

An Apa F zine produced by Pat & Dick Lupoff for the "mailing" of October 23, 1964.

MAILING COMMENTS, you will recall, are suspended for the duration of Pacificon coverage, which this week reaches its sixth installment, which is very likely too many. All right, I won't go to the Pacificon next year.

BOOK WEEK: The Time Machine by H. G. Wells, 1895; 1964, Airmont.

I may be the only living science fiction fan who hadn't long ago read this classic in one of its innumerable editions, but 'safact; I finally got to it because I've received several letters suggesting it as a source for Edwin Lester Arnold's Lieut. Gullivar Jones, a case which I now see is tenable, but which doesn't bother me at all.

The book itself is surprising. For one thing I expected it to be a tome; it isn't, it's only 122 pages in this little paperback edition, and not crammed in in miniscule type at that. And the style, which I expected to be intolerably heavy and pedantic is actually fairly light, and the pacing is quick. A very pleasant surprise. Maybe I'll even try some his others.

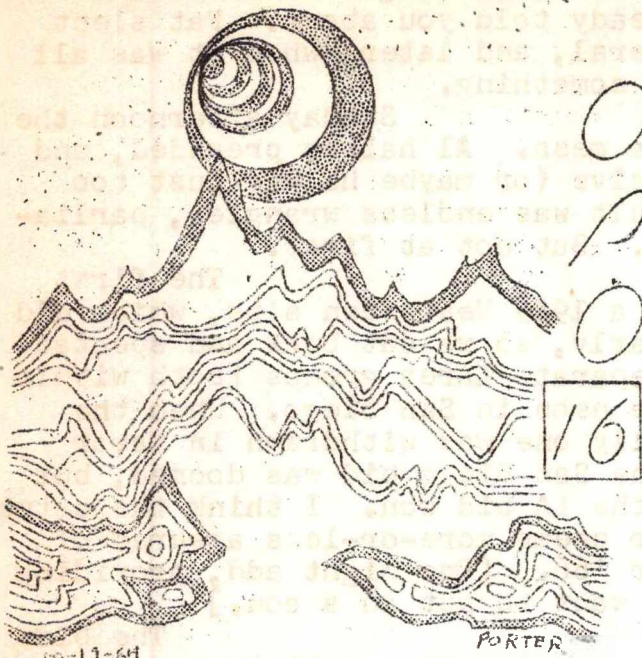
The Planet Buyer by Cordwainer Smith, Pyramid, 1964. From Smith's short fiction I learned to look for startling invention, strange characters, little or no plot. In his first novel, Smith provides the first two, but goes on and gives us a plot too. The book is remarkably Heinleinesque, borrowing slightly from "Citizen of the Galaxy." The hero is introduced on the marvelous planet of Old North Australia, populated by farmers of giant sheep infected with a virus that provides human near-immortality. The hero, guided by an antique computer, becomes the richest man in the galaxy -- and then finds that he's going to have a hard time getting to Earth to collect his wealth. He has quite a time at it, but once he gets here... 'tis "the end." Like Heinlein, Smith doesn't know when or how to end a novel. Heinlein quits much too late; Smith quits much too soon.

Mutiny in Space by Avram Davidson, Pyramid, 1964. Another first novel, and another good one. The story is a bit more conventional than one might expect from Avram, being more-or-less the standard tale of spacemen cast away on a barbaric planet. But it's nicely handled, and well worth reading. Still, knowing Avram's fantastic wit and personality, the book is a mild disappointment.

All three books, by the way, are retitled from magazine versions. The Wells appeared earlier as both The Cosmic Argonauts and The Time Traveler's Story; the Smith, as The Boy Who Bought Old Earth, and the Davidson as Valentine's Planet. In two cases I think the book titles are distinctly inferior to the magazine titles. In the third, I think it is merely an exchange of one poor title for another.

Someone ought to do an article on title changes between authors' titles, magazine titles, and book titles (and titles of different book editions, too!). Not me.

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A CON REPORT FOR STEVE STILES, Part VI: Each day had been dawning later and later, but Sunday was different, Sunday was the day of the big Burroughs Bibliophiles Annual Dum-Dum, which I've happily already told you about. Pat slept late and I went off to represent Canaveral, and later, when it was all over, we met for breakfast or lunch or something.

Sunday afternoon the business session was held, and it was a mess. Al haLevy presided, and Al tried to be good-natured and permissive (or maybe he was just too hung over to be energetic) and the result was endless wrangles, parliamentary maneuvering, and general chaos. But not at first.

