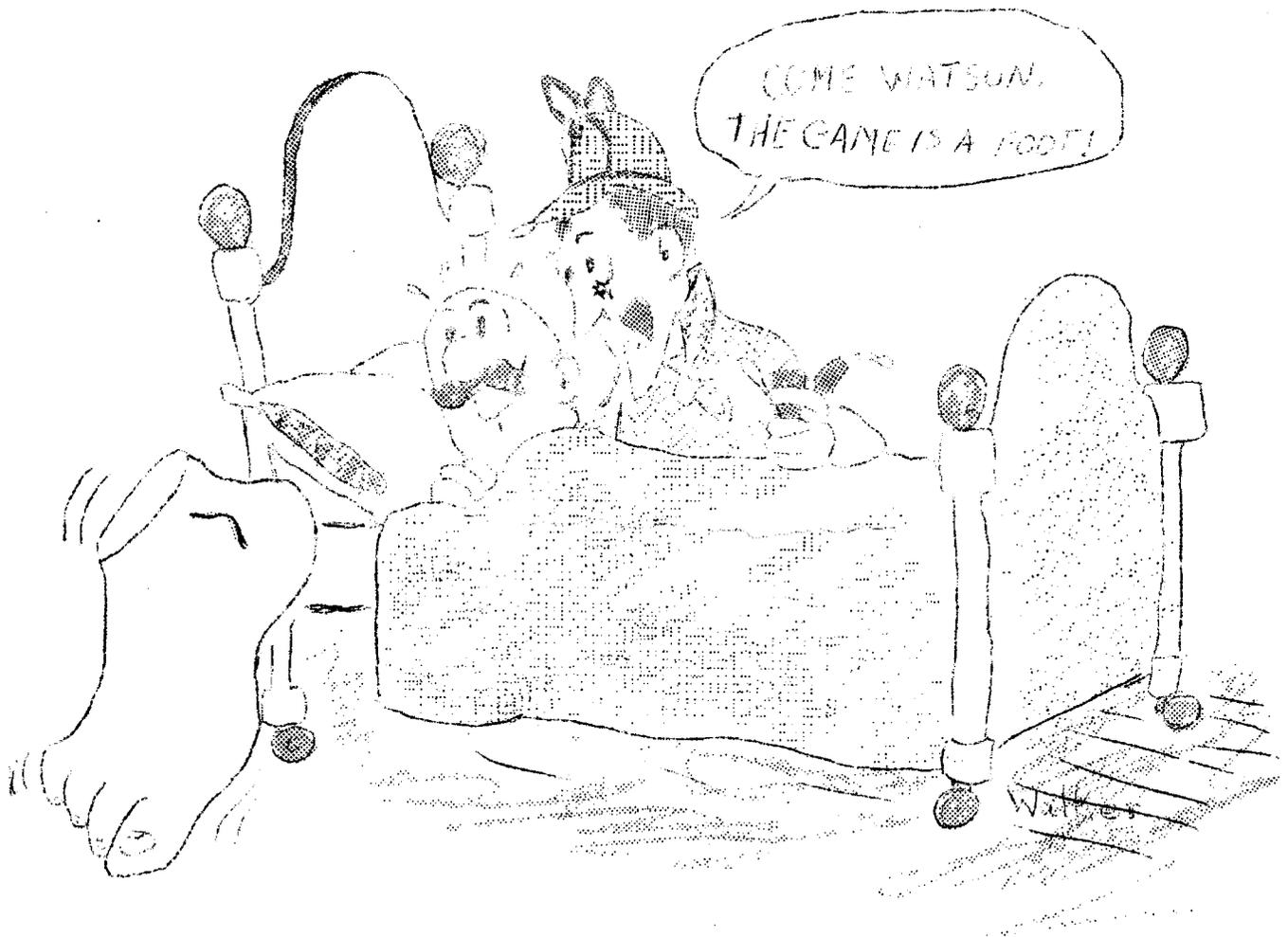


THE LURKING SHADOW

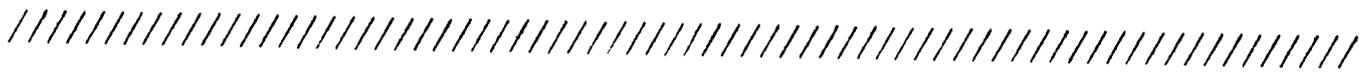


Volume 2

Number 2

NOVEMBER '61

THE LURKING SHADOW - Volume II Number 2, whole number 6 is published by Charles Ford Hansen of 701 South Grant Street, Denver 9, Colorado for distribution to members and waiting lists of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association thru the medium of the November Shadow Mailing under the aegis of Les Gerber, and for a few other oddly assorted characters at the whim of the above-mentioned Chuck Hansen This is a Haphazard Publication.



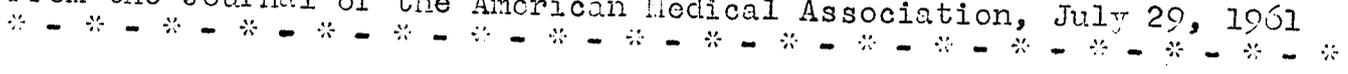
Either the technical journals have not been up to snuff in their humor lately or I have not devoted enough time to my reading because I found myself hard pressed for a suitable item for our cultural corner. Of course there was one one little jewel, a real cultural milestone but the Postal department would never have approved so I reluctantly dropped the item, a tidbit in the AMA journal on fracture of the corpus cavernosum. I have heard jokes about fracturing it and heard guys say they thought they had, but never really thot it possible, hrm we live and learn. Since the language tho medical was frank I must forbear, in its place I offer a pale substitute from the same distinguished journal.

A Deductible Item?

While reviewing hospital bills for medical service required by some of our patients recently, I came across this interesting charge:

Call Charges - (2 girls) \$ 10.00
- Col. John H. Kuitert,
Fort Lewis, Washington.

From the Journal of the American Medical Association, July 29, 1961



Well, here we go frantically typing the last couple of stencils of another Lurking Shadow under the very real and threateningly imminent shadow of the deadline. It is now October 26th and very little time remains to finish up and get this into the mail so that it will reach Les before the 5th. I started work on it almost immediately after I returned from the Beacon, writing my con report while it was fresh in mind. Then a really nasty session with flu hit us and work came to a screeching halt. Mother really had it much worse than I but both of us were miserable for a while and I just didn't have the pop and courage to work on Shadow.

This is rather an overweight issue of Shadow, I am not likely to do it again for some time but I was so wound up and elated from attending my first con that I just had to write it up a bit so I wouldn't lose the memories when they began to fade as they inevitably do. I wrote it really for me not for anyone else and it may suffer from this. I just decided as long as I was going to write it I might as well do it on stencil rather than just paper and share it with you folks for what it may or may not be worth. It was strictly composed on stencil as a

(Continued on page 28)

Seacon

~ Memories

By the time the Sea-Tac International Airport slid into view my eagerness and nervousness were playing Mexican stand-off. It couldn't be too much farther. Sure enough, when I looked ahead beyond the airport I could see the sign, Hyatt House. I turned off highway 99 and eased the Rambler into a parking place in front of the hotel. I took my bags and my camera with me, the other junk could come later. While waiting at the desk to register in I glanced around anxiously, any fans present? There was a group of people sitting about talking but whether fans or not I couldn't tell. After all, I could count on the fingers of one hand the number of fan who had come thru Denver and visited the CFS, one of these, Forrie would be here surely. I scanned the faces of all but one tall chap with his back to me but of course they were unfamiliar. I hadn't even seen photos of any of them. As I turned back to the desk a slightly familiar voice remarked in friendly tones "Hi there Denver, you're a long way from home." The gentleman with his back turned had swung around and thrust out his hand, it was Forry.

It was a happy coincidence that of the two fans at the Seacon who I had met one was sitting there at the time I entered. Ackerman introduced the other fans and we talked for a moment or two, then the desk clerk returned and I registered and went up to look at my room. For the benefit of those unfortunates who weren't there a word of description. The hotel is a large hollow square, lobby, shops, dining rooms, bar, coffee shop etc across the front, living quarters - two stories - forming the other three sides. The center is taken up by a large quadrangle, green lawn, patio, paths and beautiful pool in the center. Around the pool are scattered tables and chairs for the convenience of swimmers, sun worshippers and groups of visiting fans. The more desirable rooms face onto the quadrangle with a view of the pool, otherwise the view was not too much unless you had a passion for watching traffic whizzing along 99 or watching the constant procession of planes coming and going at the airport about a quarter of a mile away. I had not sent in my reservations too early, but I had a very nice room overlooking that center of fannish activity, the quad and the pool. In fact I was right above the Flight Lounge where the fan art show was quartered. The hotel is new and beautiful and the room luxurious with radio, remote control tv, a balcony where I could sit in the sun and watch poolside activity - everything my heart desired. Actually I did little balcony sitting as I was usually where the activity was taking place, not sitting watching. Actually I did enjoy watching fans moving about the quad or swimming in the luminescent blue water of the pool as I was enroute to bed each morning sometime between 2 and 5 depending on the day. Theoretically the pool closed at midnight but theory does not always coincide with fact.

After hanging up a few clothes, washing up and taking stock of my quarters I went back downstairs, thru the quad and into the lobby to join the gab session there. Of course I had forgotten the names of the people Forry had introduced - I used to have a good memory but I guess I'm getting old and hell, I was excited. Real live fans in quantity.

I talked with Forry and the rest of them for a few minutes, for the life of me I can't remember just who else was in the group at that time. Put it down to buck fever, I just wasn't responsible. Then I noticed that they were registering so I went over and got in line. With the program book, banquet ticket and other odds and ends in hand I knew I was really at the con and wouldn't wake up after a while. The name tags were a great big step in the right direction and from then on I was running about scrutinizing name tags and shaking hands.

For the rest of that memorable Friday afternoon (the con actually started Saturday) I had a great time meeting and talking with fans individually and in groups. At first I felt very strange and self-conscious but as I got to know these people, many of whom I'd known for years I felt much better. It is a very peculiar feeling to go to a convention feeling that many of the fans there are very old and very good friends and stand there looking around at a group of total strangers and only one person there you have ever laid eyes on. However fans are warm, friendly and informal people and after a while the feeling of strain and strangeness began to fade.

By the time it was getting pretty dark out and I was beginning to think seriously of dinner I glanced out and saw a group of passengers just coming in from the airport bus. The hotel has a couple of little Volkswagon busses for shuttle service and a familiar figure was getting out of the bus. It was Ellis Mills. I knew he was coming and had been watching for him. He met Ben Jason on the way across the lobby and an interesting dialogue ensued. It seems Ben had written Ellis some time before the con and asked if he wanted to buddy on a room. Ellis was planning on doing so but didn't answer Ben's letter. When he was in Denver briefly I asked about teaming up and he said he was already set up with Ben. Ben wrote again and again Ellis procrastinated and never did get around to answering so Ben teamed up with someone else and Ellis had no reservation. He suggested we team and get a double. I was very comfortably established in my room and liked it, I didn't really want to change but Ellis is a buddy so I said sure and we went over to the desk. No dice, no doubles left. We checked to see if we could get another bed put into my diggings but they had no spares so Ellis got a single which he could have only that one night as it was reserved on Saturday. We washed up and went into the coffee shop for dinner.

During this pre-con melee I succeeded in meeting quite a few of the fan friends I was especially desirous of meeting in person, Bob Pavlat, Buz and Elinor Busby - I didn't recognize Buz since the only picture I had seen of him he was hiding behind some very artistic face-foliage which he had since shaved off. After taking on nourishment we wandered over to the Neff room to get a gander at the redoubtable and ~~well~~ famous G.M. Carr. That is, I wanted to see her, Ellis had had this pleasure previously. Gem was a surprise and I can only echo the sentiments of others, that she is very pleasant face to face but hell on wheels in print. Sort of a fannish schizophrenic, the pleasant personality is uppermost when talking to you in person but when she gets at a typewriter the other GMC comes uppermost.

