

gambit 28

STELLAR w/w GAFIA

is written and published by Ted E. White, at 2712 N. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Maryland. As I keep saying, free for letters of comment or trade.

THE 1958 PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE On November 15th, 1958, Philly put on its Nth conference, and, as usual, we attended. And, as usual, it was a good con, in spite of everything the Philly crew could do.

Mo (Sylvia, John, Joanne & myself) got up at an ungodly hour, and by nine-thirty Saturday morning, we were off for Philly in the car of our driver-host, Dick Eney. We arrived, amid faint sprinkles of rain, around 12:30 in the afternoon, and without much difficulty, we found the hotel, the Sheraton.

The Sheraton Hotel is an imposing edifice that looks only just completed and which is undoubtedly the plushiest hotel I have ever set foot in. (As Noreen Falasca later remarked, "All the other hotels, even the Biltmore, are really dumps. But this place-- it scares you.") We wandered through the lobby, and discovered a directory of activities. There, at the top, was "The World Science Fiction Society--Constitution (sic) and Ind." This we deciphered to read that the Philly Conference, under the illegal guise of the WSFS, was meeting in the Consitution and Independance rooms. And it was.

The two rooms (actually one room with a divider wall which wasn't used most of the time) were on the third floor, and we found ourselves riding luxurious escellators up to that floor. (But, funny thing: the escellators went only up. To go down, you walked the stairs at one side...) In following the various arrows pointing towards our rooms, we passed several very large rooms filled with overdressed society (or pseudo-society) women, all passionately playing Bingo. We had these women with us most of the afternoon, and soon began referring to them as "The Mainliners"--double meaning fully intended, I assure you.

The conference rooms were fairly small, but when undivided they provided a fair amount of space. The only people there when we arrived were Bill Rickhardt and the Falascas. We decended upon them, engulfing them, along with a big roll of tickets and some original illos they had with them.

"Want to buy a ticket on the Berry in Detroit raffle?" Bill asked me. "You mean I might win Berry in Detroit?" I asked, as full of naivete as if I hadn't read POLARITY or anything. "Fifty cents," said Bill. I forked over 50¢ and received a small ticket. "We'll have a drawing later on this evening," he said.

I began passing out copies of GAMBIT 26 & 27 (which the rest of you will receive with this), and was informed that G 25 hadn't even arrived yet, although I'd mailed it nearly two weeks earlier. Blest be the postal service. "We just got that packet of one- and two-sheets a few days ago, Ted," Noreen said. Mailed over three weeks earlier...

We began discussing the hotel and the various bids for 1960. "How do you like the hotel, Ted?" Nick asked. "Only \$10.00 a night for a single; \$14.00 for a double. And of course, these are the bottom prices...they are..." "I'm up!" Norman interjected. "We're staying down the street at the Hotel Harris."

"I went down to the meeting," I ventured. Later observation bore me out. I decided to walk into the men's room, and found bell-boys in uniform. They didn't joke or kid with each other, and each called each other always as "Sir," like they were in a military institution or something. All the employees seemed awed by the hotel.

"We stayed in a three or four-way thing, picked up. We arrived this morning in old disreputable clothes which we'd slept in, and we were afraid to even walk in..."

"What's that little notice about this being a meeting of the WSFS quaint?"

"Well, as the only person here from Detroit, I am the only legal representative of the WSFS, and I don't know anything about it..."

"...did you know that Pittsburgh intends to bid? We were talking to Alice Archer, and she was asking us if we thought they should bid, and we said no, but she decided to anyway."

"What about Sky Miller, and who have they got?"

As we began to show up. Hans Santesson came in, and brought over Harry Harrison, who had just returned from Europe. Then came Larry Shaw, and the Silverbergs. Rickhardt had been telling me about what a help Larry had been to Detroit, and how I should solicit his support for D.C. So I said something to him about help in INFINITY or something. Larry refused flatly. "I wish I could help, Ted. But I don't think there's going to be an INFINITY to help with. The chances are there won't even be another issue." I sort of stared with dumb amazement. Larry went on to tell me about some of the details. He's not out of a job, since there's still the car mags, and the monster mags--which are doing phenomenally.

