



Dave Rike

Buz

Burbee



Rich Brown

Ted Johnstone



Bob Leman

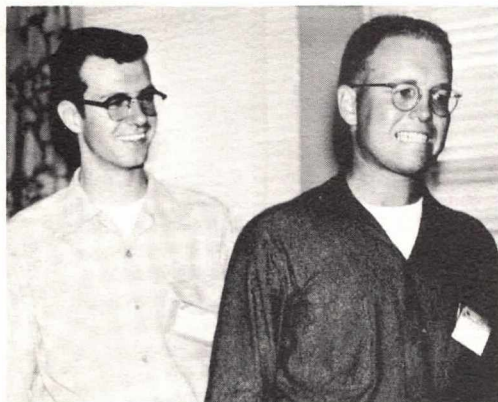


Rick Sneary



Bob Silverberg

Bob Bloch



Terry Carr

Ron Ellik



Pete Graham



Charles de Vet

Jean Carroll

POLARITY #3 : OCT '58 : F. M. & E. Busby, 2852 14th Avenue West, SEATTLE (for the '59 WesterCon and "PuCon in '61") 99, Washington. This is true.

This issue is going into the 45th SAPS mailing just prior to distribution to the rest of our high-grade mailing list.

Some of our high-grade mailing list are paid-up with money and/or letters, and need have no fears of being dropped. Others can assure being hold over for the next issue by paying (25¢) for this one, writing a letter of comment, sending a reasonable trade, reviewing this issue, or just by being such a good kid that we couldn't possibly think of dropping you.

POL's schedule is getting roomier all the time; we expect to do ConReports in most if not all future issues, if that gives you an idea. So you see: we did learn something from POL #2. (It may be that you have purchased a Life Subscription, Mr. Schultheis, sir.)

CONTENTS: Front and back cover photos all taken by Elinor (except the one of her and Jack, taken by me). Litho by Pilgrim Press. Captions Multigraphed by The Toskey. Just like last year on POL #1, except this time we use them first.

This is the Buztorial Page; the Elinorial is on page 20. My ConRep begins overleaf on page 4; Part Two of John Berry's "Per Ardua Ad Fanac" starts on page 18; Elinor's Report goes from page 22 to 34, the total end. Interior illoos by WRotsler except for page 21 by Harness.

We also have for you a certain amount of Subtle (if not subliminal) Propaganda that will appeal to all Right-Minded Types, <sup>but</sup> detectible only by the more observant.

Such as: "BRING BERRY TO DETROIT!"

Or maybe: "DETENTION FOR THE GOON!"

As you probably know, TAFF is not sending anyone to England next year, but is building for the long haul (1960). So the next overseas TAFF representative to attend a US Con cannot possibly do so until 1961 (another WestCoast year). At this rate, the majority of midwest and eastcoast faans won't see a TAFFrep for a looong time. Oh, possibly in 1962, if the '61 season is skipped like '59..... But this, as the purists would say, is a state of affairs, up with which we shall not put!

So, not as a competitor, but as a complement to TAFF, the "Bring Berry to Detroit" Fund has been conceived. Co-sponsored (to date: complete list will be announced when all the confirmations are in) by Nick & Noreen Falasca, Dick Ellington, and F.M. & Elinor Busby, the "Bring Berry" Fund is straightforwardly based on the time-tested system of picking a Good Man and going all-out for him.

Naturally, John was consulted before making this announcement. He is highly pleased at the idea, having considered "having six weeks off next year, and working across the Atlantic on a tramp steamer or suchlike" before reluctantly giving up plans to make the trip on his own. So, if the Fund "goes over", so will John Berry.

"But if the Fund flops....?" One proposal is that if for any reason the Berry Fund cannot be used for its intended purpose, all contributions of a given amount (\$5?) or more shall be returned to the donors. (Smaller contributions, after postage had been paid on the big ones, could go to TAFF and/or the Concommittee, but Worthwhile Chunks of Cash would be used as intended, or returned.) This proposal appeals to me as a contributor, and I hope it tends toward larger individual offerings all down the line.

Until "BRING BERRY OVER" Fund Headquarters is assigned a single address, all questions and contributions can be addressed to any of the presently-confirmed co-sponsors with full assurance that your effort will be coordinated into the whole.

"DETROIT NEEDS THE GDA: BERRY MUST COME ACROSS!"





# THE INCOMPLETE SOUTHGATE — by Buz

To us, the Solacon climaxed the FaanSummer of 1958, which began late in June. At the NullCon, we & Wally & Tosk & Otto visited with Bob Warwick, Jack Speer, & Larry Bourne; the next day a oneshot found its devious way into the SAPS bundle. Then repercussions appeared in the CRY, but eventually things did quiet down. For a while.

This year, after 3 years of conniving, I finagled a long vacation, coming off work July 3rd and returning Sept 15. I may try that again in ten years or so; it's fun.

We turned out our first SAPS mailing as Two-Headed OE, discovering that there are more ways to goof, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy....

"This is Karen Anderson," said the phone. So we rounded up the CRY gang here for an evening with Poul and Karen, and the next day got Alan & Ann Nourse, and Jack & Ruth Speer, into town for dinner with us and the Andersons (Astrid came, too, and we have a picture of her sacked out on the couch pillowing on one dog and being similarly used by the other). More fun.

Stony Brooks Barnes made it this far, from Grants Pass, on his motor scooter, which rebelled at his foolhardy attempt to visit Larry Stone in British Columbia and was brought back to Seattle in the trunk of Otto's Buick. So Larry came down here to see Stony and buy our Standard SW Spirit-duper and all the loose supplies, on a sort of GI mortgage only without the paperwork. Two more oneshots: one by popular demand and one to demonstrate the SW to Larry. And eventually, Stony spliced the scooter's gasline into one of his arteries and rode it back home.

Boyd Raeburn came in (by air, on his way to the Con). Just previously, Megan Sturck (a new SAP) had arrived in town, driving up from New Mexico about 2 months after learning to drive. Again, the clans gathered here. Things had simmered down to where we got around to haul Boyd up to North Bend to interrupt Jack's campaign for the State Legislooture (he's doing very well, to date) and have a fine dinner with the Nourses in the shadow of Mount Si. And we got over to Bainbridge Island, where even if we couldn't find a "wild beach" such as Boyd had longingly discussed in a zine of his, we did find a beach. The dogs horsed around in the surf and got soaked, and it was a beautiful day. And after we saw Boyd off on another plane (it's all witchcraft and illusion; they can't really fly), we came home and pattered around, and missed him.

That was Friday. Monday, we leaving for LA, so naturally the CRY was to be published on Sunday (add curses: "May you become really active in fandom"), and we all visited late into the evening, rather than getting packed to travel. Probably we forgot even more essential items than usual, this trip, but we did make it to the train Monday afternoon (with Teskey's help), leaving the car in garage for its first real chance for repairs since the 1957 MidWestCon.

From LA to Seattle (either way) takes 3 trains, and you don't got to keep a single one of them. The Seattle-Portland NP should be kept on a leash; it's a dog. Then there's a much-better SP to Martinez, and a medium one on into LA. There's no point in explaining the weird methods by which the railroads allow for the anomalous persistence of San Francisco; it's incomprehensible to all but Californians, and they already know all about it and pretend to understand it.

At any rate (plus Federal tax), Tuesday night saw our arrival at the Alexandria. With the shank of the evening free, fancontact was indicated, and successful ("Pick me up some beer on the way over, willya huh?" I asked; "OK," responded my victim).

I went down to the lobby in search of an LA city map. This could be parlayed into a running gag, but I'll admit right now that I never put cyetracks on a comprehensible map of the LA area; Los Angelenos operate on eidetic memory and a smidgin of ESP, surely.

As I was about to retreat ignominiously to our room, entered an erect young man of serious mien and light complexion, carrying a suggestive paper bag.

"Jack?" I asked, intuitively.

"Oh, NO!" replied Jack Harness. "I never thought you'd look like that!"

Up to the room, where Elinor & Jack & I warmed up to a fine gabsession. Jack seemed a little stiff at first, but soon loosened up and became enjoyably expressive in a sort of WO3W session. Wish we'd had more chance to yack during the Con; though we saw and chatted with Jack in groups, we never again saw him loosened up so well, beanie notwithstanding. And it wasn't the beer; I drank the beer. Jack drank fruit juice and still improved on acquaintance. We all had us a good evening.

Wednesday we looked up old friends: Russ & Helen Haggard, who moved down to LA in 1954. Visited, and they took us around to Wayne Dunbar's where A E van Vogt was feeding GADA material to an Addressograph with occasional success. A E Good Man; those machines are Beasts, each and every one of them.

All my ex-Seattle relatives live south of LA these days. Thursday, after kindly putting us up for the night, Russ & Helen drove us down to Balboa to see a couple of my favorite aunts and a goodly cousin and her tribe, who live literally on the beach-- their door opens onto several hundred feet of sand with surf at the far end of it. Elinor would have switched from fandom to surfbathing as a Way of Life if we'd been there another day or two, unless there's a ballpoint mimeo that duplicates under water. Barbecued chicken a la my cousin Mary, and life was good in Balboa. Next morning, Hank (her husband) drove us into LA in his VW, freeways and all, but we made it anyway. Hank's a good driver, and VWs are safe enough in their own right, but for those freeways I'd want something more on the order of a tank or locomotive.

The Alexandria assigned us to 403 this time, and a bellman who didn't try to determine his own tip, but let me make my own change. That's the best kind. On the way up, we saw our first fan of the Con, proper: Steve Schultheis, the GDA's Cleveland Op. Cheery greetings, and it was Friday, and the Con was on.

Elinor wanted to gussie-up a bit, so I wandered down to the mezzanine. The registration desk was being milled-about pretty well, but during the lulls I had the chance to discuss a projected GDA caper (which, alas, was never consummated) with Rick Smeary, and apologized to Honey Graham for never having answered a 1951 letter of hers, back when GMCarr hooked me for a year's N3F dues and the flood of letters scared me out completely (I used to put those letters in a drawer at which I would glance uneasily from time to time, half-expecting it to open and somehow call me to account for my negligence. It never did, though).



Bill Rickhardt and Jim Broderick came up, and while I was distracted by the foofaraw of greetings, Bill sneakily introduced me to Roger Sims. As <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>OE of SAPS, I had had my go-rounds with ol' Teddybear, but very shortly it became apparent that while Roger may continue to drive us bugs with his adroit deadline-skirting, we'll never again be able to work up a full-bore peeve at him; he's too nice a guy. Oh, we'll be firm enough, yes. But angry? No. The likable Sims personality didn't come through to us too well in print until after we had met him, but now I know we will enjoy his material a lot more, knowing the man behind the typer. So I hope you do get on the ball in SAPS, Rog.

Diversions: it seems to be my fate, to meet and like people whose in-print impressions have been on the poor side, and then to find their writings enjoyable and enriched by the fleeting personal contact. Instance: I was well down on Pete Graham for a time, although I had enjoyed his reminiscing on FAPAn old-times in the February mailing (borrowed from Jack Speer). I had expected Pete to be on the smart-aleck side with built-in sneer at nominal extra cost, but he turned out to be a pleasant young guy who eventually came out from behind the monosyllables and discussed a number of things with a refreshing absence of dogmatism and compulsion-to-be-Right (the ability to admit a possible goof is a winning characteristic, these days, and I value it). This conversion-to-liking routine began to weigh on me to such an extent that upon meeting Dave Rike I told him that dammit he'd better not turn out to be likable, or who would I have to be mad at? Dave fooled me; he stuck to grins, shrugs, and short non-committal answers, to the end-effect that I still have no idea what he is really like. However, Terry Carr says that's SOP with Dave; apparently, 2-way communication is simply not a Rike attribute. This is getting 'way ahead of the continuity, but Time, they say, is only an illusion, anyhow.

So: still shaken by the Teddybear Episode, I met Will J (Philadelphia, and not Leinster) Jenkins, a CRY contributor of note. And the note is: get you another contribution in quickly, Will; how are you ever going to collect a Fabulous CRY Rejection Slip, if you quit while you're ahead?

Met Bob Shaw, and was soon chagrined that we had goofed off and hadn't asked him to stop by Seattle on his way down from Calgary. Just because we'd had no previous contact... More, later, on this problem.

When Elinor showed up, I was settled down in the Exhibition Room, to a lively discussion with Charles de Vet. He and Elinor and I were mutually chagrined at having missed each other at Cincinnati last year, and he was duly thanked for the fine huge stacks of vintage fanzines he'd sent us, for postage, only. Otherwise (though I hate to alienate the rabid trufoans in the audience), our discussion was largely concerned with science-fiction; Chas de Vet not only reads the stuff but successfully writes it; he, and we, like it. Matter of fact, he even reads our Pemberton columns, and admitted that it was more natural for him to call Elinor "Amelia". So that's how it went, and she came to answer to it quite well.