Ellis played some chess in the neff room and then got embroiled in a game of interplanetary. All the places were taken and besides, I didn't want to spend precious time playing games, I can do that at home so I set out to see what else offered. All con reports seem to

run on at length about room parties and while many of the fans had not yet arrived I knew there were a lot of them around and surely some gay activity was afoot if I could but find it. This was the rub, it is easy to prowl the halls and hearing fannish voices raised in song or discussion deduce that a fannish party is in progress. Even Dr. Watson could discover this without the aid of his celebrated friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes - may Great Ghu cherish and protect them both - the sticky part of the proposition is how to get invited in. I may be no trufan but I shrink from brazenly knocking, sticking my head in the door and inquiring if the party is private or can anyone enter. I just can't do it so the problem was to get invited to a gathering in some not too obvious manner. Whilst prowling the quad wrestling with the problem of how to get invited to some soiree the problem solved itself with neatness and dispatch.

Amongst the approaching combat troops I recognized Rich Brown, Bruce Polz and Ted Johnstone, who said come on along and join the fun, an invitation that needed no repetition. I asked Rich where we were headed but he didn't know. The Hobbit (Johnstone) was carrying his guitar so in a flash of brilliant insight I deduced that a session of fannish filk singing such as I have often read about was about to take place and this is a phenomena I wished to observe. I haven't the least idea whose room we were in but it was on the second floor (first to the British contingent who refer to the first as ground floor) The room faced on the quad and was on the side opposite my own. A considerable crew assembled, I don't even begin to remember who was there beside the Fan Hilton gang and Rich Brown and Karen Anderson. The hat was passed and a couple scouts went in quest of beer to moisten the throats of the congregation. I drink almost anything but beer but six-bits for tonsil lubricant was a mighty cheap price for taking part in what followed. Of course nobody would have said anything if I hadn't chipped in but I would not have been comfortable. I hadn't come for a drink, I could have gotten that in my room or at the bar.

Everyone squatted about, on beds, chairs and mainly the floor, where ever they could find a bare spot and Ted strummed his guitar and sang. In a minute everyone in the place (except me) was singing with fannish abandon. I resisted the urge as I did not want to break up the party and my attempts at singing can best be described as catastrophic. Presently the scouts returned with a couple cases of beer and a couple bottles of mixer for the non drinkers in the crowd, which reminds me of someone else who I think was present, the Squirrel (Ron Ellik). Presently Ted Johnstone shoved his guitar under something and departed with the statement that he would be back in a few moments. He must have been waylaid as he never did get back. We all sat around grotching for lack of a guitarist and then the door flew open and with guitar in hand Sandy Cutrell strode in, beard and all. The welcoming shout must have been heard in the lobby. The party was really swinging and although the rooms are practically soundproof forty fans or thereabout, all singing at the top of their voices makes a considerable volume. As it grew later, or to be more precise earlier I kept wondering at the absence of the house detective.

Finally, at a quarter of two the manager stuck his head in the door and very apologetically explained that they had tried to billet all fans across the quad but there were too many of us. This side was largely occupied by airline employees, pilots and stewardesses who needed their sleep, would we mind moving across the quad and then we could sing to our hearts content. I damned near dropped my teeth.

I don't know whether all fan conventions have been as lucky about getting tolerant hotel managers or not but I was flabbergasted. Karen Anderson volunteered the use of their room and there was a gathering up of beer cartons and guitars and a cross-quad migration began. I decided that this was an excellent time for me to fade from the scene to my luxurious diggins and woo Morpheus for a few hours. According to fannish reckoning the night was yet young, but I'm not and there were more exciting nights ahead so I quietly left the gathering - which incidentally I had enjoyed tremendously - and about 2 AM sought the comfort of my bed. I probably rolled over a few times and thought about all the new experiences, but I have no recollection of doing so.

The gentle ringing of the telephone alongside the bed brought a return to consciousness and a glance toward the poolside wall told the story of a new day although the heavy drapes kept the room dark. The caller was Ellis enquiring as to my intentions re breakfast. A shower and brisk toweling put me in the mood for nourishment so we galumphed to the coffee shop to do battle with such items as ham and eggs, fried potatoes, hotcakes etc. The innor men satisfied at length we wandered out to poolside to seek excitement. As the official opening was not till noon there was time for meeting fans and I began seeking some of the con attendees who I had long known and wished to meet in person. Among these people who I particularly desired to meet were Bill Evans, Phyllis Economou, Dick Eney - why go on I can't put them all down for lack of space but you get the idea. Some were there and some not but those I met fully confirmed my belief of long standing that fans in general are wonderful, wonderful people. It is funny how you will sometimes form a mental picture of someone after long association and sometimes be accurate and again miles from the truth. I had no vivid picture of Bill Evans so I was not surprised either way on meeting him but from her writings I had built up a mental image of Phyllis Economou and when I saw a very attractive slender young woman walking in the quad I thought she looked like what I thought Phyllis ought to look like. I followed, sizing her up and a little hesitant to confront her, I was probably wrong. The girl in question was slender and graceful, good figure, nicely dressed, had reddish hair very attractively done up, had a soft musical voice and looked a very pleasant and cultured young lady. Finally I took a deep breath and approached, one eye surveying a pleasant, friendly face and the other scanning the name tag which said Phyllis Economou. I have decided that I am psychic, tho only in a few cases.

Dick Eney had been sitting behind the registration desk when I had registered the day before but as he was not as I had pictured him and he was wearing a name tag inscribed Dr. Marc C. Duquesne, Wash. D.C. I didn't know him. Had I read Berry's description in The Goon Goes West before the con insted of after I should have known him. On Saturday tho he was out from behind the alias. I had considered asking him about the whereabouts of Dick Seaton but not knowing him tho better of it, pity.

Another gentleman I had met and shaken hands with yesterday now turned out to be a surprise. He was a big chap and his name tag said only GOD. Remember I was practically in shock or I might have figured it out. As I made my way past him in the quad someone called him by name, Elmer, and I swung around as if shot. I've been around fandom almost as long as Halley's Comet myself tho never very active but I do firmly believe Elmer Perdue helped invent it.

I had come to the seacon prepared to dislike Elmer, due to his dubious record of activity and such in Papa. During my first tenancy in Papa Elmer had been president, but by his refusal to work or cooperate with the other officers had threatened the stability of that great organization. Also he slid along on minimum activity, as I did myself at the time tho I hate to admit it. Since I have been on the waiting list - nearly 2 years - Elmer has had to petition the membership to save his member status. Like a lot of other waitinglisters I feel that if a fellow is really interested he will keep up his requirements, baring emergency, and not require rescue. With over fifty eager fans waiting three to five years for the priviledge of membership it is not fair to goof along.

Consequently it was a great surprise to me to discover that having met Papa's proberbial bad boy I liked him immensely. Elmer is one nice guy and I understand why he is able to get friends to rescue him from the results of his folly. He is a character, as who of us isn't, but a more likable guy it would be hard to meet. Matter of fact Monday night after the con was over we had quite a talk before saying hasta la vista and I told Ghod frankly that if he goofed up again and failed to get in his dues or activity I hoped piously that they kicked him out on his ass (I'm being biblical) and washed their hands of him, and in as much as I liked him and would be damned disappointed if he was not in Papa when I eventually totter thru the portals he was to get off his prat and keep up his activity. Because Papa just wouldn't be the same without him. I meant it and still do. Elmer my friend if you have no way of getting your activity published you have a million or so friends who will do it for you and I am proud to be one of them. I will lend youse the t hree bucks too Ghod if youse is broke, so keep up your activity and I'll see you in Papa some happy day.

My two most colorful and out standing memories of Elmer are of the gosh wild neckties he wore, a different one each day and each one farther out than the preceeding. They defy any attempt at description, and the episode of the cigarette machine, but that is getting ahead of my story as they say.

Before going up the stairs to the Satellite room where the con was to be formally opened at noon Ellis and I made another detour to the flight lounge where the fan art show was being put together. The hour of opening had been delayed again, due I underst and to the lack of materials which had been promised but were not on hand and had to be hurriedly obtained from Seattle. As we entered the Satellite Room the fans were already congregating rapidly and moments later Wally Weber welcomed the assembled fans and introductions of notables began, the Seacon had officially begun.

Poul Anderson's address on the Rituals of Science-Fiction was very well received, and rightly so. It was a fine talk. Poul is not an experienced speaker, he appeared quite nervous and read much of the talk from his voluminous notes. He appeared very nervous and I felt for him, tho the talk was excellent and there was no occasion for nerves, he was among friends. Poul is a very nice fellow and it was a pleasure and priviledge to meet him. I like Karen too, and she is considerably more decorative.

Seeing Bob and Ginny Heinloin again was a warm pleasure too. Of course I know Bob pretty well by now but I don't think I will ever live long enough to get so blase that meeting the Heinleins does not

give me a bit of a thrill. Bob is my idea of what a great science-fiction writer should be. Aside from his obvious capabilities he is also a real warm friendly gentleman and a fine guy. We don't agree on politics or the future but then I am an incurable optimist and don't intend to change that. It is one way of remaining sane in a crazy world. Bob is a long term optimist too, but my immediate concern is not the eventual welfare of the race of man, but the happiness and welfare of one particular specimen, and a few associates now.

The Taff panel was enjoyable and I think it would be hard to pick out two nicer guys to run for Taff. My mind was made up before I went to the Seacon and I didn't change it, but I am only sorry we can not send them both. It is a really hard choice.

The 'pro-panel' on writing to sell in Science Fiction turned out to be a lively affair. Budrys, Anderson and Nourse were quiet enough in their statements but a little amusing difference of opinion raised its interesting head, particularly between Bob Silverberg and Harlan Ellison who was pinch hitting in the absence of Philip Jose Farmer. Doc Smith was a masterful moderator and things never got out of hand but there was some entertaining speaking of minds both by the panel and occasionally from the audience.

The most interesting part of the Auction Bloch came after all the notable pros had been sold off and they put Wally Weber up to sell to the girls. Wally looked about ready to climb the walls, and I understand that later he almost literally did. He was sold to a group of gals, anyone willing to pay the requisite fee could share in the fun and willing women were plentiful. Even Ella Parker bought a share of poor old Wally. Between what the gals paid for Wally and what their husbands and boy-friends paid to witness the performance Taff did well I think. Sorry now I didn't watch it myself, but I like Wally and tho the fee was low I couldn't see him being badgered by all those women. At that he was lucky, I could stand being badgered for an hour by such fem fans as Karen Anderson, Virginia Schultheis and Ella Parker. Especially Ella Parker. I would have liked to have a chance to talk with her more than I did, but so would everyone else I think.

With the ending of the afternoon session I wandered back to the lobby and poolside meeting and talking with fans. Worried about Ellis having accommodations for the night I sought him out. He had checked with the desk and been told that everything was reserved, to check again after 4:30 in case of cancellation. I wandered over to the Flight Lounge and found the art show open and went in to look around. There is unquestionably some fine artistic talent in fandom. With a natural perversity well set forth by Dean Grennell in his Fzot Laws of Perversity the paintings that I would have most liked to have were all plainly marked 'not for sale'. However there were plenty of desirable paintings which were for sale. One took my eye immediately. Of all the art offered it was the one I most wanted, a small oil by Bjo. Beside it was a paper stating it was up for bid and on the paper the names of John Trimble, Jim Caughran, Bob Pavlat and Bill Evans with bids alongside. I don't remember what the high bid was, about 12 or 14 dollars I think. I inscribed my own name and bid beneath, not knowing I was letting myself in for the most exciting part of the con. For the next four days everytime I looked at the bid sheet new names and bids had appeared below mine. I should correct that about new names, they were mostly the same names over and over, Pavlat, Evans and Hanson with Caughran appearing now and then. After the second day the only

new name to appear on the list was Bill Ellern, and he appeared quite consistently from then on.

After checking with the desk again Ellis found himself without a room to sleep in for the duration of the con so we went into a huddle. His baggage was already in my room and I couldn't let him sit up in the Neff room all night for the remaining time so took him into my room. Neither of us likes to sleep with anyone (at least not another male) so it looked like a martyr session but Ellis said no, the rug was thick and soft, the cover on the bed quite heavy and there were extra pillows so he could bunk comfortably on the floor. He was as good as his word and slept there for three nights. I felt guilty letting him do it although he deserved no better for being such a goop and not arranging his reservations ahead.