Then the whole New York gang--Donoho, Cutrell, and all--was there, and we began to register. This consisted of writing your name and address on a file card, and then having your name copied with a felt-tip pen onto another 3x5 card, which was then given to you with a paper clip. Several of us envagled the registers into writing "Washington in '60" on our cards, and then Sylvia began approaching others, and marking it for them on their cards. A surprising number of people walked around with that slogan on their cards, including Forry Ackerman, who went up to the platform to await his turn to speak.

"The program--which I have here beside me--starts with #1. Opening Remarks - Hal Lynch." Hal began with a count down. You know, "Ten! Nine! Eight!" etc. He then made a few funny remarks, and then turned about and immediately apologized for them. It seemed that humor was appropriate in this troubled world, and with the field as beset as it is now. Later in the evening, at the party, Hal stated that he thought his op-

ener was still too light--it should have rolled and resounded with gloom, I suppose. This, at any rate, set the pace for the program.

The second item on the program was Bob Silverberg's talk on "A Science Fiction Writer's Bookshelf," in which he rambled on for a time about the necessity for a science fiction writer to be informed, and how he went about this task. Bob's talk seemed extemporaneous, and largely off the cuff and sprawling in nature. His points, while good, were not made with any force, and tended to get lost, and the talk eventually petered out into a questions & answers session, in which L. Sprague deCamp proved his erudition, and Bob successfully defended his, and not much else happened.

Then came a "Who's Here" introduction session in which groups from various cities were identified, and a few people introduced, first by Lynch and then by Sam Moskowitz.

Will J. Jenkins introduced Ackerman at last, and Forry stood and talked about the usual things--movies, monster mags, etc. rather entertainingly. He told about how we may have two movies of Wells' "Time Machine", one by George Pal, started some time ago, but delayed in completion. The title of Mr. Ackerman's little talk was "Science Fiction Fandom." Yes.

The last item before the intermission was "Report on the 1959 World SF Convention" by Bill Rickhardt, who hadn't know he was to give it. He spoke a few minutes on what was coming, and then huckstered the Berry raffle. None of the Philly fen except Jenkins seemed to know who Berry was. I'm not sure they knew what a raffle was either, except that it was rather like Bingo in a way.

Then came the intermission. We began milling around, and looked over the mags the PSFS had for sale. (Earlier Lynch had offered advance memberships (!) in the 1960 World Convention in Philadelphia for \$1.00--a bit precipitous, we thought...clearly the PSFS--unlike the WSFA--is a destitute club, even though it didn't have to pay the hotel anything for its meeting rooms.)

In the midst of the milling, I found Dave Kyle, who had come in during the program, and Sylvia tried to talk him into putting a "Washington in '60" slogan on his card. Dave said that while he was secretly true to us, he must remain neutral for the time being...but try Ruth. We did, and began hearing about her cookbook. Already she had the recipes for the Nuclear Fizz, Nuclear Fuze, and Nuclear Fuzz. There wasn't much I could add...

My memory goes hazy at this point (and Sylvia can't remember either, she says), but I remember wandering down toward the Robert Morris in search of faaans, and encountering Bill Rickhardt, who was just coming back. Then we rediscovered the Falascas, and Noreen exclaimed, "Did you know--in Philly the drugstores close at four o'clock!" We were properly shocked at this news, which only confirmed our growing suspicions about this city of "brotherly" love...

3: The only reason we returned after the intermission was that coming up on the program shortly was "Washington vs. Philadelphia - A Grim Debate," which no one from D.C. knew about in advance.

But first we had to sit through an "Interview with a Physicist" by Milt Rothman and Tom Purdom. What at first looked to be some clever dead-panning turned out merely to be dead. Dr. Rothman neatly evaded direct answers on the few questions that meant anything, and the rest of the material provided little of intrinsic interest. The whole thing mercifully withered and died after perhaps twenty minutes, during which time I warded off boredom by reading the Detention Progress Bulletin #1 Others, I've been told, took the chance to read GAMBIT...

