

FANTASY FICTION FIELD

Founded by Julius Unger

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The National Fantasy Review

Whole Number 13

FRANK R. PAUL DIES AT 79

The science fiction field marked the end of another era with the death of Frank R. Paul, famed pioneer science fiction artist, on June 29. Mr. Paul died at his home in Teaneck, New Jersey, at the age of 79.

Frank R. Paul was born in Vienna, Austria, and came to the USA in 1906. He studied art in his native country, Paris, and London. He met Hugo Gernsback in 1914, when they both were 30 years of age, and did considerable work for Gernsback's early magazines. He did the cover for the first issue of AMAZING STORIES in 1926, as well as doing all the interior illustrations. When Gernsback lost AMAZING STORIES in 1929, Paul followed him to his new magazines and did much of the art. After drifting out of the field in the 1940's, he returned briefly with work in Gernsback's SCIENCE FICTION PLUS in 1953. His last work in the science fiction field was covers for the 35th anniversary issue of AMAZING STORIES in 1961.

Mr. Paul was guest of honor at the first World Science Fiction Convention in New York in 1939. He and Hugo Gernsback were guests of honor at a Newark meeting of the Eastern Science Fiction Association in 1961.

Paul is said to have painted more than 200 covers, and he has done interior illustrations numbering more than 1000.

Mag. of FANTASY & SF september, 1963

There is Another Shore, You Know, Upon the Other Side
Ferdinand Feghoot: LXV
Glory Road (serial, conclusion)
Books
The Man Who Feared Robots
Collector's Item
SCIENCE: Who's Out There?
Unholy Hybrid
Attrition (verse)
237 Talking Statues, etc.

Joanna Russ
Grendel Briarton
Robert A. Heinlein
Avram Davidson
Herbert W. Franke
Jack Sharkey
Isaac Asimov
William Bankier
Walter H. Kerr
Fritz Leiber

MIDWESCON REPORT INSIDE

SPOTLIGHT on the PROS

By Bill Bowers

GEM CARR has requested a brief rundown on the current crop of prozines, so here, for informational purposes, is a listing of same to the best of my knowledge:

AMAZING STORIES -- editor, Cele Goldsmith; monthly, digest, 130 pages, 50¢. Mainly "straight" science fiction, with a splattering of fantasy. The most apt magazine for beginning readers, but in the past few years it has shown a quite impressive over-all improvement, and now bids strongly for the attention of the seasoned reader.

ANALOG -- editor, John W. Campbell; monthly, large size, 96 pages, 50¢. The much lambasted brainchild of John W. Ghod, Jr. Definitely the most professionally put-together of the prozines in physical makeup. Despite an unseemly preoccupation with "fact" articles, it has taken a quite undeserved beating from fandom on its fiction content. Try it sometime.

FANTASTIC -- editor, Cele Goldsmith; monthly, digest, 130 pages, 50¢. A quite uneven magazine, varying between fantasy and science fiction. Quality also varies quite widely--every once in a while it comes up with something exceptional, but for the most part, months can (and do) pass between excellent stories.

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION -- editor, Avram Davidson; monthly, digest, 130 pages, 40¢. In some ways not really a "science fiction" magazine, since it publishes almost anything connected with the imaginative field. Depending upon your tastes in reading, it publishes some of the best and some of the worst within the field. Sort of the fanzine of the prozines, you might say.

GALAXY -- editor, Fred Pohl; bi-monthly, digest, 194 pages, 50¢. Perhaps it's me, but GALAXY seems to be improving lately. The art is still the worst in the field, despite its expensive presentation, but the fiction is becoming less repetitious. For a while there, it seemed that every story was simply another draft of the one before it.

IF -- editor, Fred Pohl; bi-monthly, digest, 130 pages, 40¢. Perhaps, with all due respect to the Ziff-Davis twins, the most improved magazine of the past few years. Devoted increasingly to the adventure yarn, it is, like AMAZING, a good magazine for the beginner, but also enjoyable to the old-timer who has not become Literature conscious to the detriment of his sense of wonder.

WORLDS OF TOMORROW -- editor, Fred Pohl (again!); bi-monthly, digest, 162 pages, 50¢. The first new magazine in several years, and with only three issues it isn't quite ready to be judged yet. However, it looks good, so let's support it.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE PROS, continued

Then there are the two British magazines: NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY. They receive very erratic distribution here in the states, but if you get a chance, pick 'em up. They'll be worth your while. And, as always, there are rumors in the air about a couple of new prozines, but until I see them on my newstand they are among the outcast. And now on to some reviews.

