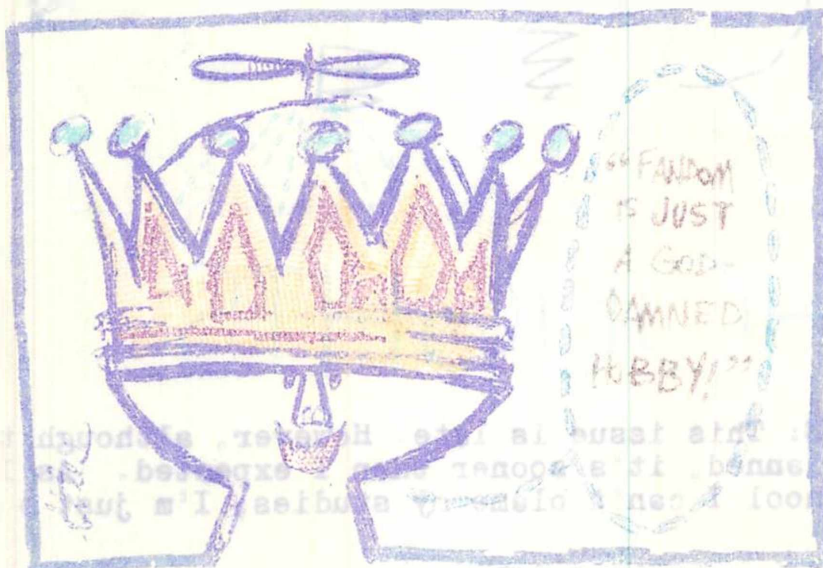


Sam #12

Bob Lintman

SAM

Sam #12 is produced and edited by Steve Stiles and duplicated by Herman, my spirit duplicator. This issue was supposed to have been the nov.-Dec. issue, but is instead the January-February 1965 Sam for this year. Sigh. My new address is 207 W. 80th St., NYC 10024. Official Ex-Cooditor: the friendly Ian J. Lewis. NY IN 671 CAMP FOR TAFT!



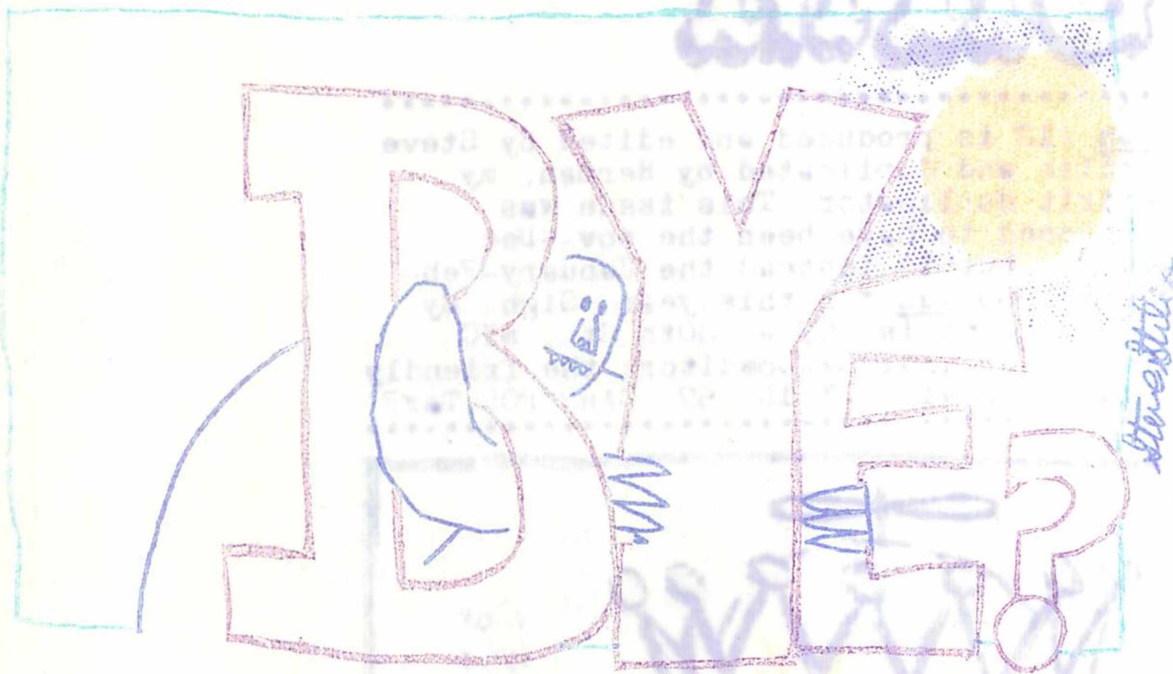
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((total: 50 pages.))

Big toes speak to hair follicles.

Eternity is the most faithful thing there is.



FIRST THOUGHTS

TRADITIONAL OPENING LINE: This issue is late. However, although this issue is later than I planned, it's sooner than I expected. As I've since graduated from school I can't blame my studies; I'm just a damned slow typist.

This issue is also larger than I planned. Larger than the last issue, in fact. As of this writing I've polished off some 30 pages, with two contributions to go and the end of Dick Lupoff's convention report just barely in sight. If I had the luxury of freedom of choice I might be very tempted to leave Les Gerber's column and John Koning's piece for the next issue. Unfortunately, there may not be another issue of Sam as we know it.

Caught your attention, hey? Yes, it looks like Sam, as a genzine, may fold. This bit has come about courtesy Uncle Sam who, in a burst of remarkable holiday timeliness, sent me the following message on December 20th: "You are hereby directed, fella, to produce yourself for an immediate pre-induction physical...." ("MERRY CHRISTMAS, BUDDY!")

Ho, ho, ho.

We will draw a veil over the seven hours spent at the draft/induction center, except to say that if you're a girl you can count yourself lucky, baby. The point is, that at any time at all this free and un-

shackled spirit, your editor, may be drafted into the army. Thus this thicker issue of Sam; I might as well go whole-hog and out in a blaze of glory.

Although I'll probably hate collating this.