This vital decision reached we went to the coffee shop for dinner. The essential and congenial task of filling the inner void with rare steak and french fries being eventually completed to our satisfaction we strolled about the quad and lobby for a while visiting the fans who were everywhere and enjoying the evening. As a constantly increasing number of fans were wending up the stairway to the Satellite Room we too ascended the stairs again to join the gay throng awaiting the appearance of the nummers in costume. The brilliance and variety of costumes made me regret keenly my own lack of costume. I had made my final plans so hurriedly that there was no time to even think of such matters, and I doubt that I would have had nerve enough to appear in a costume anyhow until I had seen the others. Ah well, I am making some plans for next year in Chicago. After hearing what a fine time I had in Seattle Roy and Tom announced their intention to accompany me to Chicago and we are working out a costume idea now.

From reading previous con reports I expected something rather special in the way of costumes, but was very surprised at the actual number, variety and beauty of the costumes seen. I can't remember all of even the better ones nor do I recollect who was in some of them but they were wonderful. As they promenaded for the judges we had many good looks and I fear I annoyed both nummers and spectators several times by flashing my flashbulbs in their faces but it simply had to be recorded for posterity. My films should be ready the first of the week, I am quite anxious. Had I had the solutions on hand I should have processed the films myself, color processing is a lot of fun but my solutions were exhausted and with a change of directorship at the laboratory imminent I thought better of it.

There were several groups in costume, Jack Harness and Libby Vintus as the Knave and Queen of hearts, Ron Elik, Steve Tolliver and Adrienne Martine as three from "Three Hearts and Three Lions"; A whole group of Coventrians some of whom I didn't recognize but which included Bruce Pelz, Ted Johnstone, Ruth Berman, Bjo and several others

Oh yes, there was another fine group, the Chiac contingent, all in ghostly white and looking almost exactly like their ad in the program booklet. I was busy admiring the assortment of weapons they were carrying. Of the outstanding individual costumes several come to mind but if I try to describe each this may become longer than *Gone With The Wind*. Stu Hoffman as a monstrous alien; Ernie Wheatly as an Egyptian priest, Joni Cornell as a cat girl (loud whistles of approval) Karen Anderson as a Rotsler wench (lots more ditto); Heinlein with indigo blue complexion reminding me of one of those nasty Boskonian

characters of Doc Smith's Lensman series - Jalte the Kalonian I think it was. There was a very impressive Count Dracula, one of the Seattle Nameless Ones I think and his companion the Frankenstein Monster. The monster's mask was a commercial job, a rubber one but his acting was good, obviously he has practised plenty. The Count was a polished performer too, and the makeup and costume were excellent. One of my favorites was a priest from Heinlein's Sixth Column, white robes, white hair and beard, turban halo four sided staff and all. The colored lights in the cube on the staff even worked. I regret my inability to remember who was inside the outfit but it was real gone. Bill Ellern as a Genie fascinated me. His costume was simple, baggy pants, sash and body makeup plus some putty to make points on his ears, but he really made a very impressive and realistic Genie, or Jinni to be more correct.

I did not agree with the judges in the awarding of some of the places for best costume, but lots of us didn't. I think in one or two cases they really passed up outstanding costumes to give the award to some that were not nearly as good. To be absolutely fair all round I will have to admit the judges had their work cut out for them. There were so many fine ones, and so many spectators cluttering up the scene, and the nummers did not all stay in line and go around, they tended to group up in clumps which must have made it hard to see some of them. I know the rest of us got in the way and made seeing them difficult. There were about four groups and tho no group category was listed I think it would have been a good thing to choose one. Bjo took the award for the most beautiful costume, and it was beautiful, but not a really sciencefictional costume, it was one of the Coventranian characters and lovely but almost mundane enough to wear to an ordinary party. Some of the farther out ones were very beautiful too. Joni Cornell won the award for the MOST and I doubt if there were any disscenters present, tho it really should have been least! Whoo, Boy! Stu Hoffman's monstrous creation easily won recognition as did Karen Anderson as a Rotslerwench. I kept hearing plaintive wishes for a long sharp pin and I admit the idea had merit but fortunately for the symmetry of Karens impersonation there seemed to be none around.

After the ball fans began melting away in all directions, getting out of character and then rendezvousing to various fannish parties. I didn't want to go barging about trying to get myself invited into a party, I still haven't crust enough to just barge in where I'm not invited, but fortunately it was unnecessary, the Chicago gang were holding open parties in their suite and everyone was welcome so long as they remembered to vote to Go Chicago in 62 so I oozed over to the Chiac suite where quite a crowd of fans had already gathered, talking and drinking. Earl Kemp shoved a drink into my hand * Earl is a Good Man * and I joined the conversational maelstrom. The party was a good one and large and noisy too. Not really noisy, it is just that when you get 30 or 40 people in a room together, all conversing, the decibel count automatically climbs a bit.

After a couple of drinks and considerable conversation I decided to step out for some air. The personnel kept changing of course as people came and went so I slipped out to make more room for some newcomers and walked around the pool for a while. It was a lovely night or more properly morning and I played a game looking around at the rooms that were lighted up and estimating the number of parties in progress. I strolled around the peripheral area, getting glimpses of fannish groups at play. There was a party going in the Heinlein suite



as I passed but I figured Bob would have already attracted as much company as he could handle and passed on to the Meff room. The lights were on but all was serene, the only sound the gentle snores of some fan stretched out on a bench. There is too much to do and see at a con to waste much precious time in sleep and I wasn't sleepy anyhow so when several fans left the Chicago party as I came up I slid back into the group. About 4:30 or a quarter to five I decided I had had enough fannish gaiety for one day and aft er relieving myself of an empty glass and thanking the Chiac allies for the hospitality I strolled across the quad and went up to room 282. Just before climbing into the sack I opened the curtains and sliding door and stepped out onto my balcony for a few last lungfuls of crisp morning air. The quad was a lovely scene, dominated by the luminescent blue waters of the swimming pool which is lighted below t he water level which gives it a wonderful blue glow at night. lazy ripples betrayed the course of some early morning swimmer.

Late Sunday morning, aft er a fine fannish breakfast Ellis and I gravitated around to the Mosaic Room to attend the meeting of the Fellowship of the Ring. After an interesting session we emerged as new Fellows and I wandered to the lobby and cornered Ben Stark to make a deal on a complete set of the Ring. This accomplished I hastened to the fan art exhibit in the Flight Lounge to see if my hated rivals were getting ahead of me on the bidding for the Bjo. They were. I inscribed my name and bid beneath the others and looked around a bit. As I was leaving, not more than 2 minutes could have passed I glanced at the Bjo and Horror of Horrors, Bill Evans and Bob Pavlat had both over bid me while my back was turned. I saw the rogues skulking at t he other end of the room. With some satisfaction I inscribed my name and new bid beneath and haughtily left the lounge. As I walked away I threw a hasty glance back which disclosed the hated Evans underwriting me and the despised Pavlat hastening in his direction, pen in hand. I rose superior to the occasion, found Ellis and we went up to dress for the Banquet.

The Banquet was an affair long to be remembered. The Satellite Room was filled, the food was very good - at least my roast prime ribs were excellent, I can't speak for the swiss steak but from the way Ellis put his away it must have been good - and the company brilliant. After the strategic business of eating was taken care of the toast-master, Harlan Ellison, was introduced and did his famous st uff. I have long heard of Harlan's stunts but this was my first opportunity to witness one and I was not disappointed. After clowning a bit he introduced Forry Ackerman who gave a brief and entertaining address on conventions, past and present. This was followed by the introduction of the Guest of Honor, Bob Heinlein, who spoke on The Future Revisited.

Heinleins talk was excellent, and very well received. He received a standing ovation when he was introduced - I think he was embarrassed at the reception - and again upon conclusion of his speech. His view of t he imminent future is a dark one - and not without just cause - Bob calls himself a long range optomist and I guess that is a good description. I do not concur with his unhappy outlook tho there is reason enough to do so, but I refuse to expect the worst until it really happens. Regardless of varying points of view, the talk was excellent and very well delivered.

After the furrore subsided it was followed by the awarding of the

Hugos. This episode, tho now history is likely to be kicked around a bit for some time as a slight booboo appears to have been committed. I was properly impressed at my first sight of the Hugo awards and was gratified with some of the decisions. I don't know why I bother with all the details since by the time this is distributed all this will be old hat, but I've started so here we go. Best short story award went to Poul Anderson's "The Longest Voyage" with which I have no quarrel. The best fanzine was Earl Kemp's Who Killed Science Fiction which I regret to say I have not seen so I have no opinion, the best pro magazine was of course Analog to which I can say only Amen. The best artist was Ed Emshwiller. This I cannot pass without humming a little humm. Ah well, of course I'm prejudiced. I have no real quarrel with Twilight Zone winning the best dramatic presentation tho there were a couple good ones. Serling's Zone varies in its quality but is often quite good and I like it. The best novel category went to Miller's "Canticle for Leibowitz". Not having read it I cannot comment on its deserving status but apparently it was actually ineligible and some interesting hassles are likely to raise their heads. I don't see there is much can be done about it, the Award was made and I presume Mr. Miller has his Hugo. It should have been caught when it was nominated and not permitted to go to a vote. I don't know what happened, maybe somebody goofed?

I did not stay around for the pro panel on editing science fiction time at the con was precious and I was far more interested in meeting and talking with fans than listening to pros. Consequently I repaired to the Mosaic Room and attended the Muster of the Hyborean Legion. This proved quite interesting tho at the moment I cannot remember any details of what took place. I had a good chance to visit with George Scithers after the muster. Later I hastened to the Flight Lounge and placed a new bid for the Bjo, about the third or fourth that day. The Banquet was several hours in the past and tho I wasn't really hungry Ellis and I went to the coffee shop for a bit of nourishment calculated to suffice until breakfast. After this important activity was over I went back up to the Satellite Room to see a little of the auction - Tyrannical Al Lewis in action - and attended the business meeting. The essential business was dealt with concisely and with dispatch, including voting for Chicago in '62. After this essential detail was attended to Earl Kemp introduced Price, the Chiac treasurer and there was a concerted rush to pay up and get membership cards with low numbers. Anyone hoping for real low numbers was doomed to disappointment as the crafty Chicagoans had already illegally sold a considerable number of memberships. I was third in line and got number 35. The Chiac lads had let no grass grow under their feet, not only were they equipped with cards but also the hand out with the registration included Progress Report No. 1 on the 20th Con and a registration form from the Pick-Congress Hotel for securing room reservations at the Con.

On the way back to my room there was another brief stop at the art exhibit. Yeah, the hated rivals had been there and I derived some small satisfaction from inscribing below what I hoped would be the last bid - for that day that is - below theirs. By now the list of bids was growing long and impressive and all former bidders but Pavlat, Evans and myself had dropped out. However, to cloud this issue a new name had appeared thereon, Bill Ellern. What the hell, the more the merrier - and the more expensive.

Ellis and I had invited a number of fans up to the room for a

as I passed but I figured Bob would have already attracted as much company as he could handle and passed on to the Moff room. The lights were on but all was serene, the only sound the gentle snores of some fan stretched out on a bench. There is too much to do and see at a con to waste much precious time in sleep and I wasn't sleepy anyhow so when several fans left the Chicago party as I came up I slid back into the group. About 4:30 or a quarter to five I decided I had had enough fannish gaiety for one day and aft er relieving myself of an empty glass and thanking the Chiac allies for the hospitality I strolled across the quad and went up to room 282. Just before climbing into the sack I opened the curtains and sliding door and stepped out onto my balcony for a few last lungfuls of crisp morning air. The quad was a lovely scene, dominated by the luminescent blue waters of the swimming pool which is lighted below t he water level which gives it a wonderful blue glow at night. lazy ripples betrayed the course of some early morning swimmer.