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FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, July, 1963 -- As I have stated before, I usually do not lower myself to read a serial until I have all the parts together, and by then I have probably lost what interest, if any, I had in them in the beginning. But a new novel by Robert Heinlein is the exception to any man's rule. The first third of a novel rarely gives any indication of where it will lead to or how it will end up, but based on this installment, I think that "Glory Road" will prove to be one of Heinlein's better novels--almost certainly the best out of the "new" Heinlein. Then too, it will doubtlessly step once again on the toes of those who were outraged by "Starship Troopers" and "Stranger in a Strange Land," and maybe others, despite the fact that it promises to be a better written story than either of those two. But I do not propose to enter prematurely into any heated arguments about Mr. Heinlein's sometimes novel ideas of philosophy with only a portion of this latest treatise before me. Suffice it to say that any new Heinlein story is an eagerly awaited event in this circle, and this particular one, "Glory Road," is a must for every TruFan. Go thou, and buy.

AMAZING STORIES, July, 1963 -- I am, from the start, slightly prejudiced against any story that an editor proclaims to be a classic even before it is printed. Classics, a rare breed that, are made by the readers, not by the editor of some magazine because he/she likes to think that their pet child has some unique new idea. Some of the most unique twists of themes and gadgets have not necessarily met with mass approval, because of the framework within which that variation is presented. A story, a classic if you will, must first of all be presented within an easy to read setting; any brilliant innovations must be smoothly embedded within the setting, not placed like a handful of emeralds in a mud pie.

The sermon out of the way, let us consider Robert F. Young's "Redemption" in the July AMAZING, such a self-billed classic. Robert Young is, to coin a phrase, a cycle writer; he turns out some of the best of science fiction and some of the most utter crud to come under its name. Perhaps after that last statement it is redundancy on my part, but the term I most think of in reference to Mr. Young is "The Poet of Science Fiction." He has a tremendous command over the King's English, with descriptive powers second to none, and if sometimes his efforts seem a bit rough in spots, I suspect that it is more from plot difficulties than the icing. Despite this, he sometimes attempts to get a bit cute and doesn't seem to be able to bring it off. "Redemption" is the case in point. Don't misunderstand me, this is not a "bad" tale, but it could have been a much better one. It is all a matter of personal taste, yes, but Mr. Young seemingly gets carried away with his excellent beginning basis of

SPOTLIGHT ON THE PROS, continued

a spacial Flying Dutchman. A little skillful editorial cutting here and there might have given us something more like what we were led to expect. As it is, I am a bit disappointed in Mr. Young, but more displeased with Cele Goldsmith's presumptuous presentation of the tale.

GALAXY, August, 1963 -- I dunno; GALAXY is still a hard magazine for me to read. Perhaps it is because I have been burnt too many times on some of their rather unique brand of slick-slop tales. Maybe I am growing a bit too mellow in my old age or something, but it does seem to be improving somewhat lately. The name of Robert Hoskins does not ring a bell with me, but whoever he may be, he has a nice little yarn with "The Problem Makers." The far distant future is the haven for science fiction writers, in that they do not have to be tied down to the current trends of history, and in a sense can make up their own little universes. This one concerns an Academy which sounds a bit like one of the off-beat bureaus of the United Nations. Briefly, the graduates of this Academy are conditioned to serve one motto: "The greater good for the greater number." In carrying out this mission, the means are not important, merely the end. If one person must go for the good of three, so be it. It is an interesting concept, and one that can be argued endlessly without reaching any definite conclusion. I doubt if any such "Academy" will ever come into existence, but stranger things have happened.

PLAYBOY, July, 1963 -- Every once in a while there appears outside the TruField of science fiction an item of interest to the fan. Part one of "The Playboy Panel: 1984 and Beyond" is such an item. The panelists read like a Who's Who in SF Prodom: Anderson, Asimov, Blish, Bradbury, Budrys, Clarke, Heinlein, Pohl, Rod Serling, Sturgeon, Tenn, and van Vogt. Do not falsely assume that they are discussing science fiction per se. Rather, they are discussing the world of tomorrow and what they think it will be like. Very interesting, and there are several good plot ideas in there for all you future writers. #

FANTASY FICTION FIELD is published bi-weekly by Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm Street, Grafton, Ohio. Associate Editor: Paul Scaramazza. Subscription price: ten cents per copy, 13 issues for one dollar, or 26 issues for two dollars. All checks or money orders should be sent to and be made payable to Harvey Inman.