The first order of business was the selection of a 1965 Westercon site, which did not involve us New York types particularly, so we sat back and spectated. There were three bids, two from separate LArea groups [both within LASFS] and one from a group of relative neos in San Diego. When the two LArea bids were combined (technically one was withdrawn in favor of the other) it became obvious that the San Diego bid was doomed, but a vote was taken for form's sake, and the LA bid won. I think the actual site will be Long Beach. And San Diego seems more-or-less assured of getting the Westercon for either '65 or '66. [One might add, providing they still exist as a group, and still want to put on a con.]

The bidding for the 1965 Worldcon was much more active than anticipated. Cleveland, and if I am not mistaken also Detroit, put in token bids, then withdrew in favor of London, all as anticipated. ATom put in the London bid. Dave Kyle put in a bid for Syracuse, then withdrew in favor of London but left a somewhat puzzling message to the fact that Syracuse would bid seriously for '66 if there was no contest in the Midwestern region...or in '67 if there was. He seemed to be saying that Syracuse's bid was not serious, but was merely designed to make the bidding more interesting by providing a contest...yet, at the same time, Syracuse was serious, and wanted to put on a convention either in '66 (by bypassing the Rotation Plan, or rather by exercising an escape clause never before used), or in '67.

Then there was the JohnCon bid. A group of us over on one side of the hall decided to put in a bid "just for fun" for St. John, one of the U.S. Virgin Islands group. Actually, this was an idea kicked around in infrequent bull sessions for some three or four years, by the Silverbergs, Shaws, Boyd Raeburn, Pat and myself. The Virgin Islands are a beautiful spot. The fare from New York by jet is cheap. Rooms at the Caneel Bay Plantation, where Bob and Barbara are hot to hold the con are quite expensive, but they are American Plan -- meals included -- and this strongly mitigates the high cost of rooms. Booze is extremely cheap, the town of Charlotte Amalie on St. Thomas (a short boat ride from St. John) is a fascinating place full of marvelous divey nightclubs and duty-free import shops, and the whole place would really be ideal for a convention.

Well, our ad hoc JohnCon Committee consisted of the Silverbergs, the Ellingtons, the Lupoffs, and Boyd Raeburn. When it came nominating time, Bob Silverberg made a funny speech doing his best to lose votes, quoting an air fare something like 600% the actual amount, quadrupling the room rent at Caneel, and so on. Boyd seconded, adding to Bob's exaggerations [but we have Larry Shaw as treasurer], and then came the vote.

We figured jokingly that we had the Burroughs vote [How could the Bibliophiles oppose St. John] but no real strength. In fact, I suggested withdrawing, but Bob stood firm, and so when it came time to vote we all firmly expected to see our own seven hands in the air.

Instead, we seemed to draw almost as many votes as London had. This, despite Bob Silverberg's frantic hissing of "Put your hand down, put your hand down" at everyone in our area. Just for fun I rose and demanded a division of the house. Tony Boucher, parliamentarian, ruled that "a trivial motion," I felt that he was being a trivial parliamentarian, but what the hell, saidarchie, what the hell.

Before the Pacificon had ended, the spurious JohnCon bid for '65 had turned into a serious bid, for 1967, for a World con in the Virgin Islands, either on St. John or St. Thomas (the third island, St. Croix, has no active partisans yet). We decided that JohnCon as a name has certain undesirable connotations, so the bid has been rechristened VirginVention, and I fervently crave the support of all you Efferers. Since then we've got the support of Cele Lalli and Ron Elik. Some parlay! Those of you who read this report in Apa F, which is to say almost all of you the first time round, will probably be committed to New York in '67, and I wish to point out that the VirginVention bid is not "against" the New York bid, as is, for instance, the Baltimore in '67 movement. Under the rotation plan, '67 comes up an Eastern Region year, and if NY loses to Baltimore (or vice versa, or to Syracuse, etc.,) the "turn" is used up, and there cannot be an East Coast con until 1970.

But VI, like London, is outside the continental US, and as a result does not use a turn if/when it gets a con. The Plan is suspended for '65 -- the Midwest does not lose its turn, but merely waits till '66 instead of getting '65 -- while the con goes to London. Similarly, if we have a Virginvention in '67, there will be an East Coast con in '68. [Similarly, if Virginvention does not win in '67, chances are we'll bid for '68, and in that contingency, we again crave support from Efferers and all others.]

The only other item of business was the decision to appoint two committees to look into the Hugo situation, one headed by Ben Jason to look into the physical manufacture of the trophies, the other chaired by me to look into procedures for creating categories, selecting winners, etc., I will not go into a detailed description of the debate, except to mention that it reached the absurdity of Fred Lerner accusing George Scithers and Al Halevy of connivance on the basis of claiming to have read their lips from the back of the hall. In fact, George later told me, Lerner was right, but the connivance was not illegal -- Al had asked George to call for a question, as Al, in his capacity of presiding officer, could not.