Late Sunday morning, aft er a fine fannish breakfast Ellis and I gravitated around to the Mosaic Room to attend the meeting of the Fellowship of the Ring. After an interesting session we emerged as new Fellows and I wandered to the lobby and cornered Ben Stark to make a deal on a complete set of the Ring. This accomplished I hastened to the fan art exhibit in the Flight Lounge to see if my hated rivals were getting ahead of me on the bidding for the Bjo. They were. I inscribed my name and bid beneath the others and looked around a bit. As I was leaving, not more than 2 minutes could have passed I glanced at the Bjo and Horror of Horrors, Bill Evans and Bob Pavlat had both over bid me while my back was turned. I saw the rogues skulking at t he other end of the room. With some satisfaction I inscribed my name and new bid beneath and haughtily left the lounge. As I walked away I threw a hasty glance back which disclosed the hated Evans underwriting me and the despised Pavlat hastening in his direction, pen in hand. I rose superior to the occasion, found Ellis and we went up to dress for the Banquet.

The Banquet was an affair long to be remembered. The Satellite Room was filled, the food was very good - at least my roast prime ribs were excellent, I can't speak for the swiss steak but from the way Ellis put his away it must have been good - and the company brilliant. After the strategic business of eating was taken care of the toastmaster, Harlan Ellison, was introduced and did his famous st uff. I have long heard of Harlan's stunts but this was my first opportunity to witness one and I was not disappointed. After clowning a bit he introduced Forry Ackerman who gave a brief and entertaining address on conventions, past and present. This was followed by the introduction of the Guest of Honor, Bob Heinlein, who spoke on The Future Revisited.

Heinleins talk was excellent, and very well received. He received a standing ovation when he was introduced - I think he was embarrassed at the reception - and again upon conclusion of his speech. His view of t he imminent future is a dark one - and not without just cause - Bob calls himself a long range optomist and I guess that is a good description. I do not concur with his unhappy outlook tho there is reason enough to do so, but I refuse to expect the worst until it really happens. Regardless of varying points of view, the talk was excellent and very well delivered.

After the furrrore subsided it was followed by the awarding of the



Hugos. This episode, tho now history is likely to be kicked around a bit for some time as a slight booboo appears to have been committed. I was properly impressed at my first sight of the Hugo awards and was gratified with some of the decisions. I don't know why I bother with all the details since by the time this is distributed all this will be old hat, but I've started so here we go. Best short story award went to Poul Anderson's "The Longest Voyage" with which I have no quarrel. The best fanzine was Earl Kemp's Who Killed Science Fiction which I regret to say I have not seen so I have no opinion, the best pro magazine was of course Analog to which I can say only Amen. The best artist was Ed Emshwiller. This I cannot pass without humming a little humm. Ah well, of course I'm prejudiced. I have no real quarrel with Twilight Zone winning the best dramatic presentation tho there were a couple good ones. Serling's Zone varies in its quality but is often quite good and I like it. The best novel category went to Miller's "Canticle for Leibowitz". Not having read it I cannot comment on its deserving status but apparently it was actually ineligible and some interesting hassles are likely to raise their heads. I don't see there is much can be done about it, the Award was made and I presume Mr. Miller has his Hugo. It should have been caught when it was nominated and not permitted to go to a vote. I don't know what happened, maybe somebody goofed?

I did not stay around for the pro panel on editing science fiction time at the con was precious and I was far more interested in meeting and talking with fans than listening to pros. Consequently I remained to the Mosaic Room and attended the Muster of the Hyborean Legion. This proved quite interesting tho at the moment I cannot remember any details of what took place. I had a good chance to visit with George Scithers after the muster. Later I hastened to the Flight Lounge and placed a new bid for the Bjo, about the third or fourth that day. The Banquet was several hours in the past and tho I wasn't really hungry Ellis and I went to the coffee shop for a bit of nourishment calculated to suffice until breakfast. After this important activity was over I went back up to the Satellite Room to see a little of the auction - Tyrannical Al Lewis in action - and attended the business meeting. The essential business was dealt with concisely and with dispatch, including voting for Chicago in '62. After this essential detail was attended to Earl Kemp introduced Price, the Chiac treasurer and there was a concerted rush to pay up and get membership cards with low numbers. Anyone hoping for real low numbers was doomed to disappointment as the crafty Chicagoans had already illegally sold a considerable number of memberships. I was third in line and got number 35. The Chiac lads had let no grass grow under their feet, not only were they equipped with cards but also the hand out with the registration included Progress Report No. 1 on the 20th Con and a registration form from the Pick-Congress Hotel for securing room reservations at the Con.

On the way back to my room there was another brief stop at the art exhibit. Yeah, the hated rivals had been there and I derived some small satisfaction from inscribing below what I hoped would be the last bid - for that day that is - below theirs. By now the list of bids was growing long and impressive and all former bidders but Pavlat, Evans and myself had dropped out. However, to cloud this issue a new name had appeared thereon, Bill Ellern. What the holl, the more the merrier - and the more expensive.

Ellis and I had invited a number of fans up to the room for a

as I passed but I figured Bob would have already attracted as much company as he could handle and passed on to the Neff room. The lights were on but all was serene, the only sound the gentle snores of some fan stretched out on a bench. There is too much to do and see at a con to waste much precious time in sleep and I wasn't sleepy anyhow so when several fans left the Chicago party as I came up I slid back into the group. About 4:30 or a quarter to five I decided I had had enough fannish gaiety for one day and aft er relieving myself of an empty glass and thanking the Chiac allies for the hospitality I strolled across the quad and went up to room 282. Just before climbing into the sack I opened the curtains and sliding door and stepped out onto my balcony for a few last lungfuls of crisp morning air. The quad was a lovely scene, dominated by the luminescent blue waters of the swimming pool which is lighted below t he water level which gives it a wonderful blue glow at night. lazy ripples betrayed the course of some early morning swimmer.

Late Sunday morning, aft er a fine fannish breakfast Ellis and I gravitated around to the Mosaic Room to attend the meeting of the Fellowship of the Ring. After an interesting session we emerged as new Fellows and I wandered to the lobby and cornered Ben Stark to make a deal on a complete set of the Ring. This accomplished I hastened to the fan art exhibit in the Flight Lounge to see if my hated rivals were getting ahead of me on the bidding for the Bjo. They were. I inscribed my name and bid beneath the others and looked around a bit. As I was leaving, not more than 2 minutes could have passed I glanced at the Bjo and Horror of Horrors, Bill Evans and Bob Pavlat had both over bid me while my back was turned. I saw the rogues skulking at t he other end of the room. With some satisfaction I inscribed my name and new bid beneath and haughtily left the lounge. As I walked away I threw a hasty glance back which disclosed the hated Evans underwriting me and the despised Pavlat hastening in his direction, pen in hand. I rose superior to the occasion, found Ellis and we went up to dress for the Banquet.

The Banquet was an affair long to be remembered. The Satellite Room was filled, the food was very good - at least my roast prime ribs were excellent, I can't speak for the swiss steak but from the way Ellis put his away it must have been good - and the company brilliant. After the strategic business of eating was taken care of the toastmaster, Harlan Ellison, was introduced and did his famous st uff. I have long heard of Harlan's stunts but this was my first opportunity to witness one and I was not disappointed. After clowning a bit he introduced Forry Ackerman who gave a brief and entertaining address on conventions, past and present. This was followed by the introduction of the Guest of Honor, Bob Heinlein, who spoke on The Future Revisited.

Heinleins talk was excellent, and very well received. He received a standing ovation when he was introduced - I think he was embarrassed at the reception - and again upon conclusion of his speech. His view of t he imminent future is a dark one - and not without just cause - Bob calls himself a long range optomist and I guess that is a good description. I do not concur with his unhappy outlook tho there is reason enough to do so, but I refuse to expect the worst until it really happens. Regardless of varying points of view, the talk was excellent and very well delivered.

After the furrere subsided it was followed by the awarding of the



Hugos. This episode, tho now history is likely to be kicked around a bit for some time as a slight booboo appears to have been committed. I was properly impressed at my first sight of the Hugo awards and was gratified with some of the decisions. I don't know why I bother with all the details since by the time this is distributed all this will be old hat, but I've started so here we go. Best short story award went to Poul Anderson's "The Longest Voyage" with which I have no quarrel. The best fanzine was Earl Kemp's Who Killed Science Fiction which I regret to say I have not seen so I have no opinion, the best pro magazine was of course Analog to which I can say only Amen. The best artist was Ed Emshwiller. This I cannot pass without humming a little hmmm. Ah well, of course I'm prejudiced. I have no real quarrel with Twilight Zone winning the best dramatic presentation tho there were a couple good ones. Serling's Zone varies in its quality but is often quite good and I like it. The best novel category went to Miller's "Canticle for Leibowitz". Not having read it I cannot comment on its deserving status but apparently it was actually ineligible and some interesting hassles are likely to raise their heads. I don't see there is much can be done about it, the Award was made and I presume Mr. Miller has his Hugo. It should have been caught when it was nominated and not permitted to go to a vote. I don't know what happened, maybe somebody goofed?

I did not stay around for the pro panel on editing science fiction time at the con was precious and I was far more interested in meeting and talking with fans than listening to pros. Consequently I remained to the Mosaic Room and attended the Muster of the Hyborean Legion. This proved quite interesting tho at the moment I cannot remember any details of what took place. I had a good chance to visit with George Scithers after the muster. Later I hastened to the Flight Lounge and placed a new bid for the Bjo, about the third or fourth that day. The Banquet was several hours in the past and tho I wasn't really hungry Ellis and I went to the coffee shop for a bit of nourishment calculated to suffice until breakfast. After this important activity was over I went back up to the Satellite Room to see a little of the auction - Tyrannical Al Lewis in action - and attended the business meeting. The essential business was dealt with concisely and with dispatch, including voting for Chicago in '62. After this essential detail was attended to Earl Kemp introduced Price, the Chiac treasurer and there was a concerted rush to pay up and get membership cards with low numbers. Anyone hoping for real low numbers was doomed to disappointment as the crafty Chicagoans had already illegally sold a considerable number of memberships. I was third in line and got number 35. The Chiac lads had let no grass grow under their feet, not only were they equipped with cards but also the hand out with the registration included Progress Report No. 1 on the 20th Con and a registration form from the Pick-Congress Hotel for securing room reservations at the Con.

On the way back to my room there was another brief stop at the art exhibit. Yeah, the hated rivals had been there and I derived some small satisfaction from inscribing below what I hoped would be the last bid - for that day that is - below theirs. By now the list of bids was growing long and impressive and all former bidders but Pavlat, Evans and myself had dropped out. However, to cloud this issue a new name had appeared thereon, Bill Ellern. What the hell, the more the merrier - and the more expensive.

Ellis and I had invited a number of fans up to the room for a

quiet little party, drink and discussion. We got the bellhop to bring up ice and glasses and by the time the stage was set a few guests were arriving. Quite a number of the fans we wanted to ask up had not been contacted because we had decided on the deal suddenly, late in the day and had not had a chance to see some of the people. Others were not able to make it because of previous commitments, but we had a nice quiet little gathering anyhow, perched on chairs, bed and floor with heavy accent on the latter. Eventually the guests drifted away, some to keep promises to other engagements and one or two to go to bed. A horrible thought but true, Ben Jason was one of the sacktime contingent. He hadn't ~~far~~ to go as his room was next to mine. Eventually only Ellis, Ben Keifer and I remained and when Ben and I announced that we were going out looking for a live party Ellis went to bed! Tsk, tsk such a wast of time. Ben and I, each with a bottle in hand wandered into the hall and started down the line. As we passed an open doorway we were invited in and joined the party. There was a lively discussion of Heinlein's speech going on between a group squatting on the floor. I deeply regret that I cannot remember who they all were, in fact even worse I do not recall the name of mine host. I have a very bad memory for names anyhow and at that hour of the ~~night~~ morning - well I just can't remember. I do distinctly remember that Ed Wood was among the squatting contingent. He was the noisest, who can forget him. I'm just kidding Ed in case you read this. Also present at the party were Phyllis Economou and Ben Stark. This suited me fine as I am fond of both and wanted a chance to visit with both of them without too much outside disturbance.

