

WALTER  
GREEN: *The Admirable*  
CRYCON

Cartoons by Ray Nelson & Atom

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FRIDAY NOON, Sept. 1, arriving at Seattle's Hyatt House (which Ted and Sylvia White and I recognized from far off by its huge sign WELCOME / SCIENCE FICTION / SEACON), we dashed out of the Weiss Rak to greet Bob & Barbara Silverberg (who dug Bhub Stewart's cartoon in FANAC 77 through the coffeeshop window), Harlan & Billie Ellison, & Ajjay Budrys, who were sharing a table in the hotel's coffeeshop. Then

to the lobby for registration, where Eney sat beside Vally Weber and displayed a card reading DR. MARC C. DUQUESNE... followed by meeting more people than I can easily remember-- Jack Harness wearing the Atlantean A insigne, fiercely mustached George Metzger, Fred Pohl and his wife, Ken Hedberg, Andy Main & Jim Caughran (who had just driven up together from Berkeley; Andy planned to drive back with Ted White to NYC after the con), Ted Johnstone, a bearded and 60-lbs.-lighter Bruce Pelz, various other LASFS people, local neos, Forry, GMC, Doc Smith, & dozens more. A moment after I stopped into the stationery-and-notions shop of the hotel to look for stf paperbacks, Vally Weber came up to me and made me sit down beside Doc Smith while some photographer for a local newspaper (the "Highline Times" or some such title, apparently so named because the outlying district of Seattle in which the con hotel was located is known to nearby residents as Highline) snapped pictures of us conversing. I would guess it a waste of film, since Doc Smith is hardly a typical pro and I don't think I'm a typical fan, and it might have been more eyecatching if they had gotten, say, Harlan or Agberg and Sylvia White or Yoni Cornell... And all followed by a long afternoon of fangab beside the pool with Silverbergs, Ellisons, Forry, Boyd Raeburn and a shifting group of transients who played musical chairs as it were. Forry showed copies of his new magazines. I read the "American Sunbather" article for the first time, the report in FANAC 77 p.7 having been hearsay. AmSunb is the OP of nudist fandom's N3F, the American Sunbathing Ass'n, and (unlike its predecessor "Sunshine & Health") it features some fairly decent photos without benefit of retouching or airbrushing. The article is unexpectedly good for such a mag; the Bjo illos--congrats again!--evidently date back some time as one of them is signed BJO FORTAFF. Harlan regaled us with one shtick after another....

Later on I wandered around, more or less orienting myself to the rather confusing geography of the hotel. The Hyatt House is easily the most luxurious hotel I've ever been in (and I've attended coin-fandom cons in some of the most expensive ones in the USA); it is designed for comfort with a damn-the-expense attitude. It spreads out horizontally to make up for having only two storeys; the ground floor rooms that face the pool all have glass poolside doors and picture windows, all rooms are insulated (though, as we saw later that night, not quite soundproofed) and airconditioned with temperature control, the beds are excellent, the bathrooms unusual in that a single push-pull control governs the sink faucet, and you twist counterclockwise for warmer water and the other way for colder; stepping out of a hot shower (controlled the same way) you don't shiver, as an infra-red ceiling lamp warms you up immediately--and so forth. The only deficiency, so far as I could see, was that the coffeeshop was too small (sometimes fans had to wait inordinately long for tables) and with too limited a bill of fare together with high prices. The architecture and decor were uncommonly fine. One could only have wished that the liquor laws had been as sensibly and rationally planned as the hotel's furnishings... try to imagine a con where on Sunday, i.e. from midnight Sat. through midnight Sun., one can drink ONLY within one's room, not even between rooms; where women cannot be served liquor (even beer) at a bar; where one cannot stand or walk while drinking or with a drink in one's hand--tablehoppers must have a waiter carry their drinks for them (a state law, not a hotel rule!), and this law is enforced 24 hours a day even (supposedly) within private rooms. And all this in a state where the state government owns outright all liquor stores in complete monopoly, fixing prices as well as taxes. Hardly any wonder that someone at the banquet quoted House Speaker Sam Rayburn (with that name, why isn't he a stfnist!) as referring to "the 47 ((then)) states and the Soviet of Washington...".



Friday night a filksinging party began in room 228 with Karen Anderson furnishing copies of old and new favorites, Pelz handing out others he'd recently run through the Cult, together with Karen's (SAPS) bartenders' guide and Pelz & Co.'s I PALANTIR; we sang to Sandy Cutrell's guitar until the room was literally too crowded with spectators for any more even to find standing room. A mustachio'd ice cube describing itself as "house security" (evidently their substitute for a house detective) informed us that we'd have to move the party across the way, as it was interfering with others' sleep; the management had tried, without success, to get all the science fiction people onto a single wing of the hotel because they'd anticipated this sort of thing. We moved, slightly diminished in numbers, to 276, where the big feature was "Silverlock": Jack Harness and Ted Johnstone told the story, quoting some of the immortal bits and interpolating the songs (Myers's words they'd set to music) to an appreciative audience. This came to a halt as Harlan Ellison stormed in at 2:30 AM threatening to break the guitar over Johnstone's head. The party dispersed, some 9 or 10 diehards traipsing over to 152-3, the Chuck Devine/Bill Mallardi/Jon Stopa suite. Ron Ellick slipped out at the hint that there might be an ouija board session. Karen Anderson and several others went swimming but got chased out by the mustachio'd ice cube on the grounds that the pool closed at 10 PM (other authorities had said midnight); they later went to the N3F room (which was open 24 hours a day, and in which many could be found at any hour, some asleep, others chatting or drinking GMC's coffee and eating cookies or playing Interplanetary). Their intention of putting out a oneshot came to nothing, as Rich Brown and Ted Johnstone were using the only typer in the place to write up something called "The Disenchanted Duper"... so they sang French songs alternating with the Pelz&Johnstone settings of Heinlein songs (Green Hills of Earth, Grand Canal, etc.) to Sandy's guitar. This party seems to have been unique in faanish history--two bottles of beer were found unopened the next morning...

Saturday morning while I was breakfasting with Bruce Henstell, Blake Maxam (LASFS artist) and Fred Patten, a negro waiter kept asking us if we were beatniks--apparently someone had put him up to it or perhaps genuinely believed that we fen were "a bunch of beatniks", or perhaps he was deceived by the several beards floating around (Silverberg's, mine, Tapscott's, Buz's, etc.). Later, in the WRRoom, Blotto Otto talked of auctioning off a 1926 Little Orphan Annie hard-cover book for TAWF. (Listening, AXEL) On his wall was a tray with 12 postcards, the entries in a WRR contest, the prize for the most unusual being a copy of UNKNOWN. One was from Yokohama, 1904; another from Rangoon, 1909, and there were others from many different countries. But the prize winner was one of Willis's several entries, this one being British (1905) with a tiny 78 phonograph record attached, there being a hole in the card for the spindle. The record played "God Save the King". All this and a picture of Westminster Abbey or something in addition to the message. Otto told me that by not being here on Thursday night we'd missed the WRR V afflecon, at the Pfeifer home; it featured blackberry, pineapple, cherry, nut and (especially for Ella Parker) plain. Otto showed me several pages from the (almost entirely run off) 56-pp. WILLISH of WRR (10¢, all receipts to TAWF), which--true to form--included a Willis item, this one a gassy loc.

The formal program started at noon, Wally Weber introducing among others SaM who then introduced a very uneven choice of pros and fans. He made Doc Smith stand up for applause; Doc spotted Heinlein coming in and introduced him, and immediately afterwards SaM (ignoring Smith) again introduced Heinlein, to the confusion and embarrassment of many, and to Heinlein's protest "I just stood up!" Then Ajjay Budrys, Poul & Karen Anderson, Dr Alan Nourse, Harlan Ellison (someone called him the Stormy Petrel, to which he cracked "I'm the albatross"), Forry, Agberg, Barbara Silverberg (as engineer), Bill Evans (his first worldcon), Mike Deckinger, Ben Jason, Elmer Perdue (who wore a different illustrated necktie each day of the con, each more spectacular than the last, and who'd welcomed me almost openarmed after learning that I was an old friend of Jim Kepner's), Dave & Ruth Kyle... Afterwards Wally read a telegram from JWCjr to the effect that he sent regrets (he didn't mention his daughter's wedding) and was coming on all goshwow about Condé Nast's plans for ANAL OG (the one prozine that did NOT advertise in the



Seacon Program Booklet). Poul then introduced the CRYstaff, Ella Parker, and various other fen big and little who had been passed over by SaM, including the Whites and myself.

