wise but unknowing neos in the audience. At Cons like this you should always ask the doorman if the party is a closed or restricted one; and if it's already crowded. You act like that and you make things easier for everyone, and less bruised feelings. There's no percentage in barging your way in at any of 'em.

A funny thing happened to me on the way to the Party, tho. I got in a pack with Buz and Elinor Busby, the Kujawa's, and Ethel Lindsay and we were investigating rumors about a party on the tenth floor. No room party, but Buz stopped by one of the rooms they were remodeling and stated, "Well, I see you've got the noise problem licked."

Inside, sitting on various tool boxes and saw-horses, the Kyles, Nan Moore I think, and Wally Gonser were quietly having their own little party, complete with likker and lack of noise.

Buz finally ditched the flock of neos following him and I went on back to the Washington party for a late, late, late show.

Don Franson was talking to Fred Saberhagar and when Don left I cut in and got to talking pro efforts (he's a semi-pro writer), especially his THE LONG WAY HOME and PLANETEER. And before long I was trying to explain fandom to him. I wonder what he thinks now?

Gail Daniels from LA was here without Dik and she introduced me to an old girl friend of hers. The old art gambit. Barbara was a bit amazed at the knowledge of techniques and mediums a person can pick up just running around in for a few years. And she didn't quite believe what is fact about Campbell.

"You mean he uses Van Donegan because he knows how to field strip a jeep!?!?" Well, field stripping a jeep isn't so hard. Just put 'em in order so you can put 'em back in the same order. It won't repair it, but you can at least field strip it....

Jerry Pournelle was talking to Gail and overheard me mention open-hand philosophy (karate) and it develops he knows some. ("I'm a pilgrim, I said, "what are you?") Jerry didn't actually have a belt but had gotten training in the Army, Brown-belt equivalent supposedly.

So the party went on and on and on. Tom Seidman made a bit of a nuisance I thought, with Barbara but maybe not. Anyways someone suggested breakfast and at four ach emme it made a sort of sense.

At the greasy spoon Jerry talked on about tests and various ways of using tests and tried explaining the Edwards Personality Quotient test to us. Gail seemed interested, Seidman seemed interested, Barbara seemed interested and I agreed with him that everyone relies too damned heavily on IQ test results, etc. to arrange their lives.

Jerry paid for the food and we staggered back where Jerry had the splendid idea of hitting up the HBeam Piper party which was supposed to be still going on.

Well, I managed to say hello to HBeam Piper anyways. At about 5:30 or so ach emme. Jerry said I might as well stay up and party the whole day through. What the hell, he said, it was only four hours until the IQ testing session.

You know what? I made it with an hour to spare.

You know what else? I must be bats.

.....to be continued. Did Schultz do okay on the IQ tests? What is the secret of the Chicago Art Museum? Will Emsh get to show his films? What phrase did Heinlein shout to the whole Cbn? Read the next installment.....

THE TRICHICON SUBJECTIVELY
AS SEEN BY A FAN

Part the Second

MEANWHILE,

by RiP Schultz

It has always been a sore point with many fans as to whether fans are stupider or smarter than their fellow-man. To prove one side or the other numerous tests have been given, fans polled and bitter reactionary's have occasionally taken acid pen in hand and castigated the habits and minds of fans and fandom. But never has there been an actual proof of intelligence or lack of it. As a stop-gap measure a series of social labels known as IQ tests were given at the TriChiCon. And all it managed to prove, if proof it is, is that fans are slightly above average but nothing supernormal. I say if proof it is because the IQ tests (as different from the Edwards Personality Quotient tests which Vic Ryan and Jerry Pournelle had been trying to give all week-end long) were given Sunday morning. The very idea of crawling out of a comfortable bed at 10:00 in the morning is anathema to many fans at a Con as it is. To get up after hundreds of them had been plying each other with spirituous liquids and refined gobbledegook all the night before way into the wee small hours of the morning is yet another block. Leaving to take the tests only those strong in heart (and possibly weak in brain) to undertake to prove Fans Are Slans.

This is a true story.

The dear old phone rang way too early in the morning...but the day before I'd had an attack of religion and was determined to find St. James Lutheran and partake of a little refreshener for the soul. Needless to say my thoughts were unchristian, the flesh weak and I did not go. How does Ellick do it.....

At any rate I was downstairs around nine feeling actually chipper after a good shower. Of course I headed straight for the N3F room and a few cups of java first. Ahhhh... Someone was playing the Interplanetary game and I had a frightful vision of someone doomed to play until the game is resolved.....

Down on third again I assured Mike Deckinger that I wasn't the one who reportedly yelled "Lookit those cute Catholic girls!" No, somehow or other the idea seems foreign to me.

Which reminds me, Don Studebaker said that in my writings he had come to picture me as a tall lean type with a pronounced English accent. The idea that this stuttering Dutch brogue of mine is English was enough to send me into gales of laughter but I resisted the temptation. After all, as Ted White says, "Egoboo is egoboo is egoboo."

I learned finally who the small blond kid of about five or seven was by the simple expedient of asking. It was MZBradley's son David and I felt glad he seemed to be getting such a kick out of the Con. Monday MZBradley was talking about the trip up and she mentioned how nice it was for Bjo to draw a cartoon on his name tag. A little guy in a very big ten-gallon hat saying, "I'm from Texas, ma'am."

Harness had the vision of a magnificent ploy on the literature hucksters down on second floor. These folks were steadily selling great masses of pamphlets and the like to the Catholic Youths along the lines of "Is The Church The Only True Salvation?" and "20 questions for youth to ask themselves before dating" and so on. Well, Harness already regretted not taking his robes of Scientology to the Con...he would have appeared One with the nuns and priests floating around. And he had this idea if he'd known about the Con here of printing up his

JACK AT THE KANSAS

own religious pamphlets. Just a quick swish when they're not looking too close and new blood will be introduced into the Youth Congress. Stuff like, "Is The Pope Fallible?" where inside it says yes. It's a bit mean maybe and Harness would never do it, but it's fun talking about it. And cheaper than collecting, besides.

We noticed, however, that the ones who had got staggering last night had not been stfans. (They got tight and went to bed to collapse.) Nor the SeeBees. The old problem of young folks getting away from the old parental authority, it seems.

The business meeting was over by this time and DC got the bid of course. Buz Busby was telling of an attempt he made to shelve any new Committees that might be foistered on the DisCon. "But no," Buz said. "They wouldn't listen to me and some nit-pickin' %\$#('!&) #1@¢ has to come along and give yet another Con another Old Man Of The Sea to carry. I hope they like him, he's gonna be around a while."

But in time the room cleared somewhat and the IQ tests were handed out and I rediscovered how wonderful it is to write on your lap with a pencil that's two grades too hard to write with. I'd forgotten how much joy it was, since the Army. Maybe I should have tried the Phyllis Economou method of dealing with such tests. Do the last ones first and go back. It would probably work, since the hardest ones are usually at the end.

Still, I got it done quick enough and followed Art Hayes and Walt Breen to the tables. I'm pretty sure I had a near perfect score, since I didn't have to guess once. Still, I didn't sign it anyways.

I'd like to have known the Personality Quotients of the IQ test completers of that morning as against those who took the Edwards tests but didn't make it to the IQ test. Guts. No brains, but plenty a Guts.

Adrienne, outside the room, remained adamant re drawing for the fanzines. There's plenty of crudzines to practice in, I told her. But she says she has no talent. Phooey.

Dian Girard was up by then and Adrienne got a horrified look on her face. She asked Dian, "Do you know what some girl asked me last night? I think it wasn't a fan, but she asked me if I was in drag!"