It was a real fine party, I had a wonderful time and a good visit and some fine Scotch, but all good things must end, at least temporarily, so about four thirty or five I said g'night all round, thanked mine hosts for a fine time and wandered back to 282 for a few hours in the arms of Morpheus so I would be able to do it again. After all, the spirit is willin' but this old flesh was getting pretty weak. I feel pretty goofy not to remember whos room it was my aging memory was laboring to classify and file the names and faces of about 300 fans whom I had never met before and under unfavorable conditions of excitement and lack of sleep. I am not used to parties five nights hand running and tho I remained sober the business of getting into the sack about daybreak for a ~~week~~ - week, hell - both are dead right - was a real drain. I relaxed and slept most of the week after I got home. Fortunately I had the time, I knew I would need a weeks vacation to rest and recover from my vac tion!

The morning hours of Monday - that is what was left after I got up - were spent in wandering around the lobby and quadrangle visiting with groups of fans and excursions into the Flight Lounge to add a new bid to the growing list on the Bjo. As I was inscribing my name there I overheard someone, Jim Caughran I think, ask John Trimble how come he was letting us run off with the Bjo painting and John declared he would be double damned if he would pay 35 bucks for one of his wife's paintings, he'd just make her do another one for him. The man has an unfair advantage there. I don't know tho, when I was talking to Bjo about the picture earlier she told me she would never do another like it. Part of it was spattered on by applying the oil to a toothbrush and scraping the bristles to fling paint broadcast. Bjo said that was just what it did, in spite of precautions she wound up with a spatter painted room and cat, to say nothing of herself. So USSTrimble may have his work cut out for him to get one like it. I bought a very nice

picture by Wm. Edgar Curtis called "A Bomb in a Residential Area". It is a fantastic thing and every time I passed it I liked it better. Besides, by this time I was beginning to gravely doubt if I could get the Bjo. By noon, time for the Why is a Fan panel, the high bid - mine - was 38 dollars and the affair had settled down to a fight between Bob Pavlat, Bill Evans, Bill Ellern and me, but with a nasty new element added. Pavlat and Caughran had joined forces. Jim had dropped out some time earlier but now he was back in Pavlat's corner. I maintained fiercely that such an unholy coalition was unfair, illegal, immoral, unethical and fattening but to no avail. So I tried to fight fire with fire and sounded out Bill Evans on a coalition but he would have none of it. Bill Ellern was not around.

The Why is a Fan panel numbered Bob Pavlat, Wrai Ballard, Jack Speer, Walter Breen, Boyd Reaburn and Ted White and was moderated by Carl Kemp. The discussions were very interesting and all went smoothly and swiftly with many good points being hashed out until Bill Evans made some thoroughly reasonable remarks to the effect that fandom has changed, all fans used to come from the science fiction ranks but that fans had developed new interests and today it was not predominantly a science fiction fandom as it had been, that some fans did not even read stf now days. At this point Sam Moskowitz lept to his feet and said that to say fandom was not dependent on stf and that fans were no longer science fiction fans was ridiculous and anyone who said so was a damned fool. There was a sudden silence broken only by the voice of Sam handing down the decree of Ghod almighty. One thing I must say for Sam, he doesn't need a microphone. I had not expected to like Sam, due probably to memories of the exclusion act at Hycon I and was quite pleasantly surprised to find him personable, friendly and a pleasant person. Suddenly my opinion did a back flip and reverted to its former attitude. Sam is a pleasant guy to talk to, but he seems to take a very dim view of any opinions strongly opposed to his own Ghod-like views. Anyone can disagree God knows, that is what makesthe world go 'round but in our modern civilized society it is not generally considered good form to call a man a damned fool because you do not agree with him. It was a disgusting exhibition of bad manners. The moderator showed good judgement in cutting off the flood of angry comment on the subject. Again things went smoothly until Ted White began to speak and then the smouldering feud which Ted and Kris Moskowitz have been staging on the mesal business burst into open warfare. Kris proved that she could be offensive on her own and the Whites and Sam did well for themselves in the contention. Sort of a nasty business which helped hasten the close of the panel discussion.

Then Tyrannical Al Lewis helped take some of the bad taste out of the proceedings by his brilliant auctioneering of the remaining art work. I picked up a nice cover illustration from Amazing and some black and white pieces including an Adkins and a Finlay. The high point of the auction was Bill Ellern carrying off a cover painting by Emsh for the tidy sum of 92 bucks. During the auction the bidders for the Bjo got their heads together and agreed on a voice auction later, only those actively bidding to be eligible.

This private auction was duly held that afternoon in the patio outside of the Flight Lounge. Pavlat, Evans, Ellern and I were the active bidders but we accumulated quite an audience, including the Trimbles. Bill Ellern had shot his was on the Emsh so declared himself out of the running. Bidding started at my last written bid, \$38 and

progressed rapidly upwards. Finally I was left to face the Caughran-Pavlat coalition alone when Bill Evans dropped out at about \$40 or thereabout. Bidding slowed up considerably now, each of us allowing the auctioneer to call going once, going twice etc before offering the next bid. I had been thinking furiously. I had already determined not to go above \$50, not because I did not think the painting worth it but because I could not afford to go higher. The trip was a considerable expense and I am making payments on a new car and cherished hopes of having the bathroom of my home remodeled this fall so that I truthfully could not explain - even to myself - the bids I had already made. It was quite apparant that Pavlat and Caughran were prepared to exceed what I could possibly do. Bob was saying \$42.50 and while I thought about it I heard myself bid 43, then when I thought a miracle had occurred Bob said 43.50 and I made it 44. As the ritual of three calls went on I was thinking -you can't get it you dope, why make it more expensive than you have to for a nice guy like Bob. Then his voice cut thru again \$45. As the three calls were issued I thought fast. I really intended to go to 50 but the gleam in Pa lats eye told me it would make no difference so as the third call began I grinned, stuck out my nit and shook hands with my hated rivals - they're both swell guys - and admitted defeat. Bjo said she was overcome and next year she would bring two or three, enough to go around. The real topper offer tho was when she shook hands with me and said 'gosh, if I had known before the show you wanted it I would have sold it for \$5! Immortal Roscoe, support thy servant! Five measly bucks and I bid 44 and Pavlat paid 45. Hell, twas worth it. Still, I think Mother will be better pleased with the remodeled bathroom providing I can swing it. Of course the 50 bucks is merely a drop in the bucket of the thousand the remodeling will cost, but then the thousand is just lots of odd fifties. I intended to ask Bob how high he and Jim would have gone but decided not to. If they would have stopped short of fifty I would have had to go out and blow what I use for br ins out for being such an ass.

The Seacon was officially ended and after the excitement of the auction I felt sort of let down myself. I wandered about talking with fans and went in to the Flight Lounge to claim my painting by Curtis. The rest of the afternoon was spent in drifting about in the company of congenial fans, visiting to store up memories of a wonderful convention.

After dinner I wandered up the stairs to the Satellite room to see if there were any activity afoot therein. As I reached the top of the flight of stairs I came upon a sight that was one of the highlights of the Seacon and which I do not expect to soon forget. At the upper landing of the stairway outside the door of the Satellite room is a cigarette machine and on his knees before the machine was Ghod himself (Elmer Perdue). I said "Elmer for Crysake whatcha doin there on your prayerbones" and smiling benignly at me Ghod saith "I'm playing the slot machine." In my superior wisdom I said "That's a cigarette machine not a slot machine, Elmer are ye daft?" And then He passed a miracle, right before my eyes. I was standing at his shoulder and saw the wonder plainly with my own peepers and if any one dares say Elmer is not Ghod then they have me to recon with.

With a broad smile and a sly wink Elmer deposited a quarter and a dime in the machine (cigarettes are 35 cents in Washington) and he pressed the Salem button smartly. The machine buzzed, clicked and out came a package of Salems and 35 cents! I rubbed my eyes and said 'huh les see you do that again. Elmer grinned, put in the same quarter and

dime, pressed the button and with a buzz and click out fell the Salems followed by a small metallic clashing as his 35 cents dropped into the coin return. By now my eyes were bugging out... I said "Elmer, I do believe, tell me can anyone do this or is it a private miracle." He admitted it wasn't everyone who could do it but suggested I try, promising to help me. I stuck in 35 cents, pressed the button and got back Salems, matches and my 35 cent investment. Once was enough to convince me, I prefer my pipe to cigarettes and besides I don't think I could stand too many miracles so I stepped back to watch Ghod at work.

A little later I met Elmer in the quad as he sought a place to deposit his loot. The Salem slot was empty on the machine, Elmer had 10 packs of Salems disposed about his person plus a scattering of other brands and was out of change. He said the other brands did not give as good dividends on the investment. Nobody better say in my hearing that Elmer isn't Ghod. Now if I feel blue I just roar with laughter remembering Ghod playing the slot machine.

A bit later I crossed the quad to the Heinlein Suite where Bob and Ginny were giving a night-long open party. As this was my first con I don't know whether this happens often or not but I think a lot of pros would think twice before voluntarily holding open house all night to a gang of thirsty fans. It goes without saying the party was well attended, with plenty of fans coming to pay their respects to the outstanding science fiction author of our time. Bob is warm and hospitable and so is Ginny and everyone had a ball. People drifted in and out constantly and the bellboy was kept busy bringing the essentials. Somehow Bob and Ginny and Bruce Pelz and I fell to talking about songs, and the songs in 'Green Hills' in particular so we sought refuge in the next room where it was quieter and Bruce sang Bob and Ginny some of the Green Hills songs with the music he had composed for them. Bruce has real talent in this line and the Heinleins were tremendously pleased and we discussed a tape recording of them. Bruce promised to make a tape for Bob and I am going to get in on the deal too some way, by hook or crook.

I had missed one opportunity to see the Genie and the Muskeet Kid because I didn't want to leave the Heinlein party but now the Bush pictures were to be shown and then the Unicorn productions again and as this would be the last time I made my reluctant way to the Satellite room again to see them. The Bush pictures I did not care much for as I do not like abstraction, impressionism and other modern art idioms but I enjoyed the fan movies very much. Then I started back to the party when I remembered that the Heinlein hooch supply, the extensive was bearing a helluva lot of traffic and the sideboard was beginning to show the effects of the decimation while I had a perfectly good quart of bonded J.W. Dant sitting alone in my room so I went up and took it back to the party with me where it made friends rapidly. I saw Ben Keipher also slip in with some of his private stock in hand to help support the home forces against the inroads of a fan invasion. It is a good thing Bob was well supplied. I don't suppose everybody stopped at the Heinlein party but if one had sat there from start to finish I think he would have missed seeing few of the fans at the con. There were never too many at one time, after all even a suite has a limit to how many it can accommodate at one time. Anyhow it was a ball. About 5 I said goodnight to Bob and Ginny and returned wearily to 282 to think over what a wonderful thing is a con, and sink into much needed slumber.

progressed rapidly upwards. Finally I was left to face the Caughran-Pavlat coalition alone when Bill Evans dropped out at about \$40 or thereabout. Bidding slowed up considerably now, each of us allowing the auctioneer to call going once, going twice etc before offering the next bid. I had been thinking furiously. I had already determined not to go above \$50, not because I did not think the painting worth it but because I could not afford to go higher. The trip was a considerable expense and I am making payments on a new car and cherished hopes of having the bathroom of my home remodeled this fall so that I truthfully could not explain - even to myself - the bids I had already made. It was quite apparant that Pavlat and Caughran were prepared to exceed what I could possibly do. Bob was saying \$42.50 and while I thought about it I heard myself bid 43, then when I thought a miracle had occurred Bob said 43.50 and I made it 44. As the ritual of three calls went on I was thinking -you can't get it you dope, who make it more expensive than you have to for a nice guy like Bob. Then his voice cut thru again \$45. As the three calls were issued I thought fast. I really intended to go to 50 but the gleam in Pa lats eye told me it would make no difference so as the third call began I grinned, stuck out my nit and shook hands with my hated rivals - they're both swell guys - and admitted defeat. Bjo said she was overcome and next year she would bring two or three, enough to go around. The real topper offer tho was when she shook hands with me and said 'gosh, if I had known before the show you wanted it I would have sold it for \$5! Immortal Roscoe, support thy servant! Five measly bucks and I bid 44 and Pavlat paid 45. Hell, twas worth it. Still, I think Mother will be better pleased with the remodeled bathroom providing I can swing it. Of course the 50 bucks is merely a drop in the bucket of the thousand the remodeling will cost, but then the thousand is just lots of odd fifties. I intended to ask Bob how high he and Jim would have gone but decided not to. If they would have stopped short of fifty I would have had to go out and blow what I use for br ins out for being such an ass.