THE FANZINE FIELD

By Mike Deckinger

INSIDE #2 (25¢, irregular, Jon White, 90 Riverside Drive, New York 24, N. Y.) This successor to Ron Smith's late zine had a rocky road to travel from editor White's initial plans to publish it to the final crystallization in the form of the finished product. The first issue out about six months ago was more of a calling card than anything else, which displayed White's intentions, his potentialities, and solicited assistance, subscriptions, and material from fandom. The response was none too heartening; at one point INSIDE was one hundred dollars in the red. But at last everything was taken care of, and this is the results. And quite good results it is too. INSIDE is easily the most attractive of the fanzines today. Its small size and decoratively offsetted layout make it, at least in appearance, the type of fanzine that could easily (and proudly) be displayed to an outsider as being representative of the field. Materialwise, nearly everything is on a satisfyingly high level. George O. Smith does a tongue-in-cheek article dispensing information on free-lance writing which is far more readable and enjoyable than most of his fictional output. Perhaps if he devoted more of his time to goodies like this, and less to writing bloated, uneven, poorly characterized yarns, he'd be more of a favorite of mine. S. Fowler Wright leads off the issue with a bad story that nonetheless has some distinction as his last one, or so the editor intimates. Several columns follow; one in which editor White needlessly criticizes the contents of the Pyramid anthology THE UNKNOWN while overlooking the most significant feature of its appearance--that the publishers were willing to support Benson's desires to see such a collection in print without launching the over-used cry that no one will buy it. Someone named Gordon A. Weaver has a very good Kafkaesque fantasy, William Temple writes on Arthur C. Clarke, and Art Castillo has a page of generally funny cartoons. Ghost-written, I wonder? It would be a shame if the response to INSIDE was so limited that White would have to cease publication. A fanzine of practically semi-professional proportions such as this is sorely needed in fandom. Despite the luke-warm reaction which greeted its inception, its progress is definitely on an ascending basis, and it's unlikely that there will ever be a bad issue. It is also one of the few zines around today actually worth the quarter asked for a single copy.

KNOWABLE #1 (trade, contributions, LoC, 5 for \$1.00, irregular, John Boardman, Box 22, New York 33, N. Y.) The most notable thing about last issue was the mediocre ditto repro, and Boardman fully acknowledges this fault in the editorial. The subsequent switch to mimeo with this issue has improved the repro to the point where everything said is readable. Which may or may not be a good thing. John's science column, "Science Made Too Easy," continues along in a breezy, whimsical manner, strewing some good lines along with some inept chaff. The body of this issue is taken up with the further chapters of The Story, a moderately madcap narrative sporting characters like Sir Cumfrence and The Knight

THE FANZINE FIELD, continued

of the Wooden Nutmeg. It makes no pretense about being literature, and none can be assumed from the generally shoddy manner in which the story progresses. But there are some good lines, the writing is better than average, and perhaps the ending will justify all that's come before it.