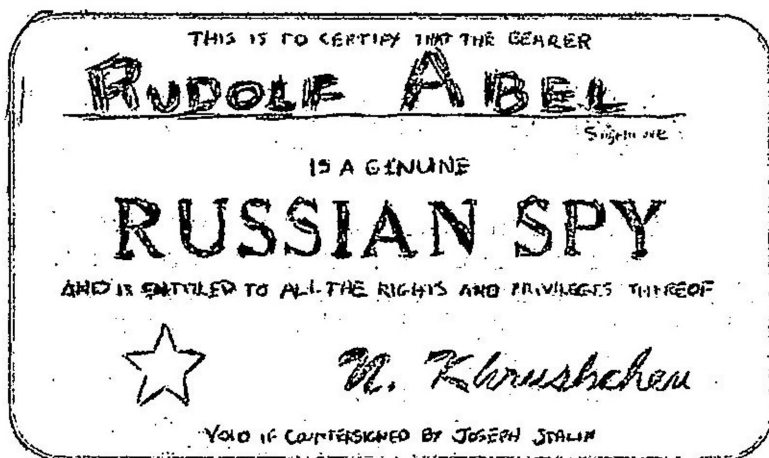
Dian got a horrified look too and said Ghudum in lady-like terms and I went into shell-shock. Adrienne? Mistaken for a faggot, a screamin' queen? The idea is a little crogging. That blond wig of hers for the Black Canary bit was obviously false, but stilllll....

I felt like being protective and fatherly again....

And now is time for a story of fannish luck. I'd brought about twenty old Captain Marvel comics to the Con with me to sell to Dick Lupoff if he wanted them or give to the auction. Neither one wanted them, no one I asked was interested so I asked BHHoward to sell them, splitting the receipts with him 50-50. So what happens? They're gone in fifteen minutes and Mike McInerney comes up to me and asks if I have any more comics. He said I'd underpriced 'em and as the first of a flood of people, said I should have asked him. & %\$#('!&) #1@¢!

Tejon, Berman and Mike were reading the comics and I can still remember Ruth reading TawnyTiger's lines...

LeeHoffman had a tag of the NRA blue eggie with NLGRA on the eggie eagle side and "If Lost, Return To 1932" on the other. She said it stood for National Labor Council of Russian Anarchists. I think she was putting me on. Was she, Ted White?



Ed Meskys gave me the card at left there and I borrowed the Art Show magic marker to fill it in. Quote cards were absent this year but stuff like this put pep into the Con. Who printed 'em Ed? Boardman asked later on if I could loan him some hollow nickels or pencils.

Speaking of Boardman, I went back up to the N3F room then and found a fannish little game going on. Ethel Lind-

say and Madeleine were luxuriating by digging their unshod toes into the nape of the carpet and Boardman was chatting with Madeleine. Wally Weber told Ethel of his fight with the instruction booklet of Interplanetary the other morning. "I got past the first few paragraphs and then decided that there are some things man was never meant to know!" Actually Boardman assured her that you can finish a game of Interplanetary. Yeah, and you can fly if you flap your arms fast enough, so I hear.

Boardman told Madeleine of the new Yank game called "Wind-Up Doll." You think of a doll and tell what it's supposed to do when you wind it up. Like the Integration Bus Rider. Wind him up and he goes to the John. Wind up the Cuba Doll and he nationalizes everything. Wind up the Ellison doll and he writes 20,000 words a day. The John Birch Doll calls you a Commie Symph. The Betty Kujawa Doll talks in exclamation marks. And the Eisenhower Doll? Wind him up and he does nothing.

The Walter Winchell Doll tells you how to run the world. The Campbell doll, at a desk, slowly rises up in the air. And the OAS Doll? Wind him up and he explodes.

Oh, I forgot. Earlier that afternoon, munching on a bagel Les Gerber said Mindes was coming on the program with his Science Fiction, Mental Illness and the Law. Ethel Lindsay said she should see some of the program anyways, so she went on in. Avram Davidson had a bag of real bagels and was passing them out, so I got one for myself and Ethel and joined her.

Unfortunately Mindes hadn't had time to include Bruce Berry's little work of fiction in his comments, but he managed to make it plain that he thought a lot of stf and fandom. He wanted us to keep the literary freedom we now have in the microcosm but running headon into the law isn't the way to do it. He was very interesting. But he distracted me and I ate the bagel! First Bentcliffe's, now this.

Which leaves me to mention something. Saturday I had mentioned a report to Ron Bennett, something about the Con for him. I could picture Bennett, sitting in his unheated shack built under a rusting two-decker retired two generations ago from the Leeds MTA, waiting with desperate hope for anything from America which he could put in his yellow sheet. So I suggested a dual-report to Ron, me paying the postage. So Ethel didn't get through my brogue very well and thot that I wanted her to write the whole thing. And somehow or other I never felt that I could change it. That's the sort of person she is, always willing to pitch in and shoulder the load and all that. Colin Freeman should get her for a nurse!

Like I said, I love that woman. Too bad that the Hotel evidently waited until the next week to post the air letter. But like I said, it wasn't much of a hotel.

That day we were all privileged to see some of Robert Powers artwork up real close. Too damned close.

Personally I despise the bulk of his work as a perfect example of how to clean your brushes and get paid for it. Cythia Goldstone starts much of her Art Show works by dabbling a dirty brush on a clean paper. She will sometimes "see" something there and has built some absolutely ethereal beautys simply by using her talents and imagination and a trick to set herself off. But Powers... Well, THE NIGHT PEOPLE and THE WONDER EFFECT is definitely the Klein school of anti-art. "Slap some paint on any old way, you're famous, they'll pay money for anything...." And from the covers he does, I'd say he's right. The sad thing is that he can handle form and light beautifully if he wants to. But....

As Campbell said at the PittCon about him. "It's not art but it is obviously science fiction." It was no surprise to find that a few agreed with me that his best works were those with some connection with reality.

Still it's colorful and someone will probably say it's got heaps of imagination. Many of his works do, I like that. But blotches of paint on a canvas do not merely denote imagination. Go see Emsh if you want some exciting modernism. He goes from reality, he doesn't deny it! But tastes change, I once didn't like any modern art.

Fred Pohl defended his letter in WARHOON by a simple expedient. Talking with me. He states that he has something like 50 letters in his office asking specifically for a letter column. And the huge number of letters he claimed asked for no letter column asked just exactly that. I'd thot he might be jumping the "no comments" letters with the anti-lettercol faction but he denied this. Frankly he seemed a rather nice chap and is quite enthusiastic about the writer and reader response he had been getting of late. From news of a new companion mag for GALAXY, I'd say very good response.

The FAPA meeting was over so I got hold of MZBradley about the waiting lister's fees in FAPA. She referred me to John Trimble and we had a nice little chat. John by the way, was in a flux over the White seperation. Since they had just quietly agreed to seperate, the FAPA laws governing divorced members can't go into effect. Yet the question is, isn't Sylvia a seperate member then? Who gets custody of the mailings, should Sylvia petition, etc. A sad mess.

Anyways, John was reasonable about the w/lister's fee but would not be budged. The reasoning was that the FA was getting expensive, and once money was involved maybe some of the w/list which just wants to be on as a status thing will drop out. And after all, the \$1 a year will be applicable to dues, and ye'll get one of the finest mailing lists, all corrected, four times a year.

Yeah, and what about poor #61 whose comments on the FA get lost two times by the lackeys of Day in the six year wait he's got ahead of him? Put reply postcards in the comments, John said. Phooey.

I wonder if w/listers might petition the membership in case of reasonable doubt if it was his fault for not acknowledging?

And as John put it, it's only four letters a year. FAPA does want to keep interested waiting-listers, but the word is interested.

Harness at the typer reminded John of the Grennell Plan. It seems that the idea was to dun the waiting list for three bucks a year and then give the membership free dues! I think, I hope Dean was putting us on.

It was getting on toward banquet time so I got dressed up and then remembered my coat was still in Alger's hearse. And the hearse was a mile or so down at Soldier Field. So I left the shirt and tie on anyways, I felt different dressed up, respectable, like.

Up on the N3F room couch Studebaker laid, relaxing and talking with people like Lloyd Biggle and Dave Locke. The lights weren't turned on yet, the sun was going down and it was restful.