Poul Anderson's talk, read from MS (and I hope it will get into VORPAL or some other good fmz), called "The Rituals of SF", dealt mainly with conventionalities--ritual as stereotypy as well as ceremonial. Among its many excellent points were that every cliché (in or out of stf) was once a fresh new expression, and that all fiction (as indeed most human activity) has, or develops, some form of ritual in the sense of ceremonial order; awareness of these things makes all the difference. We retch at JWCjr's psi (and not necessarily at faster-than-light travel) because psi is no longer a concept but a noise ((perhaps something like Moliere's "dormitive virtue" which was said to explain opium's tendency to put people to sleep; but perhaps even more like the deus ex machina found in bad drama since Greek times when in fact it was something fresh and new--wb))--something threadbare, without probing of the physical, psychological or sociological implications. And much more. Poul was well applauded and deserved even more.

"Rich Ellick" and "Ron Eney" sparred for a few minutes on "This is TAFF". Ronel seemed, by any objective criterion, to come off on top in that round.

The "Writing to Sell in Stf and Other Fields" panel had Doc Smith as moderator, Ayjay, Poul, Dr. Nourse, Agberg and Harlan Ellison (replacing PJ Farmer who couldn't make it). Poul emphasized that we write to communicate; proz are one means, selling is secondary. ((To which I would add that fanzines are another means, as Poul's own SMÖRGÄSBORD and his column in VORPAL well testify; and it is well known that one can't make a living from stf alone, unless one's name is Heinlein.)) Ayjay pointed out that he is a better salesman for a story he wrote out of love than for a potboiler--because he wanted others to enjoy the former. Harlan said that of his 100-plus written (and all sold) stf stories, he couldn't think of more than 5 or 6 that were worthwhile, but these were stories that could only have been told as stf. To him stf was just one technique among many; he considered himself basically a writer, not primarily a stfnist. "Writing is a Holy Cause"--and writing merely to sell, potboiler writing, was reprehensible and was perhaps what killed SF. Dr. Nourse admitted that in the beginning he had been copying what he enjoyed reading, and through that process learned to write original stuff; writing stf permitted him to learn his craft even before he had anything new to say. Stf to him is a technique for saying things not easily otherwise said. But though he's drifting away from stf, Dr. N. thinks that the field still has much potential. Agberg took the side of the volume-producers-for-money-rather-than-Art, saying that one communicates only when one's writing is actually in print and being read, and that stf simply will not support a fulltime writer on one novel and three short stories a year ((apparently a ref to Bob Tucker's FAPAZINE PLEIADES PIMPLES--wb)). He admitted to getting a bang out of producing fifteen novels a year. If a hack is a person who writes solely for money and doesn't enjoy what he's doing, then Silverberg doesn't qualify as one; hackery corrodes a writer, while Bob is thriving. As soon as one gets into writing fields other than stf, one finds that volume production is the rule, not the exception; stf has a peculiar aura--the amateur is respected, the quantity producer looked down on as a hack. "I heard a man tell me today on this panel (said Bob) that writing for money is reprehensible. He doesn't believe it--no, he doesn't believe it."

In the discussion, Ellison lashed out at this last remark; Agberg answered an audience questioner to the effect that much of his current writing was children's books, men's magazine articles ((ROGUE especially)), hi-fi articles, paperbacks such as his recent one on Project Mercury, and the whole nonfiction gamut; "no confessions--I've been there and passed." The question of using an agent came up. Nourse said that when marketing one's completed stories becomes a burden, then only are you ready to use an agent. Poul, Bob and Harlan agreed that the best course is to sell four or five stories directly first, then good agents will seek you out--but beware agents who advertise in WRITERS DIGEST and similar mags, as these are generally more interested in collecting reading fees from you than in peddling your stories. If you have trouble choosing between agents, write your favorite author(s) and ask their honest recommendations. Ayjay made the excellent point that he had never known an unsolicited ms. of merit to be rejected solely be-



cause unagented. ((Except in Hollywood, but that's another story; Tucker's PP, above mentioned --and reprinted in VOID 22-2--had a lot to say on this as well as the whole agent question, all eminently sensible.)) ...Poul Anderson mentioned that he collected accounts of writers' work habits, and never had found two identical. Harlan claimed that there was more deus ex machina in stf than in any other genre--a locus classicus being H.P. Lovecraft's "unnameable horrors". Doc Smith objected to that on the grounds that Lovecraft didn't write science fiction but fantasy. AJ Budrys referred to Ruesch's "Top of the World" (about Eskimo life) as a Hal Clement type of book, in making the point that stf was characterized by unique emphases rather than by unique writing techniques. ((He seems to have been groping towards the realization that stf is now less a genre than a technique usable in mainstream fiction.)) Poul suggested that would-be pro writers appeal to at least three senses to give impact to a scene. The panelists were almost unanimous in agreeing that work done slowly and painstakingly is not necessarily better than writing which firehoses out of its author. ((To this I would add that fluency is one of the first requirements for professional quality in writing--a lesson I learned years ago from Gorham Munson, and it has made the difference for me between making a living as a writer and failing at it.)) Forry came up to the mike and contrasted Galaxy's peak of 700 MSS. a month with its present need to have stories written around cover paintings, and asked if the quantity producers weren't in fact keeping stf from an even worse state? Doc Smith said that quantity writers were really needed, as maybe one out of 1000 MSS. in the slushpile ((unsolicited contributions)) proved publishable. (The panelists agreed.) Ajjay amplified this by saying that a typical slushpile MS. might perhaps have a good plot idea or some convincing characterization, etc., but that it would usually not have a good beginning, middle or end--and these three are absolutely necessary to a good story. Nourse suggested that quantity by itself might not make for the best long-run income; that Heinlein's method was easier--one and the same book or story would continue to bring in money for years to come, via reprint rights. ((Someone told me later that Heinlein admitted to making as much this year from each of his past juveniles as he had made from initial book publication of them--a testimony to their continuing popularity, and, I think, proof that people are still interested in good science fiction.)) There was more to the panel, but these were the high points.

At the Auction Bloch,\*Tyrannical Al Lewis put up Sam Moskowitz first: "Say a word of wisdom, SaM." Uncle SaM: "Wisdom." (The hotel shook and re-echoed.) Al L: "Walter Breen, stand up... This is the kind of man who doesn't want an hour of SaM's time." (Laughter.) "Any archivists in the house?" (Bruce Pelz slipped out of his place and slunk behind a pillar.) Charitable ol' Forry finally bought SaM for \$4....Then the Tyrannical One sold Doc Smith ("wearing Karen Anderson's wristwatch as a Lens") for \$7.50 to Marian Frazier of Walla Walla, and Fred Pohl for \$15 to Joe Green of Seattle, claiming that the buyer would get "a free sub to Galaxy--and at the end he'll personally autograph a rejection slip just for you." (These were typical of the offthecuff Cal Lewis bits, explaining in small part why he had been such a popular auctioneer at the Baycon.) Harlan Ellison came up and auctioned off AJ Budrys ("the last example of Pithecanthropus Erectus"--apparently a reference to TW's "Hydra Country" in LIGHTHOUSE 2) for \$15 to a woman named Ember Hochala. Karen Anderson went to Ben Keifer of Columbus for \$5, Dr. Nourse for \$6 to Sue Sanderson of Carlisle, Pa., and Mary Gearhart of Spokane, and then Harlan auctioned himself off for \$16 to some man named Masengil from ~~Columbia~~ Eugene, Oregon. Bjo auctioned off Wally Weber for \$17 to a syndicate of eight femmefans (led by the Very Same Joni Cornell Who...) and nine spectators. Wally's statement was "Aaaaaaaaagh!" Harlan wanted reprint rights, and said "This is the most surrealistic bit I've ever seen!" (Perhaps I should explain to neos and non-CRY readers: At the Pittcon last year, Joni tried to kiss Wally Weber, who practically climbed up the walls to escape her; and this insult to the Eternal Feminimum got its full revenge on the part of the syndicate. I attended the session and will reveal the details below; they will make Room 224 go down in faanish history right beside the fabulous (in every sense) Room 770.) The syndicate: Ella Parker, Ruth Berman, Virginia Schultheis, Ellie Turner, Yoni Cornell, Ruth Kyle, Juanita Green, Chris Moskowitz. Paid spectators (\$1 each): Hal Lynch, JFBone, Dave Kyle, Steve Schultheis, Don Lord (not a typo), Joe Green, Steve Tolliver, CalLewis and someone unidentified. \*It could have been worse; TAFT made \$854.4