If/when I am drafted, and until that time, Sam will revert to its previous small size, with all the material by SStiles. In a way I'm glad to go back to the small, casual format; the last four 'large' Sams have only been an approximation of what I've wanted in a genzine.

"LEERING, I RIPPED THE GUTS OUT OF HIS CON REPORT": Yes, I ripped the guts out of Dick Lupoff's con report. At a conservative guess the guts add up to about ten pages. What you will read is just a pitiful skeleton of what had been a lot of fat wordage. If you are interested in what I've deleted you may call Dick Lupoff on the telephone and he will be more than glad to read you those parts. If in a pay phone have lots of nickels.

When, in Sam #11, I wrote that I'd be getting a job Sooner or Later, I didn't really, really believe it would be Later. After all, I was a scholarship student, had maintained a B+ average for three years and had been kind to small dogs and children (in that order). However, I soon discovered that jobs were scarce on Madison Avenue during the summer months. Or, at any rate, I had a tough time getting a job.

Most of the reaction to my work, some 25 ads, typographical experiments, jacket designs and so forth, was favorable. It was a time for egoboo. But: "We're not hiring just yet", "We don't have room for new people", and-- most important --"We don't have the time or the people to break in a kid fresh out of school". Eventually I decided to stop hitting the ad agencies and concentrate on the art studios -- which, I gathered, were The places to get training.

The very first studio I went to hired me, and here I am living happily ever afterwards.

Although most of the comments I recieved on my work were favorable, I recieved some criticisms on how to slant my portfolio. Now I know of several young, budding artists in fandom and in case they should ever want to get started in commercial art I will print these criticisms so that they may plot their plans of action on firm ground.

Here they are, all you young, budding artists:

- (1) One should never have more than 25 pieces in a portfolio.
- (2) One should have as many pieces as possible.
- (3) Emphasis should be on ideas, not on technique.
- (4) Emphasis should be on technique, not on ideas.
- (5) Rough layouts and comps are all that are required.
- (6) Ads should be as finished and polished as possible.
- (7) Concentrate on storyboards for television.
- (8) Concentrate on print advertising.
- (9) Drawing is more important than design.
- (10) Design is more important than drawing.

I hope that this random sampling of advice is as much help to you as it was to me.

"First Thoughts" is the part of my editorial that's navel-gazing, therefore let me mention that there will probably be faint implication on some pages, not due to mechanical difficulties but to some extremely old ditto masters.

And now that the interesting stuff is over, I'd like to mention that I've decided to radically cut down on my fanac. In the future I'd only like to put out Sam and do cartoons/columns for a Chosen Few. You see, I'm the kind of guy who can't do a good job on anything if I have too many obligations. People who're about to ask me for material please take note.

Remember lastish when I said that I might have a review of "Limbo" in that issue, but didn't? Well, I'm not having anything about "Limbo" in this issue either. Sometimes I think there's something in me that likes failure.

SECOND THOUGHTS

By the time this issue is finished many months will have gone by and Arthur Thomson's trip to the U.S. will be ancient history. And yet, even though Art's been long gone, I can't help but look back to his visit, particularly to the beginning when his first action on American soil was to shake his fist at me.

Terry Carr's welcoming party for ATom was a great success; as a matter of fact, it's hard to visualize any party for a British TAFF-man as being a flop---why, it's unheard of! We have a reputation to keep up! It would be unthinkable to have had Arthur Thomson go home and say "My welcoming party in New York was a dismal flop." So it's lucky that the party was as good as otherwise it would've been boring.

The only dark spot at that party came of my own doing: it came when I leaned over to Pat Lupoff and said "I wonder what's wrong with Mrs. Fan X--- she hasn't said a single nasty thing all evening. Gawd, I hate 'er!"

Mr. Fan X was sitting next to me, of course. I fled to the kitchen and stayed there for most of the evening, putting my head under the faucet and in the oven every once in a while.

This certainly was an embarrassing incident. "Don't think about it, Steve," advised Carol Carr. "Things like that happen to people," said Arthur Thomson---well, I certainly wish it hadn't happened to me!

I guess one could expect that a Terry Carr party would be a good one because, cliché that it is, Terry Carr is what we call a "Good Man". I think that Terry Carr has, in fact, always meant a great deal to me. Platonically.

I think that most of us know the level of Terry Carr's fanac---who can forget, for example, Terry Carr's memorable S--- in SAPS?

But what of Terry Carr, the man? What indeed? How about that?

I can recall the first time I met Phil Harrell at the Philcon; I hoaxed into believing that I was Dan Adkins. "MR. ADKINS!" said Phil, falling to his knees, "I've always wanted to meet you! You are my ideal! You are the greatest artist in the world, better than Steve Stiles (the hack) even!" Phil gave "me" so much egoboo that it began

to make me wish that I was indeed Dan Adkins.

The hoax rolled merrily along with astounding success. As I've been a friend of Adkins' for years I know most of his mannerisms, and it was with these that I entertained Phil. I even drew some "authentic" Adkins illos for Phil, who was so pleased he burst into tears.

At that moment I looked at Terry Carr, who happened to be sitting next to me. Terry looked at me. Terry Carr looked at me with those big brown reproachful eyes of his and looked sad, and shook his head, and said "Shame on you".

I broke down, of course, and had to confess everything.

So much for Terry Carr, moral enforcer.

Another insight into Terry Carr that I can remember was shortly after the publication of Lighthouse #9. A whole group of fans were sitting around Terry Carr and comparing notes as to when they got that issue.

"I got my issue of Lighthouse Wednesday," said one.

"I got my Lighthouse last week," said another.

"I got my Lighthouse when I ran it off on QWERTYUIOPress," said somebody.

And then everybody turned to me and said "And when did you get your Lighthouse, Steve?"

"I'm getting my Lighthouse from Bill Evans, sec./tress. of FAPA, for twenty five cents," I said.

Terry Carr was sincerely sorry that I had to get my copy of Lighthouse #9 from Bill Evans, sec./tress. of FAPA. He looked up at me with an apologetic, sincere sad smile. "I'm sincerely sorry, Steve," he said.