Locke asked me about the Lichtman cartoon business and I tried to explain. I'd sent Bob a few cartoons once. And being overstocked, he had sent an undetermined number to Dave Rike, for his Fanzine Clearing House or whatever it was.

Well, I blew my stack and Bob apologized and so forth and so on and he tried to straighten things out. He didn't know which ones he had sent to Rike so he tried to get the stuff back. No luck. I wound up sending six letters to Rike, two of them with stamped return-addressed envelopes enclosed, but no answer. So I told Rike to burn all my stuff and resubmitted it elsewhere, and Bob agreeded and would not use any RIP work he found. And so one cartoon got printed in EHOENIX and Lichtman sent Locke the copy he'd gotten from me and so Locke never printed any more of my stuff. So now everything's clear and fine and all that.

Rike may be the greatest guy in the world but he still doesn't answer his mail.

The banquet was drawing closer, but one fan wasn't going. Buck Coulson also has a unique trade policy for YANDRO. He will take books and magazines, recorder tape, nails and oil paints, lots of things. So Buck was browsing through Howard's store of stuff in order to extend Howard's sub to Yandro. And we got to talking about the old pulps like Startling and Super Science and ktp.

Of course planet and all these competent pulps are not "in" with today's fandom but that still doesn't negate the fact that some durned good stuff has appeared in the Munsey mags and Famous Fantastic Mysteries/Novels. So we talked about Jack Williamson's operas and the Lawrence and Finlay illos and just plain got nostalgic. It is a sad but true that better stories appeared in the other pulps of the forties than is appearing today or has in the past ten years.

Larry Ivie, Les Gerber and Ted White were going down to the Drug Store for some food before the speeches, so I joined them. Ivie is a mild bug on Burroughs and he showed us some mags of the Burroughs collectors and what they did and let me read a Bulletin. At times that Allen St. John could do some fabulous work. I'm glad Ivie is doing so much work now in the St. John fashion. He's got all of St. John's good points and none of the bad.

And now we come to one of the nicest publishers in the business. I met Jimmy Warren out in the lobby and chatted a moment and I got a candy bar and he asked what it was for. An odd question, but I mentioned not having a banquet ticket and Jimmy immediately pushed a ticket in my hand and said, "You've got one now."

What can you say about someone like that? And I never saw him again during the Con and can only surmise that he was called away on business. And was probably looking for some fan who wasn't going, to give it to him. And what's more, how do you thank him? I'd been going through the Con on a very tight budget and would survive without the banquet but how do you turn it down? Or refuse to use it?

Jimmy is a kind warm human being. And I feel that Ted Sturgeon would say that he loves mankind because he loves himself, he groks as much of the world as he can.

And I can only wish that his publishing ventures continue to prosper in a world where the magazine is going under and that he is able to live a full long life with much happiness in it.

And so, because of one man's desire to see someone using his banquet ticket, I happily went my way, down to the West Room. No, I'm not putting you on, Ted White. That's why I didn't show up at the drug-store again.

After propping myself up I tried listening to the sound of the past they'd rigged up on the PA. It was a recording from the old ChiCon to the present and contained a recording of the Orson Welles broadcast over the Mercury network before the war. It was the War of the Worlds broadcast, of course. But the PA system was still out of whack. It was out of whack for the introductions Saturday. It was out of whack for the filk sing before the Masquerade Ball's Grand March. And it cut out again now. Luckily they fixed it for the speeches. This they did by the simple expedient of cutting the Welles broadcast off and probing into the innards for a while.

Some stiffans from Midland, Michigan were there but the only topic of conservation soon came to a sterile dead-end. They were Romney Republicans and I'm solid Labor Democrat so after running around the mulberry bush a while I went back to cutting up the raw roast the Hotel called Prime Beef.

As Tucker put it in his after-dinner remarks, "Well, you've just finished your dinner and you're under-fed and over-charged and now you've got to sit there and listen to me!" Bob also thought that the best line of the ChiCon had been the one in Progress Report where Earl said the attendees would be comfortable in their coats and ties.

We as could laugh laughed. The rest just choked within their comfortable coats and ties. For the air-conditioner gave up the ghost completely after trying to cope with five hundred on up people in one large room.

Harriett Kolchak had a little pocket recorder and recorded much of the wordage during the banquet but missed a phrase here and there when she had to change tapes. Has anyone gotten the ChiCon proceedings from the Con Committee yet?

In time the actual banquet talks began and they started off with a number of special awards. Bob Tucker got the Big Heart Award by Unka Forry and was flabbergasted a bit. All he'd expected to get out of the deal was a free meal "with the other freeloaders", the guests of honor, speakers and Con Committee. A number of special awards were given to other people and AXE says they were actual Hugos. The Hoffman Electric's company has been running a number of stf short-shorts in and as their ads in FORTUNE magazine (at about 50¢ a word, too, I understand...Good!) so they got one. Also receiving one was Don Tuck of Tasmania who put together his checklist. BHHoward took it for him. For Service to Stf, Sturgeon himself got one and it'll go nicely with the IFA award for MORE THAN HUMAN. And that livin' doll, Cele Goldsmith, got one for service above and beyond the call of duty for taking AMAZING out of the Fairman class by leaps and bounds.

I'd asked Jack Chalker for the loan of his program booklet but he didn't have his so I simply marked Harriet Kolchak's at the nominees I thought would win the Hugos. And I was right for Novel, Series (dramatic presentation, rather), PRO ARTIST, PRO MAGAZINE and AMATEUR MAGAZINE. And I still don't see how Scylla's Daughter lost Short-Fiction. And I wonder if the whole Hothouse series isn't inelligible, since it's hardly one short story.

By the fact that there were exactly five candidates in each category shows me that they picked the first five, regardless of whether three or six or seven or four garnered most of the nomination votes. By such a method they managed to exclude THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS and I guess it just goes to prove that you can't please anyone any of the time or howere that goes.





At any rate, for posterity here are the awards.

The Novel award went to Heinlein for STRANGER of course. Now that I've read the thing I'm glad it did. It's ending is weak and insufficient in some aspects but it brought back the old Sense of Wonder by sheer weight of Beyond Concepts.

Short Fiction went to Aldiss for the Hothouse stories.

Dramatic Presentation, natch went to Twilight Zone, making it three Hugos for Rod. A series of fair quality has it all over a one-shot production no matter how brilliant because more people will see the series.

Pro Artist went to Ed Emshwiller and he should bring Carol to more Cons more often. He has three or so now but with Schoenherr and Schelling (and why wasn't he on the Honorable mentions list?) Ed is far from resting on his laurels.

Analog won the Pro Mag award through vote splitting, I suppose. Everyone else voted for F&SF, Science Fantasy and Amazing.

There was little doubt about WARHOON winning the fanzine Hugo. And Ted White says he has never known anyone that could be so durned shy. He'll make an appointment to see a fan and then break it or refuse to come to the door and so on. Who knows what evil lurks....

And Tucker had light pratter all the way through and various people picked up the awards.

It was about there that Earl Kemp leaped up all over the mike, chopping up one of Tucker's punchlines and Earl said that it might be better if Robert Heinlein picked up his own Hugo. Heinlein had made it after all.

He gave a little speech and he seems more like a fan than ever. For he had the regulation sad tale of How Not To Travel To Cons. They had had Heinlein at work down south on something Scientific and he tho't he'd never make it. But he hopped a plane and it had to land in St. Louis as Chi was clouded over or something. So he spent most of the afternoon trying to cover Illinois' modern highway system to get to the Con. I hear they're gonna pave the stretch between Peoria and Springfield one of these days... Anyways, Heinlein made it, excused his wife on medical grounds and then said it. He invited all fans up to his suite for a party afterwards. Brave words for someone up on his feet for so long.

In time things calmed down and the banquet went on. Ron Ellik threw the TAFF race open and then introduced Ethel Lindsay. She had a few words to say in Thanks and then Walt Willis said he was going to enjoy himself for all of us and all those still over there.