We were wondering what kind of skullduggery the Phillyfen would come up with for the Grim Debate, and were prepared for almost anything but that which actually happened: an actually humorous presentation. Hal Lynch announced that two representative fen from each city had been picked for the debate. He then introduced two fen wearing masks of the gruesome, hallowe'en type, as the two cities' champions. The two evinced hostility towards each other, and Lynch showed determined efforts to keep them apart until the "debate" began. Came the crucial moment, and a hidden phonograph blared forth a record of some song which had the name Pittsburgh in it. (In fact, that was the only word I could distinguish, though I could tell there were others...) Both antagonists danced off the stage together...

The next item was "Fanfilm: 'Planet of The Picksteeples'" which we were informed was a segment of a longer picture still uncompleted, and being made by the Philly group. It was humorous in conception, but extremely amateur in production.

Next to follow was a slide talk by Moskowitz on sf magazines. We didn't stay for it.

Noreen wanted to find a spaghetti joint, and it seemed like a good idea to all of us. She looked up several in the phone book, and then we congregated to begin the long, milling journey. As memory goes, there were eleven of us: Nick and Noreen, Bill Rickhardt, Big Bill Donahoe, Larry Shaw, Dick Eney, Phyllis Scott, Sandy Cutrell, Martha Cohen, Sylvia and myself. We followed Pennsylvania Avenue until we hit civilisation, and then looked around. Noreen decided to duck into a store and look up the place in the phone book again, when a small old man who had been standing nearby watching us mill beckoned to us. "Ahh, hey...psst!"

Rickhardt went over to him, and the tipster gave him the full dope on Italian restaurants. When Noreen returned, we went up a short half-block, and then down some stairs into the Turin Grotto. "This isn't the place I had picked out," Noreen said. "Yeah, but look at that," said Nick. "It must be good. Turin; that's where they make the Alfa's..."

They pushed three or four tables together for us, and we all sat down. Then we suddenly noticed a similarity in seating schemes to a past event. Nick pointed it out. "Say, remember that Mexican place where we went after swimming in the ocean after the Con?" "Yeah," Big Bill picked it up; "we were seated almost exactly like this!" Naturally there weren't all the same faces, but in many ways it was a reunion for the Summer Soldiers, as that faithful band that marched across the United States has become known.* We spent the next ten minutes or so in recollection and in tell-

*Nick tells the full, if distorted, story in "The March of the Summer Soldiers", his travelcon report.

ing each other about our return trips after we broke up in Las Vegas.

We were served by an elderly waiter who spoke to us in an assortment of accents, none of them, I suspect, genuinely Italian, and who addressed Sylvia--the youngest looking female of the lot--as "Moddum". While we waited for our dinners, the GAMBIT's appeared again, and at one point Larry Shaw, who was down at the other end of the table, waved the third page of G27 at me, and said, "Good! Very good!" All of which, I suppose, means that even Good Ol' Larry Shaw has been Brainwashed By The Falascas... And of course it was again pointed out to me that I had erred in attributing the comments I was taking issue with to Chuch Harris. (See further comments elsewhere in this issue.)

When the food arrived, the talk ceased, as though by magic, and all eleven members of Fabulous Falasca Fandom (are you listening, Inchmery Fandom?) fell to with a vengeance. That food was good. No other word for it--that tipster had given us the straight stuff. When the meal was over, I found myself pleasantly stuffed, and with a check for only \$108. I think I may have become a fan of Italian restaurants... For those who may be in Philly and want to try the place, it is located at 13 North 13th St., as it says on the card I filched as I went out.

Towards the end of the meal, it was pointed out that this was also a meeting of the New York Futurian Society, since the quorum, Bill Donaho, and the Grand Old Man, Larry Shaw, were present. We all paid ten cents dues and became members. Our first official act as members was to vote through an amendment to make us all Charter Members. Boy, it felt good to be back and immersed in New York fan politics!

At last, full and contented (like eleven little Carnation cows), we made our way out past the cash register, which I noticed (with no surprise--by now I knew I was in Philadelphia) was operated by a crank and looked over fifty years old.