CRY #168 (contributions, LoC, 25¢, bi-monthly, CRY, Box 92, 507 Third Avenue, Seattle, Washington) There is an indefinable amount of dreary redundancy with this issue, but after 167 issues the editorial staff can be allowed for this. It's still the same old CRY, however, with the added innovation that this issue kicks the "Atom For TAFF" campaign into full swing, jumping the gun on the other zines. John Berry has substituted Bendigo Clegg for the Goon, and his second or third detection story with a fannish slant, involving Clegg, lacks much of the spontaneity and wit that the old Goon stories had. Wally Weber, who can write humorously on any topic, this time turns to the subject of cars, producing predictably good results. The remainder of the material, including the lettercol, maintains the typical CRY plateau of quality.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #15 (Published for FAPA, A2C Richard W. Brown, 36th TransRon, APO 132, New York, N. Y.) rich may have extra copies of this issue on hand, which is why I'm going to devote some space to it. Any apazines exhibiting an interest confined solely to their own respective apas will not receive any mention here, because of their specialized nature. However, those apazines that combine both esoteric reference and genzine qualities are liable to review. PRA is an odd case that doesn't quite fit into either category. Basically, it is an 80 page glorification of Paul Stanberry, whose existence I've always regarded as being quite dubious. In a twenty page preface editor brown writes about Stanberry so extravagantly and in such elegant terms that I find it hard to visualize him as a genuine individual. And since, as brown freely admits, Stanberry has only a very limited and confined interest in fandom, it seems like a tremendous waste in time and supplies to so thoroughly venerate an individual who cares next to nothing about fandom. As a character sketch the preface is competently handled, but as an introduction to Stanberry (assuming he does exist) it falls flat on its face. A myraid of superlatives gradually wears away the readers' credulity, and the Stanberry described takes on proportions that are simply implausible. The bulk of PRA contains "The Last Night of Doubt," an avant-garde free verse play, 60 pages long, by Paul Stanberry, which is bound to enrage anyone whose interests lie outside this art form. The author descends to regrettable levels of pretentious poeticism at times, but he also writes in a delicate, crisp, imaginative style. With some ramifications, the play could well be suited for production at a New York off-Broadway theatre--they've done worse--and at least "The Last Night of Doubt" doesn't adhere to the wishy-washy trend of romantic idealism and exuberant optimism that so permeates Broadway. It's a curiously engaging work and one that you're apt to remember, whether it be with fondness or annoyance. #

EDITORIAL NOTE -- If Mike is not presently receiving your fanzine, and you desire a review, try sending him a copy to 31 Carr Place, Fords, N.J. After Aug. 3, his new address will be 14 Salem Court, Metuchen, NJ.

The BEM at the MIDWESCON 1963

by Bill Mallardi

The Midwescon began a day late for me. After getting out of work Saturday morning, June 29th, at 6 AM, I had to pick up Bill Bowers in Barberton and Harvey Inman in Grafton, Ohio, respectively. In other words, all three of us regretfully had to miss the Friday night sessions at the now (in)famous North Plaza Motel in Cincinnati. So naturally I can't report what went on that night, since I was not there. I suppose either Al Lewis or Walt Breen will cover that aspect, though. (We did discover that Tucker really outdid himself regarding liquid refreshments, but I will get to that presently.) Arriving at Harvey's, Bill and I killed an hour talking over a cup of coffee with Harvey and his very nice wife. By the time we left it was 9 o'clock, and though I was a bit tired after working all night, I managed to drive down all the way, a grand total of over 250 miles.

The trip down was uneventful--the route was known--and halfway down I predicted we would get there between 2:00 and 2:30 PM. (It was a very safe estimate by that time, so to narrow it down I compromised and named 2:15 as the actual arrival time.) Bill and Harvey did not dispute my computations, nor did they actually agree with me, either. (Apparently my reputation as a clairvoyant didn't impress them much.)

I also decided (to myself, tho) that I would be the one to spot and recognize the first fan we came across. My first prediction was a bit off; we pulled into the motel about 2:19 or so, but I was on the button with the other one. Right at the corner of the street by the motel, waiting for the light to change, I spied Juanita Coulson and beeped the horn as we turned in.

After registering we parked the car and tried to get to our rooms, but a steady stream of chance meetings with some strange people called "sf fans" interfered. Don Ford was the first to greet us and immediately informed us of the dinner "banquet" to be held at David's Buffet, which was a type of smorgasbord restaurant down the road about five miles, with all you could eat for \$2.50. (Already it was beginning to cost us money! We had also just paid the two days rent in advance.) Then Bob Pavlat, Earl Kemp, and Jim O'Meara stopped us, and we talked for a while; and just about the time we thought we'd be able to make a dash for safety none other than Buck Coulson came walking down the steps toward us, asking, "Where's Juanita? Anybody see her?" So there we stood, greeted by BNF's, confused, and half-torn between the desire to run about the pool meeting all the rest of the fans and taking our suitcases, cameras, etc., up to our rooms first. Glancing around, I spotted someone in a bathing suit by the pool, lying on a chaise lounge, that looked vaguely like Harriett Kolchak. This decided it for us. Getting excited by this time (tho not exactly from seeing Harriett in a bathing suit), we rushed upstairs, dumped our things haphazardly in our rooms,

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and rushed back down to see what (or who) else there was to see.