And Ted Sturgeon rose, smiled down at his wife and then started talking. You couldn't hardly call it a speech. It was more like a bit of conversation for all the facts that it was knit together, had a narrative hook, kept throwing rocks at the hero, us, and reached a conclusion. But Ted managed to keep it personal and whatever else you've got to admit he can talk without talking down.

He described the ChiCon as actually being three Cons. All happening at the same time but still three Cons. For there were three distinct classes of people here. Fans, Pros and Readers.

Ted talked about Fans first. For whatever reason they do this, they (fans) have helped keep the field alive. They have talked it and kicked it and were the saddest people of all if anything happened

to it. They spend their time and money producing amateur magazines which are in many cases better than commercial mags and write gems that would grace the pages of any self-respecting promag. And they do all of this out of love for a field of literature in which they believe in. And for themselves.

And then he talked about his dear wife and how they were with friends once and she said something which broke him up completely. He had it in a little black book and showed it to Earl Kemp (as a fan). Earl didn't stop smiling for an hour.

The next step was pros. And for this he reminisced over Real People He Was Honored To Know. Ted had mentioned that he liked to receive fanzines...he never writes back but they don't wind up unread for nothing someone has sweated so much blood over can be complete and worthless. And now he mentioned some pros who loved the field, and also loved fans. And those who just hacked it out and many incidents he remembered in many fans and authors lives. And despite the fact that they're underpaid in the stf field. That they're scorned by Serious Authors. That they're harrassed by an uncaring mundane readership. They continue to love stf and keep going back to it.

So ending the pro section (very abruptly I thought) he called Avram Davidson up to the table. Avram, with his sexy yarmulkah on, was rolling off the table with tears going down his face after reading the notation.

With that Ted went on to readers. It soon developed that he equated Readers with People, the great mass of mundania out there.

He had a tale to tell about love. First he told a little parable about the guy meeting girl. They meet, they talk, they get married, all on superficialities, all with a mask before them. So comes the morning she burns the toast, he growls and she says he never used to talk like that before. And he didn't. For he had quit trying to fool the world that he cared for it.

He told of one day he'd just simply tried gathering the super market carts together and back into the store, simply because he cared how his supermarket, his world looked. He botched the job but he did try and that's very important. For a person has got to love himself and the world around him. If he doesn't allow love to motivate him to improve his world, he doesn't dare let love show between himself and the closest people around him.

If a person can love himself, he has no difficulty in loving the world for it is the golden rule plus. You treat your neighbors as you would like to treat yourself....with love.

He kept using the word love because it is so many things at so many times, and thus even yet comes closest to being a broad generic term for all that feeling man can have for himself and his fellow man.

And that's how he ended, asking us all to apply the Golden Rule to ourselves first. For then the rule, love, will flow out from us to those around us.

The next person Ted called up to the speaker's platform was Bob Bloch. Bloch laughed and laughed and laughed. Earl, Avram and Bob were all under oath not to talk.

So Ted said he'd tell us what was in the book. The next time he was a Guest of Honor at a WorldCon! So doing he tore out the page and burned it. The rat!



"YOU'RE SURE THAT THIS IS WHAT STURGEON MEANT BY ALL OF US LOVING EACH OTHER?"

Now, maybe I've been spoilt rotten by Blish and Anderson, but I thot there were a number of things lacking in Sturgeon's speech. For one thing, it really didn't come to a conclusion. It told us to be good and mind our own Golden Rules but no real conclusion. And I'll tell ye why....

Ye see, it wasn't really a speech at all. A speech presents some bits of data in some form and attempts to show, find or prove something according to the dictates of the speaker. But all Ted did was present some fairly interesting and engaging tidbits, anecdotes and personal rules on life. They were not connected one to the other in formalistic pattern and Ted already accept his own rules for life as self-evident. So all he did was show some of his reasoning behind it.

Now, this may be all fine and dandy. But to an audience already primed to expect something great, a magnificent speech with a cosmic punch-line, it was a come-down. For either it was a rambling sermon or an interesting chat, depending on your point of view (and I did hear it called a rambling sermon.). But it was not a speech. And I was sad that it wasn't.

Earl had discovered the perfect way of keeping a captive audience in the hall. He told the attendees that there would be a number of door prizes given away, and ye had to be in the room to get it. So he got Tucker to draw the names out and for a while it was hilarious. For not only were the first few names called not there, but then he called two or three of the Con Committee members and Earl said they couldn't have a door prize and then he called folks like Ted Carnell who at last call weren't even on that side of the Atlantic!

Finally they got rid of the stuff like complete runs of F&SF, Imagination, Imaginative Tales and so on. And then he mentioned a mimeograph and three hundred hearts beat as one. A mimeo! So Bob called the name and Earl had to laugh because he couldn't accept it, and then.... "Tandy Sturgeon." So Tandy, big eyed and all, went up to Bob and Earl and claimed the mimeo, someone hauling it down to the end of the table for Ted. So Bloch asked Tandy something and then said, "I'll expect your first issue before the month is over!"

I dunno.... And the banquet was over.

On the way upstairs I caught up with Ed Emsh on the service stairs (he had discovered his own route to his room, in lieu of service by the elevators) and congratulated him on the Hugo, natch. Ed is really quite pleased by the Hugos and loves Art. He told me about his latest experimental films and cleared up a minor point for me. He had shown some films at the Detention which revealed a step-by-step construction of a promag cover. But despite the film he did have a broad idea of how the picture should be. And then let nature take its course. With his experimental art he was never sure just how ex-

actly how it would come out, but he always had deliberate control over what he was doing. A master craftsman.

Ed is quite happy over some of the comptetion arriving in the field. He likes Schelling's work too, for which Allah be praised. I was beginning to think I was a lost soul crying in the wilderness. Adkins too, for ol' Dan'l had served his apprenticeship in the fanzines and was now a talented illustrator.



"DAMNED IF I KNOW. HE SAVED THE ASHES FROM AN ASHTRAY AND HAS BEEN WORKING ON THEM ALL NIGHT."

But Ed had to get back and stash his Hugo. So I said good-bye for a while and changed my own soggy clothes. Li,e it was hot!

Charles Wells was downstairs and I asked him about my artwork that I'd sent him. He got in a flux at that because he hadn't received any. No matter on that, I said, lately I keep copies of everything I send out. Charles isn't too long on artwork for his zines so I described the fillos and cartoons to him. Thomas Schleuck of Germany asked for some small illos about the size of Rotsler's stuff so I used a new style I'd been thinking about. Drew a few more and forgot about 'em.

So I was talking about fanzine art and Charles mentioned that he'd noticed that my female faces all tended towards a sameness. That was partly because too much detail can't be put into mimeo work. And partly because I discovered I was putting my idealized woman into them. Well, partly idealized. Actually they looked a lot like Shirley, but that brought back painful memories. I'd broken up with her just before the Con and it was too fresh. At least better now than after the ceremony, I said. Charles is getting married himself this fall or winter and evidently likes her a bit.

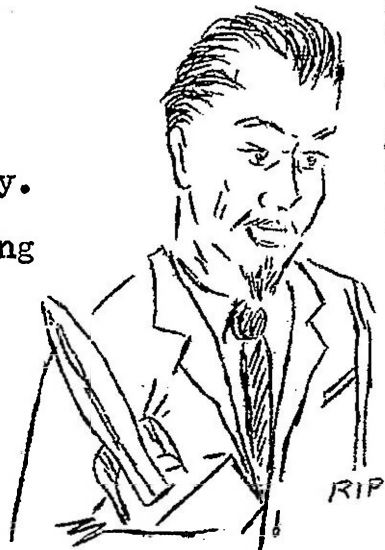
No doubt his own fatherly instincts coming to the fore.

From there it was art in fanzines in general. You see, the fan artist must be a peculiar person indeed. For he must have enough talent to draw, which implies a desire for people to see and appreciate (and compliment) his work. But he must also cope with a gigantic void. For you will find that there is bloody little comment for the artist, especially the supplier of fillos. Even covers are but rarely mentioned.