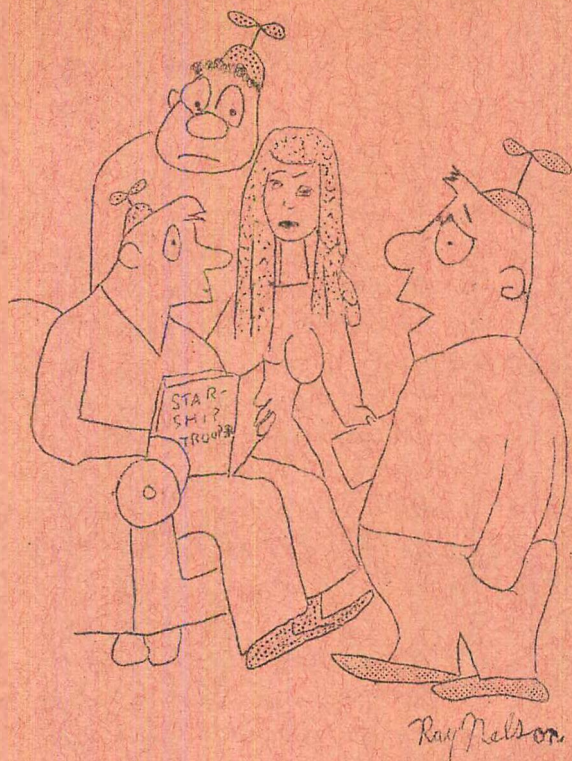


Saturday night...The costume party was full of surprises, pleasant and unpleasant. Heinlein showed up in the guise of a humanoid, with many-colored skin, in formal dress, befitting "Pas-cudnyak, Ambassador Extraordinary & Minister Plenipotentiary, Arcturus III" (as he autographed my copy of 6xH--the new pb version of "The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag", which some N3F type gave me free just when I was launching for something of the kind, after seeing Heinlein autographing books for neos that afternoon...). His wife Virginia was a quite eye-catching sight as a tiger-woman. Several people including yhos had earlier mistaken FMBusby for Heinlein (there is actually considerable resemblance, enough to startle Sam), wearing a new kind of propellor beanie--the "propellor" was a radiometer, one of those evacuated bulbs with vanes rotating on a spindle according to the amount of light present. GMCarr, in tights, came up and tried to dance with me--an uncomfortable scene, as I don't know how to dance; she then did dance with Bill Mallardi and Forry. Mark Irwin came on as a Priest of Mota, complete with luminescent cube atop his sceptre. There was some lame hotel band making vaguely rhythmic noises which made conversation sometimes difficult. In the middle of the proceedings several power failures occurred, the first right about the time when Count Dracula and Frankenstein's Monster came in preceded by a stinkbomb and followed by two policemen. (No arrests, though.) At the judging (bungled by Art & Nan Rapp, Doc Smith & Ella Parker) prizes consisting of original Bjo sketches of the winning costumes went to Ernie Wheatley as some Phoenician, one of the Masters in Murray Leinster's "The Other World", for best depiction of a stfisy character; Ellie Turner as Egyptian harvest goddess Remetub, for Most Original; Karen Anderson as a Rotsler Original (complete with balloons for breasts), for Most Humorous; Bjo as Queen Barana of Coventry, for Most Beautiful; Stu Hoffman as Sut Graybe (of The Graybes of Wrath, Galaxy 6/61) for Most Monstrous--a category created by the judges at the last minute; and finally Joni Cornell as "Becket" (one of the LASFS cats), for MOSTL. I personally think that the judges were arbitrary and inconsistent. They were adamant in their unwillingness to award a prize to a group, despite Pittcon precedent and the presence of a superb party illustrating Poul Anderson's "Three Hearts and Three Lions", designed by Bjo. Their unwillingness to create a group-award category when it was clearly merited is inconsistent with their having created the "Monstrous" award category specifically for Stu Hoffman. And it was this same inconsistency that led to their breaking up the Coventry group to give the "Most Beautiful" award to Bjo, whose costume was meaningful only in the Coventry context (it was in fact made up, as she admitted to me, out of components of ordinary dress). There were several other highly original costumes which also deserved consideration: Sylvia White as C. Moore's "Jirel of Jani" was exceptionally effective; the Priest of Mota was fun; Chris Moskowitz's green-skinned alien was remarkable...

And afterwards there were two all-night parties--a crowded one in the Chicago Homecoming suite, another in the Devine/Mallardi/Stopa suite. Many circulated between them; this time the house detective didn't put in an appearance.

Sunday, 1:30 PM: The banquet, consisting of one's choice of swiss steak or prime rib (the latter not served until the swiss-steak eaters were about ready for dessert) stretched on and on. Finally, about 3 PM, Vally Weber introduced toastmaster Harlan Ellison with "Let's all boo Harlan Ellison!" (which many did). HE came on with a series of sh'ticks, some of them familiar from the Friday afternoon by the pool, probably the best being the one on the Origin & Causes of Fear--the rest (acted by psychologist Jerry Portnelle) being fairly typical of the jokes told at psychologists' conventions, the worst being a bunch of really sick jokes. (There was the JWCjr doll: wind him up and he rises 2 feet into the air and turns into an atomic submarine...and then there was Boris Karloff at the coffin of Bela Lugosi, saying "Bela, you're putting me on!"...and finally there was Forry Ackerman, after an hour and a half of ~~various~~ ~~various~~ ~~various~~ root-canal work in the dentist's chair, handing the DDS a note reading "I give up, I confess, I'm a communist.") And then it was 3:30 and Forry started rambling about the first few worldcons, 1939-55, singling out for particular praise the 1941 Devcon when Heinlein spoke on "The Discovery of the Future", and mentioning that the fan vs. pro ball games ended when Damon Knight brought in the N3F.





I'm going to be taking a trip into the next state. Anybody want me to pick up a few guns for them?

Forry then announced that Rick Sneary was to receive the Big Heart award (much applause to this) --previous recipients having been Bloch in 1959, SaM for some reason or other in 1960. Ellie Turner accepted it for Rick. At 4:05 Harlan Ellison was on again with another sick shtick and an extended introduction of Heinlein, who got a standing ovation as soon as he went up to the mike.

Heinlein's speech (which will be pubbed in NEW FRONTIERS, he told me) was extempore but caught on tape by Frank Dietz. It deserves a fmz all to itself; I can only hit the highlights. It consisted of an hour and a half of gloomy predictions, mostly in comparison/contrast to the 1941 Denvention predictions, and addressed to us because he still believes, as he did then, that we stf fans "are better prepared to face the future than the ordinary run of people...because (we) believe in change" (this quote is from p.6 of the Denvention speech). He repeated his 1941 prediction of a series of wars, anywhere from 5 to 50 years in all, and said he probably would not live to see world peace, again exactly as in 1941. He shocked us by the flat statement that 1/3 of his audience would be dead "shortly"--some from H bombs etc., but others because waylaid by neighbors for having food, or from hardships of slave labor camps, or in continual guerrilla warfare of

an anti-soviet resistance movement. He alluded to the famous "Cold Equations" story in ASF, and justified his gloomy predictions on similar grounds. The possible kinds of future for humanity are now, from the nature of the political situation, limited. Some 10% consisted of essentially improbable occurrences: the sun becomes a nova, or Overlords in flying saucers come and enforce a cease-fire, or Mr K becomes a convert to christianity, etc. The other 90% divides into the rather small probability of an atomigeddon and the far, far larger probability of prolonged guerrilla wars with infiltration and slow surrender. He asked how many in the audience had built fallout shelters: (Some 4 or 5 hands were raised, Heinlein's not among them.) As for expecting a well-fed soviet Russia to become unaggressive, that is (he said) asking a leopard to change its spots; it is unrealistic because communism is basically a religion, and one does not convert zealots with cadillacs. Communists are not villains nor opportunist mercenaries, but dedicated moralistic activists; and for all that the Russian people are sweet and peaceable, they are still by and large staunch defenders of the system; expecting them to revolt en masse is in a class with expecting Overlords in flying saucers. We can also, Heinlein said, forget "On the Beach"; if 60,000,000 were killed in H-warfare, they would be replaced in slightly over a year--though of course most of the replacements would be Chinese. "In many ways this will be the most tragic era in history--and in some ways the most glorious. To live in such a fashion that you cherish every golden moment--that is how a Man lives." He illustrated this with a true anecdote of how a young stranger died, run over by a locomotive while trying to help a husband extricate his wife's foot from a railroad track switch. "Will underground resistance be our fate?" The only use of predictions is to make preparation possible, therefore (he said) we should buy our weapons in another state and refrain from registering them--registered guns are very easily located and confiscated. And we should learn guerrilla warfare, in order to survive when confronted with it. There are several

\*Cf. Stranger in a Strange Land, p.126. 6



classic texts on the subject, mostly difficult to obtain. Tom Swillingham's "New Ways of War" (Infantry Journal 1942, reprinted by Penguin), Yank Levy's "Guerrilla Warfare", Ché Guevara's "The War of the Guerrillas" (for some reason, though, Heinlein didn't mention the Mao Tse-tung text). He added that Applegate's recent "Kill or Get Killed" (Stackpole, 1961) sounded like an excellent text, but he couldn't be certain as he had not yet read it.