Blindly, I headed for the pool area, with Bowers and Inman a poor second and third. For the first few minutes the greetings swamped us; all the fans we saw seemed to be bunched up, sitting on the grass under the shade of a tree. There was Bob Tucker, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Walter Breen, Larry McCombs, George and Lou Ann Price, Ray Beam, Ann Dinkelman, and many others. We passed out a few DOUBLE-Bill's #5 to Bob and Walt, sold one to Lou Ann, and greeted everyone we saw. I asked Bob for material for D-B and bugged Walt on why FANAC was so late all the time. He said he had been sick and out of cash, too; and that #93 was mailed and should arrive soon.

Just then I spied Al (West Coast) Lewis sitting a few feet away, shook hands with him, and said, "Now please explain to me what the hell is going on in the M3P!" That did it. For the next hour and half we discussed the problems of the club, and from time to time I'd be called away by someone. It seems something in a copy of D-B, that passed around the fans while I was so ingrossed in the discussion with Al, had stirred up all who read it. It was a statement by someone in the letter-column to the effect that "most men prefer to marry virgins". Tucker took exception to that, as did Breen, so they wrote a very short, but effective, letter of comment for D-B and told me to be sure and print it. They signed it and gave it back, shoving it into my hand as I was still busy trying to listen to Lewis. A few minutes later they called me again, since they had found someone else who wanted to sign it. And so it went. The LoC changed hands 3 or 4 times, because they would keep finding new fans to sign it. What did the LoC say? Well, if you are not one of the ones who signed it, see D-B #6, and you will read it in its entirety. I am not going to give it all away by mentioning its contents here.

The rest of the day until time for the dinner was spent in all kinds of discussions, and we had lots of fun in general. One thing I like about the Midwescon over the Worldcon is its general aura of informality and easygoingness. Everyone had a better chance to talk and get to know everyone else; then at a Worldcon there are so many fans one can hardly get a chance to keep a conversation going, much less start one. We talked for hours on end with Buck and others in the Seascape Room, which lived up to its name, believe it or not, by actually having pools of water on the floor, which had dripped from the ceiling, and out by the pool around the patio tables with MZB, Tucker, etc. Marion was the one who surprised me quite a bit in those discussions. She showed a great deal of knowledge about many different things, and she used her intelligence, too. I didn't always agree with her opinions, but even then she puts up quite a convincing argument. This is hard to do, especially since the topics ranged from religion to sex, and all the facets in between.

Also, about this time we cornered Juanita in our room and had her do some artwork on stencil for D-B. Thanks again, Juanita, for your kindness.

At 6:15 PM all the discussions were ended for a while to take time out
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to eat. Everyone had sneakily dressed up in suits, ties, and good clothes, and made a mass exodus for their cars.

Finding David's Buffet was simple, as we had passed it on the way in. Once inside, we were directed to the special room reserved for us. It had four long tables parallel to each other, with another table in the front at right angles to them, which was the speakers' table/platform, so to speak. Bowers, Inman, and I were in a row, with Jim O'Meara on my right and Ted Cogswell and Joe Mensley across from us. Our instructions for getting the food were simple: the salads came first, which were on another long table at the rear of the room. The idea was to line up and move clockwise, as far as I could tell, but you know how fans are! For a while there we had people going in both directions around the table, which certainly was confusing. The table was literally covered with all kinds of assorted salads. Needless to say, this Ben had a very full salad dish when he staggered back to his place. And they had waitresses going around continuously filling your coffee cup (or iced-tea glass, whichever you preferred), so that no matter how much you drank there was more to take its place. I would venture to say I was one of the last to finish my salad, since by the time I'd finished it everyone else had already gone into the other room with their big plates to get the full course meal, and had even started theirs. Here again, they had a wide assortment of food. You could go back for seconds and thirds, too, if your stomach could hold it all. But that was not the end of it--there was dessert, too, you know. Every time I would get up to get something, my coffee cup would be empty, but when I got back to my seat it was mysteriously full of steaming coffee again. God, what heaven for food-lovers like me!