Therefore he becomes quite sensitive to the faintest notice of his work. He will scan reviews for a two word note, a quick condemnation. Never was a neofan so without egoboo as the fillo artist in fandom. The Art Show is a wonderful outlet for this need for recognition, criticism, anything! Which is why I'm in three apas and publish a regular fanzine. (As regular as ROT anyways....) I'm a firm believer in the notion that fandom is a series of interlocking egos. And Charles was surprised how a Con and a conversation like his could effect me, anyways. It is contact and supplies the spirit with refreshener like onto JoePhen in the desert and sustains the spark of fanac. Over a hundred illos flew forth in the period immediately following the ChiCon....

But Leiber was over and Bloch was beginning so we both went into the Florentine room. It was packed, and it is far from being a small room. Bruce Pelz was walking by and I berated him again for changing the face of fandom. For he had shaved off his beard just before the masquerade and was in disguise for most of the rest of the Con. Everyone knew the beard and no one recognized the neat fellow in the white shirt....

Bloch soon had things set up and to the accompaniment of slides joked his way through a very competent discourse. Bloch was talking about monsters. With all due respect to the Famous Monsters of Film-land haters in the audience, some of the best films of Hollywood were what would now be called monster flics and most of the good pre-Thing stf flics were. Between punchlines, Bloch would call for slides of various monsters, detailing the growth of make-up masters in film-land. Naturally he went through Lon Chaney, the cabinet of Dr. Caligari,



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♫ "OH, WALLY? WE THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW----WE ♫
SOLD YOU TO ETHEL LINDSAY
FOR TEN CENTS." ♫

and the development of monsters from mere warped humans and golems to robots and Things of scales, tentacles and as the monster became more and more of a world menace and less something a person could fight himself, the films became less and less believable because the spectator could not lose himself in the celluloid battles.

I loved some of those old stills. And those jokes! For a starter Bloch mentioned he was going to show pix of monsters and Bob Tucker's picture was shown....

Emsh was on next and as a few left for parties, I was able to finally get a seat. I do not recommend Cons to fans with weak arches, you stand too much. You talk with that fan and this pro

and the hucksters and this and that and you get flat feet.

Ed gave the go-ahead to the movie projectionist in a moment and then showed first a few old films he'd originally shown at Detroit. It is something, to say that a whole new generation of fans saw them.

The first ones were done with a Bolex, taking one or two frames at a time. Emsh would draw a little of his cover, take a few frames and go on. The result was that you saw the covers flow together in a smooth continuous motion, quite enerverating. Next was a study in colors and balance. Frames changed color and tones and each was an entirely new attempt at balancing different colors. The one after was his famous Dance Chromatic. In it, you will remember, you watch a canvas painted on, the canvas fills the whole picture. Modern jazz beeps in the background and a pro dancer does the thing in tune with the jazz and the motions of the paint. It was fantastic, as always.

In between films Ed answered questions of his audience. He let everyone know, too, that these prize winning films (Cannes '59) were available through Cinema 16 offices for showing to your local film groups. (Plug, plug.)

But now came the new stuff. To a very tinny beautiful jazz background interspersed with wavering shrills and "morning music" (static waves) a nude was filmed in multiplicity. Ed would film the nude and then rewind to the original start of that particular sequence. And then film it again, with the nude slightly changed in position. He would do this four to eight times each and the effect was staggering. (It was in color I might add and is quite decent legally.) The body would be still yet it would be quivering, shaking, interloping into fluidness all to the tune of highly excited music, music that sounded like it was in a frightening hurry. Ed used a few different filters in it and the body would change color. And always in between and with the body was the canvas as the colors rolled through and over and into it with each beat of music and time. Your heart automatically speeded up and the film kept shocking you with motion and sight and sound.

I was exhausted when it was over, but Ed had yet another film to show. It was called Thanatopsis (spelling?).

I must describe it to you. A totally black background. The sound of a heartbeat. Steady, never altering in sound nor quality. Then you see a man's face (Ed's brother-in-law). It was an unmoving face,

one with no change in expression, one as if dead. And the heart-beat continued. (This one was in black and white). Then...a hand. Using the multi-run technique mentioned over, the hand vibrated. It moved, flexing itself, turning over, as if the owner were studying it for the first time. The face again. And then back to the hand, the face, now an arm, a full bust of the man, the dancer next, she spun. Can you imagine spinning standing still? Then you noticed the increasing whine of a buzz-saw, rising and lowering in pitch as the dancer or hand moved towards or away from you. Those were the only two sounds and man, you've never heard an eerie sound like that buzz-saw while that dancer moved. She moved as if imbued with the spirits of a legion, a slow graceful fluid shivering hurried motion. Then she did spin, and moved and spun and danced and all this time the head would come on, the buzz-saw would lower and the heart beat, oppressive, ever present, would impinge on your senses again. And the girl now danced around the man, seated totally immobile in the chair, no breathing or anything, a steady glassy stare. The figure spun and vibrated around him, fading near and far and moving with a horrifying need to move swiftly and more and more faster. Then suddenly the background was white and she was now black and she spun towards the camera and you were moving down a light-filled multi-dimensional shrill street, with the world viewed in a thousand distortions and the camera moved and moved and moved faster and the buzz-saw got louder and louder and you were watching the man in the chair and all that was heard was the heart beat. And on a black screen an electrical pattern of a heart beat moved across and it was The End.

A fabulous experience, I was really and truly shook. Out in the lobby Ed basked in some egoboo and told us about Thanatopsis. It means a contemplation of death, greek. Ed explained the camera work and assured us that he had something new in the works for the DisCon. Everyone with any interest in art should see Thanatopsis. Never before have I seen a film that could not have been made in any other medium but sound track cellouid. Fabulous.

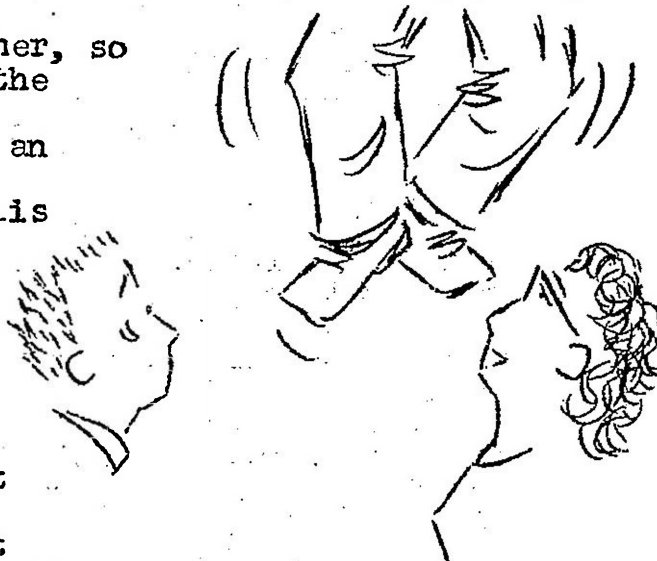
There were some college attempts at stf films showing, but they were all pretty amateurish (though Harness designed sets for one) in plot and acting. The editing was pretty jagged too.

Ellis Mills had invited me up to his room for a very small party and since I didn't know of any others, I went on up and enjoyed myself immensely.

Ellis had come in with his mother, so she was the gracious hostess while the few of us sampled some wonderful summersausage they had picked up in an Ohio Fair. Mike Deckinger was up there happily chatting away with Ellis in vest and Dean and Jean Grennell. Dean had his camera yet and was telling Mike that another issue of Grue might actually be coming out one of these days. He felt a bit more interested in fanac and he could get some material... But he probably wouldn't anyway so don't count on it.

Dean said he might use some art work eventually but not in the foreseeable future. Same with Mike's writing.

It had been bugging me as to



"WELL, WE WARNED KLEIN
ABOUT THAT FLASH ----

what model Savage I had, since I'd tried to tell Busby the other day and couldn't, so I asked Dean. But he thought I was trying to find out if a gun had been built such and such a way, not which model it was. My old Sears Savage is an old model, though.