At any rate, I wish to assure you about "my" committee. Our Loud Member wants to bring about radical reform in Hugo selection procedures, going so far as to remove selection from the generality of fandom and administration from concoms, and having the whole thing done on an IFA-like basis. But the Chairman is a democrat (and a Republican) and wishes only to clear up some flaws in the election procedure so as to assure majority winners instead of plurality winners, and perhaps to increase the use of the Special Award [although not to the absurd length done at ChiIII], and work a few other procedural improvements. But the Chairman's basic attitude is that the Hugos were founded by fandom, and have been supported by fandom and awarded by fandom for twelve years, and if the Loud Member or anyone else wishes to start a series of authoritarian awards, he may do so. But they won't be Hugos. Lin Carter gives his own Spectrum Awards each year; others may Go and Do Likewise if they wish.

Chairmen are funny that way. You never know who will turn up in a Chair, or how he will act if he does. The Chairman of the JohnCon-VirginVention bid is Dick Ellington -- an anarchist, for God's sake! And the Chairman

.....of this here now Hugo thing is a science-fiction fan, and intends to see that the control of the Hugo remains in the hands of science-fiction fandom.

From the business session onward it seemed that I heard two questions ten thousand times apiece. (1) What would you guys have done if the Virgin Islands had won the 1965 Worldcon? (2) What are you going to do about the Hugos?

The answers were (1) Soiled our underpants. (2) Nothing until I get an official charge from the Pacificon II Committee, and consult with the Loncon Committee (which is now taking place).

Well that business meeting took so long that Pat and I bypassed the following wine-tasting (we hardly needed more alcohol anyway) and went upstairs to change clothes for the banquet. When we came back people were just starting into the banquet room so we were able to run ahead and get a table with a good view of the speaker's table; we did this by putting a big "Reserved for Mr. Carr's Party" sign on it, and turning up the chairs. The people who finally wound up at the table were Terry and Carol (we couldn't very well refuse them considering the sign), Don Wollheim (Terry had to fly 3000 miles to have dinner with his boss), George Scithers, Walt Daugherty (by Right of Eminent Photography), and the Busbys. The food, when it came, was pretty much standard banquet fare. As for portions, service, etc., that is. As for quality...well, for several days after the meal I thought I'd eaten some very poor beef stew, a strange dish for a banquet dinner. Then somebody told me that it wasn't stew at all, but beef stroganoff. Well, I must say this, that as stew it was merely bad, but as stroganoff it was totally unrecognizable. That is an achievement. (Although I hear that it has been duplicated Right Here in New York.)

After the food, came the speeches. Now I do not recall the exact sequence of the speakers, but I think I remember who they all were, starting with Tony Boucher who made a fairly good, if slightly over-effusive toastmaster. And so, with no particular sequence intended except increasing length of speech, Dick Lupoff's Very Own Impressions of the speakers at the Pacificon II Banquet:

1. Arthur Thomson, TAFFman. "Thank you for having me over here," said Arthur, "I'm having a marvelous time." And then he sat down to a hearty round of thoroughly-deserved applause.

2. Edmond Hamilton and Leigh Brackett, Co-Guests of Honor (Professionals) spoke for about five minutes apiece. Their talks were both pleasant, anecdotal, very well received, and not awfully significant, as indeed after-dinner speeches ought not to be.

3. Forrest J. Ackerman, Fan Guest-of-Honor. Forry gave a rather longish talk, perhaps twenty minutes or so, that might have been titled "My Life and Times in Science-Fiction Fandom." Perhaps a bit ego-centric, and perhaps a bit maudlin, certainly quite a bit boring but essentially unobjectionable, Forry's speech drew a polite round of applause.

4. Sam Moskowitz, representing First Fandom to present the second Science-Fiction Hall of Fame Award to Hugo Gernsback. Well, the First Fandom Award, we all know, is a very ugly desk-set with a ktiec symbol of quivering computer tape looped around the top. Sam started something like this: "We all think that we know who Hugo Gernsback is, and what he has done for this field. But maybe we don't fully understand and appreciate this man's contribution to science fiction, and even those of us who do, should perhaps stop now and then, and review the remarkable career of the Father of Science Fiction, in order to refresh ourselves, and find inspiration...." And

from there he launched into a recitation, from memory, of a much - expanded version of his famous biography of Hugo Gernsback, which has been published here and there, most notably as a privately-printed booklet distributed through FAPA and elsewhere, and as a chapter in Sam's book "Explorers of the Infinite."

After half an hour or so, of shifting in seats, squirming, people going off to the bathroom and returning, even Chris Moskowitz left her seat, somehow made it off to a far corner of the room and sat down again. After another ten or fifteen minutes there seemed to be some scurrying about going on behind Sam, at the speakers' table, and whispered conferences and some apparent writing, as Alva Rogers, Al haLevy, Bill Donaho, and Tony Boucher conferred about something.