The Seacon was officially ended and after the excitement of the auction I felt sort of let down myself. I wandered about talking with fans and went in to the Flight Lounge to claim my painting by Curtis. The rest of the afternoon was spent in drifting about in the company of congenial fans, visiting to store up memories of a wonderful convention.

After dinner I wandered up the stairs to the Satellite room to see if there were any activity afoot therein. As I reached the top of the flight of stairs I came upon a sight that was one of the highlights of the Seacon and which I do not expect to soon forget. At the upper landing of the stairway outside the door of the Satellite room is a cigarette machine and on his knees before the machine was Ghod himself (Elmer Perdue). I said "Elmer for Crysake whatcha doin there on your prayerbones" and smiling benignly at me Ghod saith "I'm playing the slot machine." In my superior wisdom I said "That's a cigarette machine not a slot machine, Elmer are ye daft?" And then He passed a miracle, right before my eyes. I was standing at his shoulder and saw the wonder plainly with my own peepers and if any one dares say Elmer is not Ghod then they have me to recon with.

With a broad smile and a sly wink Elmer deposited a quart er and a dime in the machine (cigarettes are 35 cents in Washington) and he pressed the Salem button smartly. The machine buzzed, clicked and out came a package of Salems and 35 cents! I rubbed my eyes and said 'huh les see you do that again. Elmer grinned, put in the same quarter and

dime, pressed the button and with a buzz and click out fell the Salems followed by a small metallic clashing as his 35 cents dropped into the coin return. By now my eyes were bugging out... I said "Elmer, I do believe, tell me can anyone do this or is it a private miracle." He admitted it wasn't everyone who could do it but suggested I try, promising to help me. I stuck in 35 cents, pressed the button and got back Salems, matches and my 35 cent investment. Once was enough to convince me, I prefer my pipe to cigarettes and besides I don't think I could stand too many miracles so I stepped back to watch Ghod at work.

A little later I met Elmer in the quad as he sought a place to deposit his loot. The Salem slot was empty on the machine, Elmer had 18 packs of Salems disposed about his person plus a scattering of other brands and was out of change. He said the other brands did not give as good dividends on the investment. Nobody better say in my hearing that Elmer isn't Ghod. Now if I feel blue I just roar with laughter remembering Ghod playing the slot machine.

A bit later I crossed the quad to the Heinlein Suite where Bob and Ginny were giving a night-long open party. As this was my first con I don't know whether this happens often or not but I think a lot of pros would think twice before voluntarily holding open house all night to a gang of thirsty fans. It goes without saying the party was well attended, with plenty of fans coming to pay their respects to the outstanding science fiction author of our time. Bob is warm and hospitable and so is Ginny and everyone had a ball. People drifted in and out constantly and the bellboy was kept busy bringing the essentials. Somehow Bob and Ginny and Bruce Pelz and I fell to talking about songs, and the songs in 'Green Hills' in particular so we sought refuge in the next room where it was quieter and Bruce sang Bob and Ginny some of the Green Hills songs with the music he had composed for them. Bruce has real talent in this line and the Heinleins were tremendously pleased and we discussed a tape recording of them. Bruce promised to make a tape for Bob and I am going to get in on the deal too some way, by hook or crook.

I had missed one opportunity to see the Genie and the Huskoet Kid because I didn't want to leave the Heinlein party but now the Dash pictures were to be shown and then the Unicorn productions again and as this would be the last time I made my reluctant way to the Satellite room again to see them. The Dash pictures I did not care much for as I do not like abstraction, impressionism and other modern art idioms but I enjoyed the fan movies very much. Then I started back to the party when I remembered that the Heinlein hooch supply, the extensive was bearing a helluva lot of traffic and the sideboard was beginning to show the effects of the decimation while I had a perfectly good quart of bonded J.W. Dant sitting alone in my room so I went up and took it back to the party with me where it made friends rapidly. I saw Ben Keipher also slip in with some of his private stock in hand to help support the home forces against the inroads of a fan invasion. It is a good thing Bob was well supplied. I don't suppose everybody stopped at the Heinlein party but if one had sat there from start to finish I think he would have missed seeing few of the fans at the con. There were never too many at one time, after all even a suite has a limit to how many it can accommodate at one time. Anyhow it was a ball. About 5 I said goodnight to Bob and Ginny and returned wearily to 232 to think over what a wonderful thing is a con, and sink into much needed slumber.

Ellis was up and getting dressed and into his right mind when I returned to consciousness. He had told me the preceding evening that the Kyles had made arrangement for a car and were going to Mount Ranier National Park for the day. He and I had been invited to attend. It was darned nice of the Kyles to invite me but I told Ellis if he went to deliver my thanks and regrets. At any other time I would have jumped at the chance for Mount Ranier is very beautiful and I would welcome another chance to see it but not this time. The time for seeing fans was getting all too short and I did not want to waste it. Ellis said if he was too late to watch the Kyle caravan he would wait in the lobby till I was ready for breakfast.

By the time I reached the lobby and explored around a bit I found no trace of him so I went into the coffee shop and breakfasted with Lewis Grant and other fans who were similarly employed. After this essential task was finished I wandered about talking to groups of fans, bidding goodbye to those who were leaving. The number of departures rose constantly yet there were still fans about. I watched the dismantling of the fan art show and got in the way once or twice in an attempt to be helpful. Then I noticed the curtains of the Heinlein Suite were open and I walked across. Bob was sitting on the couch and waved me in so in I barged to inquire how he and Ginny had survived the party. Bob didn't look well and it turned out that he wasn't. He had developed a cold since coming to Seattle due primarily to the dampness of the climate and further exposure aggravated probably by lack of sleep was threatening pneumonia. His lungs were beginning to fill and Ginny was understandably quite worried about him. He planned to hole up in the hotel a few days but the doctor who came to examine him said no and told Ginny to get him on the first plane they could and home to his own doctor and familiar altitude and climate. As I sat talking with them Karen Anderson came in. We talked for a while and then Pohl arrived in answer to Karen's signals. Shortly after the bell boy came to pick up their luggage to get it ready for the trip to the airport. I told Bob that I would contact him when I got home and that some weekend when he wasn't too busy working the Denver gang would drive down to visit with them for a while. Then I slipped out and not long after, as I was talking to some fans up on the patio Bob and Ginny came by on their way to the airport. Bob waved goodbye to everyone and anyone just looking at him there would have had no idea how sick he was.

I ran into the Fan Hillton gang as they were heading for town to go to a movie and proposed to Bruce Pelz and the Hobbit that we hold a filk sing that evening as a final fling, offering my room as a locale. They liked the idea and it was agreed. After noon fans began to get scarcer rapidly as departures and trips to town upped the attrition rate sharply. I wanted to go into Seattle myself on a little expedition and this seemed the best time as I would not miss much activity, so I took my life in my hands and crossed highway 99 on foot to catch the Seattle-bound bus. I suppose I'm a sissy for not driving but it is over 20 years - in fact 25 - since I had been in Seattle and I wanted to enjoy my trip. The main object of coming into town was to visit a place of fond nostalgia, the Olde Curiosity Shop on the waterfront by the Coleman Dock. When I was in Seattle before I haunted the waterfront which was a fascinating sight to a land lubber and in particular I haunted this old shop. I have several nice native edged weapons that I purchased there and I would gaze in fascination on the curios from the far corners of the world, native swords, spears and shields, real shrunken heads from the Jibaros of Ecuador, krisses with serpentine blades from Malaya etc. The places lived in memory and I could not

be so close and not visit it again. This was in many ways a mistake, as such nostalgic revisitations always are. Time has changed all things. They can no longer get the real old stuff with which the shop used to abound, it has changed hands and they sell quantities of typical tourist junk. Oh, they still have a little real authentic old material, some wonderful weapons and some shrunken heads and some examples of carving to make you gaze in awe, but they are come-ons for show and not for sale since there is no possibility of replacing them. I had a considerable hunch that this would be the state of things but even had I been certain I would still have had to go to see for myself. I bought a Kukrie, the native fighting knife of the Ghurka people of Nepal. It is genuine, made in India and an authentic item but it was made to export and sell to tourists, not to fight with. I have an old kukrie which was a real fighting weapon, it is smaller, no spit and polish but the blade is sharper, the gut-hook is deep and functional and more significant, the handle is a piece of a man's legbone and the wooden sheath is covered with human skin. The new one is the same shape but slightly larger, the gut-hook is merely indicated, it is not really sharp, the blade is chrome plated so it shines like the sun and the sheath is leather bound - four footed leather of course - and has fancy metallic decorations. One is a real weapon, the other is to hang on the wall to look good.

My shopping expedition finished, I began to have a strong urge to get back to the Hyatt House. At another time under other conditions I should have much enjoyed a few hours in Seattle and have ridden around the city, visited some places I remember on the waterfront, done the zoo and museum and perhaps taken a ferry ride. I used to like to ride the old Klickitat or even better the Kalakala when I had the time on my hands and wanted to meditate. But now I felt an urge to return to the hotel. Tomorrow I was leaving and this was my last evening to have a ball with the other fans, no time to waste in mundane affairs. I caught a cab and hurried back. When I had left there had been few fans about, I hoped there would be more around in the evening. With fans departing for their homes constantly it was becoming a prouder and much lonelier thing to be a fan all the time. Back at the hotel I ran into a considerable group of fans in the coffee shop. I yakked it up for a while with the Trimbles and Ernie Wheatley and Billern and whoever was about. Buz and Elinor had already gotten away and the Trimbles were going into town to see them so I sent greetings.

As it got later the fans kept scurrying off to whatever errands called them and there were ever fewer fannish faces to be seen. I decided to eat and fortunately Bill Ellern also was in the mood so we supped together and I now not only had fannish company but had a fine opportunity to get well acquainted with Billern. I had liked him very much but had no chance to really become acquainted, now there were no other fans about and we ate and talked at length. At least I did. After satisfying the inner cravings we wandered into the lobby and sat and continued the chin session. Presently we were joined by two other die hards, Lewis Grant and another fellow whose name I deeply regret I cannot recall. I think he was new to fandom and did not know much about fans and fanzines. He was a heavysset chap and turned out to be good company, I wish I could remember his name but for the sake of the record we will call him Joe.

Joe, Billern and I sat around the lobby talking till we got tired of sitting and walked around out in front and in the quad around the

pool. The outside air was becoming quite chilly by this time so after a brief walk and some fresh air we returned to our post in the lobby. I kept watching for the return of the Fan Hillton gang and invited the others to the filk-sing, but Bill said they had gone to see Exodus and would probably not return before 12 or 1 o'clock. We wandered over into the bar and found an unoccupied table. The bar - lounge, call it what you will - of the Hyatt House might have been the inspiration for Hernando's Hideaway. It may not be particularly secluded but it sure seems dark until your eyes become adapted. When I was able to see well enough I looked around and discovered we were the only fans there, a good index to the dwindling numbers still in residence.

Ellis had returned briefly from the Kyle Mount Ranier expedition, gotten his bag from my room and left me a note which proved unnecessary as I saw him leaving and had a few brief words of farewell and he had rushed off to Seattle to catch a train in company of Budrys. I offered the room as a rendezvous but as we could not do anything there that we couldn't do as well in the bar we stayed. Lewis Grant wandered into the bar and joined us for a drink, must have infra-red vision he seemed to have no trouble tracking us. Maybe it is hypersensitive ears instead, quien sabe? The four of us continued to sit about visiting happily till about 1 or 1:30 when Grant departed to hit the sack and the rest of us decided to check the Fan Hillton gang's room as they should be back and as we had been strategically stationed in the bar for the last couple hours they could easily have outflanked us and gone upstairs.