So Dean was telling us about his barber and other people mentioned in his FAPA publication. The ol' furnace salesman has quite a readership of whatever he writes within his own home town, you see.

Chatter, chatter, chatter. Ah, how peaceful. No crowds, no noise, just talk when you felt like it.

The Kyles came up in a thrice and Jim Broderick and Fred Prophet also blew in with Alderson Fry and some nameless Ghood Man. I say Ghood Man because he brought his own bottle with him and wouldn't dream of keeping it corked. The Grennell's left and the Kyles and I settled down while Alderson Fry got the Nameless Ghood Man as a victim and told him all he knew. Alderson knows a lot and it doesn't take you long to find out that he would like to tell you all he knows.

Ruth was starving and she adored that summer sausage of Ellis's. We all luxuriated for a few hours in just talking about radio stations, new automobiles, state fairs, sausage, the con so far and gossiping about everybody. Kyle tried to explain the WorldCon Flag bit. He sold it to the next Con for a buck since the WSFS, Inc. was defunct and had gotten quite a few barbs from Sandy Sanderson about it.

Oh, it was beautiful and so relaxing. Too relaxing, I almost fell asleep though Ruth's and Fred's chatter certainly wasn't boring!

But Ellis Mill's mother was tired and we all said our good-byes and left them to their sleep. It was past three ach emme! The Kyles were shot too, so they trooped off and I wound up looking for a party by myself. Pardon me, it was this night that I left the Lupoff's and Shaws alone when they were crowded.

Eventually I found the Webberts, though, as Dick had told me about. Jim and Wally Conser were screening visitors at the door (it was a closed party, like Ellis', by invitation only.) However, Jim told me to come on in so I did.

By the way, Ellis says that he wants to become more active in OMPA and will try managing it this coming spring or winter.

Doreen Webbert was suffering from a slight cold, getting it as Jim got over it. The disadvantages of married life. Geshundheit! Ah, it was another quiet non-blotto party. And no filk singing. I like filk singing but it's hell on conversation.

Doreen was warning Jay Kay Klein about him and his camera, Doreen didn't dig flashbulbs all that much at that stage of the game, and Jay kept the peace happily. It was a grand party. I asked about this and that and Jim Webbert assured me that he certainly wasn't feeling bad over the jokes I'd made at his ChiCon II escapades. Like, it was ten years ago! Walt Willis had said that it was a dirty trick Jim played on him. For Walt had written up those escapades in Harp, Walt had that Webbert had gaffed. So then Jim has come back in and Willis didn't know what to say. I think Jim went upto Willis later and told him not to feel bad about it.

Those in SAPS will remember that Wally Weber gave a trip report of the Webbert wedding down in Tampa and in one spot told of doing something in a supermarket. But he didn't know what it was! Doreen had nearly fainted, and the whole family learned of it but they would not tell Wally...or SAPS. So, dying of curiosity they told me. Wally had been thirsty and in Florida they have separate drinking facilities for white and negro. Well, Wally had just went over and had a drink without noticing the signs and Doreen had asked, "You had a drink out of that fountain!?" To which Wally said yes and thus started the great guessing game, Wally couldn't figure out what he'd done that was

so outrageous. Doreen told the rest of the Seattle mob when they'd got there and Buz heard it and said, "He did!?!?" And Wally couldn't figure out what it was that he'd done. So he had finally learned that day and here he'd been expecting that he'd done something really horrible like waving a US flag in the heart of Dixie or something.

That day Doreen and Ethel Lindsay had also held their own Auction Bloch. And Wally had gone to Ethel for 10¢. Doreen said that it was going to be lonely going back to Seattle without Wally.

It seems that Wally counts bridges. Wally had counted bridges in Tampa (along with only making left-hand turns) and Doreen had made him count all the bridges, culverts and spans they ever went over and Wally said, "I never knew there were so many bridges in the State of Washington!"

HBeam Piper was in and we all thanked him for producing some good solid fun fiction for us and Piper's publisher seems happy over it too. But Doreen was suffering from her cold and it was past five and Sue Henderson left so I couldn't ogle her legs across the room anymore and Jim shooed us all out and it was a grand party while it lasted. This was the night of the quiet parties. And to bed....

MONDAY....THE LAST DAY

It was as if a pall hung in the air. Despite the crowds of people I'd like to have talked with but never got around to, despite the Art Show Robbery, it had still been a grand Con. Certainly it is doubtful even in our Best Fandoms Of All as Boggs puts it whether such a line-up of greats and near-greats will ever be assembled in one spot again.

So, last day withdrawal symptoms gnawed at me and I ran around a great deal saying things to people I hadn't said anything to yet for the whole Con and generally missing all this already.

Many people were already leaving that morning and others left in the afternoon and although some would stay over for Tuesday, the Con was on its last legs.

The hucksters were still in business and would sell stuff until the last minute. Howard told how by standing in one spot he'd eventually met, talked with and sold stuff to most of the fans and attendees at the Con. A small proof that we still read the stuff.

The Con Committee sales group had been flogging Advent books of various types, including THE EIGHTH STAGE OF FANDOM by Bloch. In a hardbound yet! Ellik got a copy and all that morning he was rushing around gathering autographs for it. An Index told who was mentioned and RonEl was amazed at the huge number of people and fans and pros Bloch had known and written about. So RonEl was gathering all these autographs and would present the suitably inscribed book to Bloch before he left to return to the grind of producing TV scripts.

Out in the lobby Mike Deckinger told of a fabulous thing he had done. As you know, Lester del Ray has written THE LLth COMMANDMENT and Budrys has it out in pb form. Well, it's anti-established church to a certain extent, some say a great deal. But it looks quite innocent with the stained-glass window on the cover and all. So Mike made some sort of a deal with AJBudrys, told him of his plans and Mike took a small batch down to the second floor where the hucksters were peddling their religious pamphlets. Mike sidled down, and very quietly and inconspicuously laid down the batch of pb's on the table. He checked in a little while and some of them were gone. A little later more, and finally all of them.

I can picture the consternation when they discovered that it was a science-fiction theological novel instead of Bishop Sheen stuff.

Maybe it was a dirty trick but then I'm dirty....

Walter Breen was quite enthused over the coup and now that I think of it, I wonder when in hell he's going to publish his Con report. And FANAC is late, as usual.....

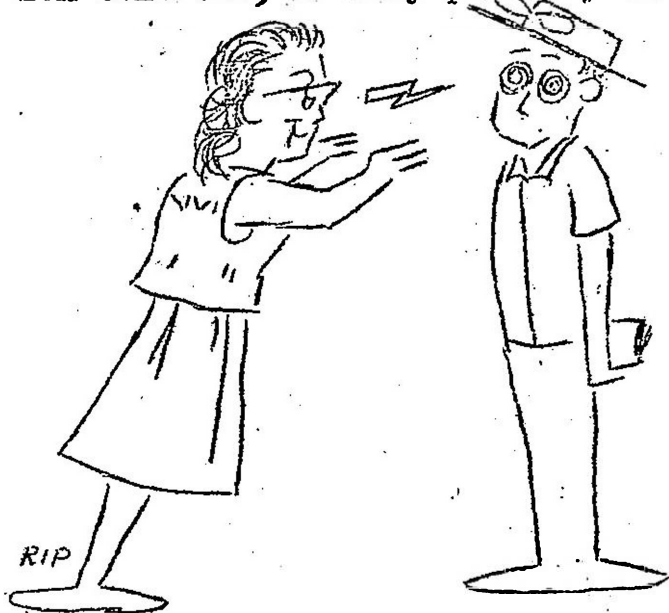
The Art Show looked forlorn now too. They were making plans to pack up all the artwork and the proud owners of particular pieces were asking when they could greedily grasp them to their bosoms.