After that Heinlein launched into the question of values.\* Though Bertrand Russell might choose otherwise, he, Heinlein, would rather die free than live in slavery--whereas others 'would rather be red than dead'; better to risk fallout than slavery for our children ((here is where Heinlein's limited knowledge of biology, I think, has betrayed him)); there is no comfortable place left in the world for pacifists; we are descendants of vikings, crusaders, and heroes of all degrees; courage is our heritage, gallantry our birthright--and there'll be plenty of opportunity in the next few decades to exercise both. Heinlein regarded conscription as human slavery, suppression of truth as intolerable, jails as an insult to human freedom, and this was the basis for his hatred of communism, in which "pravda" means no longer "truth" but rather "what furthers world revolution (i.e. world communism)". He pointed out from his own extensive travels in the soviet world (with Mrs. Heinlein speaking fluent Russian rather than depending on the usual Intourist interpreters) many eyewitness examples, some familiar, most not, of how soviet monopoly on the press and official limitations on citizens' travel (one requires a police permit even to go to the next town, and this is often long in coming if granted at all) were together what kept the Russian people from being anything but staunch defenders of the regime; heresy was almost literally unthinkable, as for the most part soviet citizens were carefully shielded from anything remotely like opposing viewpoints. The 1984 changing of history--even to "unpersons"--is today a living reality in the Soviet Union. Heinlein cited examples of unpersons--impossible to locate in Russian history texts or other books or periodicals, despite their importance in Russian history: John Paul Jones, Kerensky, Trotzky. (Contrast Benedict Arnold, Robert E Lee, Jeff Davis, etc.) He compared the USA's probable role to that of Lithuania, in which ((listening, Ayjay.)) resistance has been a way of life for centuries. And though space travel probably wouldn't change soviet habits, it would (he said) become a reality anyway: someone would land on the moon--not an American--within the year, and someone on Mars within the decade; and some of us would walk the dead sea-bottoms of Barsoom shortly thereafter, as political prisoners, ordered to Colonize or Die!

Heinlein held back what he called his happiest prediction for last: The 20th Century would go down in history as the century in which the human race learned, almost in entirety, to read & write.

The standing ovation that followed was punctuated by disappointed remarks as well as by applause and cheers. Afterwards Harlan Ellison handed out Hugos, likewise to very mixed reactions: J Best Fanzine: WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION (with the comment that "from the fan ranks came 98% of pros"; accepted by a beaming Earl Kemp.

J Best Artist, Emshwiller (no surprise); accepted for him by Silverberg, with the announcement that Emsh was at work on a full-length (non-stff) film, due in NYC in 1962.

J Best Short Fiction, Poul Anderson's "Longest Voyage", accepted by Poul.

J Best Dramatic Presentation, Rod Serling's "Twilight Zone", accepted by Bjo ("herself a resident of the Twilight Zone"--laughter), who commented that Rod himself had been betting on The Time Machine.

J Best Prozone, ANALOG, accepted for JVCjr by Doc Smith; mixed cheers and jeers.

J Best Novel, Walter Miller's "Canticle for Leibowitz", accepted by RF Mills, again to mixed reactions.

I frankly found these choices surprising and in some ways disappointing. Earl Kemp must have gotten many votes from people who had never seen a copy of WKSF, as it had an extremely limited circulation--confined to the contributors (71), SACS (40), Library of Congress (2) and family friends (12), total 125. Every fan I've mentioned it to so far found the victory a surprise; most were expecting HABAKKUK to nose out WKSF and lesser contenders. But a good zine and a Good

\*Gf. Stranger in a Strange Land, 94-95. 7 §Ibid, 367.



Man won. That Analog won, despite the general crudliness of material printed therein (recall "Occasion for Disaster"), is an unpleasant testimony to the proneness of some fans to vote on a basis of either tradition or nostalgia--certainly not recent quality. And my disagreement over "Canticle" is so great that I will have to make a separate article out of it. When a second-rate piece of religious propaganda can win out over "Rogue Moon", I begin to lose confidence in the intelligence of fandom--at least in that segment of it which takes part in the Hugo balloting. Including both "Canticle" and "Venus Plus X" in the "Best Novel" category of nominations is, of course, stretching the category greatly; but in intrinsic quality either the Sturgeon or the Budrys work stood head, shoulders, chest and abdomen over the Miller tract. I have to echo Bob Tucker once again in his indictment of the Hugos as being given over and over again to the wrong people for the wrong reasons. This is not a slam at Buz or his assistants; it is a slam at the mentality of many who vote so unthinkingly. (Con fans, I would guess; certainly fans who have little acquaintance with mainstream literature and the criteria that enable one to distinguish the great from the merely good and both from the mediocre or worse. It is shameful that Sturgeon and Budrys (like George R Stewart and Bernard Wolfe of earlier days) are passed up in favor of mediocrities.

Shortly after Wally Weber adjourned the banquet program, the syndicate that had bought him at the Auction Bloch dragged him to Room 224, where developed a scene straight out of Aristophanes: Ella Parker, Bjo, Yoni, Sylvia, Ruth Kyle (later replaced by Jane Jacobs), Ruth Berman, Virginia Schultheis, Ellie Turner shortly had the dazed and protesting WWW literally climbing the walls (he once almost knocked out a window) trying to get away from them. The other buyers listed above didn't make it. The spectators actually present: Steve Schultheis, Hal Lynch (in bowler hat adorned with propellor as usual), Tyrannical Al Lewis (timekeeper), Andy Main, Yoni's little daughter Debbie, who didn't understand what was going on (and felt neglected as during the costume party and most of the con), Jean Bogert, Steve Tolliver, Ted White, Boyd Raeburn, and yhos (on a press pass). After the first chaotic tumbling, Bjo and Ella organized the session so that each girl in turn would get an opportunity to kiss Wally. He in turn managed to delay but not evade his fate by nattering, getting off some good lines and inspiring some still better ones. Boyd Raeburn visualized a writeup of the scene as "I Was a Love Slave for the Amazon Women"; Wally's "Artificial respiration, anyone?" drew from Ted White "Have you ever tried the mouth-to-mouth resuscitation technique?". After all had kissed him thoroughly, either Bjo or Ella (I don't recall which) made the amendment, agreed to by the rest, that Wally would then have to take each girl into his arms in turn, and kiss her until she declared herself satisfied. Joni: "And anyone who disagrees with our amendments will have to kiss Wally, be they male or female." Andy Main: "How can Wally kiss himself?" Bjo's performance was spectacular. Sylvia was dazzling, even in a wet bathing suit. (Steve Schultheis brought her a towel to put on Wally's lap.) Virginia Schultheis was aggressive, dominating and intense. And last of all, Ella Parker, enjoying her revenge from the "SCoAW" bit, was overwhelming--having Wally pinioned on the bed. There had been an announcement that each kiss had to last a full minute, but some didn't--however, several, including Ella's, made up for that with interest....It was all over with in a few minutes less than the full hour the syndicate had been entitled to. Wally looked exhausted; everyone agreed that the Weber kissing technique had improved remarkably within the hour, and immensely since the Pittcon. As we walked out of 224, I stage-whispered to WWW "Well acted, Wally!"--and the look he gave me was the precise visual equivalent of "You bastard!". Less than half an hour later, I saw Wally walking toward the pool, carrying a baby, with Ellie Turner close behind rolling the carriage. There were shrieks and shouts of "So soon?", "Already!", "Encore!", "Congrats!", "Disclaimer!", "Author!", etc. Evidently Ellie had put Wally up to this. (John Trimble provided distraction at this moment by arriving with his badge altered to read ~~ussR~~ IVAN TrimbleOV--he explained that he was taking Heinlein's speech seriously.)