On the way back, Eney split off to go to his car and get our luggage (such as it was: one overnight bag) out of it. As we hit the hotel, we sort of disintegrated into little groups. After a brief period, I found myself with Nick and Sylvia. Sylvia wasn't feeling too well, and wanted to lie down, so we proposed to go over to the Robert Morris and let her use the Falascas' room. First, though, we wanted her bag, which Eney had. And Eney and another small group had headed for the bar.

The bar? There were at least three in the hotel, and we looked in each. None seemed very warm or friendly, though they were loaded with Atmosphere, in the form of Quaint Costumes and the like. And padded bills too, no doubt. We didn't find our group in any of them. Finally we said chell, and started to leave for the other hotel.

As we were heading on out, an immaculately dressed figure headed for me, smiling and calling out, "Ted! Hey boy, what are you doing here?" It was Ace Troubleshooter Marc Redwood, Boy Hero of the Fischer Theatre Chain, who had somehow promoted a big enough expense account to live at the Sheraton. Marc is a sort of glad-hand fellow, an ex-surf bum, and ex-everything else who is currently riding high on the gravy wagon. "I saw Joanne a few minutes ago, just walking through, and said to myself, 'Aw it can't be Joanne; what would she be doing in Philly?' What brings you

all up here? Have time to drop in down at the Ambassador?" I briefly mentioned that we were attending a convention, and, noticing that Sylvia and Nick were rapidly disappearing, I excused myself and hurried after. A nice guy, Marc, but only till you know him.

Noreen, who had been changing in their room, was gone, but the door was unlocked, so we went in and Sylvia collapsed happily onto the bed. After a bit of a rest, Nick and I set out once more for the Sheraton. We were talking about the basic similarities between the characters in ON THE ROAD, THE SUBTERANIANS, and GO, and faaan-types, when I noticed a bar across the street. "Say, I wonder if they're in there?" They were. I collected Sylvia's bag, and took it back to her. Then we all returned to the conference.

The program said next "A special event - to be announced." It turned out to be Solacon films taken by Belle and Frank Dietz, and consisting primarily of shots of Belle and Frank Dietz, plus a few underexposed views of the program and the Ball. Belle narrated. It really was marvelous how she would say, for instance, at one point "And here I am, at the business session, making a point of order." I mean, everyone had to laugh at that marvelous description of Belle's attempt to stymie the petition to dissolve the WSFS Inc.

Then came the drawing for the Berry raffle. Lynch had showed up at this session wearing a fantastic straw hat which earned him the opprobrium of "Chicken Little", and Nick confiscated the hat. He mixed the raffle tickets in it, and then called one of the kids on the front row to do the drawing. There were three prizes: a Dollens painting, and two interior illos from Madge and Future or somesuch. The first number called was two away from my ticket, and one away from Eney's. Sheldon Deretchin won the painting. The next number was also one away from Dick's second ticket, and was held by Larry Shaw, who won a Will Terry illo. The third was on the nose for Dick, and he won a Milton Luros drawing.

Larry returned his, saying that it should be raffled again--he had no need of it. I had been looking it over, examining the color separation overlay sheet. Nick said to me, "Here, take it. We don't want it." I protested weakly that really, now, and gee whiz had you really ought to, and why don't you raffle it again, and... It was a rather poor drawing. Nick produced his roll of tickets, tore off a pair, separated them, and handed me one. The other he put in his pocket, and mamoment later redrew it. He looked at the number, and then called it. I looked at my ticket.

"Oh damn! One off again!" I exclaimed in my best manner, as I began shredding the ticket. But no use. I had the drawing. I did the only decent thing, and donated another 50¢ to the Berry fund.

I stared at the drawing, and Noreen said, "Think of it as a wedding present for you and Sylvia. Think of the many happy hours you can spend flipping the overlay back and forth!" I tried it. "Why, that's marvelous!" I said. "Look! You can flip the top sheet (which read "W.E. Terry & Associates, Advertising Art"), or the thin tissue-paper sheet, or the overlay! Why this is wonderful! It will give me hours and hours of happy flipping!"

"I'm so glad you like it, Ted," said Noreen.

Bill Rickhardt pointed out another advantage. "Look at it this way. It gives you different viewpoints. See, with the cover down over it, it's like you were looking at it through a brick wall, see. Now," he flipped the cover up, "you are looking at it through just the tissue paper, and it's like the door into a ladies' room--you're familiar with them, I trust?"