Finally, after everyone had had their fill, and all the dishes were being cleared away, it was time for the introductions. About this time a man went around collecting the money. "\$3.00 please," he said. (So the price had gone up, apparently to include a tip.) I asked him when he got to me to let me know how many people were at the dinner. I learned at the end from Don Ford that there were 69 fans at the dinner--Walt Breen's "magic number" again, and when I told Walt this he didn't really believe it at first. Riva Smiley did not make it to the dinner, so that meant at least 70 fans were at the Midwescon--a far cry from the 40 who were there last year.

Doc Barrett was the first one up, and before introducing the M. C., mentioning all the nice things the Cincinatti group did for the con, and that "they even built a drive-in confessional, called 'toot and tell'". And then he introduced "none other than Hoy Fing Pong!" Bob Tucker, of course. After making his usual Tuckerish remarks about being overcharged for the meal, he proceeded to introduce many of the notables there, and asked them to stand when called.

"We have three members of Money Fandom here, Doc Barrett, Doc Miller, and Doc Mary Martin."

"Guest of honor, pro tem: Ed Hamilton and Leigh Brackett."

MIDWESCON 1963, continued

"Marion Zimmer Bradley, the only TAFP candidate here."

"Joe (C. S.) Hensley. --No vulgarities, please!"

"Bob Pavlat, he's collecting money from anyone who hasn't joined Discon yet...he's aiming for a higher Brackett."

"From Philadelphia, Barry Madle--oh, pardon me, it's 'Bob, isn't it?"
('Bob left Philadelphia 10 years ago.")

"There are a bunch of fanzine publishers present--no huckerstering, please!"

"First is Harvey Inman, who publishes FANTASY FICTION FIELD. Anything you'd like to say, Harvey?" Harvey stands and says, "Yes, send money!"

"The publishers of YANDRO, Duck and Juanita Coulson." Buck said something to the effect that everyone "flocks to send us money", as it was. (He keeps trying to cut down his circulation.)

"And there's Harriett Kolchak, who publishes JELERANG."

"And the two Bills, Bowers and Mallardi, but for some strange reason I can't remember the name of their fanzine!" (Laughs from everybody)

"Send material!" I exclaimed, as Bill and I stood up.

"Then there is Walter Breen, who's still publishing FANAC--one of these years."

"Al Lewis, who is not editing SMAGGY this time. He's also the OE of TNEF for the N3F, unless he's been kicked out by this time."

"Bob Leman." "Not publishing," came the reply. "And Ted Cogswell." "Nothing to huckster," he said. "Nothing at all?" I asked him from across the table, knowing of his prowess with the opposite sex.

"George Price and Earl Kemp are allowed to huckster for 3 seconds." They stood and made a plug for the CHICON III PROCEEDINGS, which is out now.

Then Tucker said: "There was a bad scene last night, one that left a distaste in many mouths over its occurrence. I promise, you will not see this happen again. I will not get smashed tonight!"

He also made a few short announcements, such as First Fandom having a short meeting in room 8 back at the motel, and that Bill Donoho sent enough money to hold a party in the Seascope Room, with best regards from the "San Francisco in '64" con group. He also mentioned the fact that Bob Farnum, an old time fan from way back, is bedridden, lost his job, and has cancer in both legs. Tucker says Bob would appreciate hearing from the fans, even if they would just drop a card or two. Don't mention his illness, though, since he does not want pity.

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Tucker then called for any unfinished or missed business. Harriett Kolchak stood up and reminded everyone about the Neo Fan Fund, asked for everyone's support, and asked that they read the Neo Fund booklet she passed around.

That seemed to be it, so after a fairly good meal, wonderful salads, and an enjoyable time had by most everyone, the dinner broke up, and everyone headed back to the motel.

Back at the motel, we were just about to head for the party sponsored by the S. F. group, when I discovered I had a bloody nose. Bowers and Harvey went on ahead, while I stayed outside and took a seat next to Leigh Brackett. While I tried to stop the bleeding by holding my head back, we had a nice, quiet little talk. She told me of the old house she and Ed bought in Northeastern Ohio, that was so torn up it needed fixing from the foundation to the roof. It cost them about \$20,000 to fix it up right! When asked why she bought an old house like that instead of buying a new one or building one, she explained it was because she liked the old house better. All I can say is, I wish I was able to afford doing something like that! Not that I would, mind you, but it would be nice to have the money.