Things broke up and regrouped when a number of people came in to greet all participants (and some innocent bystanders who were only thumbprinting the original artwork lying around on display for the auction). Hadn't seen Ted White since the '57 MWCOn, so we had quite a bit to kick around in a hurry. He was impressed by the "distinguished" salt-and-pepper coloring of my beard, so I reassured him that it only took practice-- like, maybe, twenty years of it.

Tsk. I can see I'll be unjustly omitting names, throughout. Comes of not taking notes, which in turn comes of selfishly placing the Con before the Report. And oft-times, the people unmentioned will be among the folks we know best, because in recall it's so hard to tell just where and when they were around. For instance, I'm half-certain that our first Con-sight of Boyd Raeburn came about here. But I can't swear to it; after his Seattle visit, it was almost as if he were with us all along, although unfortunately this was not factually correct. Anyhow, you see?

After awhile, some went thisway and some that. Near the Desk, we howdy'd with Bob Silverberg (another beard), and were bombed by Terry Carr's quiet "Carl doesn't exist" in answer to our inevitable query "Where's Carl?"

You couldn't prove it by me, whether the Bay Area Publishing Giants exposed a hoax or are attempting to hoax-out a living fan until next year. They seem quite sincere, but the latter stunt is by no means beyond their talents. Terry???

We had lunch with Steve and Virginia Schultheis, discussing possible GDapers and many other things. They're great, those Cleveland Ops.

Connivings were scheduled in Smoke-Filled Room 507 for 1:00pm, but apparently the smoke-fillers hadn't finished in time; the room was locked and quiet, so we took a short bar-break. We had a drink with Poul Anderson, and he & I agreed that we'd enter the drinking contest if it were only beer instead of tea, but that they never schedule contests for TRRUUufen. And back to the Smoke-Filled Room.

Here is the place to expose the ruthless, treacherous workings of the Inner-Circle Master Plan to scuttle the WSFSinc, and it's too bad that I'm unable to do so: the whole deal was about as Machiavellian as the sack race at the church picnic. When we entered, Nick Falasca was doing a good job of moderating a discussion on What Should Be Done About the WSFSinc Situation. Moderating is the right word; Nick was keeping the discussion one-at-a-time and to the point.

Dave Kyle pleaded well for a salvage operation, citing the advantages for which incorporation had been planned, and pointing out that most of the hassle was due to actions taken illegally ("The corporation has never performed a single authorized action, as the Directors have never met and authorized any"). I was favorably impressed by Dave's acceptance of the argument that the best way to stop illegal actions would be to take away Raybin's Little Red Wagon by dissolving the WSFSinc; Dave's agreement made it unanimous. From there on, the question was how to get the issue before the Convention, concisely presented so as to show the problem clearly to the hypothetical Uninformed Convention-going Fringe-Fan who might otherwise be inclined to vote for the continuance of the WSFSinc, simply because It Was There. Somewhere along the line, it was decided that the best way to learn whether the Committee would allow the question on the floor or not, was to ask. There was a certain amount of residual argument; such as who would ask whom whether it were OK to present a motion, or not (which might sound dopey, but was actually careful). When it all began to appear cut-and-dried, Elinor & I cut-and-ran for the tea-drinking contest, leaving the Detroit-Chicago-Cleveland-NewYork-neoBerkeley-IdahoFalls Axis to the contemplation of the Coming Battle.

We had thought that the Tea-Drinking Contest might prove to be real faannish, but after choice introductions by Bob Bloch and Poul Anderson, the contest itself was soggy. After seeing one contestant (Karen Anderson) have her first-round lead nullified by a purblind refill-crow, I'm dubious that the outcome proved much. Meanwhile,

I met the Sandy Ego Mob: Cameron, Vowen Clark, and I believe one more.

There was George Metzger, the visual archetype of the Beatniks but a reasonable person in his own right. Now there's a thing: that Bongo-drumming herd-stampeding Beatnik mob

gave me the Croggles, on massc. Individually they were mostly OK types; maybe they were just too gone with Togetherness. And those verschtunken Bongodrums.

BEAT GENERATION?





Also, we met Mike Hinge at the Teagulpen. It is not impossible to understand what Mike says; it's merely improbable. Speaking at Sunday night's banquet, he was 90% intelligible, or 20% above par for the course; possibly he just didn't give a damn in casual conversation, and who am I to say that he might not have a point there? But if so, I didn't get it.

And so to dinner, after a by-bits "Alice" rehearsal when Liz Wilson (doughty stage-managress and prompter) corralled a few of us: George Scithers, Ben Stark, Liz' husband Neil, and Elinor & me. This Little Men gang is a goodly mob; we like 'em. At dinner, we were haunted by a large salad which was attempting to put the coup-de-grace to Karen, weakened by the 18 cups of tea. All this was a table or two down the line, but fans have broad mental horizons. Upon leaving, we wished Karen well (eat the avocado; it's got minerals) and went up to the Hall where the Program was to begin. And so it did.

There was a certain amount of resistance to Anna's attempt at having the Convention Rules adopted quietly. Main beef seemed to be that we assembled fringe-fan convention-goers were leery of the possible appointment of George Nims Raybin as parliamentarian for the Rules Committee. Assured by Anna that no one "controversial" would be appointed, everyone settled down, except for a few habit-formed "no" votes at odd intervals.

There were speeches. Now it is well for a fan to listen to a few speeches; no matter how sophisticated he may be, a few speeches will make him just that much more appreciative of the bar (after someone has broken the plug on the teevee, if possible). This year, the mayor of South Gate made a nice sort of speech. Tony Boucher never made a bad one in his life, and this year was no exception. Ed Wood rose to his full girth and interjected a certain colorful flow and bounce to the proceedings. After awhile, unfortunately, he seemed to run out of mental wind, but continued to add a not-unpleasing touch of Random.

Elinor spotted Rich Brown a few rows back, so I went back and hauled him up to sit with us. Rich was out to break the Post Office, with a huge stack of letters which he delivered personally at the Con. So there goes your balanced budget, Summerfield. Rich also handed me his SAPSazines for the current mailing, which we accepted and then goofed ourselves into carrying home instead of dumping them on Wally Weber, who had his car there. Couldn't get a firm date out of Rich for his invasion of Seattle and ~~Wally~~ taken over ~~by~~ the CRY; when we tried to pin him down, he retaliated by hiding out for the rest of the Con to do a one-shot. A wise precaution for Rich, no doubt, but we did want to see some more of the bhoy.

Meanwhile, John W Psionics talkalkalked. I'm sure that Many Others will be analyzing his speech in detail, but in case you don't happen to hear from Many Others, I refer you to the Incident of the Cryer in the Red Dress, for analogy.

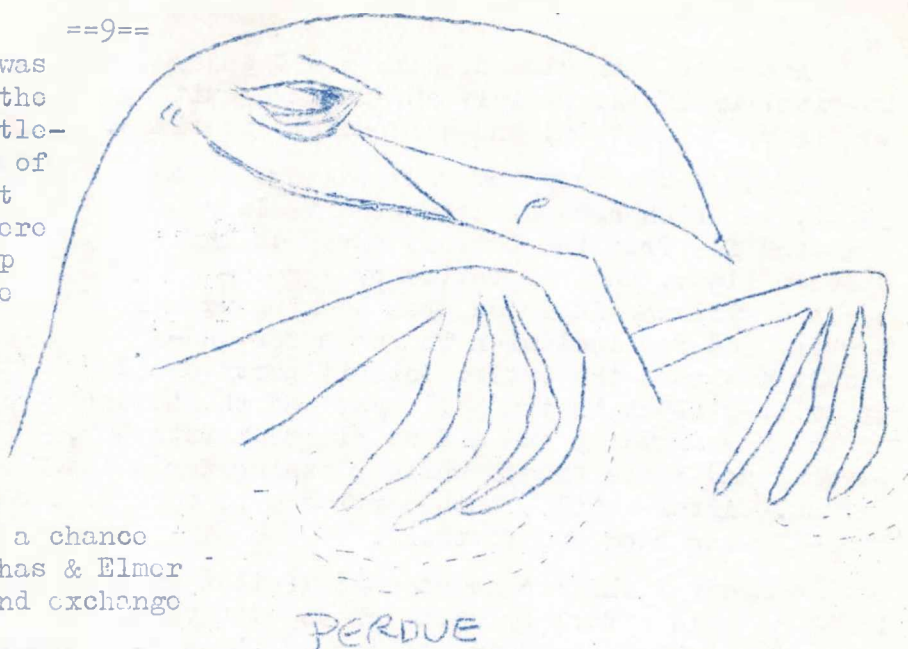
Someone finally pulled the floor from under the speaker, and amidst cries of "Sit down! The Program isn't over yet!" a number of us hobbled gingerly out into the hallway, stood passively before the elevators for a time, and by a good piece of misdirection, eventually arrived down in the lobby, too spent to proceed.

WRotsler walked up and said in my general direction "Who's the nut with the beard?" (see covers) Things were looking up, but I felt a yen for a transparent container of floating ice cubes. Providentially, someone mentioned to me that Burbee had come into town for the one evening only, and was now in the bar. And though Elinor had not heard this bit of news, she responded to the dry urgent rasp in my voice when I said "Come on; we're going in to the bar now."

It was dark in there. We took a booth, ordered drinks, and waited for our night-vision to come into play so that we could see where the hell Burbee was hiding out, if he were really present in the flesh, at all.

As it happened, the car was faster than the eye: barring the remote contingency of two gentlemen actually bearing the name of Meyer turning up at that point in time and space, the odds were that Burbee and Perdue were up the line a bit on the far side of the barricade. And as my eyes acclimated, I found that this was, indeed, the case.

So we wandered around the end of the row of booths and joined the people milling in the far aisle until we had a chance to approach the booth where Chas & Elmer were sitting with G M Carr, and exchange a few words of introduction.



Burb recognized us from correspondence, responded favorably, and suggested that we take over the next booth, temporarily vacant. This put us back-to-back with him and Elmer. While Burb and GMC were engrossed, Elinor & I got acquainted with Elmer. (Incidentally, I am baffled by the Deep Symbolism of the accompanying illo, and will welcome enlightenment by the artist, subject, or relatively innocent bystanders.)

I admitted to Elmer that the "Meyer" routine had led us to their lair, and that Jack Speer had told me the original joke. As soon as Elmer saw that the insulting implications were clear to me, he was overcome by a huge grin and devilish glint--he shook my hand vigorously, with a cheerful "Greetings, Meyer!" It was the ultimate accolade. I like Elmer; it is with good reason that he is fabled and regarded with a mixture of awe and uncertainty. He dispels dullness, surely.

We all made a false-alarm run toward the Hall, on rumor that the "Born of Man and Woman" film was due on, but straggled back to the bar, where the requirements of contiguous seating were met by pulling a table or two over to line up with a booth table. Drinks were obtained, once more.

Present (with a margin for error as discussed elsewhere by Elinor) were we, Burbee, Elmer, WRotsler, Boyd Raeburn (in the corner of the booth, beside Burb and across from Elinor, so you see I'm not just guessing hopefully, entirely), Terry Carr, Ron Ellick, Miriammarshmallow (hi, gal), and----- well, it was dim at the far end. WRotsler was drawing cartoons, and Elinor was snagging a good share of them (she's better-equipped than I am, to snag artwork from a bearded artist, but I do appreciate the contributions, all the same, Bill). Rotsler is a large youngish wide vital type with a 360° (vertical) beard (see covers) and much apparent ability to enjoy life and spread that enjoyment. Yup, just another Good Man, is all.

Several people came through announcing interesting developments, but somehow none of us broke loose until the bar closed. Why do you suppose this was?? Well, for one thing, there was Burbee, a veritable fannish hero, in my book (compiled, as it were, from the Lancy Memoirs, a Burblings, quotes in Innuendo, and finally the superb "Incomplete.."). I couldn't walk away from the chance at a good try at getting acquainted with the guy who has written so many things that produce the "I wish I'd written that" reflex and a liking for the guy who did write it. Burbee lives up to his writings, too, which isn't so easy when a man has been discovered to the modern-day fandom by such as Terry Carr. Try it, sometime. Anyhow, to anticipate events, Burb did hit most of the Con (the evenings) and we had the time for a lot of good talk that was, in itself, worth the whole trip.



After the bar closed, Elinor & I enjoyed the hospitality of the Detroit and Chicago suites, together, separately, and alternately at times.

LET ME LOOK IN MY  
PROGRAM AND SEE WHAT  
MY NAME IS.



There was a very humorous passage at one point, in which someone attempted to lead a selected few from the Detroit party to the Chicago blast, and was foiled by a good-hearted girl who insisted upon looking up all her friends for inclusion in the move: end-result was that the entire Detroit party ended up milling about in the hallways, and the Leader of the Move gave up and led us all back into 507, cursing under his breath while planning for a later exodus. After awhile, both parties were more or less free-flowing back and forth....