As we proceeded along the hall the main speculation was whether they had returned, and whether they had done anything so unfannish as to retire. On reaching their door voices from within answered both questions so we knocked and were admitted. We perched on the other bed and much fannish chatter ensued interspersed on occasion with snatches of song. The group appeared to be in the throes of convention-fatigue and were somewhat worse for wear. Even so we talked long, with filk song interspersed now and then. Bill presently said goodnight and departed but Joe and I remained yet a while, knowing the gang were dog tired, weary ourselves from the campaign but unwilling to call it quits on the last night for Roscoe alone knows how long. Finally even this desperate effort to stave off the inevitable end could not hold us, our hosts were bushed and we were in no better condition so a few hand-clasps and goodnights, a snatch of song and we broke off and sought the solace of sleep.

I wasn't in any hurry to get up in the morning - late morning that is. There was very little to get up for. Black reaction had set in after the wonderful days so crammed with activity. Presently I dressed and wandered into the lobby. Even the wonderful shower did not do much for sagging spirits. I knew the Fan Hillton gang would still be wrapped in slumber so I had brunch at the coffee shop and wandered about talking with the few remaining rear guard. I said so long to Bill and Lew, the Kyles and others who were still about, packed my belongings and took the bags down to the car, checked to see I had left nothing in the room and went to the desk to pay my bill and check out. This accomplished I walked up to the Pelz-Johnstone room again and hearing voices went in and shook hands all round and said my goodbyes. One last circuit of the quadrangle, handshaking and hail and farewell to all fans present and I hurried to the car. As I slid into the traffic in the southbound lane of 99 I took one quick look back and then resolutely turned my face southward and stepped down on the accelerator.

19

POST-MORTEM NOTES

an autopsy report on the 96th

THE SHADOW MAILING

PANTOPON - Berman

Ah ha! so now I know. I had been idly wondering where you had come up with that title. It sounded vaguely familiar and I was a bit annoyed at being unable to place it. Having a deep - but strictly intellectual - interest in all the vegetable alkaloids it is not surprising that it seemed a trifle familiar. Nice title, a nominally innocuous fanzine which will on repeated use become an almost unbreakable habit. I will agree that Pantopon (the fanzine not the drug) has what it takes to become habit-forming.

Concerning Miya Sama, it is true apparently that it is in the Japanese language and I have heard that it is really a Japanese song, but like yourself have never found any first hand evidence or proof of its authenticity. As to Len's punishment I agree, something lingering but humorous with either boiling oil or melted lead in it. Odd how many fans are also devoted to the Master (of Baker Street naturally) and to Gilbert and Sullivan.

I have not sent any copies of Lurking Shadow to the BSI, do you think I should. If they would be interested I can easily do so, it might get Tom a wider audience. Don't ever get the idea that you are unique in having a lot to do and goofing off not being able to get started doing anything. I waste plenty of time too. Of course when deadlines grow near I can break free of this slothful enchantment and work frantically. After getting home from the Seacon I started right in on my Seacon impressions which took some time, in fact many evenings sandwiched in here and there, all 17 pages of it and this stencil was to have been started the first of the week. Monday night there were several things on tv I wanted to see and I cannot work well a half hour at a time sandwiched between programs, takes most of that time to figure out where I was and what I wanted to say next. So Monday night I didn't get started. Tuesday and Wednesday evenings I could have been down here in my sanctum working but I just couldn't get in the mood and get started. Thursday and Friday nights were kaput because I contracted a bad cold which I am still battling so not till late this afternoon Saturday, do I get started. I enjoyed meeting you at the con very much, sorry we didn't get to visit more but I didn't get to talk with anyone as much as I would have liked. I hope to see you in Chicago.

W'BASKET - Dannon

Welcome to the Shadow Mailings Biff, pull up a chair and make yourself comfortable. Glad to see you among us, hope you will stick around. If you have not received Shadow #4 you will, I have not gotten around to mailing out the extra copies of 4 and 5 yet, but will soon.

Thanks for the stuff I've received from you from time to time Biff and I hope you will stay on with the rest of the shadows in the next mailing. I can answer one question for you as to why you received Lurking Shadow. Anyone on the Papa waiting list is supposed to get it tho as I said I did not get the copies for those not taken care of in the regular shadow mailing off in the case of #4 and 5 but I will get to it shortly.

IDLE HANDS - Hotcalf

Hi old buddy, I am sorry you did not make it to the Season 'cause we could have had a ball I think but under the circumstances I can only agree that you did the right thing, college is of much greater value to you now than any con. When are you getting out? I hope you will be able to make it thru Denver on the way home with maybe a few days layover as it might be some time before I have another chance to see you but of course I know it may not be possible.

In regard to your discussion with Buz you are basically quite correct, Colorado law not only places no restrictions on citizens owning firearms but allows you to keep them in your home or your car and to transport them from home to car with reasonable precaution. Carrying weapons concealed is forbidden without a license which is obtainable from the police dept. tho not without valid reason. Carrying a sidearm unconcealed, that is in open holster at the hip not covered by coat, sweater or anything that restricts everyones vision is still perfectly legal here, tho I rather think that if you buckled on a brace of six-guns and strode down sixteenth street or any other area where a gendarme might chance to witness the performance you would run considerable risk of being run in and asked rather sarcastically what wild west show or circus you had escaped from. You could not be arrested for carrying sidearms openly as it is legal and the right of every citizen who is of age and has not shown himself untrustworthy, but they can always lock you up on a charge of disturbing the peace if the mood strikes them. I know my legal rights and have the requisite arms and equipment but have never tried to exercise the privilege nor do I expect to. Even if not molested by the minions of the law a guy would feel like an utter insipid ass to go prancing thru town sporting a buscadero belt and low tied down holsters complete with loaded handguns. You might not disturb the peace but your sanity and mental balance would be subject to question. Of course during the Rush to the Rockies Centennial a couple years ago there were lots of waddies toting guns on the streets but they were dressed for the part and it was just part of the natural exhubrance of the Centennial cropping out. I don't remember seeing anyone bothered then but the cops were watching pretty carefully. I doubt if any of the guns were loaded with anything worse than blanks. During our nationwide amateur astronomers convention that summer the DAS gang wore western attire and several of us, me included wore guns. I wore my old Colt Frontier model but I left the ammunition safely at home of course. Between Roy, Tom and myself we have arms and ammo enough to start a moderate sized revolution. Pete is the only active CFS member who has no hoard of weapons and is peacefully inclined. I have two rifles, three shotguns and about 5 or 6 pistols and I am not at all sure I have more than the other two. Roy and Tom and I go out to a Isaac Walton League range in nice weather and burn powder like mad. Roy is getting to be a pretty good shot. Tom made expert in the MPs and is a very fine shot. I claim I can outshoot him but I am not at all sure I can. With the 22 I think I can beat him but with the

45 I acknowledge his mastership. I am glad we are very firm friends because if we were ever to fight it out I might have to choose bows and arrows, I don't think he could hit the broad side of a barn with that. I can still handle both of them on quick draw since I had lots of practise this summer at Eliches practising on an electrically timed quick draw dummy they had there.

You wouldn't recognize Buddy. When we took our trip to Washington so I could attend the Seacon Bud had to be placed in a kennel. I hated it as much as he did but there was no alternative save staying home. I boarded him at the Vet hospital where he was born and Dr. Howarth put him on a reducing diet while we were away. Since returning we have kept him on it and he has dropped from 29 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and really looks like a dachshund again. I would like to peel about another 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds off and then all will be perfect. Everyone is happy about it except Bud himself. He is always hungry and thinks he is being abused.

I echo your hope for membership by the 100th mailing in a very heartfelt way but it begins to look impossible. What with going back a notch or two and then remaining for 6 months at 22 without any progress I fear I cannot hope to make it. You have not quite so far to go so I earnestly hope you make it. However if it takes till the 200th I'll still be ramping around the gate waiting to get back in. After all the elephant can't die till he gets into the graveyard. I think you are right about some of the best fapans still being in. Papa just wouldn't be the same without Busbys, Calkins, Economcu, Ellik, They, Evans, Pavlat, Polz, Perdue, Warner and oh hell, lots of others I didnt mention. So don't any of you wonderful folks drop out. But how in the sacred names are we to get in? Oh well, there are still a few we might be able to spare but it gets tougher all the time.

Your fiendish idea of petitioning for reinstatement as I am a former Fapan had occurred to me. Of course there existed no such records at the time I was dropped, the petition came later and it might be ruled invalid on that basis. Actually I had thought of trying it but it violates the spirit and intent of the constitution and is a low scurvy trick. I don't think Papa would stand for it and having tried and failed I would be so disliked by members and waitinglisters alike that I would never get in. A long tortuous climb is safer in the long run.

Bob Lichtman, I am sorry Bob that I forgot to include you in the summary of shadow mailing participants. It was oversight. I was thinking of the various zines that have appeared and overlooked the very regular activity you have been carrying on thru Idle Hands. Regards.

PIPSISSEWA - Page & Wells

Welcome to the Shadow mailings Jerry, hope you will be represented often - welcome also to you Chuck tho you have been around for some time this is your first official Shadow appearance - thrice welcome in the name of Allah to both of you. It is good to see new faces in the Shadow Mailings and welcome back familiar ones. If I seem over paternal overlook it. I am not the pater of the shadows but Horn and I are now the only ones to be represented in all of them and this gives us a certain parental interest.

As to the similarities and contrasts between Sibelius and Vaughn Williams I fear I will have to beg off the discussion. I like some

music immensely, dislike some other equally for no reason I can convincingly explain. I have no education in music I just like it. To compare two composers would be to lay myself open to derision of anyone who has musical knowledge. Further I must confess an almost complete ignorance of the works of Vaughn Williams. In general however I like very much the classical music of the era of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Verdi etc. It is not that I am one of those Koko refers to as; "The idiot who praises with enthusiastic tone all centuries but this and every country but his own." it is that I really do love the music of that period and the art of the old masters but do quite honestly dislike, nay detest, much of the so called 'modern' music and art. I am not attempting to be snobbish nor intellectual, but modern art and much of the modern music simply leaves me unmoved - except to get up and turn it off quickly. I can cite few concrete examples but lets see, take Stravinsky - I can stand Firebird and even confess to a sneaking liking for Le Sacre du Printemps but otherwise ugh! I like some opera very much but of the modern operas I have heard two immediately come to mind, Vanessa and Stravinsky's Rakes Progress. This is opera? For myself I'd confine them to the outer darkness for all time. If I were choosing some music to take to the fall-out-shelter with me I think I would grab some of my Gilbert and Sullivan but modern music .. not I. I'd rather be atomized in good company.

Your Educational system going to hell in a gravyboat was much enjoyed. This unfortunately is not uncommon in parochial schools of various types which are more conscientious in giving spiritual instruction than in preparing their pupils to meet life. Alas it is not limited to parochial schools either tho it is more prevalent in schools where religion competes with scholastics in the curriculum. You would love a case we have here in Denver. There is here a 'school' designing itself the Denver Bible College. I don't know what denomination operates the place and don't care but it is an abomination in the eyesight of both God and man. They claim to teach college subjects and give out very ornate looking degrees which are of course ignored by all real schools in the area. They tell their unfortunate victims that they are college graduates with credits equal to those of non-religious schools. I have talked with several typical graduates of this leprous cancer on the fair land. They are taught courses in mathematics, physics, chemistry, astronomy, all sciences as well as more liberal arts type subjects. The joker in this cold deck is that the entire 'college uses only one textbook to teach all its multitude of courses. Yep, you guessed it, the one and only text allowed is that most misinterpreted and misused of all works the Holy Bible. Grrraah, it makes me retch to think of anyone fatuous enough to think they can teach science from the Bible. Hebrew history, mythology and literature yes, these are not too far out but physics, chemistry, astro -- blk, I cannot go on. The greatest indictment I can level against organized religion, and it is a very damning one from which they cannot escape, is the interference most religions have from time exerted in peoples education and freedom of thought and which many of them still exercise, in particular the Christian religion and the Roman Catholic Church which still seeks to mold the thinking of its millions with prohibition of reading certain books, seeing certain pictures, thinking certain things and in general doing your own thinking. The educated priesthood controlling the masses with private schools which teach only what they want taught and control of reading matter etc was old when Egypt was at its height but alas, it is with us yet tho its strength is waning year by year so there is hope for freedom of thought of all yet.

fap - Gerber

I confess I was greatly relieved to see the shadow mailing bounce into my mailbox Les. When I did not receive it before I left for the Beacon I was a bit worried about it but at the con everyone I asked said they had not gotten their copy either so I took heart and decided that in place of my copy being lost you were just late in getting them in the mail. This is a normal human failing and much preferable from my viewpoint to losing my mailing. After all, even Russ' last mailing was quite late and he didn't worry much about it. I did worry some more about it when I returned from Seattle and it still was not here and in fact I was in the act of writing you to inquire about it when it arrived safely, and as far as I am concerned all is forgiven. By the way you did not include any statement of account so I presume I will hear from you shortly as to how much my share of the mailing expense comes to. Don't try to be a hero, bill us for our proper share and keep the thing equitable.