Another five minutes or so, and one of them slid a note under Sam's nose. Sam at the moment had got almost up to the famous story of Hugo Gernsback's Silk Hat of 1913, really the high point of the introductory section of his speech. When the note was given him Sam flinched, paused, read it, ruminated a bit, then said "I see that I'm running out of time, so I'll have to skip over the rest of this talk, and just summarize by saying..." whereupon he gave us the short (thirty-minute) version of the Life of Hugo Gernsback, totally omitting several of his best thigh-slappers.

It was later revealed that the contents of the mysterious note were "SHUT UP!" The right message, but too late.

After that came the awarding of the Hugos, but I really did have to pass water, and excused myself from the room to make a quick trip to the mezzanine (ah what pleasure not to have to worry about whose pot you're pissing in). As I went through the lobby on my way back, I noticed a stocky, balding, middle-aged gentleman through the front door of the Leamington. He was climbing out of a taxicab. He entered the lobby I noticed that he was wearing a white dinner jacket, and had a small, neat moustache. What drew my attention, however, was his slightly odd behavior. Although seemingly quite comfortable in the Leamington lobby he started, seemingly deliberately, to practice laborious breathing, as would one who had been running. And he reached into his jacket pocket, and withdrew a small lady's atomizer, apparently containing water, which he proceeded to spray upon his forehead, simulating perspiration.

I continued back to my seat beside Pat, who was shivering from the air conditioning, and listened to the announcements. Best prozine, Analog; best fanzine, Amra; best artist, Emsh; best short fiction, Poul Anderson. As the best novel award was announced, I rehearsed in my mind the five nominees (and also noted the award for book publisher going to the deserving Ace). The nominated novelists were Frank Herbert, who sat nearby, Cliff Simak, equally close, Andre Norton, home in Ohio, Kurt Vonnegut, whose whereabouts I did not know, and Robert Heinlein, presumably home in Denv.

The suspense grew, I twisted nervously in my seat, noticing, as I did so, the stocky man standing in the lobby, also apparently listening, bright beads of moisture glistening on his skin, chest heaving in strangely labored breath. Tony Boucher announced the winner: "Way Station" by Clifford D. Simak. All applauded, and in the excitement of the moment I only think that I caught, with the very corner of my eye, a glimpse of a white coat-tail disappear from the banquet room doorway.

I am not sure, and when I turned to look, the stocky man was gone. After dinner I removed my necktie.

The major party we attended Sunday night was held in room 324, belonging to Dannie Plachta of Detroit, and another fellow whose name I did not catch. The chief surprise of the party was the fact that Dave Rike turned up; I thanked him, when we were introduced, for the RURs he'd sent me, and I hoped that we would have an opportunity for a chat, but somehow I missed him and never did get a chance to talk with him at any length. That was just one of the things I regret not having got to do at the convention. Another was to talk to Ray Nelson...he was at a post-con party that Pat and I attended, and I missed him too.

But let me tell you about room 324. It was a sample room. When first told of sample rooms, I didn't know what they were, and assumed that they were somehow equivalent to model houses in new housing developments: beautifully furnished and decorated to make the house seem as attractive as possible for prospective buyers. A sample room in a hotel, then, must be a beautiful room used to show prospective guests, people looking for a place to put on a convention, etc.

Well, wrong again, Dick Lupoff. A sample room is a room maintained by a hotel for the use of salesmen in showing their samples (hence the term). In order to facilitate this, the room is filled with crude tables, consisting of saw horses or other simple supports, and planking tops, covered with ordinary white sheeting. The result, when samples are not on display, is a strange looking place reminiscent of a haunted-house movie, or an operating room, or a combination of the two. When a hotel is all booked up, it will sometimes rent a sample room for sleeping purposes, and in 324 there was a bed in one corner -- yes there was if you looked very hard for it -- and that made it a suitable guest room.

There's an odd thing about most convention parties I've attended: there is seldom a shortage of liquor, but almost always a shortage of mixers, often of ice, and sometimes of glasses. The 324 party was typical, especially in the area of mixers, and Pat Ellington and I made several expeditions to the open party on the mezzanine, to steal ginger ale, soda water, and the like. On one such thieving trip we stopped by the N3F hospitality suite (the only time I was there during the entire Pacificon). It was surprisingly empty, presumably because the open party and the generally social atmosphere of the mezzanine drained off all of the lost souls who normally wander in the N3F suite. Probably this is for the best for the lost souls, because the mezzanine and open parties attracted many non-lost types, before, between, or even instead of the room parties where they are more often found. The lost souls were thus able to mingle with the generality of fandom, and get "found," rather than being ghettoized in the N3F suite.