Someday I shall convince myself that at 3 am it is OK to hold a full or empty glass without doing much of anything about it. I hope. About that time, in the Chicago fortress, Len Moffatt was holding forth with a workmanlike job on melodramatic renditions of offcolorful songs, in the midst of a great aura of full good feeling all around. Let's hope that I went straight home from there, shall we?

Saturday morning I attempted to override the beastly overhanging aspects of the situation by consuming a great gross breakfast and seizing every opportunity to lie down for a minute or so to shake out the fall-out. But eventually I had to go top-side to the Boucher suite and meet the "Alice" cast for rehearsal. Of course, they had zipped through the thing, but they courteously gave me a run, anyway. Mortified by the realization that having bragged to Karen of being a "quick study" I still had little likelihood of actually learning my lines, I dispersed to the bar. Karen and I encountered, there, 2 longtime stf-readers who knew nought of the Con, but were merely stoking up in an interlude between conquests of salesmanship. Then the row of tables filled up better: I recall Nick & Noreen, Lee Jacobs, and (forgive me) no one else for sure.

4pm: I recessed from the bar, realizing that the nights are getting longer, this time of the year. Nine of us ate across from Clifton's, with a view of the outdoor waterfall, from a booth that seated us all (left to right): Bill Donahoe, Bill Rickhardt, Nick & Noreen Falasca, me, Elinor, John Champion, Boyd Raeburn, and Ted White. (This time, by painstaking memory work, we fit the people to the occasion, after the pics came back from the drugstore.)

Wandering back to the hotel, we traversed a side of Pershing Square, and whatever you may have heard about this Weirdy's Wonderland, it was an understatement.

Back at the room, unable to get my suitcase unpacked and repacked at the same time, I lay down for a few minutes, trying to release the overstimulation of personality pressure that comes (to me) from meeting and talking to so many new friends in so short a time. Eight o'clock found me less than successful, relaxing; obviously it was time to head for the bar.

At the tables to the left were Burbee, Elmer, and (add to my list of favorite people) Bob Pavlat. Also, maybe, Terry Carr and Miriam Dyches; they were there a bit later, anyhow. Beer and good talk prevailed. Bob Pavlat exchanged seats with Elinor when he discovered that she couldn't hear what Burb was saying, and the "Write it Down!" cartoon stems from just after that moment.

The discussion came around to F Towner Lancy, and Burbee gave some solid 3-D material to fill in our impressions from ASI. Lancy and his writings are of great interest to us; the MAN Lancy is a sympathetic and tragic figure.

Dale Hart showed up: a guy with apparently unlimited capacity, but with a tendency to freeze into a mold somewhere in the late stages of getting a load. Dale repeatedly dragged the conversation into byroads concerning whether or not he really understood whoever happened to be the target of discussion, and vice versa. In all cases, he was convinced that understanding did indeed prevail. For his sake, I hope he's right.

Jim Bradshaw (with a red beard) and a friend of his came to terms with me on prepaid insurance against running out of beer and having to go onto hard liquors; I chipped in and they went out and bought up a large mess of 16-ounce cans of beer. This came in handy when the bar crowd dispersed and a bunch of us convened at the Kris Neville party on the 6th floor.

Kris and his wife had a very good party. Mrs. Neville is a pleasant and attractive Negro girl. In an ideal society, I could congratulate Kris on his good taste, judgment, and luck; in our society, however, I am also forced to congratulate him on his show of guts. I am not personally capable of voluntarily entering into a situation that sets me up as one of Heinlein's dagger-duellists, perpetually on-edge for offense, and I cannot imagine the passive alternative. I can only say that I like Mr & Mrs Neville, and that I hope it all works out for them.

Phil Bronson was sitting on the floor and trying to commune with the rug. Burbee knelt and bent his neck around so as to talk up directly to Bronson--- Elinor attempted to immortalize this moment on film, but Burb sat partway up before she could snap it (see covers) after several people had failed to get out of the way, so the full depth of this momentous moment was uncaptured on film. I had a very pleasant chat with Mrs Phil Bronson, but then she got all perturbed when Phil returned from being carried to bed and had to be carried back, again.

Back at 507 were the tapes of the humorous & ingenious Detroit-for-59 propaganda. After the commercial, the tapes veered off into political and other dirty songs, mostly rendered by Sandy Cutrell, who can sing a lot better than he can (I hear) pick traveling companions.

Somehow, the smog oozed in through the windows and reduced the small-hours to a series of episodes:

Coming out of the john, I encountered a brunette in a red dress. She took a deep breath and wailed "Fans are snobs! Boo-hoo-HOO!" Big tears and contorted face.

"Uh, what was your name? Mine's Busby, and we're down here from--"

"They say fans are supposed to be friendly," she sobbed, "but oh; NO, they aren't! Fans are SNOBS! Here I come all this way, and come to these parties, and nobody C\*A\*R\*E\*S!!" More sobs; I realized that by golly she meant it. Refusing any introduction, the lady was not about to be wooed from her bout of self-pity, so I left her to sob at the cold walls and returned to hear more of the dirty tapes. But does anyone know the name and origin of a woman in her late thirties(?), with short straight black hair, dark complexion, wearing a red dress Saturday night and Sunday, mad at fans? This report is not complete without that info, and I was scared to get close enough to read her name-tag in that dim light.

Now this actually happened, even if it does sound like a trite, pat summation of every fan-snob gripe of Conhistory. And I'm wondering, what's with these people that they (1) fail so badly at getting acquainted, and (2) insist on blaming it on all but their very selves? Do they stand around waiting for the glad goshwow? Do they actually get the bounce by throwing the goshwow themselves, to an intolerable pitch, or by moving in on a going-concern group and clawing for the center of the stage on a basis of Instant Togetherness and without regard for pre-existing interests? How, in the world do they get that way, anyhow? Fans are much the same as people, in that a group has the right to take to a would-be entrant, or not; the reception is mainly dependent on the approach, I'd say.



Personally, I don't think it's so damn hard to get acquainted at Cons. Sure, it is simpler if folks have heard of you through zines and/or correspondence, but it's not essential. Just approach the people you want to meet, talk when it seems advisable (and when you also have something to say, that fits), remembering that a good listener is a priceless pearl. And if snubbed, so what? So go find a new gang. If you want to meet someone, don't be afraid to make the first move. And for Peto's sake, never hang around clinging to the people you already know, all through a Con. (Sorry to bore all you trufen, but this is going to a large diverse mailing-list.)

More early-Sunday episodes, and we're still at 507: Sitting on the edge of a bathtub (full of iced canned beer) with Rory Faulkner, looking at her excellent set of LonCon pix. Being given the "move on" by the polite Oriental house-Richard, and standing pat on the grounds that it's perfectly legal to sit on a bathtub with Rory and look at pictures of clothed people, at any hour of the day or night. (Everyone except Rory & I & our hosts was forced to vacate, but all returned within minutes.)

Listening to the Cutrell taped song of the bewildered American Communist faced with the twistings of the Party Line, "Whose Side Am I On?"-- choice satire.

The dirty song tapes: Dan McGrow, Columbo (they left out a couple of my best favorite verses, of old) and others.

Meeting and trying to talk with Dave Rike. Given Dave's in-print belligerence and refusal to communicate, I'd imagined anything except the tall thin sandy-complexioned quiet grinning shrugging guy who still wouldn't say much. A nice guy; yes.

Going home to the room and sacking out with the quiet joy of knowing that although I'd skipped a pre-planned midnight snack, at least I was hitting the rack in better shape than I'd done the previous night. True enough, in a sense, but the ol' resistance was wearing thin. Just how thin, was apparent the next day.

Sunday, the day. My usually docile subconscious turned up full of lumps and one of those hit me right between the eyes. It's embarrassing, as I don't make a career of psychohypochondria, but I spent a couple of rather horrible hours of near-flipping, early in the afternoon until Elinor helped me slug it out with the hitherto-unsuspected phobias and their nitwit bases. Precipitated and unhelped by insufficient sleep and a medium-heavy hangover, the upheaval kept me jittered and poorly-oriented for the rest of Sunday, and (in slighter measure) for most of the following day. No point in detailing, but this is in lieu of apologies. I always know I didn't care much for travel, but had no idea how strongly the subconscious felt about it, before. Tsk.

I'M A PUBLISHING GIANT  
BUT A CHRONOLOGICAL  
MIDGET

Illo refers to the Burbee-Ellick exchange as reported by Elinor. Which reminds me of a Friday night deal that I gotta mention;

Mostly, everyone was buying his own drinks. Once, with the crowd thinning, I tried to cut the time occupied by the waitress' inability to count on her fingers, by buying the round.

Burbec said, "You buying this round?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you're going to get into filthy habits like that," said Burbec, "I can't stop you."

And you know, he's right; it is a filthy habit. Too bad he can't wholly keep away from it, himself.

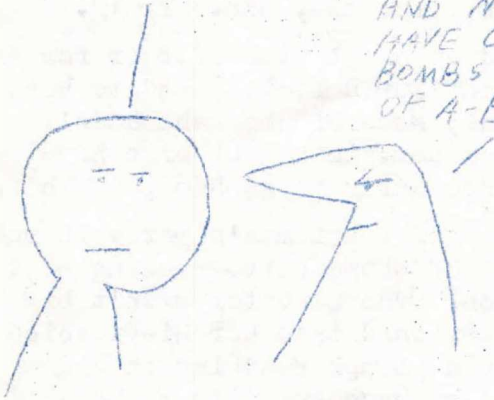
Feet of clay.



==13==

BURBEE HAS  
MELLOWED

AND NOW WE  
HAVE COBALT  
BOMBS INSTEAD  
OF A-BOMBS



Illo to left relates an exchange during the WRotsler-illo contest related by Elinor & occurring Saturday night. You might think that we could get better coordination, but mentioning it won't get you anywhere.

More on Sunday: I did manage to stick out the Main Events.

ANNA SINCLARE MOFFATT is pegged in FanHistory for her nonpareil handling of the Business Session; has there ever been anything like it?

Regard: GeoNims Raybin rose to resign All his Positions (at least 2 of which I'd never previously heard of); everyone all applauded, and GeoN did a double-take on realizing the meaning of the applause.

Bill Donahoe rose and presented the smoked fruits of the Friday session: a Resolution for the assembled Con to petition the WSFS-directors to dissolve the Inc. Belle Dietz (a London-elected director whose tenure was undercut by the corporation charter's limitation to the conducting of business within the US, only) arose and demonstrated displeasure with the proceedings. Anna banged the gavel and gave us to know that we sat under the auspices of the 16th World S-F Con, being held in the state of California. Holl, she didn't even say, the sovereign state (and you'll never know what a comfort that is). There were cheers, indeed.

The resolve-to-dissolve was brought to a near-unanimous favorable vote (I wonder what happened to all those Uninformed Fringe-Fen). Anna stated that as the official business was at an end, the business meeting was adjourned. Right there, the roof blew off the Hall, and Anna was enshrined as a faannish saint.

Still hurting badly, I roomwarded to dig into the howcome some more. It paid, though slowly and toward the difficult. The banquet began to appear possible...

We sat across from Charles de Vet, and had a lively discussion on the reading, writing, and criticism of stf. This time, we were interrupted only by the after-dinner speakers. These were fun (especially Bloch), but what with my nervous ol' system kicking up again, we had to duck out just after Mike Hinge, missing the Guest of Honor, Hugo Awards, and etc. Hated to leave, but it just got too rugged.

The thing was, to get steam up for the Masquerade Ball. Elinor had made us colorful, comfortable costumes (with pockets), and we had novelty-shop glass-enclosed radiation spinners on our beanies. We weren't really out for prizes, but did want to be in the spirit of the occasion. By 7pm, things internal had simmered down far enough that attendance seemed feasible.

It was worth it, just to see the ingenious get-ups: cute, weird, sexy, spectacular-- you name it, and the faans had it. Seven-foot "Smudge-Pot", with the dead-white Alice-the-goat makeup, the room-filling smoke-maker, and a vocabulary of shouted gibberish, probably updated my obit a few years when he leaped in through a window shouting "Shazam!" (his only recognizable utterance throughout the evening).

Ol' Smudge helped fill the lobby with shouting JDs and John Laws later. He took a tour of the Square (in character). What with this, and the 18-year-old boy hanging out a 5th-floor window by his fingertips to impress his 39-year-old girl friend into vows of fidelity (so goes the rumor, the way I heard it), the Switch-blade Set were loud in the lobby, but luckily they didn't pester us in the bar. But that, come to think of it, was a little later, and we're not there just yet.



Shortly after the initial Costume Parade (will any spectator forget vampiress Karen and her 13-foot wingspread?) we proceeded barwards, on Bob Pavlat's tip, and met Isabel Burbee in company with Elmer Perdue and Rita (oops, there's a name misfiled in the memory banks). Isabel invited us to Monday-dinner, and we accepted with no foot-shuffling hesitation whatsoever. I mean, like wow, man. Truly.