The editors' poll began late that evening. Even so, I missed most of it, mainly from having to wait at the coffee-shop to get a meal. What little I heard seemed relatively unexciting though commonsensical.

\*Spectators had outbid Wally--\$6.50--to keep him from escaping this fate; TAWF gained.



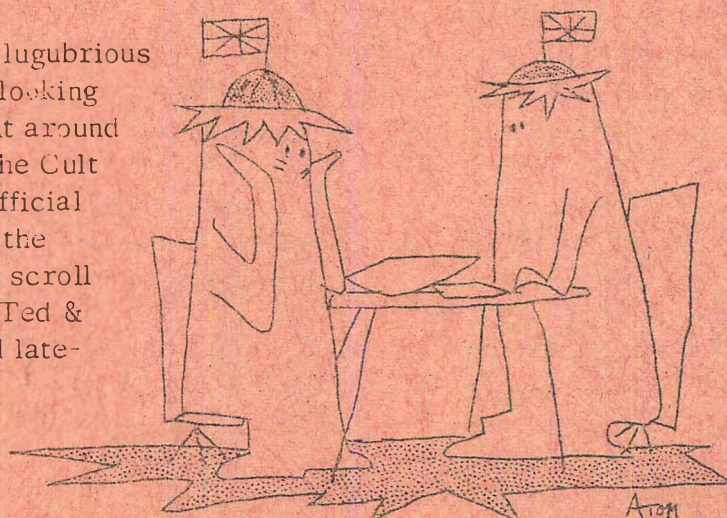
At 9:40 PM Wally called and walked up to the front to receive a Special V.R.R. award from Blotto Otto Pfeifer. This was a red pen-and-ballpoint-and-pencil set, inscribed ELLA PARKER / CERTIFIED / S C O A W. She read it aloud to cheers and applause, and commented: "That REALLY makes it official!"

The auction began at 10 PM, Al Lewis again crying it and again coming out with any number of first-rate offthecuff wisecracks. Ron Ellik came up to make some announcement--I think it was about the Bergeron paintings to be auctioned next morning at 11:00--and Cal Lewis promptly started auctioning him off; from 25¢ he went (with many intervening bids) up to \$10, Virginia Schultheis carrying him off in triumph; what she did with him deponent knoweth not. (Applause and laughter followed them out.) "From the ridiculous to the sublime"--and Lewis then put up the MS. of a Cordwainer Smith story... Harlan Ellison occasionally took over when interest appeared to flag, as to sell an Amz cover ("Dr. Immanuel Zarkov, a relative of Bruce Henstell") for \$13 to Chuck Hansen; no real highlights this session. Harlan's performance was almost reminiscent of I Pagliacci; the clowning concealed upset over his room having been robbed of all spare cash. (The stack of Regency paperbacks, originally free, was left in the entrance for sale.)

At 11:05 PM the business meeting began, being immediately interrupted by one last auction item: Lewis Grant had put up for TAFF something described as "a steel engraving of an American satellite." Unseen, it got bid up to \$1.50. It turned out to be a new 4¢ stamp....A few minutes later, Jack Speer presiding, the meeting adopted the Hugo Committee recommendations, viva voce, with one minor amendment. Dave Kyle moved a vote of thanks to the committee; applause. Then Speer called for consite bids. Lee Tremper entered a bid for Indianapolis, immediately withdrawing it in favor of Chicago. Earl Kemp spoke as though it were a fait accompli, describing the work he and his group had already put in on it, the con hotel, projected program, etc. Pavlat seconded the bid; there were no others. The unanimous vote was tumultuous. After the prolonged applause, some joker came out with "That was close!" and Earl Kemp added "That was an exciting race!" The meeting adjourned at 11:40; by then Kemp's assistants were giving out Progress Report #1 to early joiners--there were several dozen.

We drifted into the room next to the coffeeshop, where movies were supposed to take place. Something was wrong with the projector and the operators didn't show anything that evening, but Ronel and Bruce Henstell called up Ella Parker and presented her with the Parker Pond Fund, formerly the Fun Fund, in jars and rolls of coins--to help send her back to England. The rest of that night was monopolized by parties, parties, parties. I was at the Chicago Homecoming party but later pulled out (it was far too crowded for comfortable talk) and joined Ted and Sylvia White, Elinor Busby, Andy Main, Scotty & Fran Tapscott in Boyd Raeburn's room; the fangab there went on into the wee hours.

Monday morning we were awakened by a lugubrious voice summoning us to Eney's room ("overlooking the cemetery") for the Cult seance. Present around the black candle were Ted Johnstone, with the Cult Official mace, Bruce Pelz with the SA's official brass knuckles, Scribe JH in costume, with the NAPA featherduster and a huge parchment scroll for our signatures, together with members Ted & Sylvia, Eney, Boyd Raeburn, Andy Main, and late-arriving Scotty Tapscott; waitlisters Henstell, Patten, Scithers, Berman and yhos. Someone (JH I believe) crackled: "To be or not to be, that is the question!" over the proposed amendment to the Cult constitution--"The Cult shall



I just don't know who to vote for--Eney in case he swings it, or Ellik 'cause I'd like to meet him!



be disbanded, lock, stock and bucket, effective immediately on publication of FR 100." (It was tabled.) Eney described how on 28 Aug a USPO inspector visited him with a copy of an Eney cultzine and an envelope addressed to Bob L----- (with enough of the 6137 E Croft address visible to leave no doubt of the identity), and asked him leading questions concerning the Cult and supposedly salacious material therein. He finally admitted that he found Eney's stuff mailable. But he did seize a number of recent cultzines. Despite Eney's remarks in AXE 11, these will probably be found mailable also, unless the inspector is the sort of character who can find erotic excitement in medical or sociological treatises. (The cartoon Eney had singled out in AXE was too stylized--and too funny--to be erotic; though it showed a couple coupling upside down on the ceiling, the caption was "Boy! I can't wait until I'm through here so I can put out a f/r doing a writeup of this New Position...!") In any event, it was abundantly clear that the complaint to the USPO had emanated from Lichtman's parents, who had to Get Back at the "dirty lousy perverts" who had weaned their 19-year-old son away from the parental ~~sheep~~ fold. The meeting ended with an Official ruling that any member who ran unmailable matter through the Cult should be dropped, subject to appeal or overruling by 7 members as of pubdate. However, this left open the question of who decides what is unmailable...Shed a tear or something: the Cult's traditional Image as the apa which discussed controversial subjects is, for the moment, dead.

Running down to the Art Room from the seance, I found Ellik auctioning off Bergeron paintings for TAWF. Sid Coleman and I bid each other up (in \$1 advances) to \$42 for what we both considered the finest of the lot as well as one of the 2 or 3 best (possibly the best) of the paintings in the show--Bergeron's "Invasion of Birds". (I had the painting with me most of that day and was twice offered a profit on it by two different admirers of it.) Of the 20 Bergerons, 17 sold at prices ranging from about \$9 on up to the abovementioned \$42; the total reported in AXE was \$163.50, though someone (Ronel?) at the time said \$168.50. While I'm on the subject of the Art Show, I might as well mention that it was a huge success, largely owing to Bjo's efforts to get good material and display it effectively in the limited space available; she deserves a BIG round of applause for that. Other than the Bergerons, some 42 items (not counting dozens, possibly hundreds, of small sketches on the tables) were sold for over \$200, one of them--Cynthia Goldstone's "Abominable, My Ass!" (depicting an Abominable Snowman)--to Ernie Wheatley before it was completely unwrapped. While it was on display, someone stuck a card next to it reading "I said NO squirrel cartoons!" (No, it didn't seem to be Ronel's handwriting.) All of Cynthia's paintings sold quickly--and they probably would have sold even had she priced them high (they were very cheap, say \$2 to \$5, and I've seen less meritorious items sell at ten times that). M.L.Meatheringham (a young blond woman) was the big sleeper of this Art Show; her paintings were small gem-like compositions, which took three prizes and sold fast. The Barr "Starfisher" got the popular award--a disappointment, as besides the magnificent Bergeron mentioned above, and the splendid Bjo "Incunebulust" (auctioned off to Pavlat for \$45 for the Marijane Johnson Fund, helping out the wheelchair-bound Neffer), there were several others which could easily have qualified had the votes been cast on the basis of either merit or eye-appeal. For the record, here were the prizewinners:

§ Outré Art: (awards sponsored by Famous Monsters of Filmland): (1) Bergeron's "Invasion of the Birds"; (2) Cynthia Goldstone's "Illustrated Boy"; (3) MLMeatheringham's "Birdman King"; honorable mentions: Curtis's "Family Portrait", Helen Urban's "Fantasy on Growth", C.Goldstone's "Doll Maker".