I guess I'm just trying to say that Terry Carr is a dangerous menace who should be run out of fandom.

"But that man who walked through the wall doesn't look like a frog!" ---Bullwinkle Show.

GARY DEINDORFER: I'll bet some of you remember a guy named Gary Deindorfer. Well, I do too, and I miss him. Not only do I miss Gary Deindorfer because he wrote material for this fanzine, but I miss Gary Deindorfer because he was refreshingly original, both in regard to his fannish output and his personality. But it's probably the former (material for this fanzine) that I miss the most, because every few months a few fans and I get together and go see Gary and hold a Trentoncon.

The most recent Trentoncon was held during the summer. Mike McInerney, rich brown and I boarded a train, went to New Jersey, and soon afterwards were gathered together in Gary's room, almost like it was in the good old days of Tenth Fandom.

It was then that I found that the new, gafisted Gary Deindorfer had developed as an Intellect, and, not only that--or in spite of that, was still a good humorist. For example:

"What do do for kicks in Trenton New Jersey, Gary?"

"I kick little old ladies," replied Gary.

My lands, that Gary Deindorfer!

I think that Deindorfer works best in what, for lack of a better label, I can only call Surrealistic Humor. His ideas all revolve around running mundane people up against the totally unexpected: "For example," Gary once said, "what would happen if a bunch of guys entered a crowded subway train during rush hour and proceeded to put tags on everything. On straps they would put tags saying 'STRAPS', on doors they would put tags reading 'DOORS', on seats the tags would read 'SEATS'. So when the train reached it's last stop, it would be full of tags reading 'MAN', 'WOMAN', 'CONDUCTOR', 'SMALL CHILD', 'POLES', 'SUITCASE', 'LIGHTS', 'DIRT', 'SLEEPING OBSCENE BUM', 'WINDOW', 'VENTILATION SYSTEM--BROKEN', 'SHOES', 'TIE', 'HAT' and 'TRANSIT POLICEMAN'.

Just visualize that for a minute.

Another of Gary's ideas was to board a train carrying thousands of square pieces of paper, or what Gary chose to call "Woogles".

"I would go through each car," Gary explained, "handing out these Woogles of mine to each and every person I encountered, and as I handed them out I would say, 'Here, person, have a Woogle: I made it just for you!'"

This whole maneuver would have to be carried out with the utmost of cheerfulness and politeness so that nobody would get bugged enough to call a cop. But, come to think of it, can you imagine anyone going up to a policeman and saying "Officer, arrest that man; he gave me a Woogle!?"

THE USUAL MOVE OF A FANEDITOR: You know the usual move of the faneditor when he reaches a point where he can't think of anything else to write about? Well, in the recent past, the usual move was to write about the Breen Boondoggle. However, actually, the standard method is to write about his past experiences --how Aunt Maude kissed the cow, etc. Or a recent movie he's seen.

Let me tell you about some movies I've seen recently.

Well, I've seen several recent movies lately. One of them was called "Tarzan and Jane Again", starring Taylor Mead & produced and directed by Andy Warhol. (Andy Warhol is one of the new pop art film makers, famed for producing an eight hour picture of a man sleeping. Admission was free, but you had to pay to get out.)

The interesting thing about this picture was that Taylor Mead is gay, and it's a Real Experience to see a gay Tarzan flashing his buttocks at the fascinating movie audience.

I only mention this picture because there may be Edgar Rice Burroughs fans reading this. The scene where Tarzan defeats the Evil White Hunter by prayer is not to be missed.

One of the other pictures that has caught my fancy is the Beatles' "A Hard Days Night". Now I'm no rock&roll fan, but this picture is not to be missed. The art direction, courtesy Richard Lester, and the photography, courtesy a Mr. Simms, was of a level I seldom see. The music was enjoyably integrated into the picture (unlike the clumsy Elvis Presley movies, where it's obvious that the plots are built to give Presley every opportunity to whip out his

guitar), and I think it's been generally conceded by the intelligensia that the Beatles do have a good sound. Probably the biggest surprise of all was the humorous content of the picture; the Beatles have an excellent humorous karma and a very personal and individual brand of surrealist humor. "Stop being shorter than me," "'What do you call your hairdo?' -- 'Albert.'", and "He's very fussy about his drums, you know; they Loom Large in his Legend." were just a few of the lines I was able to jot down. You ought to see this picture if, by unlikely chance, you haven't already; it's fannish.

MADNESS: It's a sad fact of life, but one of the most interesting sights in the world is that of a lunatic running through his schticks. There's a strange fascination for nuts, just as there's a fascination in looking down from a great height, or watching the snakes in your bathtub. It isn't rare for people to talk about the nut they've seen. And so it is with me.

Some unhappy people, unhappy with the human race, have claimed that something like this is an indication of a basic evil in the human personality; a streak of depravity that reveals the human race as, in spite of the mask of civilization, being vicious and sadistic.

Well, if we really are basically vicious and sadistic, there's nothing we can do about; and we might as well enjoy it.

Anyway, the nut I've seen was a little old man walking down the street. He was dressed in pajamas and a sailor hat, barefoot, and in his mouth was a harmonica upon which he was making random noises, none of which could be really described a music.

"He'll be in Bellevue before this day is out," I thought, continuing on my way to work.

The next day there he was again.

And I saw another nut a few days after that; a little old lady. This woman was walking down the street, at 7:45 p.m., screaming at the top of her lungs in a lilting Irish accent. I couldn't make out what she was screaming, but I could make out the words "Jewish doctor" which she repeated over and over again. And over again.