So then we just chattered along happily; I tried on one bottle of beer for size, and it fit OK. After awhile, Rita (who had chauffeured Isabel) had to head for home. Isabel, who had been re-meeting old friends, some of whom she hadn't seen for years, was not eager to leave, so there was a certain amount of confusion before the ladies retreated from the field. It was too early to go home, at that.

About midnight, Burbee & Elinor & I moved out toward Bob Leman's party in room 1072. As we entered the elevator, here came about 15 of those nerve-racking Beatniks in their usual full-throated Juggernaut formation. The elevator wasn't big enough, but they all wanted in anyway, until Elinor switched into her Hi-Fi voice and was finally aided by a hotel employee who extracted enough Beatniks to allow the elevator to operate with a reasonable expectation of success. After that, I realized that a room party was just not the place for Beat Me, and pooped out to decamp at the fourth floor and sack out (really sorry not to have made your party, Bob, but the flesh faltered). Elinor came "home" an hour or two later, and said it was a great party.

Monday: after breakfast, a rehearsal of "Alice in Thrilling Wonder Land" was held (not a walking rehearsal, unfortunately, due to the stage being in use), and I heard the entire play for the first time.

Bjo did appear at the Future Fashion Show in Saran-Wrap: at least twenty layers of the stuff, tending to disguise her as a bowling-pin. But heck, she's a cute kid, with freckles and a really spectacular pony-tail.

Came time for "Alice". Not having either "Captain Saturday" or the "Mad Hatter" down cold, it seemed best just to carry the partial scripts on-stage (as Battle Orders and Very Important Papers, respectively, perhaps). Oddly, I experienced no twinge of stage-fright (curse of my younger days) whatsoever-- script in hand, I stumbled onto the stage and had a holluva good time clowning around, inventing the stage-business as we went along (nope, hadn't had a drink all day, either). Main concern was trying to throw the voice through the abominable acoustics of the hall, as far into the back rows as possible. Anyhow, hamming it up was fun, and I hope the audience had as much fun with those scenes as I did. Karen did a sweet job of parody and double-puns in writing "Alice", and Doc Smith's deadpan crossovers (he carried signs such as "Grey Flannel Lensman" and "Have Lens-- Will Travel") were the uttermost. Elinor had never performed in front of an audience of that size, but except for a bit of discomode with her costume, she enjoyed doing the "March Clifton". Karen had a ball as Alice, although she had written the windups of several scenes so similarly (her own part) that I think she ended up ad-libbing all but the first one or two. Not having a script at hand, I can't recall all the performers for certain, but besides the above-mentioned, there were (at least) George Scithers, Neil Wilson, Tony Boucher, Ben Stark, Ron Ellik, Bob Silverberg, and Iiz Wilson dubbing-in the teddybear from offstage and frantically trying to get people on at the proper times. A mighty fine gang of troupers, those.

WesterCon business was underway before I could uncostume, collect my gadgets, and get around out front; we missed most of Wally (Weber)'s Seattle bid, but heard Wally (Gonser)'s seconding-speech and Don Day's wholly impromptu backup, which (we hear) deterred Forrie Ackerman from his plan to bid for LA and then withdraw in favor of San Diego. The SD kids made a good bid (except, for CRYsake, the pitch about their ZOO! We have a zoo, too, y'know, with the only live sea-otters in captivity, but who goes to zoos at a Con, when you can look at F\*A\*A\*N\*S?) but the Nameless Ones are now solidly stuck for the '59 WesterCon. Having needled them into this position by threatening to bid, ourselves, if the Nameless didn't, we feel

sort of quietly conscience-stricken. Actually, I'm sure they'll make out OK, and they do need the experience and publicity in order to go for the PuCon ('61 World-Con) bid. Come to Seattle next 4th-of-July, friends; it'll pay off for you. We, like the Big-Hearted Detroit group, will get you drunk. OR, vice versa....

The plan was for us to meet Chas the Burbee in the bar, where Whittier-bound folks would assemble. I'd been sneaking in & out of the place at intervals, but finding no Burbee there at all. After the WesterCon session, we found him out in the hallway toward the centroid of a medium-sized discussion, hardly free to leave. By the time Chas was ready to go, several of us had settled into the bar for a fresh first beer of the day. Eventually, however, we found ourselves out in the unfamiliar sunshine. Elinor & I rode out with Burb, and the rest with Ed Cox and/or Bill Rotsler.

The 7600 block of Pioneer Blvd is one of two or three blocks of 100-foot-wide pavement deadended at both ends by orange groves. Seems like a quiet and pleasant location for general living: a hot-rodder doesn't have a chance.

Rather than make a weak attempt at a good narrative description of our fine evening with the Burbees, best I just give salient details and impressions. So: Charles & Isabel were hosting Terry Carr, Ed Cox, Miriam Dyches, Bob Pavlat, Boyd Raeburn, Bill Rotsler, and Mina (besides us). Mina (who came with WRotsler) is an exceedingly well-equipped brunette, a pleasant friendly girl who seems to have the gift of enjoying life-- I like.

We had home-brew (and my stomach was so grateful, after the mishmash of drinks Friday night, and commercial beer Saturday night), selected player-piano numbers, a terrific Mexican-style dinner a la Isabel, and the sort of overall blend of discussion and anecdote, that justifies Conventions. If we'd had a taper there, we could print a piece entitled "No, Burbee, you don't like Classical Music", which (even omitting the name of the unwitting comic) would rank with anything in the "Incomplete Burbee", verbatim.

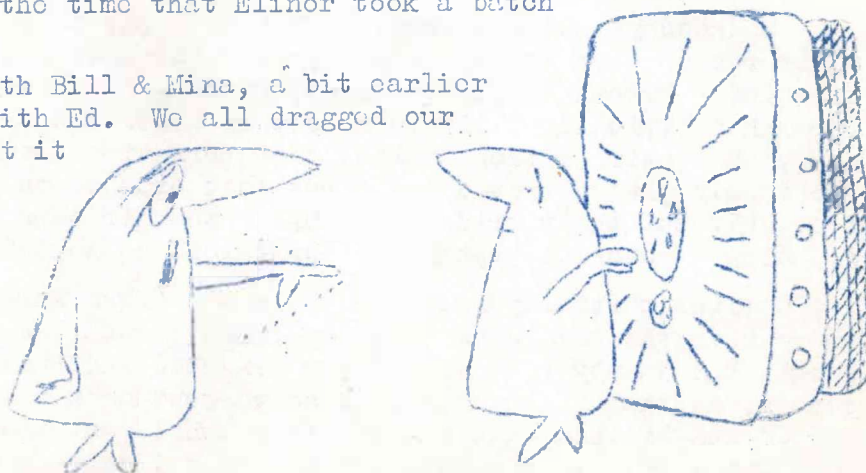
There was exposition of the life and times of Lancy: ranging from the hilarious through the merely-fabulous to a few really tragic happenings, this filling-out from an in-writing personality to a 3-D picture of the man, could not but interest us hugely. (Now there's a clumsy sentence for you, proving that it doesn't pay to get serious while I'm far-afieling from the first-draft.) Anyhow, it boils down that we're a receptive audience to such interesting sidelights on fanhistory.

Isabel showed me the home-brew-making setup, and we talked over differences and similarities between their methods and ours. Then, sitting in the kitchen, she and I yattered happily away on all sorts of topics for awhile before rejoining the main party up front, about the time that Elinor took a batch of pictures.

I think Bob Pavlat left with Bill & Mina, a bit earlier than the rest of us, who rode with Ed. We all dragged our feet, hating to break it up, but it was the end of the holiday, and several people (Burb included) had to work the next day.

Man, I'm glad we were there.

BE CAREFUL  
THAT'S A  
ROTSLER CARTOON!





Back to town and to the hotel, and suddenly there seemed to be letdown in the air. The Con was ending, after four days of hectic near-continuous communication, congregation, and over-stimulation of sheer personality-pressure; reaction was setting in. At the Detroit suite, a congenial group was succumbing to an overall tendency-- everyone wanted to continue the upbeat approach, but all the anecdotes and discussions eventually veered to the downbeat side. I mention this to reassure each and all that it wasn't just you, for whom things seemed to sour up a bit that evening-- the ball was just bouncing back, as it is wont to do. Oh, it wasn't all on the sad side: there in 507 was a lot of quiet happy reminiscence, also. But I think the most of us were beat. Four days can pack a lot of whammy when we don't know how to throttle down and avoid a pile-up of over-stimulation. Maybe we could learn to pace ourselves, or something. But regardless, it's all worth it.

Goodbyes were said, many of which were repeated the next day in the hallways, lobby, coffee shop, and etc. (We exchanged farewells with Bob Pavlat so many times that we are caught up through 1980. So remember, Bob, for the next 22 years, we just have hello's.)

Tuesday: after breakfast and packing, we hit the checkout desk to vacate the room but store our bags until evening, and adjourned for coffee with Bob & Sadie Shaw (and tad) and G M Carr. Elinor covers the double goof in which we were timid about inviting the Shaws to stop by on their way down from Calgary, and they were timid about giving us a call when they passed through Seattle one early Sunday morning. I trust you got the moral. Don't sit on your hands: COMMUNICATE!

We had a good, if short, natter with Bob and Sadie, and then braved L.A. public transport to our return-engagement with Russ and Helen Haggard. Earlier in the day, we'd had a bonafide invitation from Elmer Perdue, to visit his fabulous residence; you will understand that it is a matter of considerable regret that we were unable to take Elmer up on his kindly offer. Maybe someday... if we can have a raincheck, or the equivalent..

Russ & Helen drove us to the depot that evening; little did they know what we were in for. After horsing a couple of critical-mass suitcases a couple of miles through The Maze (where were all those redeaps who are always so hot for a 50-yard carry?), we boarded the train to be greeted by the sound-track of Ellison's "Rumble". Some 20 Oakland prep-schoolers were heading for several months of (I gather) rigid discipline, so that night they were LIVING (cigarets, sody-pop, no sleep, and lots of noise). I dozed weirdly from 12 to 2, sat up awhile in the john-lounge with fellow-insomniacs, and finally picked up some sleep of a sort, after 4am. That was actually a pretty good gang of kids-- not JDs or etc-- but they could just as well have been shipped in a deep-freeze car. And cheaper, too.

Wednesday: getting from the Frisco depot to Berkeley was a triumph of sheer stubbornness over abetted ignorance. Discounting 3 conflicting instructions for reaching a hypothetical bus-depot, we took a cab and actually got there. Plowing through a typically Californian set of misleading guide-signs (they were out-of-date, the entire Frisco-Oakland transportation setup having been changed 3 months previously), we ferreted out a bus that crossed the Bay Bridge. You know, they foolishly put their bridges way up in the air down there, instead of sensibly floating a concrete highway on the water, as we do?

Elinor partially recalled the names (from Karen) of some Berkeley hotels somewhere near the Andersons (I guess), and I recalled their address. Armed with these slight but jaunty bits of info, we induced the busdriver to set us off at the wrong corner, so that I could pack those verschtunken suitcases an ungodly distance (and dumped one of them onto Elinor after awhile, at that) before we came upon a really good small hotel. The Shattuck is several degrees plusher than the Alexandria (for instance), comparable accomodations being close to equal in cost.

Breakfasted, and cleaned- and rested-up. We weren't able to meet Terry Carr for lunch as arranged; he didn't make it to work until the p.m., and that sad tale belongs in his report. So we lunched in the hotel coffee shop, then called Karen.

We weren't up to the big sightseeing trip and dinner in Chinatown, as planned, so were sort of hoping that Poul & Karen might also be feeling more like a subdued version of the events. But, having returned Tuesday, the gang had made a good recovery and the original plans were in effect. Elinor & I talked it over.

We were pooped, and had no idea how to get to the Andersons' or to the Frisco restaurant, whereas it was nice and comfortable at the Shattuck. I called Karen back, bowing out of the safari rather than being a drag, attending. So eventually Terry Carr came over with Jim Caughran, Room Service brought up some beer, and we sat quietly gabbing and guzzling.

Terry backgrounded us on Carl Brandon, the Genuine FakeFan. I refrained from cribbing Burbee's line ("Carl Brandon is more real to me than you are, and I've met you") that he'd rubbed well into Terry and Ron, deservedly. I just gazed sadly at Terry and said "MURDERER!" every once in a while.

Thursday: we caught the Shasta Daylight for Portland, changed trains again, & hit Seattle early Friday. Cabbed home and breakfasted. Took a bus downtown, and after a slow transfer, arrived at L E Belcourt Co in time to wait a solid hour to get the car out of hock. I paid \$180 and drove home spurting hydraulic fluid like mad from the reconditioned brakes. (A week later, I found that the trouble was a carelessly-tightened coupling, had it fixed, and quit worrying. Meanwhile, it had been nervous driving, afraid to hit the brakes much for fear of a cylinder popping. I used to own model-A Fords and Crescent wrenches. Isn't Progress wonderful??)