§ Fantasy (sponsored by R. Eney): (1) Sylvia White's "World of Sessa"; (2) Barr's "Comonleigh"; (3) Bergeron's "Plant Lover"; hon.men., Bergeron's "Paris" (the Homeric figure, not the city).

§ Heroic Fantasy (sponsored, inevitably, by the Hyborian Legion): (1) Krenkel's AMRA cover; hon.men., Ernest Knowles's "Gilgamesh".

§ SF Illustration (sponsored by Forry): (1) Metzger's "Homecoming"; (2) Don Simpson's "Brennschluss".

§ Astronomical Art (sponsored by LASFS): (1) Bergeron's "Sun from Jupiter"; (2) Knowles's



"Hyperspace #2" (a jewel like nonobjective painting, in a class with many now hung in the Guggenheim Museum!); (3) Bergeron's "Sunrise on Saturn" (auctioned for \$20 to Beresford Smith).  
J Children's Fantasy (sponsored by GAUL): (1) Barbi Johnson's group for "The Enchanted Forest" (really, far better than her fmz illustrations); (2) Meatheringham's "Pen & Ink Wizard".  
J Judges Choice (sponsored by Kyles): (1) A pair of ATomillos in color.

Most Promising (sponsored by the N3F): (1) Meatheringham; (2) Sylvia White; hon.men., Barbi Johnson.

No other prizes were awarded, though other categories existed.

The "Why Is A Fan?" panel began at 12:30. Earl Kemp was moderator; panelists were Wrai Ballard (the original Musquite Kid of SAPS, attending his first worldcon), Bill Evans (first worldcon for him too), Bob Pavlat, Ted White, Boyd Raeburn and I, with Jack Speer arriving late (Evans had originally been appointed to replace Speer, but the panel continued with seven members instead of the scheduled six--and was the better for it).

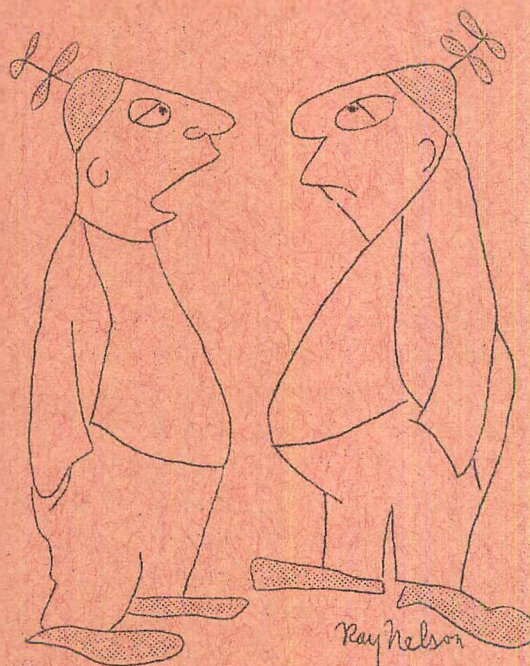
Wrai theorized that his isolation (on a farm around Blanchard, N.Dak.) was largely responsible for his continuance as a fan, though perhaps not for his original fan status; he began as a stf reader, discovering fandom a few weeks later. Evans described his own fan status as an outgrowth of his stf collecting/bibliographic interest, adding that he remained through meeting friends, who were people with some non-mundane enthusiasms. Pavlat made similar points, emphasizing that groups like the Lions, Masons, etc., are basically mundane, while fandom was unrestricted. Ted White described himself as "originally an isolated introvert, like most other fans he knew of", for whom stf was one of several possible escape media; from a beginning as a Heinlein-reader, he had become so deeply involved with fannishness that for a while 100% of his social life consisted of fans. This began to change about the time he became a professional writer in the jazz world--but even there he found something parallel to fannishness. Nat Hentoff, for instance, was a BNF comparable to Bob Tucker, and the musicians themselves to pros. Ted described his present orientation--"Not FIAWOL, but Fandom Is An Important Part of Life." Boyd Raeburn wished that someone could have made clear definitions at the outset of "fan", "fannish" and related terms--so far, by consensus, fans appeared not just as stf readers but as people who got involved with fanzines or cons or both. I took off from that point with the notion that there exist basically fannish types who don't know fandom but who clearly need something of the kind, some congenial avoidism of mundane. Some of these learn of, and enter, our fandom early, some late, some not at all; some of them get into other fandoms, others miss out altogether. Avoidism it may be, but it is for these types a necessary outlet. Most of the other panelists had begun with some brief account of their own entry into fandom. My own was atypical enough so that I had just about decided against it on the grounds that it wouldn't be generalizable; but then I recalled that Freud and his followers learned (and taught us) much about normals by studying kooks, who represented exaggerations of particular features of normals. And so (I guessed) my own unusual history might in some way illuminate others' understanding of how a fan gets that way. Like many others (I continued) I began as a stf reader--Heinlein, Stapledon, Sturgeon--and an isolated introvert; and until almost the present day my life has remained a nearly 100% Avoidist quest--a perpetual attempt to escape from Mundane in its various forms--parental domination, the church, the army, the 8 to 5 slavery, conformity in just about every form; I felt the scene alien and threatening then, unwelcome still. Even what I did for a living was an avoidism; in being a professional writer I was staying away from conventional (though perhaps more lucrative) work for The Organization; in the coin world (a hobby and for many itself an avoidism) I was avoiding the commercialism of huckstering; and it was only by the strangest of freak circumstances that I missed getting into our fandom as early as 1947--why I didn't read lettercols in the prozines I don't know; in 1952 there was the Baltimore group "Phalanx" (an unknowingly fannish group of young intellectuals) which just before I joined had attended a stf club meeting and been turned off; in 1955 I attended the NYC FanVersCon, though Taurasi turned me off so completely that I didn't bother leaving my name for his mailing list; that same year I met Sylvia Margulies of the lamented Satellite SF, even atten-



ding a Hydra Club meeting--but for some reason no fan meetings; in 1956 I missed the NYcon II only by having to be out of town that weekend; and so forth & so on until Les Gerber (whom I'd met through Cylvia) recruited me by bringing me a stack of HY PHENS and GRU Es and Berryzines and other goodies while I was flat on my back in a hospital in Oct.-Nov. 1959. But I am morally certain that had I known of fandom in those earlier days I would have entered it. In short, in a rather exaggerated form, I was one of those personalities who needed some kind of consistent escape from mundane, of the kind that our fandom (or in lesser degrees the others I'd fooled around in) has value in providing.

In the discussion to follow, Evans amplified the above by pointing out that his fanac even influenced his mundane activity, much as with Ted White and myself: Evans ended up as a scientist, working on goshwow stffish 1930-50 projects; Ted White is a professional mimeographer, professional layout artist, professional writer--specializing in slash-and-blast or Wailing Wall reviews and interviews-in-depth. (And my own contributions to the literature of coin fandom have sometimes a fannish slant.) Evans added that club fans tend to find mutual emotional support of a perhaps more direct kind than do those fans whose contacts come only via correspondence and fmz. Ted mentioned that damon knight had been his own big influence in writing reviews (fmz or jaz.), and he alluded to the relevance of reviews to the larger field--and their influence on the latter. (He might have mentioned Harry Warner's "Opere Citato" as well.) Ted admitted to knowing very few acknowledgedly non-introvert fans. ((Cincinnati and MiSFit types.)) Among the majority, FIATOLism might come from a lack of inner resources, or from avoidism, or was it from a lack of satisfying sex contacts. Someone quoted Horace L. God on the 5-year turnover among stf readers (partly perhaps ascribable to readers becoming quickly jaundiced, or to Sturgeon's Law applying to stf). Similarly in fandom; some fans, said Ted, seem to satisfy their ego-boo needs quickly, going the cycle from neo to BNF to permanent gafiate in a few years (like Joel Nydahl), returning to mundane and perhaps never to find their way back to fandom. I started to ask if he, Ted, or anyone else on the panel actually lived in mundane--I certainly don't--but the arrival of Speer interrupted that line of questioning. He was introduced to much applause.