The only sad part of the situation is on the part of the N3F, which had almost no business. I don't know that there ought to be any tears shed over the fact there were very few lost souls; it does, however, put the self-designated soul-savers in an odd position. We did have an interesting talk with Ed Wood, and with a couple of other fans who wandered in. Ed was asked his profession, for instance, and replied, "I am a merchant of death. I work for the Atomic Energy Commission, in an atomic submarine. In Idaho." He also re-enacted his unusual call-to-order for the Burroughs Bibliophiles, for all in the room.

I must say that Ed is becoming increasingly one of my favorite fans. He used to irk me considerably, but that was before I learned to co-exist with him. You see, Ed has opinions-opinions on many topics. For instance, he believes that fanzine reviews ought to be lengthy and piercing analyses of the subject publications. I agree with Ed that

lengthy and piercing analyses of fanzines make fine reading.

Ed holds that fanzines themselves ought to be devoted to serious critical, historical, and bibliographic material concerning science-fantasy literature. I too enjoy such material (if it is well turned out, but that applies to all sorts of material).

Where Ed and I part ways is that Ed feels that there should be only lengthy and analytical fanzine reviews, only serious sfnal material in fanzines, while I feel that while long piercing fanzine reviews are worthwhile, so are "shopping-list" fanzine reviews, and I feel that while serious sfnal fanzines are fine, so also may be faanish fanzines, fan newszines, humorous fanzines, etc. Here, we can get to screaming.

At the fanzine panel, Ed provided the greatest interest of any participant, panelist or audience, because he has strongly held opinions, which he expresses with force and adamance. We need such people, but we need to avoid taking them too seriously. If I have Learned a Lesson in fandom in the past few years, it is how to get along with people like Ed Wood. Of course there are some with whom I still can't get along, but then there are those with whom I do not wish to get along.

At any rate, we kept getting back to the party, and going off again to Steal Soda Water and Ginger Ale. Meanwhile Pat Lupoff [you can't tell the Pats and Dicks without a program booklet] went off to the Double:Bill suite with Bowers and Mallardi, to get the liquor left over from the D:B party (that was something -- liquor left after a convention party), and on the way back to 324 prevented the glass situation at the 324 party from becoming difficult by lifting glasses from used room-service trays all their way back. In fact, they became so carried away taking glasses, that they brought several salt and pepper shakers too. I don't think anybody used them for anything, but they made Plachta's sample room seem homier.

I might mention, by the way, that the room service at the Leamington was very good...fast and courteous. Also, there seemed no house dicks [err] around, and requests for more quiet and less noise were few and not unpleasant. Pickups of dirtied room-service trays was slow, but so what? Room cleaning was adequate, but our room kept changing during the convention. For one thing, we kept accumulating new possessions: some old books from the huckster room, a difficult-to-obtain magazine or two (a certain OTHER WORLDS, and the second issue of FANTASTIC ADVENTURES [a much sought-after Burroughs item, containing his Worst Published Work, "The Scientists Revolt"]), several out-of-print books, the new Advent: titles, our Freas painting, and a good many fanzines. On the other hand, the two floral prints seemed to have disappeared from our wall, and good riddance even for the few waking hours we spent in our room.

Well, the 324 party was a good one, and to cap it a large group of us -- I think both Bills, both Pats and Dicks, Jock Root, and probably several more -- went to the Doggie Diner. Dick Ellington was telling stories again, one in particular about a strange little man who used to run a cheap diner in a slum neighborhood in Seattle. He had a dish that was Dick's absolute favorite: chili, from which a scum was removed by swiping a crust of stale bread across the surface, producing a cheap, tasty, and nourishing meal for something like a nickel.

After a while Sylvia Dees and Steve Tolliver came in, looking total wrecks. Pat asked them if we looked as bad to them as they did to us, and they said we did, so we gave it up and went to bed.

A CON REPORT FOR STEVE STILES, Part V [A POSTSCRIPT]: You may recall that in opo 15

"The only trouble [with the fan art show], in my opinion, lies in the proliferation of awards... I do not know just how many categories of awards now exist, but there are puh-lenty, and each category in turn carries not just a winner, but several 'places' (I think through Third), and one or more honorable mentions."

Well, the indispensable SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES Pacificon II Special edition has arrived, with thorough coverage of the art show by Stan Woolston. A complete list of categories and winners is appended. Well, Effers, there were nineteen categories, count 'em, nineteen. Of these, there were no awards made in two, and no entries whatever in one (photographic story series). In the sixteen categories in which awards were made, there were fourteen first prizes, twelve second prizes, nine third prizes, and twenty-five honorable mentions.