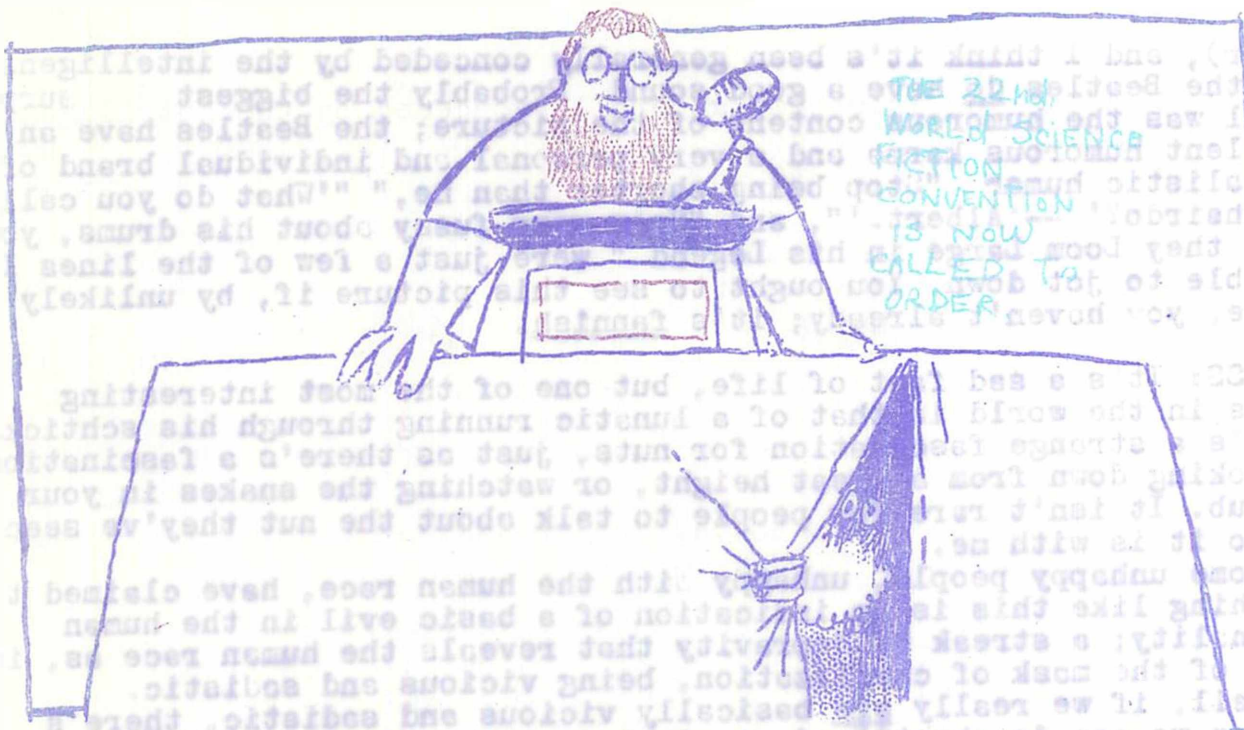
Being something of a psychologist I decided that perhaps sometime in here life she had experienced what we psychologists call a "traumatic experience" with a medical man of the Jewish faith/nation (or whatever it is).

"She'll be in Bellevue before this night is out." I thought.

She was still screaming when I got back at one that morning. Ah, New York is a Summer Festival.

--Steve Stiles--

"What color is a Peace Conference?"



A CON REPORT FOR STEVE STILES BY DICK LUPOFF

Science-fiction fandom is, to paraphrase somebody's famous words, all things to all men. A meeting ground for co-hobbyists, a serious literary group of somewhat specialized interest, a sociological and political microcosmos, a non-stop boozery, a seeking place for partners in fornication, and so on. Conventions have traditionally been intensified doses of fanac in virtually every form, a pure distillate, as it were. Certainly Pacificon II lived up to this concept.

The convention started, I suppose, as early as New York's Welcome ATom festival way back in August. Then there was a LASFS meeting at which Arthur was welcomed to Los Angeles, and a dinner for the same purpose, and then a grand party Saturday night, August 29, at Ron Ellick & Al Lewis's house. That was the first part of the Coast activity that Pat & I attended, having flown in that afternoon. It was a lively affair, with many people in attendance who were previously just names to me: Rick Sneary, Len Moffatt, Dave and Katya Hulan, Al Lewis (WC) himself, Don Fitch, a whole family of Lavenders, Phil Castore, the Pelzes, Alex Eisenstein, Mike Domina, and so on and on. In addition to conventional (ahem!) partying, two gambling dens opened, in one of which Boo-Ray (is that the right spelling?), and in the other of which Brag ruled supreme. Oriented to poker, I took quickly to Brag, won a few small-to-medium pots, and then got into a WO3W with Ted Johnstone and Nick Falaska, with bidding running wild until the pot (at penny-ante) exceeded \$5. Brag rules call for continued bidding at least until there are only two players left, but Ted, Nick and I opted to show down at last with pot somewhere around

\$5.35...and we were all bluffing! Nick took the pot with a mere straight flush.

It was a good party, as I said, with a pleasant interruption by Fritz Leiber to present ATom with a copy of The Wanderer just after I'd finished eulogizing the book for five minutes, and more good people than I know I can remember. Pat and I bugged out with the Hulans 'bout 2:00 AM, leaving the party roaring along, and drove to their apartment. Their landlady, being a good soul, and having a couple of vacancies in the building, loaned us a whole apartment for the duration of our stay. That's freeloading in class--- there was even a swimming pool in the courtyard, which we used a couple of times.

Home and to bed, and Monday bright and early we were off with a vast throng of LASFen, and ATom, to see Disneyland.

Listen, if you ever visit LA and some of the local fen suggest a trip to Disneyland, Take Warning. Trip is hardly the word for it. We were there fourteen hours, and saw just about everything, some parts of which were fine, and others merely creepy. I had a distinct feeling of creepiness by the end of that long, long day, and in reflection I can only surmise that it was due to the total artificiality of Disneyland. A degree of this is unavoidable, of course. Where there is an artificial Matterhorn one does not expect to see a "real" artificial mountain, but where one sees birds, and fish, and rocks and they are artificial birds and fish and even artificial rocks, the total loss of contact with the natural world is deeply disturbing. At least, it is to me.

At any rate, that accounted for all Monday, day and evening, and Tuesday morning Pat and I drove to Tarzana for a partly business and partly social visit to Hulbert Burroughs, who proved to be a most friendly host despite obvious displeasure with my role in the revival of Arnold's Gulliver Jones, and especially with my introduction in the Ace edition of the book.