Speer expounded his theory that fans by and large are handicapped types--handicapped sometimes by demonstrable physical defect (Christenberry, Chauvenet, etc.), or sometimes mentally/emotionally (as Laney thought true of all fans), or perhaps socially hampered by the uncongenial environment of a small town (Laney came from Moscow, Idaho) where few opportunities for a lively mind existed; the theory may not be completely generalizable but is often useful in understanding individuals. ((JFS had told me roughly the same thing the previous evening when we had met for the first time.)) Earl Kemp asked why in that case there were so few negroes in fandom. Speer said that fandom attracts characteristically urban and small-town types, verbally oriented, alienated from their mundane associates, and of above average IQ. Negroes, by and large, do not fit this category (said he) nor do American Indians--but Jews often do. He quoted a brief conversation with me in which examination of the FANAC mailing list showed probably 10% Jews, which is perhaps a trifle higher than the Jewish proportion in the populace as a whole. ((The wonder is that there aren't a lot more, but I would guess that they have other outlets. Certainly they're extremely



I've got a Cosmic Mind--what's your handicap?



common in coin fandom, and in intellectual groups of many kinds, whether or not these qualify as parts of other fandoms.)) Ted White suggested that there might be more negroes around than we think--particularly among fanzine fans that don't attend cons. Certainly there are plenty of stf readers among them. Ted's friends Eric Dolphy (one of the finest altoists in jazz) and Tom Wilson (editor of 33 GUIDE) are avid stfnists. And we don't have to do more than allude to Carl Brandon... Bill Evans added that young fans enter fandom because they think, often correctly, that they can find acceptance for what they are and do, not on the basis of family or socio-economic status or the length of their trousers. I mentioned a nearly exact parallel in numismatics; there were several youngsters who were making a considerable income and reputation by their writings (or, in two or three cases, their coin dealing) while in their mid teens, and the publisher of a prozine I edit, "Numismatic Journal", right now is just 17 or 18 (he is also a fringe-fan, subscribing to HABAKKUK--his name is Lynn Glaser). Someone, I think Ted, alluded to Jeff Vanshel, who though only 13 was a strong contender in the "Best New Fan" race last winter and who publishes an astonishingly good fmz, F\*ADE, besides being a highly respected member of the Fano-clasts. There was also mention of Andy Main and Joel Nydahl...

During the audience-question period, Elinor Busby punctured the Speer handicap theory by asking if anyone (panelist or audience member) knew any nonfans altogether free of handicaps. No hands were raised. Speer said that he knew many mundane types without known handicaps. I asked him: "Are these people complacent acceptors of the world as it is?" Speer: "Yes." Ted White: "That's a handicap." (Laughter.) Christine Moskowitz then harangued us at length about photography clubs (which sound like another fandom, the way she describes them) and then asked us why we thought our fandom was "more unique" (sic) than any other special interest group, or for that matter more handicapped, introverted, etc.? I replied that our fandom was far more self-conscious than others I knew of, and said that it's entirely likely that there are many who would be in it if they knew of it--but if they don't find our fandom they go into another one which has some of the features they need. Evans added that coin fans are interested almost exclusively in coins, photo and stamp and car fans similarly, etc. (ChrisMos shouted denials on behalf of photo clubs)--but that our own fandom has no such overwhelmingly central issue. Sam thundered "If you're not SCIENCE FICTION fans what are you?" (Scattered applause.) Sylvia White: "Stf fans have more common interests than do other such special-interest groups; perhaps we might be called printed-word fans, communication/idea fans." ChrisMos shouted: "She's ignorant!" Ted, bristling a bit, rushed to her defense with "How do you know she hasn't been in them?" Ella Parker went on about the sense of Wonder popularly supposed to characterize stf fan, and theorized that it was fostered because most of us were introduced to stfsy at very early ages. "How many of us have reread any of the things we enjoyed years ago--and found them crud?" (Scattered show of hands.) Ted and I replied that we read now for different things from what we sought in our early readings (and not just to pick holes either); we can enjoy the same books even for different reasons. And even if we found the books now to be crud, this simply testifies to Sturgeon's Law applying in stfsy even as in mundane games or occupations. I added that I have personally reread many of my early stfsy loves, and found that there was still much to enjoy in Stapledon and Heinlein and Sturgeon and Orwell...and sometimes even Lovecraft; and that the things I had a vague dislike of then I had a more defined dislike of now. The big difference: maturing seems to mean becoming (among other things) more articulate. I then referred to a Marion Zimmer Bradley article "One Touch of Goshwow" in TESSERACT 3 (long since on stencil), to the effect that stf readers, like fmz reviewers and opera or literary critics, all too often, become jaded from repeated exposure to the same sort of thing, and become more concerned about demonstrating their brilliance in putting down crud or even flyspecks, whereas the neos and those who retain some measure of a Sense of Wonder may write crudely or miss esotericisms but they have at least one advantage: they retain an open-minded and understand what the author or composer is trying to do. MZB perhaps jokingly suggested a test on critics & fmz reviewers every year to see if they still had that One Touch of Goshwow which distinguishes the fan from the



mundane type. I also quoted a bit about the Sense of Wonder from "Man's Search for Himself" by Rollo May:

"Wonder is the opposite of cynicism and boredom; it indicates that a person has a heightened aliveness, is interested, expectant, responsive. It is essentially an 'opening' attitude...an awareness that there is more to life than one has yet fathomed,...new vistas in life to be explored as well as new profundities to be plumbed."

Hal Lynch switched the subject to why some stf readers only become fringe fans or fake fans. Earl Kemp suggested that perhaps they too were seeking identification, but found it elsewhere. Ed Wood added that perhaps they just hadn't yet been really turned on to that aspect of fandom which they might dig most; that he himself had remained a stf-reading fringe fan for many years before attending his first con, and that he had been earlier turned off by the Sarge Saturn lettercols--which perhaps had kept away more than their share of worthy neos, just as had the crudzines likely to have come their way via the lettercols ((not to mention the N3F)).\* Some woman--I didn't get her name--stood up and declared that mere stf readers are often content to remain on the sidelines; real fans, almost by definition, became active enthusiasts about anything which excited their interest. Jack Harness summarized it by saying that he was and is a stf fan but does not live stf 24 hours/day, 365 days/year; there is not that much stf to discuss. (SaM showed signs of anger.) Fans, being vocal types (JH continued), imaginative, with wide ranges of interest, like to talk about other things as well--and why not? Bill Evans described himself as a sort of double fan--partly the SaM type, partly the Ted White type; bibliographic immersion is good but it can't be the whole of fanlife--and why limit oneself. Even stfsy artists and writers find themselves in a similar situation. Lewis J Grant ((perhaps alluding to my "Other Fandoms" piece in VOID 22-1)) pointed out that science-fiction has an extremely wide range of content, providing many themes from which fans could select to find common interest. At this point SaM, exceedingly enraged, bellowed that "if we are interested in psychology or the like, we go to professionals, not other fans!!" Ted White calmly pointed out that 13-year-old neos don't have ready access to such professionals. (Some unidentified fringe fan called out that these professionals cost \$5 and up a visit anyway.) An explosive argument got started with SaM and ChrisMos on one side, Ted (aided by myself) on the other. SaM was adamant that Ted was incompetent and could not validly claim to be an authority on music or anything else. Ted mentioned that various prozines, including ROGUE, took him seriously enough as an "authority" to pay him good money for articles on jazz. SaM called ROGUE Magazine a liar, and tried to carry on the vendetta lately started in FAPA. The scene was quieted with some trouble. Don Day (to some applause) cited his own 22-year history of stf reading and 5 years of actifandom, followed by gafia because fandom's advantages to him hadn't been worth the effort he put in ((one assumes that the DD Index was only a tiny part of it)), but he vowed that he would be at any West Coast con to meet the wonderful friends he had made while still a fan. The argument flared up again between the Moskowitzes and TW. Chris demanded that Ted produce medical authority to support his arguments against her on peyote. I cited, on Ted's behalf, the UN 1959 Narcotics Bulletin, which contains an article on peyote with some 550 medical references, and which substantially agrees with the Donaho/White/ Ellington/ Nunnery/haLevy position, that peyote is neither addictive nor narcotic. (She later admitted to me, somewhat apologetically, that her sources were a couple of psychiatrists. I pointed out that these need not have done any reading on the subject, whereas I had, and I knew that haLevy had done research--after all, he is a professional biochemist; and that for every medical opinion she might cite that peyote or mescaline (or for that matter cannabis) is addictive, I could cite her at least two others that would say it is not. In all likelihood peyote (like alcohol and tobacco) could have different effects on different people, but by and large peyote is less addictive than tobacco. She said that her main concern was that young neos might get access to it. I said that the cost pretty well precluded that, and that anyway it was a quite different situation from opium derivatives which were known to be physiologically addictive. We agreed to disagree.) SaM glowered at me but said nothing. By now the panel was pretty well broken up.