Twenty-eight different people shared a total of sixty awards and honorable mentions in sixteen categories, with Don Simpson winning a total of seven prizes or mentions; Alex Eisenstein and Dennis Smith winning five apiece; ATom and Larry Ivie, four each; four people with three apiece, three with two, and some sixteen others winning one prize or mention each.

I suppose there were more than those twenty-eight people in the art show, but I don't know how many more. In any case, I think that the total number of awards and honorable mentions, and the number of categories, go far toward making a joke of the whole idea of awards in the fan art show. I do not suggest that awards be eliminated, with artists to exhibit purely for exposure. But a drastically reduced number of categories and places would go very far toward making the prizes meaningful.

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BOOK WEEK REVISITED: Re-Enter Fu Manchu by Sax Rohmer, Gold Medal 1957, 1964. What with Pyramid making a success of their Rohmer pbs, and Ace getting into the act with the excellent "The Day the World Ended," Fawcett has started re-issuing those Rohmer books which they published a decade or so back, before the author's death. As I recall, these include only a couple of Fus, plus all of the Sumuru books. [Sumuru, for the uninitiate, was a sort of lady Fu Manchu, but she never quite caught on as did the Insidious Doctor.]

Anyway, Re-Enter is the Fu book about which Bob Briney, in his classic article Sax, said: "RE-ENTER FU MANCHU is a tired treatment of the typical Fu Manchu plot. The action moves (but just barely) from London to Cairo to New York, and the hero stands around doing nothing except complain that he is doing nothing, and staring in stupefaction when practically everyone turns out to be someone else in disguise."

Briney is totally correct, and nothing need be added concerning this book, except that it is mercifully short.

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TV WEEK: Pat and I have caught three more of the new season's stfsy series, and here, for whatever interest they hold, are our capsule reactions. "My Living Doll" (a bachelor lives with his sister and a "female" robot, very fetching played by Julie Newmar) is actually pretty intelligent, but relies continually on the single obvious joke of people taking the robot for a real girl. "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea" is weak juvenile war-adventure-sf. "Bewitched" would be better if the husband were not such a total zug, and the wife/witch not quite so cute. Agnes Morehead is a fine nasty mother-in-law.

A CON REPORT FOR STEVE STILES, Part VII: As soon as Pat and I awoke Monday I had a distinct feeling of melancholia combined with relief -- melancholia at the knowledge that, for all practical purposes, the convention was over, and relief that no disaster had struck. The latter, of course, was the aftermath of our pre-con jitters, due generally to the Boondoggle situation. But when nothing more significant than the Buechley incidents occurred, it became apparent that all parties were exercising restraint; I am sure that this was the wisest course.

There were even a few humorous aspects to the matter. One was Andy Main's bathroom problem. Another was Mike Domina's curious turnabout. Those of you who read Mike's fanzine Intropection may recall that at the beginning of the summer Mike produced an issue charging the Concom with all sorts of vile wickedness, and defending Walter from all charges. These opinions were formed after reading considerable pro-Walter/anti-committee literature.

Over the summer Mike read some of the anti-Walter/pro-committee publications, and concluded that his previous statements had been based on one-sided evidence, that there was at least a prima facie case to be made for either side, and that he, Mike, was no longer quite so certain who was the injured innocent, and who the incarnate fiend (if anyone).

Having already resigned from the Pacificon, Mike asked the committee to restore his membership, which was done, but the program booklet was already printed when this happened, and so Mike was listed as having resigned his membership, all the time that he not only attended the convention, but made himself popular and helpful around the art show, and elsewhere.

Mike also distributed another issue of Introspection at the Leamington, in which he recounted his change of position. Regardless of one's opinion regarding the whole Walter-Bill-Boondoggle-LoyalOp-Minac-Neut-Corner-Apologia-etc. mess, it seems a most courageous act on Mike's part to publish the second statement he did, admitting that his former pronouncement was based on only one side's arguments, and retracting it pending further consideration of both sides' cases.

As to feeling that the convention was practically over, even though there was still a full day left on the program, I can only conjecture that the banquet, and especially the awarding of Hugos, is the emotional climax of each year's convention, and that anything post-climactic is necessarily anticlimactic. At any rate, early Monday afternoon Pat succeeded in getting together with several other Carousel Fans who had been trying throughout the con to get up an expedition to visit Tilden Park north of Berkeley (Berkeley is north of Oakland), and ride on the famous carousel there. Although not in the least a Carousel Fan, I allowed myself to be lassoed into going along.