I am delighted to see Ruth Berman back in the groove and newcomers 'Biff' Demmon and Page and Wells among the happy gathering. Wells has been issuing his Cadenza for some time now but it is nice to have him officially represented in the Shadow Mailings. I am in wholehearted agreement with you about the need to revise the fabric of the shadow mailings a bit. When Russ set it up to require only 100 copies, the active Fapa roster and the first 35 on the waitinglist I did not like it nor feel that it was just and equitable, but what the hell, it was his idea, he was doing all the work and I was not in any position to do anything but go along. Now that you bring the matter up for active discussion I will be happy to contribute my 2 cents worth.

Personally I would like to see the Shadow Mailing set up much like its parent organization. Let the number of copies required to be sent to the OE (you, Les) for any mailing be the total of the active roster, 65, plus the total of the waiting-list as in the latest FA -53- plus about 3 spares in case someones bundle is lost. This would amount to 121 at this time. If you are going to send 100 then 21 more are not likely to work any real hardship.

I have been sending copies of Lurking Shadow to those on the list who were not included in Russ' mailing all along anyhow, tho the last two issues extras have not gotten mailed due to pressure of essentials preparatory to Seattle and since. They will go out tho as soon as I get the deadline pressure relieved. Some Shadows may not like this proposition as it requires running more extra copies but I think you will find several of us are running extras and distributing them outside of the mailing to the low jocs on the totempole.

This certainly is the most equitable system and that for which I cast my vote and actively support. I do not think people are going to get on the waitinglist just to get shadowmags as they have to produce credentials now to be eligible. If I should be proven wrong or the list becomes too long other actions can be taken when appropriate.

If the opposition to this course is too strong from our fellow shadows then as far as I am concerned the only remaining course is to set an arbitrary figure, one high enough to be greater than the active roster and Shadow Mailing participants maximum and send to the active members, the members in the shadow mailing and then waitinglisters from the top down till you run out.

FANTASY AMATEUR - Vox Populi, Vox Dei

By Ghod, Im still below the deadline in nitch 22 and I'm beginning to think Im frozen there for all time. If it weren't such a lot of trouble this issue of Shadow would be edged in black. It is too much trouble to be practical so maybe you cant see those black edges, but they're there in spirit on every page.

Phyllis I much enjoyed your messages during your year as proxy and would regret your stepping down except that I think it will mean more activity from you in the year to come and that is worth almost any sacrifice. I greatly enjoyed meeting you at the Season and consider it a privilege and an honor to have met you and other Fapans at the con. Greetings also to Dick Eney and Bill Evans, it was a pleasure to meet you fellows and the same to all the Fapates I met there. A quick mental check brings the total of Fapans met at the Season to 25 members and 10 waitinglisters. Not Bad.

LARK - Danner

I know it doesn't help a bit Bill to say 'I enjoyed Lark very much but have no comment to make on it' but that is just about the situation. I always enjoy Dannerzines but I have only one comment on Lark this time, it is too darn small. Don't gaffiate on us Bill, Papa just wouldn't be quite the same without you. Thanks for the copy of the Fzot Laws, I shall treasure them. If you ever have an excess I'd like another copy or two. For Lark and Stefantasy much thanks.

MOONSHINE - Sneary

Well Rick me-lad it is a long time since I've seen anything of you. Glad to see you still boil up now and then and speak your mind. We oldsters in fandom have to get in the discussion every now and then. I got a kick out of your ideas for a constitutional monarchy in the US and I did not take it seriously. Americans are somewhat impressed by foreign royalty but would never go for that stuff themselves. The real basis of monarchy is that the ruler, the king is somebody pretty special and better than the general run of folk while few if any of our fellow Americans will admit that anyone is in any way better than they are.

Your plea for tolerance for the Moskowitzs is in good spirit and nobody can deny that if we all were more kindly and less sharply critical we would get along better. I have not seen any of the material which has precipitated the series of hassles as I get no Moskowitz zines so my remarks are general and may not be applicable to the case in point, but then again there is this to consider which may be quite pertinent. Usually people do not react with unusual vigor against anyone unless the one in question has offended with more than normal energy. I am just back from the Season where I had several chances to speak to Sam and Chris. Both are of course intelligent and can be very pleasant to visit with. I also had a chance to see both of them exhibiting the less pleasant side of their natures in open discussion and if they write like they spoke then it is no surprise that there is violent exception taken to it. Sam has been around fandom for a very long time

and he presumes on this basis too much. He is not the only old fan around by any means. I liked him at the con and found him very pleasant to talk with but he expects everyone to have holy respect for his sacred opinion on matters pertaining to fandom. He can instantly and without provocation or excuse get inexcusably rude and boorish if a contrary opinion is voiced. His judgement is not that good nor important and he is not nearly as big and important as he likes to think himself. I will not get involved in the fan history squabble since I am not as fully informed on it as I would like to be but when a fan on a panel (Bill Evans) makes a perfectly legitimate statement of opinion and Sam, who was not on the panel and had no business bursting into the discussion in that manner, leaps to his feet and in stentorian tones like Moses handing down the word of God says that is ridiculous and anyone who believes it is a damn fool he is behaving in a manner properly apt to gather vigorous repercussions. It was the behavior of either an egotistical fool who knows better but doesn't care or an ignorant one who knows no better. There was a damn fool there all right, he was on his feet yelling and his name is Sam. Sam proclaimed he was the rock of Gibraltar of fandom and would watch all of the rest of us fan drips wash away. Actually Rick you are much more correct than Sam, he is an old fan who hasn't been able or hasn't bothered to keep up and is being left behind and so he thinks everyone else is left behind. They are all out of step but Sam. He is monolithic all right, I'll concede that much.

MOONSLIDE - Moffatt a psuedoshadowzine riding piggyback

I will take issue with Stine and with you for a moment Ben. I too do not think the science fiction author is necessarily trying to predict the presumed course of the future. He may be doing so but by no means necessarily. Heinlein in some of his future history stories is predicting a possible future but I don't think Bob would ever pin himself down farther than that. Many authors are merely telling a story with no intention of prophecy. Of course definitions of science fiction get involved in this and it could be endless. I like Bob Heinleins standard about the best, to be stf you should violate no proven or generally accepted scientific 'fact' but may take great liberty with theory. You start by surmising thusly; It is believed but not certainly known that this is thus and so. If it is no so but should prove to be thus then what can we logically expect. This is not prophecy, in fact the author may not believe his cockeyed theory he is just making a good story around if. When I see Harry Stine again I'll try to remember to show him your article, I think he would enjoy it. He lives here in Denver you know.

CELEPHAIS - Evans

Celephais much enjoyed as always Bill. Thanks for your continued kindness and thoughtfulness. I greatly enjoyed meeting you at the con and only regret that we couldn't get aside for a few solid hours of concentrated rag-chew which I would have much enjoyed, but there was too much going on and too many people to meet and become acquainted with. When I can get squared away and look over what I have I will take advantage of your kind offer and send you some want lists. See you in Chicago? We should have teamed up against Caughran and Pavlat and bought the Bjo, tho I admit it is an unsatisfactory business, who would have it when. Anhow, a nicer guy than Pavlat couldnt have gotten it.

THE RAMBLING FAP - Callins

Gee, three rambling faps this mailing - that is what I call a bonanza. I am now making a serious effort to cut down what promises to be a ruinously large issue already so will cut my comments short hereafter tho it cuts me to the quick to pass up some wonderfun comment material. The Heinlein and Bloch bibliographies were especially appreciated. Even better is the usual Callins chatter in the other R.F. I did not see Redd's Open Season on Monsters but judging by the comments I have read on it, particularly yours and Evans' Redd must have changed a good deal since my former term in Fapa, and not I think for the better, at least from the Fapish point of view.

VANDY - Coulsons

Aha, someone else has spotted the delightful possibilities in the Rocky the Flying Squirrel show. The show is worth watching if for nothing else than the next installment title puns. Some of em are real gone.

If you never write another word in Fapa Buck (which Allah grant does not happen to us) you would have earned your nitche in Fapa's hallowed halls for your wonderful second paragraph of the comments to Rich Brown on his Almanac. That is without a doubt the finest, most lucid and sanest evaluation of the concept of pornography I have ever seen. I salute you.

ANKUS - Polz

I am not attempting any comments on Anrus Bruce, not because I did not enjoy it because I did enjoy it very much but the time spent on my convention memoirs and subsequently a nasty case of flu have put me behind the eight-ball timewise. I much enjoyed meeting you and the rest of the Fan Hillton gang at the Seacon Bruce, give them all my heartiest greetings. The filk singing will ever live in memory. I will write you soon about getting some of those wonderful songs on tape.

STEFANTASY - Danner

Another fine issue, but what else does one expect of a Dannerzine? Tho I deplore Mr. Frayn's attitude toward the animals who share this planet with us I heartily agree with his views on the satellites and their components adrift in space. The plan to launch a satellite filled with small metal needles fills me with dismay. More funk and already observing is getting complicated. If we ever have routine space travel I fear all space will look like our national parks, littered with kleenex, gum wrappers, orange peelings and even less esthetic objects, including your Pator Delmorte's satellite sarcofagi.

Due to urgent time limitations I will cut these comments at this point, probably nobody would miss them in any case but I want to say to Pete Graham and Terry Carr thanks for LIGHTHOUSE fellows, I enjoyed it and am sorry I can't comment this time; to Jim Caughran many thanks for A PROPOS DE RIEN I enjoyed it and enjoyed meeting you at Seattle; and to Bill Donaho and Dave Rike thanks for LIMBO. I enjoyed it as always and was hoping to see you, Bill, at Seattle. Maybe better luck at Chicago.

quick reading will undoubtedly show but there was no time to do it any other way. As I have said before I haven't time to write and re-write my stuff, if I did that it would never make it. To those of you who abhor convention reports by neos just skip over my report. I am no neo by many years but this was my first con and I fear I was rather naive at least concerning cons and my attitude toward the Seacon was and still is sorta gosh-wow. I had a perfectly wonderful time, met a lot of very wonderful people and resolved to go to Chicago in '62 if it is at all humanly possible.

I made no effort to report the doings of the convention from a reportorial viewpoint, my report is strictly a personal view of the doings, official and unofficial from the enchanted viewpoint of an old fan at his first con. I never had so much fun in my life. If you enjoy my memoirs I'll be gratified and glad I shared them with you, if you don't, well you can't please everyone and I really wrote them for my own satisfaction.

Because of the length of the con report and much more because of the insidious effects the flu bug my mailing comments are considerably restricted this time round. You want I should go broke? Thanks to all the wonderful people who sent me zines, whether I reviewed them or acknowledged them or not. I'll get caught up again one of these days. Now I still have to try to throw a few mailing comments on Ompa together with this aforesaid con report and try to get it to Bruce Burn in time for the Ompa deadline. Right now tho, I am going back to The Two Towers. I left Gandalf and Co. at Helm's Deep besieged by Orcs and have to get back to the battle. I wonder what is happening to Frodo? The Lord of the Rings is the most exciting and absorbing fantasy I have come across in many a long moon. Well, back to the battle, I will see you all in February. By then I may have a couple of Orc heads for my mantle piece.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

- to all Fapans everywhere
and a peaceful, joyous

NEW YEAR