"Oh yes."

"Then, you can look through the overlay, and, well, that's just like looking through an overlay." His face serious with concentration, Bill regarded me. "You see how much you can do with this one, simple, cruddy, little drawing?" It really was marvelous.

The final item on the program (and yes, it was still going) was the much, much ballyhooed "Showdown" which turned out to be a battle with guns which fired ping-pong balls among a picked team of Philly fen and six others at a time. The excitement comes in retrieving the ammunition, I am told. It, like other games of similar nature, is interesting only to the participants.

Sylvia showed up about then, rested and recuperated, and we all buggered out. The idea was to find some mixers. The Falascas had already bought gin, at some fabulous price. (Philly's liquor prices are quite high--especially in contrast to D.C.'s, which are the lowest in the country, due to the difference in taxes.) But no mixers. We searched up and down Market Street, but could find nothing but fountain cokes.

"This town is wide open--you can get a Coke at any hour," Noreen remarked, as we set back for the hotel. There it was decided that she and Nick would take their car and look for a place which sold mixers. The rest of us (Rickhardt, Sylvia and I) went on up to 1025, the Falascas' room. There we found the party already going, with Larry Shaw, Big Bill, Chuck Freudenthal, Phyllis Scott, and the Silverbergs.

This was the beginning of a fabulous party which lasted well into the wee small hours and which included Forry Ackerman, Harry Harrison (both of whom talked in Esperanto to Sylvia, who found she could understand it), Hans, John & Joanne, Martha Cohen, Sandy Cutrell (with guitar), all kinds of New York and Philly types whose names I didn't all catch or can't remember, and The Mixers. Plus our hosts, the Falascas. I sat on the bed most of the time, and talked to those who wandered near. After a sip of gin, I decided that I could act just as inebriated as the rest without actually inbibing alcohol, and this I proceeded to do for the rest of the evening. I can't begin to set down all the things we talked about, nor all the various conversations. I remember Rickhardt ragging a Jack Zeitz about that person's incredible tie, which Bill rightly said would be laughed off Madison Avenue. I remember a young, slightly round individual who called himself Ajax, and who, because he observed me touching Sylvia, thought he might easily do the same--a notion we easily disabused him of. And I remember Chicken Little and Will J. Jenkins, as drunk and as human as any of us, bighod. But mostly it was a wonderfully faaanish blur, the sort of thing you tremendously enjoy, not for any of its individual elements, but just because these people are your friends, and it's just damned wonderful to see them and talk to them again.

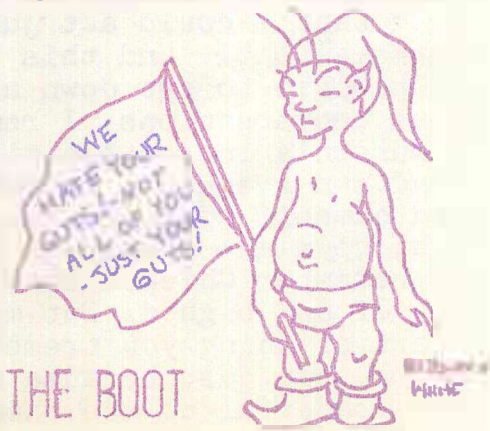
Some time in the morning, it turned into a subdued sort of folk-song sing, and then gradually, as people went to sleep or quietly left, it turned into just Bill, Big Bill, the Falascas, and us, with Freudanthal sleeping in a chair in the corner. (He slept through half the party that way, a quiet smile on his face...)

9:00 Sunday morning, we caught a Greyhound bus back to Baltimore. And then it was all over.

DEPARTMENT OF FANTASTIC BOO-BOO'S: Somehow in reading HYPHEN #21, I mis-attributed Vinç Clarke's column, "Son of Grunch", to Chuch Harris, with the result that I addressed my remarks on that column in GAMBIT 27 to Harris instead of to Clarke. This was indeed an error of considerable proportions, and my face is as red as this heading. My apologies to Harris for thinking he would write such tripe, and to Clake for not recognizing the rabid style of writing that is characteristic of Inchmery Fandom when writing about the WSFS Inc., or the Falascas. It must indeed be a wonderful thing to be the only fans who See The Truth and know the Real Facts and are Right When All The Rest Of Fandom Is Wrong. I envy Inchmery Fandom in its staunch fight against facts, and the overwhelming opnions of fandom.