After leaving Tarzana we drove to Santa Barbara, where we picked up Andy Main for the rest of the drive to Oakland. We picked up Andy at his home about noon, and then we headed for the coastal route to northern California. Our car was a rented MG 1100, a car of many interesting features such as a transverse-mounted engine, front-wheel drive, and liquid suspension. Andy, being a bit of a bug on cars, was delighted to do most of the driving, which was fine with Pat and me as we were more interested in sightseeing.

Andy drove as far as Big Sur, and then I took over for the last few leagues to Monterey, where we had reservations at the San Carlos, a respectable old hotel of great vintage and mediocre service. When we arrived, I checked in in the name of "Mr-and-Mrs.," then took the car to the hotel garage while Pat and Andy followed a bellboy up to the room. When I got back from the garage I asked the bellboy for my room number and got a very odd

look. I went upstairs and entered to find Pat and Andy convulsed with laughter.

"The bellboy," they expained, "when he brought our bags in here, asked 'Should I tell the other guy where you are?'"

Wednesday morning we were awaked by the barking of seals in the Monterey Municipal Zoological Gardens, or whatever they call the place. We arose, checked out ignoring the expressions of incredulity, and drove the four miles back to Carmel to spend the day. This close to the convention site Pat and I both felt a bit of apprehension regarding the next few days. Aside from general wonderings as to how good the con would be, plus a mild case of the nearly universal malaise of the year, "Breen nerves," we had an additional reason to feel dubious about the coming Pacificon.

Due to a peculiarity of routing, our trip to Los Angeles the preceding Saturday had actually consisted of a jet flight to San Francisco, followed by a shuttle flight on Western Airlines to LA. Western is, you should pardon the expression, the New York Mets of the aviation industry. They load late, take off late, don't know what the hell is coming off half the time. For example, on our flight the stewardess passed out a questionnaire for all the passengers to complete ("Do you love us?"). But no pencils. I could rhapsodize at length regarding Western Airlines--it was love at first flight--but that is not really too relevant. The point is, between planes Pat and I had some time to kill at the SF airport, but not enough time to warrant leaving the airport. So we thought we'd beguile the minutes by phoning a few local fans.

We tried Bill Donaho, who sounded so totally distracted that I wondered if he was the right B.D. (he was). We tried Miri Knight, but as a boycotter she too was out of things. (I suppose I was also unkind to begin my conversation with "Mrs. Knight, this is the Fantasy Amateur Press Association Credentials Committee," but what, as I often say, the hell.) Only Pat Ellington seemed calm and in possession of herself, and kindly agreed that she and Dick would provide lodging for Pat, er, Lupoff and me, the following Wednesday after the pre-con party to be given at Bill Donaho's.

Which brings us, appropriately, back to Wednesday. Driving in from Carmel, Andy and I alternately flaked out in the back seat, catching up on sleep missed the previous late night, and arrived at the Ellingtons' home in the late afternoon.

Meeting the west coast Pat and Dick was a marvelous experience (and their dog was named Snoopy). We all four hit it off immediately; it seems to me that both Pat and Dick have a relaxed air arising from an inner serenity totally inappropriate to radical political leaders. Beyond this, Dick is a fascinating and tireless storyteller, winding an unending thread of tales from fandom, from politics, from army days, speaking quietly and totally without rancor or bombast, a man of such

goodwill as to belie totally his dedication to revolutionary politics.

Pat is quieter, more a listener than a talker, but possessing a rare ability to fit wholly into any situation, to become instantly an integral and valued member of whatever circle she is part of, a totally warm and sharing personality.

The rest of the Ellington household are also worth some lines of description. Pat and Dick's daughter, the famed "Poopsie" of fannish legend, is now six years old, and prefers her proper name of Marie. She is a beautiful child with a guileless round face and long, soft hair of the shade sometimes called flaxen. As everyone will tell you, Marie is not quite the American Ideal in behavior for six year olds. I do not believe, however, that she is any sort of wild animal or young wanton as a few of fandom's stodgier set allege.

Rather, she has been raised in a home where conduct and conversation are far more open and honest than is the "civilized" norm; as a result she is ware of things that most children her age have never heard of. I am sure that in a few years she will have a matter-of-fact attitude to such things as the functionings of her own body, while her contemporaries will be tangled in a maze of taboos and hypocritical variations between speech, public and private conduct. In general, she is a delightful child. Perhaps for the very reason that she is less inhibited and more outgoing than most children her age. When it is not exercised, it is the irresponsible adult, not the child who is "guilty."

After dinner we picked up Andy Main and drove to Avram Davidson's house, where Grania was also visiting, for much happy reunions with Avram, Grania, Ethan, and did we ever get back that crib that we'd loaned the Davidsons last year and that they'd left it with their neighbors for us, and so on and on.

Finally we did leave for Bill's party, Grania and Andy disputing to the very doorstep the ethical correctness of Andy, a con boycotter, attending a party at Donaho's house.

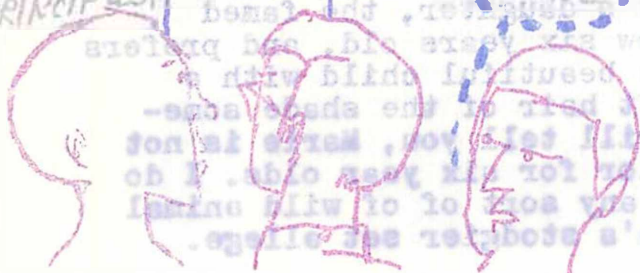
"How can you boycott the convention and still attend the party?"

"I'm not attending it for Bill's sake, I'm just going to see a lot of people whom I want to see, who I know will be there." (Maybe Andy is not so precise with his whos and whoms, but that's the message.)

"But it's still in Donaho's house. You're accepting his hospitality."

"I am not accepting his hospitality. I won't drink his liquor. I probably won't even talk to him!"

WELL,
THERE
GUES
ANDY
MAYN--
COMFIRMING
HIS
PRINCIPLES!



"What if you have to use
his bathroom, will you use his
toilet?"