The Solacon was terrific. After the first evening's entertainment, I heard it said that the Con was dying on the vine, but I didn't see enough of the Program to make a valid comment on that score. This is not due to fannish pseudo-sophistication; I missed large chunks of Program because at the time I was not willing to go away from the gang I was with and the fun I was having, to sit voluntarily in a hard chair and be quiet and thirsty. Only thing I recall having missed a-purpose was the Ceramics talk: you can read that stuff, anywhere.

Programs are essential at WorldCons: many attend who have no acquaintance with the crowd and no way to get acquainted but to meet in the Hall and strike up a conversation. At Portland in 1950, I saw nearly all the Program, and damn little else. And I had a good time, at that. Fancs, fmz-letterhacks, and active correspondents do not have this trouble so much, but in 1950 I was of the fringe who only read that crazy Hubert Rogers (illo'd) stuff.

But this was the faaan's Con: fruit of fannish tradition, and small enough that one could meet most of the attendees as desired (checking, for kicks, down the list Len sent Wally, I find over 110 names of people I conversed with at this Con, and I can put faces to all but about a dozen of the lot). Enough parties were wide-open so that party-loving types could find haven. The house-dick was polite and only lowered one 3am boom, and that one didn't kill the Detroit party. And this archeological find of Terry Carr's which he discovered to modern-day fandom (follow by the name of Burbee) took a look-in Friday and was lured into dropping back for the next three evenings, an unprecedented event all the way. And a good thing.

Terry sold Al Ashley a copy of "Incompleat Burbee"; Al had apparently forgotten his old mannerisms, but upon perusal, he obligingly gave his unique benediction to one and all. I wish I'd seen that, instead of only hearing about it.

Well, you can't be everywhere all at once, but if you weren't at South Gate (or if you were, for that matter), start piling your chips for Detroit in '59. So get your cotton-pickin' hands off my pile; I'll need it, judging from this year.



# PER ARDUA AD FANAC 2

John Berry

I'm given to understand that my first lecture in this factual series, The Gentle Art of Slip-Sheeting, proved of considerable interest to one well-known fan (who then gaffiated), and to a practising psychiatrist who has since confessed that upon reading my learned thesis he saw a loophole in Freud's theories and decided to spend the rest of his born natural trying to find a category for the author.

Before continuing with my lecture, I must consolidate the slip-sheeting angle by bringing you up to date with my latest discovery in that particular field. Well, when I say my discovery, I am perchance slanting the egoboo from that well-known fan, Vince Clarke, who had the occasion to visit my house 'Mon Debris' recently. As he was mentioned in the slip-sheeting article, I felt it only right to show him that his preliminary work hadn't been in vain. He read the article, and then put POLARITY down... rather slowly, I thought. He looked at me over his beard, and his eyes for a brief moment held and retained a look of complete incredulity.

Then he staggered back.

"My dear fellah," he drawled in his educated London accent, "pardon me for being so blunt, but the answer to your problem, on which you spent some considerable space which Busby could have utilised to much better advantage, can be summed up in three words."

"Oh?" I said, anxious to learn, but at the same time desirous of maintaining my status as an intellectual, "and what are the three words?"

"USE ABSORBENT PAPER," he screamed.

I led him into the sitting room, and Joy nodded knowingly, and dropped two tablets into a glass of water and forced him to drink it. I left them there, Joy maternally patting his head, and Vince crooning strangely to himself.

He came back into my den later, however, and what he demonstrated to me is the basis of this second lecture:-

## HOW TO MAINTAIN YOUR DUPLICATOR IN P.M.O.

I untied the string and pulled the rusted metal cover off my Gestetner. Vince looked at it searchingly. His eyebrows raised like a port-cullis.

"It does look pretty good," he vouchsafed.

I looked modestly at the knot-hole decorated floor boards.

"Do you mind if I examine it?" he said, and I nodded, pleased that this BNF had condescended to show an interest in me and mine.

He reached a hand into the inner recess of the machine, virgin territory as far as I was concerned, and tenderly pressed here and there, like a prenatal specialist.

"Everything in order," he observed in rather a surprised tone, and tried to pull his hand out. Sweat broke out on his temples, and his face, what I could see of it above the thatch, turned red, then blue.

"Hand stuck?" I suggested.

His reply, a single word, showed he had read and thoroughly digested MANA 2.

Wishing to assist this great and kindly fan, I gave the crank a sharp forward movement.

Vince executed a superb double flip and finished up on his hands and knees begging for mercy.

"The other way, if you please," he grated between sobs.

Joy rushed in and applied a tourniquet, and Vince was obviously in the throes of severe mental strain. It seemed to me, and I'm only guessing, that he didn't know whether to aim a savage blow with his other hand at the Gestetner or me. Sanity prevailed, however, and he aimed the fist at me.

I calmed him down, told him he was doing a good job, and, to boost his ego somewhat, asked his advice about the roller feed. I explained that sometimes a bunch of papers was pulled through, instead of a single sheet.

His eyes gleamed momentarily, and with a supreme mental effort he regained his composure.

Saying something like 'the snaffle flange actuating the dinkum pin which controls the feed roller has become attached' he very professionally pressed down a lever and withdrew the roller. He surveyed his inky hand ... inky arm ... inky shirt ... inky, matted beard.

"Duplicating ink shouldn't be on this roller," he thundered.

"Ah," I said sagely, backing towards the door, "I often wondered about that. The roller missed me, however, and Joy rushed in again and murmured encouragingly to Vince. "It's his house," I heard her say, "and we're guests, you must remember."

Vince failed to see the logic of this, as was demonstrated by his savage leap in my direction.

"Upstairs, first on the right," I hinted, trying to pass the incident off as best I could.

"Humour him," Joy hissed to me, and I caught on immediately.

"I deeply appreciate your valuable assistance, Vincent," I observed from behind the solid oak hall stand, "and I am certain that my Gestetner is now in P.M.O. But might I suggest one final examination? The numbering system doesn't function, and I have to count every sheet, and when I get past 60 or 70 I usually..."

Vince, under the influence of a hastily applied sedative, was almost his normal self again, except for the twitch on the left side of his face.

He looked down at the numbering device and actually smiled. He produced a screwdriver, and worked away like a Swiss watchmaker. Soon, the table was covered with springs and dials with numbers on them. Vince began to hum, and finally burst into song, the lyrics of which suggested he'd learned it at the Globe.

Seven hours passed, and he called me in again.

"Work the crank," he said.

"Really?" I breathed.

"Work the crank and watch the numbers move," he said proudly.

I gripped the crank and eased it ... it moved slowly ... I eased again ... gently ... slowly ... it moved too slowly ... I exerted my maximum strength and so s-l-o-w-l-y ... BANG.

I stood there, with the detached crank in my hand, and watched fascinated as little dials with numbers on them whizzed round the room like miniature flying saucers.

Joy, in the ready position, rammed a benzedrine inhaler up Vince's nostril and twisted.

"Hot coffee," she ordered, "quickly."

.....  
Later, Vince was philosophical about the whole thing. He sportingly



agreed to accept one of the little dials and promised to wear it on his lapel. I wear one too; it's nice to think I belong to a select group of fen who have reached the ultimate infustration and still remain sane.

And the final solution is my own. My very own discovery -- an infallible numbering device .... Joey, my budgerigar. His effective counting as the sheets slip through one by one is spoiled only by the frequent repition of the Mana word. I must hide him away next time Vinco comes to 'Mon Debris'.

## ELINORIAL

We met Ron Bennett at Southgate. He is indeed a fine fannish fellow, and we're glad, glad, I tell you, that he won the trip.

But we're still not completely satisfied; we wanted to meet John Berry. We still want to meet John Berry. We are determired to meet John Berry. So our little hearts throbbed with joy when we heard that the redoubtable dauntless Falascas were spearheading a campaign to raise funds to bring John Berry to Detroit. Dick Ellington and Buz & I have agreed to co-sponsor this campaign. Names of more co-sponsors will be announced later.

The Berry Fund is not in any way to be construed as competition for TAFF. No sir! TAFF's next project will be to take an American to Kettering in the spring of 1960. 1960 is a l-o-n-g time from now. In the meanwhile, we feel that the Detention will be the better for Berry.

We are so far from being indifferent to TAFF that we have already picked out a favorite candidate. Terry Carr. Or, to put it more emphatically, TERRY CARR. Our motto (or mine, rather -- Buz is always more concise) is

T\*E\*R\*R\*Y for TAFF --  
but  
B\*E\*R\*R\*Y before then!

This is just a little thing I thought up. You can construct slogans of your own, just as you please. 'Terry' and 'Berry' don't really have to go together, despite the fact they rhyme quite pleasingly. Actually, of course, the rhyme is inappropriate in that 'Terry' is Terry Carr's first name, and 'Berry' is John Berry's last name. But as is well known there are more Carrs than Terrys in fandom (despite Joan Carr's untimely demise) and similarly, there are more Johns than Berrys in fandom. In fact I believe that Terry and Berry are unique in fandom in their respective Terry- and Berryness.

Oh joy! The end of the stencil approaches. Back to Berry: the more I hear about Michifandom, the more I feel that the Detention will not be safe without the presence of the Goon Hissself. While in Detroit the Goon can, in addition to protecting fandom, ferret out the truth about many Michimysteries: the Saginaw explosion, the SAPS treasury, and other esoteric matters of perhaps even greater fannish import.

bringberrytodetroitbringberrytodetroitbringberrytodetroitbringberrytodetroit



"I'm from Seattle -- where are you from?"



# THE GATE WAS GREAT

## IN '58

Elinor Busby



We arrived in town Tuesday night, and checked in at the Alexandria. Then we called up Jack Harness, who came on over. He did not look at all as I expected. He looks quite normal & ordinary, blond & rather plump, and a little like Forry Ackerman in the face. He said I wasn't at all as he had pictured me. He said he had expected me to be sharp & vixenish. I explained that I was only vixenish when there was anything on hand to be vixenish about. We talked of divers things, and Jack explained some scientological terms which seemed almost intelligible at the time but have since faded from my mind like snow from the desert's dusty face.

The next day we called up Russ & Helen Haggard, who are good friends left over from Buz' old dianetic days. Russ came & got us, and we spent the afternoon chatting & playing samba and I won. That evening there was a question as to whether we should see sights or people. Buz & I held out for people, so Helen called a friend of theirs named Wayne Dunbar, & found out that though there was a work party in progress it would be okay for us to come over for awhile. We found the people putting out a thing for CADA so I immediately pulled a Belle Dietz and insisted on licking the stamps. The other girl, whose first name was Shirley, was wearing contact lenses, so we compared notes at some length. She is doing much better than I am. From there we talked of eyes in general, and A. E. Van Vogt said that dianetics had cleared up his astigmatism completely, and had started to help his near-sightedness when he read Hubbard's statement that dianetics had never lessened myopia. From then on no further improvement was possible!

Another thing we chatted about: I told Van Vogt that Walt Willis had described him as looking like James White, and that I thought there was indeed a very strong resemblance. Van Vogt questioned me about this, and having established the fact that he is the older of the two informed me that he certainly does not look like James White; he is the original & James White the copy -- James White looks like him! Van Vogt is certainly a very handsome man, especially when he laughs.

After a while we left; the Haggards wanted to show us Olvera Street. This is a very interesting place: purporting to be a bit of O\*L\*D pre-US California, I surmise it's more like Tijuana. However much very fascinating Mexican merchandise is for sale there. Helen & I browsed & browsed & browsed, doing our best to avoid the accusing glares of our men. Finally Russ & Buz sensibly decided to have a beer. I bought two pairs of earrings: one a pair of dangling orange glass dachshunds, and the other of plain round abalone shell. Then we joined our fellas, and I had a tostado while the others had burritos. I like Olvera Street, but I think the people responsible therefor are missing a trick or two. They should have mariachis roaming about, or if this would be too expensive or difficult, they should have Mexican music piped thru a loudspeaker. Now that I think of it, it seems to me I've heard that they have had mariachis there in the past.

We stayed with the Haggards that night, and the next morning they

drove us to Balboa to Buz' aunt Ruth's place, where we were delighted to find that her sister Ruby had come up to visit her and see us. About 2 o'clock Buz' cousin Mary called up & wanted to know if we wanted to come over and swim. I certainly did! Buz lolled on the light brown sand and drank beer, while I cavorted in the surf with a small inflated raft, burbling happily as the waves brought me in to shore. I played in the surf 2½ hrs., until the beach was almost completely deserted. Looking back, I think I really should have stayed in an hr. or so longer. When will I ever feel warm surf again? 69½° -- warm enough.

We had a very good dinner at Mary's house, and afterwards chatted for some while in their handsome living room, which is on the second floor to command a good view of the sea. The sea-side wall is mostly glass, the rafters are earth-quake proof & exposed, there's a nice big fireplace, and the room is all in brown & beige except for several dark, massive, dramatic Chinese antiques which Hank's parents brought back from the Orient a long time ago.