Everyone was taking a good last look before it all disappeared. Bjo had tried printing up SILME, the Art Show mag before the ChiCon but had been delayed until all she was able to do was publish it and assemble a few copies to show at the ChiCon itself. Charles Wells showed me the cover and wondered if using the cover process, he might be able to use some of my small charcoals for a cover himself some day. I was very unenthusiastic over electro-stencilling something which was almost primarily half-tones and this might be a solution.

Up in the N3F room they were finally getting ready to move out but time for one last cuppaJava. BHHoward and a few others had donated quite a few boxes of old prozines and pbs to the N3F for the NFFF room and it made me a little proud. For Howard could have sold his stuff and made money off it but gave it away instead. Some of the prozines were good TWS and FFM/FFN too, along with hard to get pocketbooks like the early Ballentine series and Pocket Book label stuff. Most of it was unmarked yet as far as could be determined, not one thing had walked out the door.

Down in the hucksters room Don Franson and Art Hayes tried to talk me into the N3F but what I told Ralph Holland (Requiescat in Pace) still held true. I could give nothing to the organization at that time and would get correspondingly less out of it. I'd just be another chunk of deadwood and it'd play nob with my conscience not doing anything anyways.

One thing I did shell out for, tho, was the Jay Kay Klein photo book. He had pubbed one after the PittCon, you will remember and if it's anything like that one the ChiCon one should be a real swinger. When it comes out, they'd appreciate corrections and additions to the list of who's-who in the photos. They actually did publish a booklet of corrections and additions a coupla months after the PittCon Edition came out, so they probably will this time.



Hoffman, Tucker and AJBudrys were talking and during a lull I got to ask Algis about his rank in the Lithuanian Army. It wasn't a rank in the old Lithuanian army I discovered. But a present rank in the present Lithuanian Army. Those with maps will note that Lithuania is now part of the USSR... Algis said he was a spear carrier, and had never fired a shot in anger but had fabulous tales to tell of the time he was in Sweden with an expeditionary force and he was expecting to go over and fight the Russians in the forests, guerilla fashion. But they called his section off and Algis just quietly got shipped back without taking part

"You like APAs.....you like APAs.. in the continuing struggle. The ...Ken Cheslin is OE of OMPA....his man is a well, a veritable well. address is 18 New Farm Road...."

But time was pressing and I had to check out. I picked up my money from the Art Show, minus commission and Domina's share of the rent and went down and paid up. The lobby looked empty with no fans milling around.

Jim and Doreen Webbert were going on out so I tagged along and discovered that they were going to the Chicago Art Museum up the street a block or two. They couldn't find a specific charm for Doreen's bracelet though they looked in all the jewelry shops on the way. Pelz waved at us and thought we were crazy going to see the Art museum on a Con day. So he went back to his meal. But the Hotel was oppressive to me, on this the last day and it seemed a beautiful thing to go see some mundane Art on the last day and as they dismantled the fan art show. And the Webberts made good company.

It was hot and muggy. I hadn't realized how much the hotel air conditioners had actually helped, tho it was still hot inside.

We agreed that no one should visit a city like Chicago without getting to see a little of its sights.

Inside we roamed around and oohed and ahed over the art and curios in the place. The beautiful bronzes from real ancient China, the giant bronze temple bell. And the paintings over which I drooled somewhat. The Flemish artists, the later Dutch geniuses, the florentines and the French greats like Renoir. It was fabulous in spots even though it was hot inside.

We talked about ourselves and the artists and how the works effected us. In one room they had ceramic dolls, the famous Meissen dolls and the later periods of greatness of Leipzig, Nymphenburg and Hesse also had their place amongst the everlasting fluid live life-like porcelain figures. They had mirrors under and behind some pieces so you could see the crossed swords and caps and initials and caricatures of the great craftsmen of the 17th and 18th Centuries.

We didn't think much of the modern art exhibit, Klein and the barn paint splatter school leave us unmoved except for a faint nausea.

But as all good things must, it had to end. They had to get back and I wasn't entirely sure when Alger would be wanting to drive us back to Detroit in the hearse.

Back at the Hotel, we said sad good-byes to the Kujawas who were leaving early because they weren't feeling well. So they packed their car and we waved as they drove into the distance. And it reminded me poignantly that it was time to say good-bye.

It's a very sad thing saying good-bye. It has such an air of finality and amongst friends, such a pain and sorrow. With gaffiations and moves out west and deaths and all it is never sure that you will ever see so-and-so again, yet you must perforce say, "See you again" or "DC is the word" or... And to Ethel and WAW the word would have to be given with even less hope. For it is doubly doubtful if ever their faces will pass before my eyes again. So the word had to be, "Maybe in '65". And it cannot be known if I'll ever make it over there.

WAW didn't have a picture of Carol with him which killed a joke of mine about coming over to see her instead of her parents. And since I thought I'd be leaving early, I said a last good-bye to Walt and Madeleine, fighting back the sorrow and broke away abruptly so I wouldn't cry. And left the good-byes behind me, even though seeing them after that, to cut off the pain. And how to say good-bye to Ethel? I managed to leave it until just going into the hearse to go back to Detroit and it was the last g-dbye I said.

But time for a little joy even yet. I got by a couch and stayed there for much of the afternoon. Fans passed, Grennell talked about photography, his wife came, Wrai Ballard came. Wrai told about his

troubles on the farm this and last year. The farm had gone into the red a few thousand last year and his folks told him to go on out to the SeaCon anyways, since a hundred or so wouldn't be any more of a debt to them at that stage. But this year they had made out okay, paid off all debts and were in the black by a good amount. And Wrai had to chuckle over that. The only ways he could afford to come to the Cons was either if he was broke or rich. If they just made by he would never come because then they'd go into the red somewhat!

Hal Lynch came down and Elinor and I talked about OMPA and SAPS. She no longer cares too much about SAPS but loved OMPA now. She is past the habit of publishing giant apazines but she intends to remain quite active.

Hal heard us speaking about APAs, so he flashed Lichtman's Guide to APAs at us (a NFFF handbook for members) and asked, "What does it mean!?" The words and sentences by themselves seemed to make sense to him but put all together they spelled confusion. So we went at poor Hal and tried to explain. Elinor said that quite simply a bunch of fans sent their magazines to one central distributing point and the magazines were mailed out to the members at specific intervals.

But the wealth of detail in the Handbook was too much, he persisted in not understanding the Big Picture. It sounded logical the way Elinor said it, but the Handbook got him all confused again.

Elinor then laid her hand on his shoulder and said, "Hal, I've finally figured you out. You don't want to understand the APAs because you know that if you do you will become an APA member yourself. It's a sort of Freudian defense."

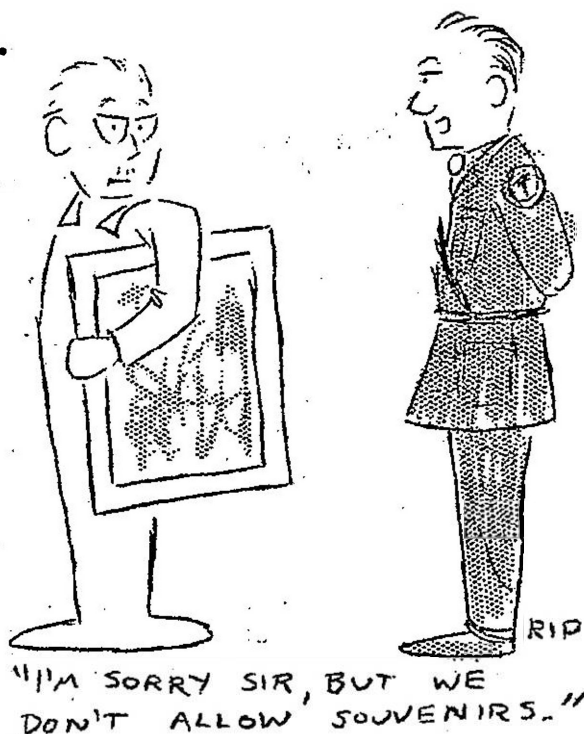
Lynch laughed painfully and said that he still didn't understand APAs and Elinor continued on the theme, broadening it, how Lynch was trying not to get into the apas by this means, how he'd been this way for years and we gave him notice that we'd expect him to cleanse his mind of this morbid paranoia about APAs and would expect him to apply to Cheslin for membership in OMPA before the December mailing.