Ahh, too bad Grania did not
take to talmudic studies. What
a scholar, what an arguer of
obscure points of the Law, she
would have been. But we finally
left for the party, and Andy
rode along, and whether he
drank Bill's liquor, whether he
talked to Bill, but mostly whether
he used Bill's toilet or not, I
do not to this day know, nor am
I really totally sure that I
really want to, although I
suppose that I do.

After a while I drifted into a conversation with Ed
Meskys regarding the talents and output of Philip K. Dick,
from whom Ed had got an article for the next Niekas. All the
while we were talking, a fellow with a rather bedraggled
appearance, a straggly little greying beard and a smelly
cigar kept trying to butt into the discussion. Meskys
seemed almost to welcome him, but I kept an elbow in his
belly to keep him from interrupting my learned comparison
of "Man in the High Castle" with Kornbluth's "Two Dooks" and
other works on the theme. Still, the guy with the cigar kept
trying to get his two cents in, and I finally whirled in
exasperation and demanded, "Who are you?"

"I," he replied diffidently...oh, no, I can't write it.
You'll say that I'm making this up, that it's too perfect, that
such things can get written up but that they never really happen.

But what the hell. Truth is my defense. "I," the gentleman
spoke in a quiet an unassuming voice, "am Philip K. Dick."

You see, you don't believe me. I am beginning to
suspect that Philip K. Dick is part of the international
conspiracy to make my love organ drop off.

I don't know how long the party actually ran; certainly it
was big and certainly it lasted a long time. George Heap had
brought along his guitar and was in the center of a f'sing,
oddly (unless I missed someone) George was the only guitarist
at the con, a low for recent years. (And as a point of
curiosity, does anyone know how far back the tradition of folk/
filksinging goes, in fandom?)

When we left we went with the Ellingtons, the Heaps, the
Rickhardts, and Chuck Freudenthal to a nearby diner for coffee.
The location of the diner was Broadway and 42 street, an amusing

location. Actually the street pattern of Oakland and Berkeley is a simple one, and during our stay we had no difficulty finding our way around. San Francisco is a little more complex, and when you hit the suburbs, it's all bets off, but for getting around the Bay Area generally, a New York cab driver should have little to fear. Two differences in the laws: you may take a right turn on red after stopping, and if you are in the turn lane and don't use it, you may hear about it from the fellow behind you. The other: a pedestrian in a crosswalk is sacred. When you see one, you stop, and you stay stopped until he reaches the curb. If you don't, and you so much as nudge his coattail with your bumper, you're likely to wind up in jail!

Home to 1941 Oregon, and the prospect of a good night's sleep was beautiful.... The night before in Monterey we'd pulled the old mattress-on-the-floor routine with Andy Main to make room for three and prior to that at the Hulans had had a bit of trouble too. Their landlady, as I've mentioned, very kindly gave us the use of an entire furnished apartment, including a double bed. The first night there was a terrific crash and one side of the bed settled to the floor. Upon investigation it was seen that a slat supporting the mattress had given way, and although we got the bed back on an even keel for the rest of our stay, we never quite got that confidence in the bed that permits totally relaxed, er, sleep. Well, we slept well at the Ellingtons, and woke up late Thursday morning, and dragged downstairs for breakfast.

Breakfast was a desultory affair as one member and then another would awaken, stir, rise, and stumble into the kitchen for a cup of coffee. We two decided to drive to the Leamington in Oakland and check in, hang up our clothing and settle in for our stay. In the evening we were invited back to the Ellingtons' for a small, intimate pre-con party consisting of themselves, Jerry & Miriam Knight, and us. Or maybe, we suggested, if we were tired by evening, the four of them would come over to the Leamington and we'd have a small intimate room party, just six of us.

We drove over, the 1100 roaring like a bomber due to its loose manifold, garaged the car and checked in. Our room was adequate although a bit small, and for some odd reason had a desk instead of a drawer. We missed the drawer-space. On the wall hung two identical blue-and-white prints of some flowers, hideous things about three feet wide by eight inches high. We flinched, then headed for the mezzanine floor, which was entirely reserved for the convention, something that con committees have been promising for years, but have seldom been able to deliver.

Somehow I'm sure I have the afternoon's sequence thoroughly screwed up, but somewhere along the way we did have lunch in the Leamington coffee shop with the Heaps, we went shopping for some liquor for the night's party, Pat went to the hair-

dresser, we chatted with Al HaLevy and I am sure a good many other people, we went out for a walk and a milkshake with Atom and Dave Hulan, and we wound up back at the hotel planning a small intimate dinner with Terry and Carol Carr. Somehow people kept wandering past our group in the lobby as we prepared to depart, and stopping to chat for a moment, and winding up joining us. As I recall, the final lineup was Terry & Carol, Don Wollheim, Greg and Jim Benford, Phil Dick and his momentarily un-estranged wife, Atom, and Pat & me. These would not all fit into our MG, and we started to walk, looking for a place to have dinner. Oakland is not noted for the the large number of good restaurants in its downtown area, and we wound up in a steakhouse named Peluso's which was neither good nor economical. I will not attempt to reconstruct the dinner conversation, except to say that it was dominated by Philip K. Dick's eulogy of the literary and comic talents of Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon.

By the time we got back to the hotel we called the Ellingtons and asked if they would mind coming over for the party, instead of having it at their house. I don't know why it is, but Pat and I seem to have a very difficult time giving small intimate parties. The last time we gave a party at a convention it was one given jointly with Larry and Noreen Shaw at Chicon III. We had a two-bedroom suite that year, but there was only one bathroom, and it was in the Shaws' room. That party started very late, due to the very lengthy programming of the con, and about 3:00 AM Larry and Noreen just shoed everyone into our room, went back to their room and went to bed. We estimated that at least 120 people attended that party, which ended roughly at 9:15 the following morning.

n But that was another city, another convention. At the Lemington, somehow, roughly the same thing happened. We started far earlier, and--praise be given-- finished proportionately earlier, but the attendance ballooned in the same fashion. I would estimate that we had no fewer than fifty guests, and perhaps as many as ninety. We did not stay for the entire party, retreating when it was its most crowded with Greg and Jim, to their room, where a sort of "select group" from our party, plus a few others, joined us. I do recall that Jean Bogert crashed, as she had also done in Chicago. She was not at all objectionable: came in, crawled beneath the desk and remained there, stationary and silent, until the party was breaking up, then crawled back from under the desk and left.