The next morning Hank drove us back to the Alexandria. Those freeways! You know, they're really something. Rivers of concrete, six lanes wide, flowing all over the city -- in one place four freeways are stacked on top of one another! -- and they are patrolled by helicopter.

We registered at the hotel and went up to our room. Buz went down first -- I wanted to take a shower. When I joined him he was, if I remember correctly, talking to Charles de Vet, who reminded me that fandom is just a goddam hobby (not quite in those words) & that I should encourage Buz to WRITE. I was gratified, and said I would. I was particularly glad to meet Chas. de Vet to express in person my thanks for the huge stack of fanzines he sent us early this year. He turned out to be a very pleasant and attractive person -- very healthy looking, with clear brown eyes and clear brownish skin.

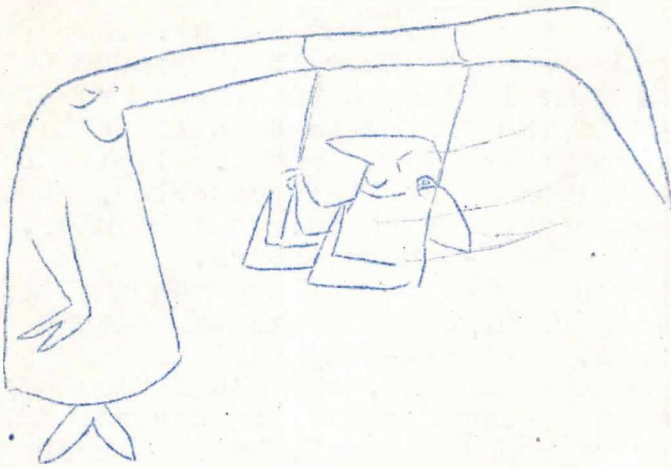
Then I registered, and there I met Terry Carr, who informed me that Carl Brandon was but a figment of the Berkeley group-mind. I was heart-broken! Carl was one of the people whom I was particularly eager to meet -- & instead I'd have to settle for Terry Carr & Ron Ellik. As Albert says, "In a word, phoo."

We also talked to various other people, Bob Shaw and his wife in particular, admired Bob Silverberg's extremely becoming board, and went out to lunch with Steve & Virginia Schultheis.

Don't remember the entire afternoon. I remember conniving in a Smoke Filled Room. That was very exciting, in a dull sort of way. The Detroiters & Chicagoans were there, and Falasces, and Gibsons, and Ed Wood, and Boyd Raeburn & Bill Donaho and I forget who all else. Dave Kyle showed up, and I was pleased to see that he has the sort of face I like: sensitive, mobile and open. After considerable talk it was apparent that the consensus was "Down with WSFS, Inc.!" and the only question remaining was how. Bill Donaho, an impressively large sort of person, was to put the resolution at the business meeting, and the problem was would he be recognized. Finally they decided to ask Anna Moffatt and the meeting was adjourned. Actually, there never was very much smoke.

I don't remember whether it was before or after the Smoke Filled Room that we chatted in the bar with Poul Anderson, but I do remember his discovering that he was to be a judge at the tea-drinking contest, and his & Buz' agreement that they would be only too happy to be contestants in a beer-drinking contest, and his (Poul's) imitation of a sports announcer describing his (Poul's) prowess in such a contest. But the tea-drinking contest itself was a drag. For one thing they had too many contestants, and nobody seemed to know who was supposed to make the tea or serve it, and there was nobody to deliver a running commentary, and nothing for the audience to drink, and as the tea was to be made with





teabags from water that had been boiling two hrs., one (this one) felt that it would undoubtedly be quite horrible tea and tend to place one's native land in disrepute. So we left the tea-drinking contest.

Then, I believe, we got together with some Little Men: Geo. Scithers, Ben Stark, and Liz & Neal Wilson and went thru our lines for the play Monday.

We had dinner with the aforementioned Little Men. Then Karen came in and sat beside us, and she was truly a most pitiable sight

to behold. Djinn Faine had won, with a score of 23 cups. Karen had achieved a score of 18 cups, and she said that everyone who finished off 18 cups suffered for it. She ordered a salad, and it came, and she stared at the salad and the salad stared at her, and the feeling was that Karen would break down first.

Friday evening I saw Barbara Silverberg, and for about 20 or 30 seconds I didn't recognize her. I was horribly mortified -- but actually, it wasn't my fault. Wally Weber brought over some pics from the London convention. "Who's that?" says I. "Barbara Silverberg," says Wally. "Oh? It doesn't look like Barbara Silverberg." "It is, though." I stared at the picture quite convinced, and really astonished at how a change of hairstyle could alter a woman's appearance. Eleven months later Boyd identified the pic as being of Leslie Something-or-other, but by that time it was too late. My originally vivid mental picture of Barbara Silverberg was all overlaid with Leslie Something-or-other.

The convention officially opened at 7:00. Rick Snearly talked, and the Mayor of Southgate who proclaimed the Hotel Alexandria a part of Southgate for the duration of the convention, and Anthony Boucher, and John W. Campbell, Jr. The latter two explained that they were printing stories that they considered passable; that they didn't receive enough first-rate stories to fill their zines. Mr. Campbell discussed psionics machines for some time, becoming quite indignant with people who suppress the facts about psionic machines, and like that. During the latter part of his discourse I became restive -- oh! those seats were hard! Though 2½ hrs. is long enough to sit quietly in any sort of chair. So when Campbell finished talking we all got up. Anna Moffatt yelled at us to keep our seats, so I stood up, resolving to do so. Another hour of sitting would have stripped the golden screw for sure.

We -- about six of us -- went down to the lobby, and there stood about or sat about for some time, while Buz moaned from time to time of his pitiful dehydration. Rotsler arrived at the con then, and indicating Buz queried "Who's the nut with the beard?" Buz does have a very nice beard indeed, but Rotsler's is the more magnificent of the two, being around the entire lower periphery of his face, and thick, dark & neatly trimmed. A word about Rotsler: he is not a fabulous Burbee-like character, but is certainly more than just an 'arty feller'. I think he is a fabulous Rotsler-like character, surely an eminently satisfactory state of being.

Buz' drought became so pathetic that I departed with him for the bar, & there Buz became quite abstracted and unresponsive, & when I asked him what his problem was he whispered "That's B\*U\*R\*B\*E\*E in the

booth with G. M. Carr! So I picked up my drink (& Buz did likewise) and we wandered over & introduced ourselves. Or like that. Then we sat down in the next booth, and I accused the man with Burboe of being Elmer Purdue, which he proudly admitted. I reminded Elmer of how he first appeared in "Ah Sweet Idiocy" -- they were playing a record of his piano-playing to do him honor when he arrived, and he said "Jesus what stink-finger piano." Elmer remembered (corrected my wording) & said that he doesn't play stink-fingered anymore -- nowadays he plays from the heart.

There was quite a bit of milling around & going back & forth between bar & convention hall to check on when "Born of Man & Woman" was to be shown (which actually we never did see), but at some point during the evening there were quite a lot of us in one booth: Burboe, Boyd, Rotsler, Bob Pavlat, Lee Jacobs, and I forget who all else. That was

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"SAPS is what FAPA would be if FAPA had the nerve." quoted by Lee Jacobs.  
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when I got my first batch of cartoons from Rotsler. And that was the evening I heard the watermelon story for the first time.

Bob Pavlat asked me what kind of an accent I have. I told him that I don't have any accent at all -- I was born and brought up in the Pacific Northwest, where people don't have accents. Bob said I didn't talk quite like other people he knew from the Pacific Northwest. He said he thought I sounded a little bit like Boyd Raeburn, -- said he'd thought so at the Midwestcon last year. I was flattered that he thought I sounded in the slightest degree like Boyd, who in my opinion has the pleasantest and most interesting speaking voice of anybody I know, but fiercely disclaimed all accent. On thinking it over though I do believe that some (not all) of my vowels have been permanently affected by a phonetics course I took once. And intonations are probably governed by choice of phraseology, & my choices are occasionally atypical. (So now you know, Bob!)

Eventually some of us went up to the Detroit party, and there we met Bob Leman. Bob Leman was quite a surprise to me. I had pictured him as a distinctly cerebrotonic type: aesthetic build, dark rimmed heavy glasses, and all like that. Not so! Instead he's a robust, vigorous, conservative-looking extrovert with fiercely jocular eyes and a heavy aggressive jaw.

Then there was more milling about -- checking on the Chicago party and like that; and eventually Bob Leman, Jack Harness, Ellis Mills & I went out for a bite to eat around two or two-thirty. 'Twas very pleasant, but all I remember of this was that Bob was quite disconcerted (or pretended to be) at being seen with Ellis and Jack, who were both wearing spinnerbeanies, and Jack muttered disconsolately that Bob wasn't willing to grant him his beanie-ness. This was, of course, a pun on sen. jargon. I could hardly wait to retail it to Buz, and Buz was enchanted too.

The telephone woke me up next morning at the crack of dawn -- about 9:00. There was a telegram for F. M. Busby -- did we want it sent up? Yes. So I cowered by the door, with a tip for the bellboy in my little paw & my heart in my shoes, providing I had been wearing shoes. I was sure that it was bad news, and that the convention was all over for us. Instead it turned out to be a friendly little message from Bruce Polz. I was indignant. I was still tired & now horribly wide-awake, and Buz was sleeping as peacefully as can be imagined, and actually, Bruce is more Buz' friend. (Bruce, I forgive you. I probably wouldn't have slept much longer anyhow.)



1 MISS CARL  
BRANDON



So I cheered myself up by looking at my Rotsler cartoons. Oddly enough, they looked even funnier than they had the night before, and I swore a mighty oath that I would get many more before the con was over, and I did, too. Then I took the latest INNUENDO to read in bed, and was amused except when I thought of Carl Brandon, and then I felt sad.

We had a sort of rehearsal in Boucher's suite around noon. Buz pooped around and didn't arrive until everybody else was all done, but was allowed to run thru his scenes anyway. I forget what we did the rest of the afternoon: I believe Buz mostly sat in the bar, chatting with two science fiction readers who hadn't known there was a con there and with Karon Anderson; and I wandered around thru nearby stores, heard part of the Bradbury talk which sounded excellent, and returned to Buz for a daiquiri or two.

We went out for dinner with Boyd, John Champion, Ted White, Nick & Noroon Falasca, Bill Rickhardt, & Bill Donaho. It appeared to me that we walked miles & miles looking for a suitable restaurant, but eventually our faith or

energy was rewarded, because we found one that not only had an interesting menu with reasonable prices, but also a booth that just exactly & precisely nine people could fit into comfortably. We had much enjoyable conversation during dinner, and Bill Donaho disposed of most of the leftovers, which touched Buz & me deeply because it put us in mind of our dear Mobby & Lisa, left behind at the vet's.

That evening we chatted with Burbee in the bar. Various people were there at various times: Ron Ellik, Torry Carr & Miriam Dyches, Boyd

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"You're a Publishing Giant--" Chas. Burbee

"but a Chronological Midget." Ellik  
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Raeburn, Bob Pavlat & Dale Hart. I took a few notes in shorthand. The first thing I took down, why, Burbee was quite shocked, because actually it wasn't proper. And it does occur to me that considering how many perfectly clean and pure things Burbee said it's hardly fair to take down the improper things. However--

The consensus was that Burbee looks like Frankenstein's monster. Buz said Burbee would look more like Frankenstein's monster with a bolt in his neck, but Burbee said that eager though he might be to oblige "I can't put a bolt in my neck because --" gee, it isn't fair, is it?

Later, pros were being auctioned off, and there was talk of Burbee going upstairs to purchase E. Everett Evans, or of E. Everett Evans being purchased as a present for Burbee. Then Burbee said that he was going to give up joking about E. Everett Evans. "I gave up smoking -- certainly I can give up E. Everett Evans. I used to get pleasure out of smoking 5 times every day, which is more than I can say for E. Everett Evans."

Late in the evening a man wandered into the bar & invited us to a party in Kris Neville's room. When we got there we found that the man who invited us was our host so I took a picture of him. Then some man threw his arm around a woman who, like the Shulamite, was black but comely & said "Take a picture of Kris Neville's wife with my arm around her." But I said very firmly that I was just photographing pros & fans, not pros' wives however photogenic. Then Mrs. Neville asked for a print of

her husband's pic, & I promised to send it to her, and I will too, real soon now.

I saw Dave Riko there. "You're Dave Riko," I said. "& I'm Elinor Busby."

"That's right," he said. "You know who I am and I know who you are." We gazed at each other rather quietly. It was abundantly clear to us both that we had, at the moment, nothing to discuss. But still I felt an irrational determination to converse with him. He very kindly offered me a Vitamin C pill, and took one himself.

"What do you take vitamin C for?" I inquired.

"To ward off colds," he said. "I get terrible colds. I have asthma and bronchitis, and get pneumonia every winter." (I think those were the ills he mentioned.)