"Go ahead, Hal. It'd be good therapy, sort of like psycho-drama."

Rosemary Hickey came by and flopped out on the couch and talked with Ethel and us.

She was bushed. But still willing to gab with us. She told us about her house in the suburbs and the kooks they had for neighbors and how they'd painted the rocks in the driveway (shades of the Army!) for a local improvement gig. And Rosemary Hickey introduced Ethel to Chicago's Yellow Press, showing her various spots in the magazine. Ethel said she had seen England's version of Yellow Press but not as bad as some of the scandal sheets here. Larger mass audience.....

Ruth suddenly gave a little screech. A good fan came by and asked her if this camera was heres. She'd left it somewhere and it was a very good Hasselblad set-up and her husband would have killed her... And in that Hotel, too. She recounted some of the complaints some of the fans had about the Hotel and it was evident that it was not too much of a hotel. But as Buz said, with three Cons in this



hotel, it is evident that Chicago enjoys a seller's market and is gouging while it can. Chi has heaps of Cons every year, ye see.

Charles Wells said goodbye and I was sad to see him go. We had had breakfast that morning and we talked of women, art, college and math. He thought I should have gone on to college but family troubles with my alcoholic old man had fouled that up and unless I went to Night College I don't see how I'd be able to go.

They were finally closing down the Art Show, the trophies were in the winner's hands or on their way (the awarding of prizes was held on Sunday morning by the way). The Art was gone or packed away. And Bjo just leaned against the door, safeguarding the room until John could finish the last tidbits up. So Bjo grabbed me and asked if I took cheese sandwiches to Cons.

After a second I reacted affirmatively and she asked if I remembered feeding some to her dog at the Detention. I did and she said, "So now I know why she wasn't eating her dog food during the Con!" I had bunked with the LA crew then and Bjo had this little darling Chihuahua or hairless or whatever it was it was delightful. No one was a stranger to her. So Bjo had found out afterwards that I was feeding her from my stock of cheese sandwiches, the others were feeding her food from the tables and even the bell-boys had given her a piece of hamburger daily. So Bjo would come in and feed the dog and she'd go "Snif!" and disdainfully walk away and Bjo was worried the dog was sick but she wasn't. One night she had come back and MZBradley (her roommate) had allowed her to get up onto the bed with her. So Bjo was afraid the dog would wake MZB or bother her or something so she was silently trying to shoo the dog and the dog just raised her head and snuffled at her and snuggled back against Marion. Hence the cartoon above (on my name-tag) which Bjo had drawn.

Dian Girard and Tejon were a bit shot, they'd picked up their bus tickets or something and we just sat down and talked. Ted found a copy of The Observer (a scandal sheet newspaper). So we sat down and leafed through it and Dian found the Personal Ads.

And brother, were they personal. "Wanted: Young male amputee wants domineering woman willing to use discipline on her lover." Man desires relationship with woman, age no object, able to discipline her erring lover. And it went on like that, with "congenial" couples want to meet other congenial couples, women with whips wanting people they can practice on, all sorts of fetish stuff like that. Tejon found an ad for The Kind Of Pictures Men Like and Dian wanted him to send in and get them, for her. Because no one would show them to her themselves. And so on and so on. That paper was fabulous. We read ads to each other, each time getting a new sense of wonder. Dian was kidding Tejon and asked if he was domineering and it was great fun.

But the hucksters show was closed, Alger was ready to go as was everyone else. I fought back the tears and started saying some fond goodbyes to everyone I could grab. I wished I had time to go see Bob Heinlein again, I'd talked with him that morning but the cart of stuff headed for the elevator and I gave Harness my telephone number to give to Ethel and it was all over.

Fini, the Con was over officially and for me.

See ya in D.C. P

RIP



As some of you have by now noted, the rest of this magazine is a report on the TriChiCon, '62. Ah, and it was a lovely con.....

You might wonder why the report is so obviously divided into two sections. Well, it's this way. I'm planning to bring out two issues of SATHANAS, my genzine, during December. And the report will be split between them. They'll be quite close together, if I don't mail them out together, so there will be none of the characteristic fmz two or three month wait between sections of the report.

If I had used all my notes, I believe this monstrosity would have been a good eighty pages long. Oh, it would have certainly been the definitive Con report. But who could read it?

I hope youse like this. Except for two copies to Schultheis for the fanzine collection, there will be only 50 copies of this mag in existence, no extras this time. Feel exclusive? Good.

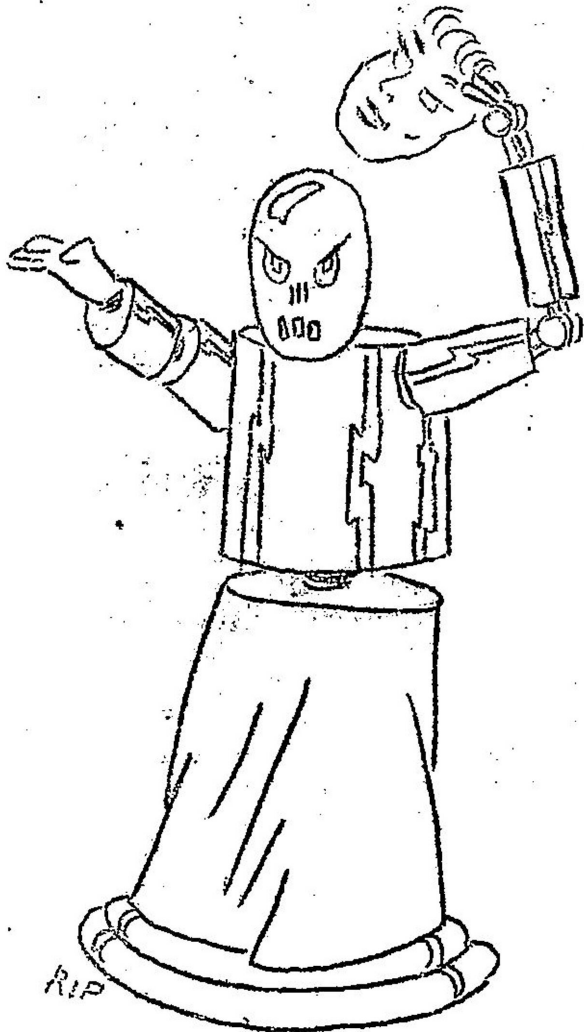
With the ChiCon I've met 17 members of OMPA including Ted Johnstone and excluding Bentcliffe, 12 being present at Chicago.

OMPAns with sharp memories will remember the burning sorcerer on the last page of ENVOY 9. It was the first of a series of Chess pieces I'm drawing. The Last was the "Sorcerer", equivalent to a Bishop except that it cannot take another Sorcerer. The below is an extra piece which is situated in front of the Pits (Keeps, or Castles). It's like a pawn (or Archer, on this set) and can move one or two on

the first move. However, it can take any piece to its front or side. Unlike a pawn, or Archer, it is not restricted to taking enemy men at an angle.

The board is regulation, and there the same number all told of men on each side. But it would be a different game. For one thing, can you imagine the opening gambits the powers of the Mannikin would force on the players, and the enlarged threatened areas around the Mannikins, whilst playing? And though I haven't named them all yet, the Queen, King, Archer, and Knight pieces are hardly human.

A stiffish, or fantasty rather, chess board! Now all I have to do is get someone to metal-carve the pieces and make molds for them. But I'll never actually make the pieces, it'd be prohibitively expensive



Best Zine of the mlg...VIPER.
Best Cover...FOCUS. And the
Special Wreath to Hunter for
OUTLOOKS and discovering John
Curtis. More fiction in the next
issue, whatever it may be called.
For everyone's sake, me and Cheslin
are gonna retittle. Yhos, RiP