We wound up in a two-car caravan. The lead car was Noosie Alex Bratmon's little MG sports car, with Ellie Turner as one passenger and "Merlin" as the other (and I still don't know who he was). Following was Ed Meskys' Volkswagen, which Ed is just learning to drive, with Pat and myself, and Jim and Doreen Webbert as passengers. We had been tempted to take our MG 1100, but the car was acting so badly by now that I was unwilling to undertake the trip, and besides, I was hung over and did not feel like driving.

When we arrived at Tilden Park we found that the carousel there is justly famed... it is a beautiful thing, equipped not only with the traditional horses and swans, but with gryphons, and giant leaping frogs, and other golden

creatures upon which to ride, and the music is provided by a gorgeous orchestreon, and there is even a hot-dog stand that serves excellent thick milkshakes and hot dogs better than those on the Staten Island ferry.

The carousel also has a little seat resembling a hatbox, but about four feet in diameter, open on top, with a circular bench running around the inside, and a single vertical opening for ingress and egress. The entire device is mounted on a vertical pole which rises through its center, and rotates while the entire carousel revolves.

After a couple of ordinary rides, Ellie talked Jim Webbert, Ed Meskys, and me into trying this tame little contraption. Doreen rode haughtily astride a rampant gryphon, and Pat, Alex Bratmon, and "Merlin" sat on the grass eating milkshakes.

In the "hatbox" I suggested sitting with the head thrown back, eyes fixed not on a specific point overhead but in a fixed position, so that they were set, in effect, to move circularly about an imaginary point overhead, which in turn was moving in a much larger circle as the carousel turned. As we all sat in the hatbox (I think I was the only one mad enough to try the head-back position) all made comments about how timid and tame this ride was, until first one, then another would quite suddenly go grey-green in the face, bring one hand up to the mouth, and mumble around the fingers, "It's got me!" I may not have been the first to go, but I don't see how I could have been other than the farthest gone, before the ride ended. Ellie Turner was the last, and it was bitter delight to watch her superior smile turn suddenly to an expression of panic.

After the ride, which lasted approximately six eons of geological time, we all went to join the wise trio sitting on the grass, and slowly recover. Then we started back for Oakland. I drove Ed's car on the way back, with a little trouble relearning VW gears, having just altered my old VW habit for the somewhat different MG arrangement. Aside from becoming mildly lost a time or two, I found it a beautiful ride back to Oakland, passing through some spectacular residential neighborhoods in Berkeley, and getting a breathtaking view of the Bay from several high vantage points.

Once back in Oakland we tried to visit another amusement park, Fairyland (I can't help it), but had difficulty parking there, and finally returned to the hotel instead. Frankly, we didn't try too hard...convention fatigue had set in rather heavily, and I at least was really delighted to get back to the Leamington and relax.

We did little for the rest of the afternoon except sit slumped on the mezzanine. Alva Rogers did pull me aside for a moment, and express a hope that I would not be too upset that the management had decided that I would be billed for the cost of a new floral print to replace the one Jack Harness and Alex Eisenstein had modified; I asked how much they were planning to stick me for, and Alva said five bucks, which, it struck me, was not enough money to get upset about. Ted White was sitting nearby, and when he heard of this, he suggested that I could demand the print, if I was paying for it. I thought he was right, but didn't see what I would want with the monstrosity.

Monday night Pat and I went out to dinner with Terry and Carol Carr; Terry is a BArea native, but neither Carol nor Pat nor I had ever been there before, and Terry decided to show us around. We arranged to have drinks before dinner at Cliff House, a restaurant overlooking the Pacific, with seal rocks just offshore and a magnificent view of the sunset. Terry called the weather bureau to

determine the time of sunset that evening -- it was 7:16 -- and the four of us took off in the MG 1100, roaring and backfiring, in what we hoped would be sufficient time to get there and see the sun set in the Pacific Ocean.

We became slightly lost in San Francisco, got back on course and started hurrying, probably broke a few local ordinances, the anti-noise statute as well as the speed limit, but we made it to Cliff House about fourteen minutes after seven o'clock. Unfortunately, it was a heavily clouded and foggy evening, and the sunset was Tee Totally invisible. The view from Cliff House is nonetheless a lovely one, with the Pacific stretching below, and jagged rocks rising many feet from the surface of the ocean.

No seals were to be seen, but the rocks themselves gleamed white in the light of floodlights trained on them from the shore, and as we sat in a beautifully panelled cocktail lounge near a roaring fire, someone, Carol perhaps, asked how the rocks could appear snow-capped in this cool, but hardly freezing, climate. "That is not snow," Terry replied, "it is bird droppings."

But it was still beautiful.

After a few drinks we made our way into the dining room, again with a fine view of the ocean, and watched a few fishing boats returning late to shore. It was a pleasant, relaxed meal, a good break from the frantic fanning of the past week. The topic of conversation ranged from Terry's and my experiences with would-be novelists, to Carol's and Pat's favorite topic, the Vain Illiterate, to TAFF races past, present and future.