Dave Riko was a surprise to me. I had pictured him as a feisty-looking sturdy brunetto type, and had been really bugged by RUR. No longer! Never again! Henceforth I shall regard his fire-eating as essentially theoretical & academic & like that. Dave is tall and thin, and has a smallish head with thick light-brown hair, long thick light-brown eyelashes and fair slightly pinkish skin. He has a sort of downy look, which, together with his high-bridged long thin nose and short upper lip, and tendency to stalk about on his long thin legs with his head down, reminds me of those large birds which wade thru shallow tropical waters looking for fish. I liked him, and enjoyed looking at him.

I got a picture of Phil Bronson (took a number of pictures of people who were in "Ah Sweet Idiocy") & I almost got a picture of R. A. Hoffman -- I inadvertently chopped his head off. Bob Hoffman hadn't even known that he was mentioned in "Ah Sweet Idiocy" & wanted to know what Lancy had said about him. All I could remember was that he and Lancy drove down to California together & that he was heavier in those days & that he & Lancy corresponded a lot before they met, & not at all afterward. He agreed that these facts were perfectly correct.

I seem to remember quite a few bongo drummers at Kris Neville's party, and after a while Buz & I went down to the Detroit suite. There we heard some tapes. First a plug for Detroit, which was quite cute. Then Sandy Cutrell started playing a tape of songs from his forthcoming zine. Actually, there was too much noise & too many milling people for listening to be enjoyable. After a while Boyd & Cliff Gould & I left for the Chicago suite.

There Cliff & I had a pleasant chat. I discovered that he is quite an aficionado. In 1951 I was briefly but intensely interested in bull-fighting: bought and earnestly studied two books on the subject, saw 3 movies dealing therewith, and in person ecstatically behold a total of 18 bulls artistically slaughtered. So I was interested to hear that my one-time hero, Carlos Arruza was fighting at Tijuana, & shocked (though I didn't divulge it) to discover that he's fighting Portuguese style from horse-back. Cliff & I complacently agreed that Arruza's famous 'el telefono' was a vulgar gesture designed to appeal to the uninformed masses.

And at the Chicago suite I got some more cartoons from Rotsler. Rotsler said he was burned out, couldn't think up any more ideas for cartoons. So Ed Cox and Lee Jacobs and I took turns supplying lines. It was terribly nerve-racking, because

I HAD IT RIGHT ON  
THE TIP OF MY MIND  
AND NOW I'VE LOST IT.





Rotsler said that anybody who missed twice was out of the game. Actually, everybody missed more than twice and nobody was put out, but One Never Knew. After a while Lee Jacobs, who isn't pubbing and so had no vested interest in obtaining Rotsler cartoons, got tired & left, and then rather shortly Boyd Raeburn got into the game.

'Twas all most delightful, but eventually Rotsler got tired and disappeared, and after a while I decided that if I wasn't tired I should be and went home & went to bed. I lay there for about an hour, getting wider awake every minute. Finally I realized that I was hungry, HUNGRY, H\*U\*N\*G\*R\*Y, and got up, dressed, and went in search of someone to go out to eat with.

I found Buz in the Detroit suite, with Wally Weber, Dave Rike, Bill Rickhardt, John Champion & Jerry DeMuth, & I forget who-all else. They were listening to the Cutrell tapes, and I found myself quite enchanted. I liked "Which Side Am I On?" in particular, which Sandy sang with a sort of authentic cold loneliness. Finally Bill Rickhardt turned the taper off. "The rest is obscene," he said.

"Oh?" I said, "I'd like to hear it." So he turned it back on, but after the first few words I knew I'd made a mistake, and he couldn't turn it off fast enough to suit me. It turns out that I'm not really hardened & blase -- I just lead a rather sheltered life.

Well, Buz definitely would not go out to eat with me, and at first it appeared that nobody else would, either. The consensus seemed to be that if I was hungry enough I could go out to eat by myself. But I explained that I was afraid to go out by myself in the dark in LA in a rather poor neighborhood, and instantly Jerry DeMuth & Wally Weber leaped to their respective feet and we set forth.

We breakfasted at 'Googie's' and chatted of various things, and I got quite well acquainted with Jerry who is a very pleasant and attractive person with bright brown eyes & long curly eyelashes, and in many respects a typical fan. The waitress was quite interested in Jerry's beard, which was shaved to read 'Chi' on the one side and '59' on the other. She asked if Jerry minded if the cook came to see it too. Jerry didn't mind at all, but the cook hadn't arrived before we finished and paid, and so was forever deprived of this interesting sight.

After breakfast I began to feel very sleepy. I got to bed about 5:00 or 5:30 and went right to sleep. I didn't even hear Buz come in.

I got up about quarter to 10 the next morning. SAPS Open House, at 10:00. The SAPS Open House was Buz' idea, but he didn't attend. Frankly, I don't remember who did attend. I was there, and Jack Harness, and G. M. Carr. Among non-SAPS present were ex-SAP Lee Jacobs, Bob Pavlat (a Fapan spy), Arthur Hayes (who asked to be put on the w/l), and two WAVES who chanced to wander in. 'Twas horribly frustrating having to explain SAPS to the WAVES who were just asking to be polite, when actually I wanted to chat with Bob Pavlat and Lee Jacobs; but Jack Harness put me out of my misery, as 'twere, by insisting on having the meeting convened. I would have left the meeting unconvened, because I actually didn't think of it as a meeting but rather as an Open House, but that was all right. So we convened the meeting, and tried to think of some business or something, but the only thing that occurred to us was that we were in favor of Detroit.

Eventually it got to be 10:30, and Bob, Jack, Lee and I went out for breakfast. Cliff Gould came up, and I moved over and asked him to sit down. As he did so he made a remark to Lee Jacobs that made me regret having asked him. It impressed me as an unsuitable thing to say to Lee Jacobs, who is a person of great dignity and charm. After Jack left for the Cult meeting Cliff took his place, and then he said something to me

WRITE IT  
DOWN!



that rather bugged me. But what he said to me had at least the merit of subtlety. That ol' Clifford -- he's friendly, outgoing, and far from stupid. But he has got a personality flaw, and after much deliberation I have reached the tentative conclusion that he is exceedingly curious about people and is always trying to find out about 'em, and that one of his favorite techniques is reaction-testing via the Shocking Remark. No doubt he'll grow out of it soon. The tendency to make shocking remarks, I mean, not the curiosity. People who are naturally curious about people never outgrow it (at least, they haven't by the time they get to be my age).

Looking back at my remark about Lee Jacobs-- that he is a person of dignity-- It may seem

a strange thing to say about a jolly-looking fan in a spinnerbeanie, the blades of which were about a foot long. But Lee has what Victorian novelists called 'presence'.

The business meeting started at 1:00. Detroit won the bid, of course. Immediately after Dean McLaughlin made his speech the cheers & applause told us it was in the bag. There was considerable clapping after Earl Kemp's speech too, but it was different. There, I believe, people were simply acknowledging pleasure in the fact of Earl Kemp's existence. I know I was.

Then Bill Donaho presented a resolution petitioning the directors to dissolve WSFS, Inc., which passed well-nigh unanimously. Oh, that was a magnificent scene. Bob Dietz, who had recently been declared an illegally elected Director, got up, shaking with anger, and said that the convention was illegal too & that what it did couldn't affect WSFS Inc. And Anna Sinelare Moffatt won the eternal respect of fandom by forcefully stating that this was not a meeting of the WSFS Inc. -- this was the 16th World Science Fiction Convention, held in the state of California! It was a Great Moment.

We didn't decide definitely to go to the banquet until just before it started. We sat across from Charles de Vet and chatted with him about sf and fanzines. It tickles me that a pro like de Vet, with no apprenticeship in actifandom whatsoever, should relish fanzines the way he does. Why, he even likes the CRY lettercol! & made a special effort to meet Rich Brown, one of his favorite CRY letterhacks. I enjoyed that.

We heard Forry Ackerman, Robert Bloch and various other folk. Everybody was very good. Ron Bennett delighted me by saying that the thing that surprised him most about America was that it was so compact -- it was so easy to get from one side of it to the other! Buz began to feel unwell after Mike Hinge's talk, so we left abruptly and missed the awards and Matheson's speech, which I hear was very good.

Maybe some day some courageous fan will attend a convention in its entirety. But when this day arrives the courageous fan will probably not be a Busby. It doesn't seem in our pattern somehow.

But we went to the masquerade ball. We had costumes that I had made myself. Unimpressive but comfortable, colorful, and with plenty of pockets. The masquerade ball was not much of a ball. Hardly anybody danced -- people just stood around. I took a few pictures, but with black and white film my heart wasn't in it.

Some of the costumes were wonderful. Karen Anderson was a magnifi-



cent vampire, with blood running down the corner of her mouth. Trina Castillo looked most attractive in a gold embroidered black leotard and black tights, with a golden spiral about her cute little person. Rick Sneary made an effectively eerie Ringwraith, and there were numerous other good costumes. But the thrill of the evening was an extraordinarily tall thin and darning creature who burst from the balcony thru the French doors emitting uncouth cries and foul smelling smoke, and stalked arrogantly about communicating with no one at all. He never dropped his characterization -- not for a moment.

Bob Pavlat told us Isabel Burbee was in the bar and wanted to meet us, so pretty soon we went down. We found her talking to E. Mayne Hull, a handsome & attractive woman with dark shadowy eyes & an arts&crafts taste in jewelry. Mrs. Van Vogt left shortly, and Isabel asked us to dinner the next day. We were pleased thru and thru. We chatted with Isabel for quite a while, and then she went upstairs to see some of her old friends up there, and we chatted with Elmer Perdue and Rita, a friend of Isabel's.

Some while after Isabel and Rita left Buz went to bed, and Burbee & I went up to Bob Loman's party. Bob asked for the watermelon story, & Burbee told it to him. Burbee said he liked being asked for the watermelon story, because it proved that the asker had some idea who he was.

Here I exchanged a few words with Peter Graham (who impressed me as very sincere and earnest) and overheard his conversation with a young fanne. Peter: "Where are you going?" Girl: "The party in Santa Monica. Come on." "Do you know where it is?" "No, but we'll find someone who knows." "No, you won't. You'll wander around for hours, but you won't find the party. & if you do find it -- it's an invitational party, you weren't invited, and you won't be welcome." The girl wasn't convinced, but man! I thought Peter summed the situation up rather well.

Here Jack Harness signed my book "Rev. John R. Harness" & I scolded him for it. I said he should have signed it "Jack Harness" because he's actually not so much a minister as a part-time shaman. Jack Harness: "Well, shaman you!" He was right; I was rude.

Here Clifford Gould mentioned how much he enjoyed looking at Trina, and wanted to know whether I liked looking at her too, or whether it was just sex. I said I thought Trina was very cute indeed and that I did like to look at her, but that there were a number of people at the convention that I liked looking at more. Cliff immediately wanted to know who they were but I wouldn't tell him -- I will say now though that they were all male.

I would have stayed longer at Bob Loman's party which had a great many interesting people at it including Bob, but I was wearing contact lenses and they became most uncomfortable. So I bid a rather sad farewell to our host, of whom I had not seen half enough, and went home.

Next day we had a rehearsal. Or rather, we were supposed to have a rehearsal but the stage was busy. So we ran thru our lines in a room that the NFFF kindly loaned us. We never did have a real rehearsal. It's remarkable that the thing came off as well as it did.

Karen really goofed in one thing: not having Roger Sims be the teddybear. He had a teddybear costume (panda, really) for the masquerade, & looked perfectly adorable in it. Instead, Karen used Astrid's personal bear, which, sitting behind a desk, was completely invisible. Karen had a little costume for the bear, which of course Roger could not have worn, but it didn't show anyhow, behind the desk. & Roger is much cuter than

Astrid's bear, much fresher and newer looking than Astrid's bear, and his voice would have been infinitely more audible than Liz Wilson's dubbing in from behind a screen, and his having to read his lines would have been no worse than Buz' reading all his lines & my reading some of mine. Yup -- Karen goofed. The scene with Astrid's bear was the draggiest part of the play.

Some of the acting was very good -- some less so. Boucher would have been wonderful if anyone could have heard him. His characterizations were great and he knew his parts perfectly, but I doubt if anyone past the first few rows could hear a word. Buz was magnificently hammy, but had to read his parts. Karen didn't quite know her part (which surprised me, since she wrote the play) but she adlibbed so competently I'm sure nobody noticed except the actors awaiting a cue. All in all, I think George Scithers was probably the best actor. He knew his parts and he talked good and loud and clear, and with lots of emotion. But the big hit of the play was E. E. Smith, as the Upstage Lensman. All he had to do was walk across the stage holding a sign, but the signs were funny, and having Doc Smith to carry them was truly a lucky stroke. & most of all, the audience could read, if they couldn't hear.