Two other incidents: (1) Bruce and Dian Pelz had a room just down the hall from ours, and in their room hung two identical prints of hideous brown flowers. Remarking upon the ugliness of both pairs of prints, we all decided to exchange one of our hideous prints for one of their hideous prints. Dian and I danced gaily down the hall from our room to theirs, a hideous blue print between us. In a short while we danced gaily back up the hall with a hideous brown print between us. Already a rumor had begun to make the rounds: "The Pelzes and the Lupoffs are swapping!" And, indeed, we already had.

(2) Jack Harness and Alex Eisenstein decide that even the remaining blue picture could be improved with a little work. From somewhere they produced a small pot of orange paint, and a brush, and went to work. In a short time they had improved the picture substantially. More about this later on. Much later on.

Friday, September 4, the con finally got off to its official start. I suppose that the experience of various individuals differ from person to person and from year to year, but I do know that for Pat and myself, the feeling was that the con had been going on for a long time before it even began, officially. This is, I think, something reasonably felt by a traveller who has been practicing virtually full-time fanac for some time before a convention, and away from home. It applies most of all, I would guess, to a TAFB delegate whose "con" begins the day he sets foot on the soil of his hosting country, and continues until he leaves for home.

But there it was Friday, "Westcon XVII Day" my saved program booklet tells me, but for all the difference I can recall, it was just the first day of the Pacificon II. Well, matters of form are important, I suppose, to some. More significant to Pat and me, Friday was the first day we spent any amount of time in the bar.

The bar at the Leamington is cool and dark, plushly upholstered and with medieval armor for decor, quite interchangeable with a swords and sorcery motif. The service there is good, the drinks are good and the prices are not wholly outrageous. In the adjoining coffee shop, by contrast, the service is inadequate (for a hundred hungry fans, not a half dozen little old ladies), the decor is eyeblastingly bright, the food is only adequate and the prices are rather high. In short, the Leamington bar makes a far more enticing place to spend one's earliest hours each day than does the coffee shop. Further, as the day lengthens the bar seems to gain an added charm while the coffee shop becomes decreasingly attractive.

All of this is by way of telling you that my recounting of the convention itself, Friday to Monday, is going to be somewhat garbled, because most of the time, Friday to Monday, I was drunk. New York fans know that I am not a big drinking fan. In fact, big drinking seems to have gone out of fashion in New York fandom. But in Berkeley, it has not! Between the example and influence of local fans (I am notoriously suggestable) and the congenial atmosphere for boozing, I drew hardly a sober breath during the convention.

I also saw less of the program than at any worldcon attended prior to this year; I know that it is very "in" to miss the program, in large or even in toto, but I've always been out enough to attend major chunks of programs before this year. And this year I know that two or three of the items that I missed, I would've enjoyed. Harlan Ellison's talk on SF on TV, for one; I caught just the last few minutes of that, and from what I've heard, Harlan was good.

One purpose of astronomy is to be fair to the moon.

The motion picture "Adventures of Baron Munchausen" for another, brought from Czechoslovakia by Dr. Nesvadba, which I hear is a masterpiece. And most of the panel chaired by Sam Moskowitz, consisting of Poul Anderson, Phil Dick, and John Brunner, in which Dick gave Sam a little overdue comeuppance, and Brunner a full portion of it, according to Terry Carr who heard the whole thing. But then Terry is very "out".

One item Friday I did not miss was my own panel on fanzine editing. That panel was one of the most thoroughly prepared for events ever to take place at an SF convention. I'd been asked in October, 1963, to form and chair it, and had immediately sent out a circular letter to about fifteen fans who have achieved prominence in the fanzine field. I expected about two-thirds refusals and one-third acceptances, which would give me a panel with five members, plus chairman. Instead of the expected ratio of refusals and acceptances, the replies ran just the opposite, and for a while it looked like one of the biggest panels in history.

About ten of us then started exchanging letters (and in some cases, personal comments) in preparation for the panel. The idea was to have everyone well primed with examples, quotations and citations, questions and opinions on everything under the sun --especially one another's past products. I think we did pretty well, but then people started dropping off the committee. I'd hoped to have several people representing the graphic side of fanpublishing, but both Bob Stewart and Steve Stiles dropped when their finances made it obvious that they would be unable to attend. Calvin Demmon, *Humorist*, dropped over the Boondoggle. Paul Williams, the Youthful Viewpoint, found that he would not get back from a foreign trip in time to make the convention. (He then decided to boycott.) Dave Van Arnam couldn't afford the trip, and Dick Eney couldn't get leave from his job. Earl Kemp and George Scithers both arrived in Oakland too late to appear as scheduled.

In short, instead of the embarrassment of riches I'd expected, we wound up with just plain embarrassment. Wally Weber did show, as did Ron Ellick and Atom. Joe Gibson was pressed into service at the last moment. The panel, I have been told, was not bad. But I was there, Charlie, and I know that it was sure as hell not good either. It was dull, and that is the unforgivable sin in convention programs. Somehow I felt that we were all talking around the subject (which boiled down to what makes a good fanzine good?) but never quite coming fully to grips with it. One after another panelists or audience volunteers would make a start, but no one ever seemed able to follow up, and we kept starting without ever arriving anywhere.

About the only pep in the session came from Ed Wood, who raised hell from the audience. I was delighted that he did, or we would have been totally dead on our feet (or rather, seats). I don't blame the panelists, I think that I did something wrong, or didn't do something right, but I can't dope out what it was. Well, the best-laid plans....

Even Pat, who is more anti-program than I, attended out of loyalty, but was barely able to stay awake. When you put your own wife to sleep on another man's shoulder (it was Larry Ivie's) you're doing badly.