When the nosebleed stopped, I headed for the party, got myself a drink in my famous copper mug, and ran into the room where Juanita, MZB, Larry McCombs, and many others were gathered around on the floor, singing folk songs. We had a lot of fun in there, either singing or listening to the wide variety of songs Juanita sang alone. Here again, I was taken aback by the scope of Marion's knowledge, since she knew many of the songs Juanita knew, that the rest of us had never heard of before. They sang duets quite a number of times. Then I asked if they would play the song about the girl who "does her whole family in." It's a real sick-type thing that I get a kick out of...I know it only as "RICKETY-TICKETY-TIN." Does anyone have all the lyrics to it?? If so, I'd appreciate it if you'd send them to me.

The singing finally ended, as Juanita was getting tired--she was the only one with a guitar--and we all went back to the main room and talked for hours with everybody: Buck, Juanita, Marion, Larry, Walt, Bill Conner, and Lee Ann and Jim, who were married only recently. We talked with Buck on publishing matters, re YANDRO and DOUBLE-BILL, for a long while. I went back out to the pool, while Bill and Harvey stayed inside. Out at the pool I watched everyone having fun in the pool, so I decided to join them. Lewis and Ann Dinkelman were playing around in the water, as were Ann's roommate from Chicago, named Pat, Big Hearted Howard, and Fred Prophet--while faanish god Tucker looked on from his vantage point at the patio table. The water was OK, but the air was a mite chilly that night, and if you didn't move around a lot you got cold fast. Ann said she wanted to go to church with me Sunday, so I told her to call and wake me up around 11, and with a little luck I'd find the church I went to last year. I wrapped the towel around me like a hula skirt and, along with Tucker, went back to the Seasepae Room, where I found Bowers and Buck Coulson still at it. They had been talking for almost five straight hours! Harvey went to bed around 3:30 AM,

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and we followed a half hour later. We hit the sock, and I was out like a light, which was not surprising considering the fact I had been up from 4 PM Friday to 4 AM Sunday without sleep.

I woke up at 11 AM Sunday to the jangling of the telephone. Sure enough, it was Ann, who wanted to go to 11:30 Mass. I dressed and went down, and we took off...to...where?? Now I must explain that I knew vaguely the location of the church, since I had been there last year with Jim Broderick. But Jim wasn't there this year, and he drove last year. The directions I got from the motel were also vague: turn right pulling out of the motel, go about four blocks and turn left, go about 14 blocks down. So, like a lamb led to slaughter, I proceeded where I thought was right. After all, my reputation was at stake. The thing that threw me off was the "about" four blocks--if I turned down the wrong street we would miss the church altogether, and if we got lost we would be too late for Mass. And the odds were with me turning wrong, with only one street to hit among all the others. Something told me to turn at one particular street--it did look familiar--but as we passed some apartments the doubts came back. Time was growing short, too, just about 11:30. Pulling into a gas station, I asked the attendant, "Where is the nearest Catholic church?" He pointed next door! We rushed in about four minutes late. Someone up there must like me...

Getting back from church, I found Bowers rummaging through BHM's (Howard DeVore) old prozine and pbk collection, and I glanced through a box containing old fanzines, most of which I already had. "Aha! I've got a customer!" someone exclaimed, and turning around I discovered the zines belonged to Tucker. "No, Bob," I said, "not this time. I've already read these." I asked Bowers about Harvey, and he said Inman had not been down yet. We figured he was just sleeping in, so we decided to let him rest some more, and went to eat brunch.

About 2 PM Tucker came out dressed in a swimsuit, for the first time as far as I know. I took a few pics of him on the diving board, then asked him to dive for 50¢. He said OK, so I threw the coin into the pool, and he jumped in feet first! Attempting to take his picture, I cut off his feet, so I asked him to go down a bit slower next time. The 50¢ was still down in the water, and poor mercenary Tucker had to compete with about four little kids in diving in after it. I yelled, "Whoever finds it gets to keep it." So who do you think ended up getting it? Tucker? No, you're wrong, it was the smallest kid of them all. I don't think Bob will ever live that down.