\*He also made noises about fans having "deserted" stf; TW called him "narrowminded". 14



The Willis Fund raffle resulted in Lee Anne Tremper winning the set of 7 SLANT's and the HARP STATESIDE (it had earlier been announced as Nos. 1 to 6 but #7 was added at the con); Ed Wood (!) won WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA and the Freas portfolio; Ben Jason the ENCHANTED DUPE and HARP STATESIDE; Bruce Henstell (I think) INCOMPLETE BURBELL and SLANT #3; Steve Schultheis WHO KILLED SF and HARP STATESIDE; I forget who got VIDA and SLANT #5. Notable was the absence of many would-have-been winners; about 25 or 30 numbers were called before someone in the room showed a winning stub. Earl Kemp then put up a Margaret Brundage oil painting, said to be the last fantasy painting she did or would ever do; Jessie Clinton, I think, won it. Someone made an announcement that the long-awaited Don Day Index 1951-60 was complete save for some mechanical details of transcribing, and would be ready in 3 or 4 months.

Then came the second and final auction session.\* I saw Elmer God Perdue measuring Sam with a tapemeasure--around the waist, though, not the head. Shotaro Ishiwori, Forry's fanartist protégé (see FANAC 77, p.6, 3rd § from bottom), made an announcement through an interpreter that there would be a sf con in Japan in 1964 during the Olympic Games; exact date as yet uncertain. Bearded rich brown sat in back and bid in 6th Fandom zines; for a gaffing fan, he shows every evidence of wanting to take it with him.

The original Kalin cover painting for the Pyramid Books edition of Sturgeon's VENUS PLUS X went to Billern for \$30; the manuscript of the same story (originally titled EDEN AGAIN) went for the same figure to Earl Kemp (Billern right under him), the lucky dog. Kemp also got the first-draft opening and outline of V + X and the Sturgeon VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA as a lot for \$5. Dave Kyle's St. Fantony initiation-to-knighthood costume, handmade by Richardson, went for \$20 to Bruce Pelz, with Ellis Mills under; half the proceeds went to TAFF, half to the Willis Fund. Emsch's cover painting for John Jakes's "Highest Form of Life" (Aug '61 Amz) went to Pelz for \$25. The high point of the auction, though, was when the Emsch cover painting for Rubin's "Final Master" was bid up from \$30 to \$92, Billern getting it away from a Lt. Acheson of Laredo, Texas. Tyrannical Al Lewis was superb, getting bids upped by one Harlan Ellison-type trick after another. Trying to persuade Acheson to top Billern somewhere around the final \$92, Al induced the lieutenant to "just smell it..." When it finally sold, he opined that the buyer had paid probably just about as much as F&SF had originally given Emsch for it...and said "I'd like to point out that Billern is treasurer of about 5 different organizations..." (laughter).

In general, color (oil) coverillos went from \$14 to \$30, except for Emschs which sometimes went higher; black&whites went from a few cents to \$7 or so; MSS. from a few cents to a few dollars, BT's "To the Tombaugh Station" (Ace pb version) bringing \$6. The FANNISH I went to Ruth Berman for \$2.25; I bought an almost mint run of QUANDRY, 14-25, for \$6; HARP STATESIDE went for the going price of \$5--and so forth. Condition of finz made a very marked difference in the prices they brought. The unofficial auction total represented somewhere around \$400 net profit. The Seacon presented \$100 of that (as a start, before balances were yet figured up) to the Chicago Homecoming committee at the presentation of the gavel, and passed along an envelope handed them for the 1962 con by the Pittcon committee. This envelope was opened, and found to contain \$200 ("the best-kept secret of 1961!"), intended to help along the 1962 con at the start, with the recommendation and hope that the Chicon would be able to pass it along to the next con.

That ended the formal program, but not the convention. Dave Kyle was passing out free tickets to a local movie house which was holding a triple-feature show: "World Without End", "Journey to the Center of the Earth" and "Forbidden Planet". Trying to find a ride to the theatre, I wandered around, and dropped in on the Heinlein party, which gave every indication of being one of the best of the con (which had been remarkable for good parties all along). For a pro party, it was surprisingly fannish, without a dull moment. Among other things, I saw Bob Silverberg trying to emulate MacLeish's armless ambidextrian by lighting a safety match with his toes. Heinlein recalled a story of an armless girl taking notes in school by using her toes on a portable typer. Karen Anderson (perhaps unknowingly) emulated Bhub Stewart by whistling with a cigarette between

\*The oddest auction item: a huge original 15 (Strange Adventures Comics), b&w for a comicbook, "Planet of the Lost Astronauts", sold to Claude Kammerzell, age 9.(50¢)



(Heinlein wanted to know if she was faunching for a light.) her lips./ Someone, probably Heinlein, described Boucher's arm trick (put each arm around one's head and have fingers interlocked at the chin); only Virginia Schultheis came even close, of all the amateur contortionists in the room. Pelz (I think) asked Heinlein why he had written "Year of the Jackpot"--it was so drastically different in approach and even in style from any of RAH's other works. Heinlein suggested that money might have been enough reason. ((Pelz should have realized this anyway; consider the parallel situation of Jubal Harshaw's turning out reams of potboiler fiction, doggerel verse, confessions, etc. Cf. also my reply to Bloch in HABAKKUK 5, p.90.)) Heinlein, seeing me, continued with his standing joke of referring to my beard as a fire hazard. (I later found out that the "Mnye noozhno spishkek" with which his wife had autographed my copy of the Denvention speech, right below RAH's own signature, is apparently colloquial Russian for "I need a match!".) Not long after this Wally Gonser showed up and drove me and young Gordon Eklund to the movie, and true to tradition, Wally G fell asleep a few minutes after sitting down in the theatre. We were too late for "World Without End", though Gordon and some others assured me that it was 102% crud. The other two were just about as expected; the Verne "Journey" provided some unintentional laughs at the absurd posturing and still more absurd 19th Century language--as well as some rather spectacular color work. "Forbidden Planet" rose a tiny bit above the crud level because of the interesting and sometimes compelling "electronic tonalities" and the special visual effects--though the "science" in it was just about as preposterous as one would want to imagine.

After Wally took us back to the hotel, Gordon and I and various other fans watched "The Musquite Kid", "The Genie" and three Emsh films--"Transformations" (see FANAC 77, middle of p.11), "Paintings by Ed Emshwiller" and the justly famous "Dance Chromatic". We wandered back to the Heinlein party, but found it extremely crowded. I ended up at a small Boyd Raeburn party with the same personnel as the previous night's.

Next morning and early afternoon were filled with goodbyes to friends newly made and friends of long standing, with helping (in some slight degree) Andy Main to pack his belongings into Ted's car preparatory to selling his Volkswagen and moving to NYC, with last goodbyes to Bjo (for whom I took back two Ray Nelson drawings to give Ray; Bjo kindly wrapped them up with my Bergeron, for which I thank her now in print), several other LASFS fans and others, and at the end, with Andy & Ted driving me to the airport.

It was a happy time, it was an exciting time, it was a relaxed and congenial and warm time, marred slightly by the Moskowitz rantings (I recall his describing himself as "the Rock of Gibraltar watching us drips flow out to sea"--yes, SaM, you certainly are like the Rock: monolithic and incapable of moving with the times. And how long before the tides batter you down.) and by the knowledge that Berkeley fandom, and I, had suffered a loss and a loneliness by Andy Main's moving to New York. But these are minor setbacks at worst, and they do not contradict, nor even put in question, that the Seacon--thanks to Buz and his committee, and to the rest who helped make it a reality--was a convention worth all the time and money and effort spent on it. I have been trying here, in Heinlein's words, to grok and savor and cherish the scene, in order to praise it.

WALTER BREEN

11 Sept. 1961

Illos and heading stenciled by Bob Lichtman

Mimeo by Rike Gestetner

This is a rider with FANAC 78

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