ERRATTA: Go back to page 2 (Do not pass Go; do not collect \$200), and, third line from the bottom of the page, change "It seemed that humor was appropo" to "it seemed that humor was not appropo". There are undoubtedly many other errors in spelling and other typos, but this one is important enough to be worth noting. And damn the fact that I only caught it after I had run it, anyway.

THE DEATH OF SCIENCE FICTION: There can no longer be any doubt but that 1958 is the year of the jackpot--the year in which the foundations of this, our ghoddamn hobby, have started to crumble. In this year we've lost two prominent professionals, and three fans of considerable note. Now, as Henry Kuttner predicted ten years ago, the magazines themselves are going. It is no surprise that IMAGINATION, SPACE TRAVEL (IMAGINATIVE TALES), and SUPER SCIENCE are gone. And already gone were STAR SF, VENTURE and VANGUARD. But add to your running box score three more: IF, INFINITY and SATELLITE. IF may see one more issue, INFINITY's November issue is almost certainly it's last, and SATELLITE is slated to go after four or five monthly issues. The latter's death is no real blow to me, but IF, which just took on Damon Knight and was showing real optimism, and INFINITY, a magazine I've always looked on with something akin to fondness--they will be missed. The cause of this rash of deaths? Slow sales, to be sure, but also the careless and wanton handling of the magazines by their distributors, which directly and indirectly has created the current situation. The worst is PDC --the distributor for SATELLITE, IF and INFINITY. This company gave orders: Go monthly or get out of the field! Just like that. Evidently, PDC decided to enforce its orders in an unethical (to put it mildly!) way: Shaw said the previous issue of INFINITY--the returns on the current one are not in--sold only 20%! That any



magazine with decent distribution could do so poorly is ridiculous! Therefore, the conclusion is that the distribution was less than decent. Whatever their motives, the distributors have done stf a real disservice --for which they, and PDC in particular, win the DIMENSIONS "Boot", an award revived especially for the occasion.

TECHNICAL DATA: Because I haven't played around with ditto much since I was "art editor" for UMBRA and THE COSMIC FRONTIER, I've been experimenting with various types of ditto masters. The front page was done exclusively with Carter's Silvercoat on all three colors. The second page used Carter's Super Cleancoat for the purple, and the rest of the pages have used Carter's Commercial brand for purple. The Super Cleancoat seems like a waste of money--it globs off in chunks, while typing, filling up letters and like that. It also produces consistantly fainter copy. The Commercial is uncoated, and seems to produce a nice even line, but is slightly less brilliant than the Silvercoat. I have a box of a hundred each kicking around from when I once bought out a store, lol those many years ago. I guess the Super Cleancoats are occupying waste space... As to the paper, the green is 20# Ditto Brand, and the white is 20# S-O-P Sovereign.

ABERRATION #4 will be published. I have on hand all the material Kent had collected, in edited and dummied form, thanks to his mother. ABERRATION will be out shortly as a memorial volume to Kent Moomaw. 200 copies will be printed.

ANOMALY #5 is here (well, John got a copy, anyway...), and I see where the running feud between Inchmery Fandom and Berkeley Fandom is still being carried on. (Is there anyone I.F. isn't feuding with?) I am shocked to think that I am in a position to defend Berkeley Fandom, but these constant attacks on FANAC are a wee mite silly. Sanderson, in reaction to a piece in FANAC #27, quotes a section from that piece, dealing with the fact that Carr says it is impossible to check all rumors, and that FANAC will go on printing them. Sanderson, after excerpting this quote says, "All of which leaves me no option but to ask the reader to take the 'news' in FANAC with a pinch of salt. Terry admits it isn't reliable." Ah, but Terry wasn't talking about the news printed in FANAC; he was talking about rumors, of which he also said in that same FANAC (and this Sandy didn't quote), "We do not feel that it is bad practice to print a rumor, so long as it is labelled as such. We have always made it a point to do so in such instances. Where we think we may have our facts garbled we note that too. If the details get passed on as 'fact', that is unfortunate, but it's not our fault." ... "For the most part, we trust our reporters. When and if we discover a case of 'news' being submitted to us which is untrue, we'll be just as irritated as any Fleet Street editor, and will regard all future items from such a person critically."