Many fen were leaving by this time--checkout time was 12 noon--so we spent the time in saying goodbyes and other discussions with the rest who were staying. We learned of another dinner planned at 6:30, which was to be held at a Chinese restaurant, but was cancelled when the restaurant said it couldn't handle all the fans conveniently. So it was changed to an Italian restaurant, just down the road a bit, called Jo-Jo's. It was during one of our gatherings around a patio table, with Tucker, MZB, Pavlat, et al (and a bottle of my favorite, Dant's Charcoal Perfected that made the rounds of all who wanted some), that I began to wonder about Harvey again. He still had not come down, and it

MIDWESCON 1963, continued

was almost 4 PM. I went up to his room and knocked on his door. "You OK, Harvey?" He opened the door, and I could tell he was not feeling well, which he confirmed. I told him of the dinner planned at 6:30 and said if he felt better to come down later. He said OK, so I went back down. Later, when he still had not come down, I went up again to check on him. He felt better and said he thought he would make it to the spaghetti dinner, too.

When dinner time came around, Bob Pavlat asked if anyone would like to ride in his car, so to my delight I didn't have to drive. Bill Bowers, Conner, and I sat in the back seat, which was some feat even for Bob's Buick, since all three of us are very tall, long-legged chaps. Harvey went with Lou Tabakow.

The menu at Jo-Jo's had a wide variety of Italian and American foods, but I suspect most fans ordered plain old spaghetti and meatballs. I know Harvey, Bill, and I did. It was a good meal, topped off with iced tea and spumoni (Italian ice cream), and it cost just a mite less than the smorgasbord--\$2.89, and with no tips if you did not care to. Harvey held his food well, so apparently he was back to his normal self again. There were only about 30 fans at this meal, less than half that were at the smorgasbord. There were no speeches at this meal, either.

As soon as we arrived at the motel, many of us remaining fans went into the Ford suite, room 8, for a gabfest. Some of us had drinks. We all gathered around the sofa where Tucker, Madle, and Stan Skirvin were seated, taking turns with jokes, digs, and general comments all around. A little later, someone's young son brought a battered copy of Tucker's pbk TIME-X for him to autograph, and after he had left Tucker cupped his hand to his mouth and whispered in our direction, "Probably got it from Big-Hearted Howard for a dime!" Every once in a while, when someone bugged Leman a bit, he would fake anger and stick his jaw out and say, "How'd you like a punch in the puss?" About 11 Don Ford and his family took off, leaving the room for Skirvin to take care of. Stan impressed me as a grand guy, with a sense of humor and nice personality. Leman was of good size, looking very solid, iron-jawed, and gruff, but actually very pleasant.

Bill Conner is a tall, thin individual, with a semi-boastful way of talking about his affairs with the ladies (or possible affairs that never panned out) and with the inevitable camera around his neck. (It's natural for him, tho, since he works for the COLUMBUS DISPATCH.) He had an infected toe and looked very strange walking around with the top of his right shoe cut off in front.

Pavlat, of course, I had met before, and a more pleasant guy I never saw. We were in the caravan that went to the Seacon together. Madle is sort of quiet at times, but every once in a while he will come up with a quip that more than makes up for his periods of silence. The get-together broke up rather early, as it was only about 12 midnite or so. We all said goodbyes and retired to our respective rooms. Bowers and I read and watched TV for a while before we finally fell asleep.

THROUGH DARKEST CINCINNATI WITH BIRDIE AND CAMERA, concluded

Waking up Monday morning around 10 AM, we checked out at 11, got something to eat, and at noon were on our way back home. For us the '63 Midwescon was over and already a thing of the past, but it will be one we'll remember for a long time to come. We enjoyed it--right, boys? Hope to see many more of you there next year, too. It was marred only by the fact we missed the first day or two of the gettogethers.

Hope all you fans enjoyed this little account of it through the many eyes of this Bem...we had fun living it. See you at the Discon? #

EDITORIAL ADDENDA: The preceding report was delivered by courier. My thanks for Bem and Bowers delivering it in person, a rather awe-inspiring phenomena for this section of the country. Con reports are always solicited for FFF. However, I am not convinced that the personal account type of report is the best form for FFF. I believe an objective account, held to a more reasonable length, would be more appropriate. I prefer to leave the longer accounts to the general fanzines. # An item of interest which Bem forgot to mention: The First Fandom group decided at their meeting on Saturday night of the con to make an annual science fiction Hall of Fame award, with the first award to be given at the Discon. Naturally, they want the award to be something of a surprise to the recipient, but I will go along with their first choice as the logical one. I believe Edmond Hamilton applied for membership in the First Fandom organization, as did Bob Tucker. I understand Tucker has not previously joined because he did not believe he was old enough. #

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