After dinner we walked a few hundred yards up the road to Sutro's Museum, a private exhibition hall of bits of hideous and disgusting memorabilia of Mr. Sutro's self-renowned world travels ("Mummified fragments" -- they looked like old chicken bones, and maybe they were). We did not stay at Sutro's long, but afterward went for a drive to the Presidio, a beautiful old army base, and then to the Palace of Fine Arts. The Palace is a relic of the San Francisco Exposition of 1915. It is a fantastic structure, a bastardly combination of late-Victorian gingerbread, neo-classic pillars, an oriental-appearing dome...viewed from across a small reflecting pool, or what passed for one on a dark night, lighted only by the headlights of the MG, it was a memorable sight. According to Terry the Palace is constructed of little more than papier mache; it is used for nothing, and has never been used except as an architectural ornament; it has been slowly deteriorating for half a century. Recently there was a move to tear it down, as an eyesore and hazard, this move was met by a counter-movement to refurbish the Palace as a permanent beauty spot for the city. I was delighted to learn that the latter plan has succeeded. To the tune of something like \$800,000.

Back at the Leamington a final party was being given by the convention committee. It may be that the party was overcrowded, hot, stuffy, and generally dull, or it may (more likely) have been merely a state of mind, but whatever the reason, Pat and I both felt little interest in what was going on. At one point during the party Pat was half-reclining on one of the two beds in the room, I was sitting near the foot, and Ted White was next to Pat (conventions make strange bed fellows). Sitting on the edge of the other bed, facing in our direction but talking to someone else, was Tony Boucher. Judy Merrill strode into the room, spotted Tony, and plunged headlong across the bed, landing squarely on Pat and Ted, and settled down to talk with Tony. I think only some frantic squirming and perhaps a discreet jab or two dislodged her at that. Ted claims to have kneed Judy in the groin, but I think he is just fantacizing.

We were feeling rather restless at the party (and it was crowded, that is objective fact: the party spilled over into the hallway and on one occasion, coming or going, I stepped very hard on Ardis Waters' bare foot; that's how we prepare people for New York Fandom), and wandered off for coffee as usual, and finally, after returning briefly to the party, went off to sleep.

More next week.

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CREDITS WEEK: Dave Van Arnam is our mimeographer this week, as usual. Dave's generous and good-willed acceptance of the weekly task these past several months has been an immense help in getting opo out. After we move (in another two or three weeks, barring new delays) it will be even tougher on Dave for a while...we will mail him a stencil or stencils each week, ask him to run it (them) off, put them through Apa F for us, collect the week's publications and send the whole bundle up to us.

Before too long, however, I hope we'll have our own mimeo again (by "before too long" I mean a matter of a few months) and will mail in our twenty-five copies if the occasion, er, occasions it. Or maybe, as I mentioned last week, we'll accumulate a few issues, and then put them all through in the same week, when we are able to attend a meeting. That way we'll break our record of an opo in every mailing, but we'll still have as many opos as there have been Apa F mailings.

MORE CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE: The heading illo on page one of this issue of opo was contributed by Andy Porter, who stencilled it himself. This is an immense help. In future weeks I hope to have heading illos in most issues, by Steve Stiles, Frank Wigglemiggles, ATom, maybe some more by Porter, and possibly others. Any Effer interested in contributing will be asked to provide the artwork on stencil...I can do minimal lettering-guide work, but cannot stencil art at all well, and do not wish to revert to my ancient habit of wrecking artists' products by botching the stencilling job.

Volunteers?

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BOOK WEEK ...AGAIN? THE THOUSAND-HEADED MAN by "Kenneth Robeson", Street & Smith, 1934, Bantam, 1964. I remember now that Larry Shaw's comment about "funny hat characterization" was attributed, by him, to Bruce Elliot, who was/is the man behind the Robeson byline. And he also tells me that while Walter Gibson is the man who "was" Maxwell Grant in Shadow days, Mike Avallone "is" the Walter Gibson who wrote Return of the Shadow. Stranger and stranger.

But this second in the Doc Savage reprint series is up to the first, "The Man of Bronze." "Thousand" was not the second story in the original series, appearing some sixteen months after "The Man of Bronze," and in the intervening time the characters had developed somewhat. One of them had exchanged a pair of eyeglasses with a magnifying glass for one lens, for a magnifying monocle; another, the grotesque Monk, has picked up a pet pig somewhere along the way.

The plot this time is a sort of Yellow Peril somewhat reminiscent of Rohmer's Fus, but the pace and style are pure "Robeson," which is to say, superb terrible writing. I hope these books sell enough to warrant continuation of the series, and perhaps the revival of other pulp heroes.