Now Sandy didn't print that, and perhaps some of his readers never saw it, or forgot it, but in any case, it is obvious that he did not print it because to do so would have considerably weakened his case against FANAC's reliability.

However, the question arises: Why is Sandy (and the rest of Inchmery Fandom, too) so down on FANAC anyway? Has he, in his various accusations of unreliability, any specific cases in mind? Well, apparently the incident that touched off this front in the Battle of Inchmery Fandom against

United Fandom (the Great Unbrainwashed, as it were...), was that way back in FANAC #2, a four-and-a-half-line squib was printed to the effect that the Falascas were launching a campaign aimed at abolishing the WSFS, Inc., and planned a fanmag soon on the subject. This was apparently not the complete state of affairs, and a correction was printed in #4. However, Carr had noted after that squib "Ellick and Carr support it (the abolition of the WSFS, Inc.) too."

Stems Sanderson, Good Friend of the Dietzes, was disturbed at the idea of anyone being anti-WSFS, Inc. And for this reason, it seems, he began attacking the anti-WSFSites soon after. Why? Well, he was admittedly perturbed with Kyle (who hadn't turned over funds which didn't belong to London to London...), the godfather of WSFS, Inc., but it seems that the Dietzes, loveable littul ol' power-mad people that they were, were engaged in shoving Kyle out anyway, and suing him to keep him out. Slander was not below them in their kind-hearted campaign to Help Fandom Against the forces of Evil. Now for some inexplicable reason, Inchmery Fandom was protective over the Dietzes (perhaps because the Dietzes fawn so nicely), and the thought of the Dietzes losing their plaything was unbearable. So they rallied strong and true to the Dietz's support. Or maybe you can show a better reason for Inchmery Fandom to so militantly support a dying and corrupt cause, which had created only grief since its inception?

So, to gather together a few tangled threads, FANAC has championed the cause of the common fan against the WSFS, Inc., and has printed a disinterested and wholly reasonable account of Those Goings On in New York. So FANAC has obviously been Slanting Its News. Horrors.

And Sanderson attacked the Falascas, and then attacked FANAC because it printed the material which made Sanderson attack the Falascas, and...well, you get the idea. Weird, huh?

Let me now define my own place in all this: I am a reasonably--for once--disinterested on-looker, who used to hold everyone in Inchmery Fandom in high respect; Vin since his early HYPHEN days, Joy since OMPA, and Sandy since OMPA and FAPA. But more than this, I know and deeply respect, admire, and like people like Nick and Noreen Falasca, Terry Carr, Ron Ellick, and all the others who have acted out of common sense rather than the desire for personal gain. I have met, and gotten to know, everyone on this side of the ocean who is in anyway connected with the entire mess. And almost everyone of them is a decent, eminantly likeable, human being.

There are one or two notable exceptions. And I cannot condone the action of the sort of incredibly low, foul-thinking people who fawn and whimper and pander to gullible people for the pettiest of personal gains, and, worse, will do everything to publically disgrace and ruin a man because he has incurred their dislike. Believe it and like it or not, Sandy Sanderson, when George Nims Raybin sued Kyle, he attached Kyle's bank-account, which still remains attached, and has thus effectively deprived Kyle of all his earnings and savings for a yet extendedly indefinite period. I cannot condone the sort of hypocritical mealy-mouthed people who whimper when their ax is turned against them, but are bent on carrying a fannish quarrel into the mundane world. I cannot condone the people who are trying fanatically to ruin a pleasant hobby built around the friendships of a large group of people, by distorting it into the foulest of mudball contests. And those who support them--I cannot condone them either.

-QWERTYUIOPress- -Ted E. White