The Westercon business meeting started immediately after the play. We joined the audience immediately -- I still had my hair poked up in my cap, and at that I missed most of Wally's bidding speech. If I'd stopped to comb my hair I wouldn't have had a chance to vote for Seattle. After Wally's speech there was a bid from San Diego, and a seconding speech from San Diego. Then, much to everybody's astonishment, Don Day got up & made a completely impromptu seconding speech for Seattle. He said if Seattle didn't get the Westercon they should change the name to California Con, because it had never been held anywhere except in California. & he put in some kind words for the Nameless, too. He cinched it for us -- we got it by a good healthy majority. We were really pleased, Nameless and Nameless Anonymous both.

So then we changed our clothes, and eventually at about five o'clock we met Burbee downstairs. Boyd Racburn, Bob Pavlat, Terry Garr and Miriam Dyches rode with Ed Cox, and Buz & I with Burbee.

The Burbee house is a rather new house in a neighborhood of rather new houses, and is on a very wide, very short street, tree-lined on both sides. They have two ornamental trees in their front yard, and in the back yard they have a fig tree, two peach trees and another tree -- pomegranate, I believe. In the back yard they also have two very cute little dogs. One is half cairn terrier and half pomeranian, the other is about the same size and somewhat similar in appearance, though not related. They are very friendly, jolly, scampy bright-eyed little things.

Isabel and a neighbor girl, Olga, were cooking a real Mexican dinner. I love Mexican food, so I watched quite carefully and Isabel explained and I took notes. I got an ojolla (beanpot) from Isabel too, and have made frijoles refritos several times since coming home, with excellent success.

William Rotsler and Nina arrived. Rotsler and Burbee said Nina has a 44" bust. Whether this is true or merely a joke I have no idea, but she is not the Audrey Hepburn or Grace Kelly type. She seems like a very nice girl -- decorative and unaffected. Burbee was quite frankly pleased by the break-

BUT HE'S A NICE  
TEDDY BEAR!





up of Rotsler's marriage. He said he'd missed Rotsler, and Mina said rather softly that she'd missed him too. Rotsler shook his head slowly and said with a sort of grave twinkle "There's not a dry eye in the house." Actually -- I didn't miss Rotsler at all because I didn't even know him, but I would have if I had.

The dinner was most excellent, and so was the home brew.

"I don't have any secret vices -- I advertise them in my fanzines." CEB

Rotsler said that except for mundane things like "Please pass the beer" I talked almost entirely in interlineations and cover quotes, and that he wished we lived in southern California. I was immensely gratified, and resolved not to say anything at all for the rest of the evening, to preserve his good opinion for as long as possible. However, when Burbee started to tell the Story with variations I forgot, and shouted indignantly that if he was going to tell that story differently he shouldn't talk with his mouth full; and Rotsler who was passing by patted me kindly on the head and said "See what I mean?" But at the end of the evening Buz and Rotsler agreed sadly that you always spoil a thing by calling attention to it.

About that watermelon story. Burbee told it again --this made the third time I'd heard it. The third time was the charm -- I suddenly found myself laughing. In the buildup (which I just heard once, on Friday night) Burbee tells of the various times and places he's told this story; and one time he mentions is when he told it to the men in his platoon, who had heard it every afternoon for weeks, and to some strange officers, and the men in his platoon rolled on the ground with laughter and the strange officers were not amused. The effect of the watermelon story, like radioactivity or the Chinese water-torture, is cumulative.

After dinner we started talking about Laney and "Ah Sweet Idiocy" and like that. Burbee said he'd never read the book, so he dug out his copy and Terry Carr read out loud to him Laney's description of the Burbees. Part of Laney's description of Burbee didn't appeal to Burb at all, but there was one sentence he liked. "Read that sentence again," he said. "Read that sentence again." But Terry wouldn't.

Isabel was very much annoyed that Laney said she was shrewish, and I certainly don't blame her. Egad! I don't believe for a minute that Isabel is any more shrewish than it behooves a woman of spirit to be. "Shrewish" is a loaded word. Most unfair.

"He made a couple enemies for me that I would rather have made for myself." CEB

Burbee told us a number of stories about LASFS folk -- most fascinating. One story in particular could have been pubbed just as he told it, and it would have been as good as anything in "The Incomplete Burbee". (We received a considerable amount of Burbee material from Don Wilson last week -- Papa surpluss took. Now, when I read anything by Burbee I can almost hear him say it, and see him, with his head down a bit and perhaps a trifle to one side, and his downward slanting eyes, and his long thin humorous upper lip much like Cantinflas'. --I can almost see and hear Elmer when reading Perdue material, too. -- Meeting people certainly adds an extra dimension to their writing.)

Wm. Rotsler & Mina left first, and took Bob Pavlat with them. Boyd, Terry & Miriam and Buz & I left a couple hours later with Ed Cox. We

went to the Detroit suite, where we found Bob Pavlat, Ron Bennett, the Falasceas, Ted White, Bill Rickhardt and I forget who-all else. Boyd & I sat on a window sill and exchanged gossip, and Norcen Falasca thrilled me no end by telling some of the other things that occurred during the convention. It seems that the character at the masquerade, Ol' Smudgepot, strode forcefully down to Pershing Square & back, bringing with him many juvenile delinquents and other weird types, and there was sort of a riot and the police came and at that precise moment a boat young fan was clinging to a window ledge above threatening suicide. I was absolutely delighted, but Buz was rather shocked. Whether he disapproved of Ol' Smudgepot's extraconventional activities, or people who promise suicide and don't do it, or people who enjoy hearing about these things-- I'm not sure.

We said goodbye to a great many people that night, and it was rather sad. A relief of course, after four days of constant and excessive stimulation, but S\*A\*D.

We had made a date the week before with the Haggards for Tuesday afternoon. We thought of breaking it & going to see Elmer Perdue instead, but decided that it would not be the thing to do. Wish we could have split ourselves up -- we wanted to see the Haggards & Elmer both!

And a few minutes after talking with Elmer, we developed a poignant desire to split ourselves three ways -- we discovered that Bob & Sadie Shaw (& tad) would be in town until 7:00. 'Twould have been very pleasant indeed to spend the afternoon with them.

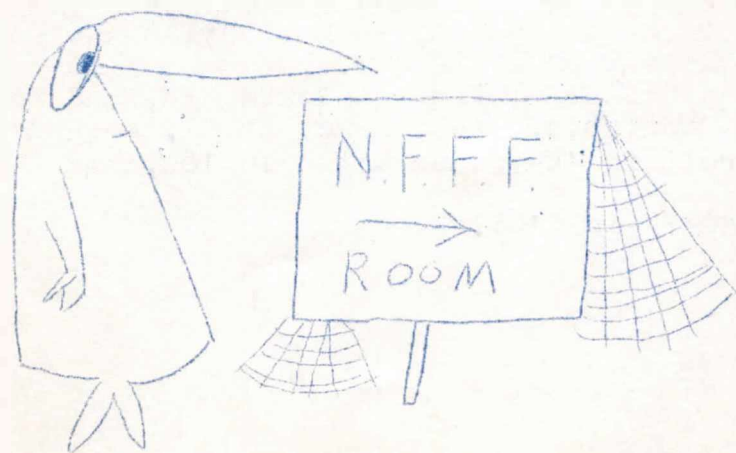
At any rate, we had a cup of coffee with the Shaws and G. M. Carr. GM said gaily that people were always surprised when they met her, because she's so different in person and in print. I softly interjected "Sometimes." But we were quite friendly.

The Shaws had spent a couple hours in Seattle the Sunday before the con, and had thought of us but not wanted to call because it was 5:00 AM. Damn! I hereby give notice that any trufen passing thru the city of Seattle may call us at any hour of the day or night. Any trufen from a distance, that is. Trufen of the region can wait until we're up.

We took the bus out to the Haggards' and spent a very quiet afternoon with Helen. Then we took them out to dinner, and our choice of restaurant proved most unfortunate. The daiquiris were horrible -- very sweet, with undissolved sugar in the bottom. The food was good but h. to in coming, and the waitress brought all the wrong things. After doing everything else wrong, she presented an incorrect bill. Buz corrected it and paid her, and then she brought the wrong change. Every time a goof was pointed out to her she would laugh merrily. We couldn't decide

whether she was on dope or tranquillizers. Whatever it might be, it was inadvisable.

We traveled coach to San Francisco, and slept scarcely at all. By the time we got to Berkoley & found a hotel we were really pooped. A deal with the Andersons had been cooked up a long long time before -- dinner at a Chinese restaurant. But, after stopping in Berkoley for this express purpose, we begged off. I certainly hope our doing so did not inconvenience them -- I'm afraid it might have. But we were





not up to it. Our appetites had been out of kilter for a week or more, and neither of us could bear the thought of eating more than the lightest snack. Nor were we up to touring Chinatown. Nope!

We got in touch with Terry Carr. We would have liked to get in touch with Peter Graham and Dave Rike, too (Ron Ellik we knew was still in LA) but it proved impossible. But Terry and Jim Caughran came over to see us, and we had some beer and a quiet, relaxing evening.

Jim Caughran (pronounced Corrun) is a pleasant, quiet youth who will be handsome in another year or two. He's the proper size to be a Publishing Giant -- those Berkeley fellas are tall -- but doesn't want to be. I guess he's determined to be a Publishing Midget instead. That's okay. I don't know how many Publishing Giants fandom is ready for.

Terry is a very handsome and pleasant-looking young man who talks just exactly as he writes, only he needs a new ribbon. I mean he should talk a little louder, but he does speak distinctly, which is a great thing. He told us about Al Ashley's being at the masquerade ball, and how he was asked to say "You bastard", and at first he was embarrassed and didn't want to, and then he got into the spirit and went about saying "You bastard" to everybody. And Terry told how he sold the last, the very last copy of "The Incomplete Burbee" to Al Ashley, and got Al Ashley to autograph his (Terry's) own copy on page 69 -- "You Bastard, Said Al Ashley" -- but that unfortunately this newly priceless zine was stolen, along with Terry's other belongings, and Miriam's, and Forry Ackerman's, out of Ackerman's parked (& locked) car. And Terry said that hundreds of Rotsler cartoons were amongst his belongings! I hope the thief enjoyed them.

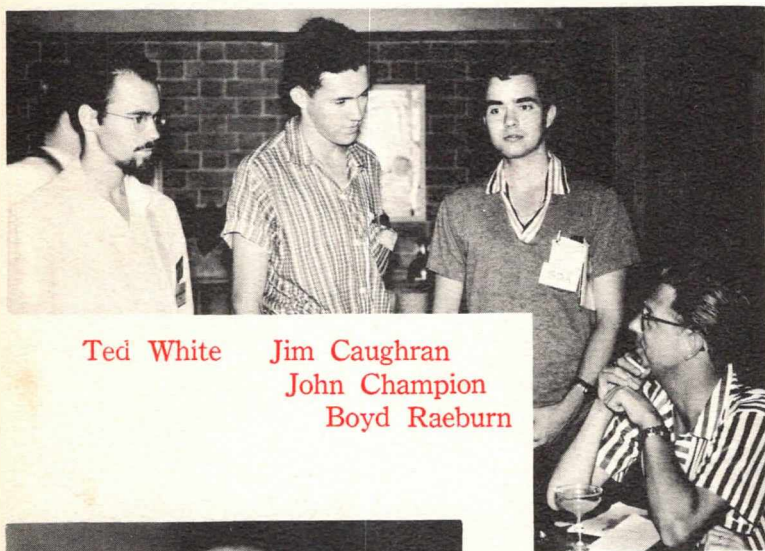
Terry said that the reason Carl appeared more talented than anybody else in Berkeley was that "Carl Brandon" stuff was always rough-drafted. Terry rough-drafts his editorials, but most of his and Ron's other material is composed on stencil. Well -- I'll have to admit that Terry's editorials have always been quite equal to Carl Brandon's best.

Terry signed my book with his own name, and Carl Brandon's. More than ever I understood the real affection people had for Carl. Terry's natural handwriting is even, attractive, competent and self-assured looking. Carl's handwriting is young and unformed. One had the feeling about Carl that here was a Young Genius who needed to be Cherished and Appreciated.

We left Berkeley the next morning, and arrived home without further incident. In closing I want to mention that on looking thru this report I see that there are quite a number of people of whom I have given insufficient indication of my pleasure in their company -- Bob Pavlat and Ron Ellik for two -- & I don't know how to work it in now.

And I want to say that I had a wonderful time at Southgate, and feel most grateful to the putters-on -- Moffatts, Rick Sneary et al. -- and am looking forward eagerly to Detroit in '59, Washington in '60, and

P\*U\*C\*O\*N in '61!



Ted White    Jim Caughran  
John Champion  
Boyd Raeburn



Jack Harness    Elinor Busby



Kris Neville



Burbee



Roger Sims    Jerry DeMuth



Noreen Falasca    Bob Pavlat  
Lee Jacobs



Elmer Perdue



Mina    Wm Rotsler