After a Chinatown diner that evening, we made for the mezzanine floor, where a suite was set aside for the con, and where open parties were held each night, sponsored variously by Detroit, Cleveland, and London (and of course assisted by the Pacificon committee themselves). These open parties also served as a (pardon) focal point for the few Boondoggle incidents which occurred at the con. In fact, I was surprized at how little mention there was of the affair, and at the total lack of any official moves concerning it, such as an attempt to inject discussion of the Boondoggle into any program session, especially the business session of the con.

Andy Main, a violent anti-committee/pro-Walter partisan suggests that people of his strip were reluctant to raise the matter in the form of, say, a motion of censure at the business session, for fear of being beaten, thus winding up with the general membership of the con on record in favor of the Exclusion, a situation in Andy's view worse than ever. People supporting the committee's action, on the other hand, presumably felt that the fait accompli was as they would wish it to be, and saw no need to reopen discussion.

But at the open parties there were a couple of incidents, and to understand how they came about we must first have a little (ahem!) background. Now then, for some years there has been rather spotty enforcement of the principle that if you wanna atten' the convention, you gotta join it. I have heard that several Big Name Pros were extremely ticked off at the Pittcon committee's insistence that they pay the fee and become members of the con if they wanted to attend. And I have been told that at several cons past a number of fans, some of them relatively obscure and others quite Big Name have attended without officially joining.

Now I for one have resented these occurrences (except in the case of invited guests) because there is a fee for attending these gatherings, and when one guy pays and another beats the tab, the latter is riding on the back of the former. I happen to be too honest or too stupid or maybe just too rich to go in for tab-beating, so I have been among the Exploited.

The Pacificon committee announced a strict enforcement of membership, and the fact that the convention area was not common with any public area such as the lobby or the bar made this enforcement reasonably possible. Further, and very much to the point, the Pacificon committee had a second reason for enforcement of this rule. They weren't merely worried about a few \$3 deadbeats. They also had a number of people boycotting them and were unwilling for boycotters to have their cake and eat it too.

Boycotters could certainly use the public areas of the hotel---the lobby, bar, coffee shop---or could attend parties in various rooms, but they would not be permitted into the convention area. (Andy Main had a Problem again--the bathroom was in the mezzanine /i.e., convention area/. What is it with Andy and sanitary facilities?)

One night --Pat says it was Friday, and I believe her-- several boycotters decided that they would enter the mezzanine area and

attend the open party in the con suite. Bob Lichtman came, saw a plainclothes Burns man's badge, and left quietly. Gretchen Schwenn and Redd Boggs arrived en couple, and were met at the door by Bob Buechley, the (feh!) sergeant-at-arms. The precise details of what took place between Gretchen and Bob are unfortunately denied to history, for each participant and/or witness to the incident seems to have a startlingly different story to tell, ranging all the way from a violent and unprovoked attack of Bob upon Gretchen, to a violent and unprovoked attack of Gretchen upon Bob. As nearly as I can piece it together from descriptions by Dick Ellington and Al HeLevy, Buechley barred Gretchen and Redd from the con suite. They insisted on entering, at least on temporary passes. Buechley agreed, and offered temporary badges. Now, here is where the story gets very unclear. Either Gretchen, or Redd standing behind her, refused to pin the badge on her dress/his shirt.

Buechley either attempted to pin a badge on Gretchen's dress or to reach across her shoulder and pin one on Redd's shirt. In either case, Gretchen took exception to what she regarded as an unwelcome familiarity ("How dare you TOUCH MY BREAST!!") and flew at Buechley's throat, knocking him to the floor, kneeling over his chest and throttling him. Redd attempted to race to Gretchen's (!) rescue but was held back by HeLevy and/or other bystanders. After Gretchen had been pulled from Buechley's quivering body, she and Redd either stalked off in a huff, or were thrown out, or left in their leisure and with full dignity, depending on whom you believe.

The rest of Friday night was more-or-less anticlimax, as I guess it must be. We did not attend any private parties, but instead hung around the mezzanine area, which was both spacious and comfortable for general socializing, joking, necking, drinking, etc. A group of us formed belly-button fandom, inspired by I have no idea what lunatic catalyst.*

Belly Button fandom was one of those things that are incredibly funny at the moment, when the participants are half-drunk, three-fourths exhausted, and in just the right setting and mood. Like a

I WAS GOING TO
DRAW A PICTURE,
BUT I LOST MY
PICTURE OF MARK
TWAIN, SORRY.

one-shot. I am sure that in the same light of retrospect BBF will quickly fade. It included such features as BB jokes (E.g.: Make a circle of one thumb and forefinger, tip to tip. Now make a similar circle with your other hand, but interlocking the two circles. What is that? Siamese belly buttons. Yuk yukkity, no?) Theological problem: Did ATom's well known obsession with navels stem from his own lack of one? Ask Elmer Perdue if he had a navel, for we all know that God created ATom (pun, pun, oh retch retch) in His image.

Saturday of the con dawned around noon, as might be expected, ((*Steve Stiles, in Sam #11; I was in turn inspired by that other famous lunatic catalyst, Mark Twain.))

and after a perfunctory breakfast in the coffee shop sat and I found ourselves back in our favorite hangout, the Leamington bar, where we found ourselves in the company of Edmund Hamilton, Leigh Brackett, E. Hoffman Price, Karen Anderson, Miriam Allen deFord, Avram Davidson, and Eric Fennell. If I have too many people in there, it is because I have two or more bar sessions smedged together in my mind. Without any intention of slighting others at the table, I must say that my attention was rivetted on Hamilton and Price. I was trying to gather a little information on Otis Adelbert Kline in regard to the alleged "feud" between Kline and Burroughs (apparently there never was such a feud) and Price had been a frequent collaborator of Kline's.

He had no information regarding the "feud", but mention of Kline set Price and Hamilton off on a series of wild tales of the twenties and thirties when the three of them -- Price, Hamilton, and Kline -- used to be drinking partners and general hell-raising companions. The entire bar group turned into a hypnotized audience as anecdote followed anecdote of the times the three had spend together, of their tribulations with editors, of their reactions to one another's work ("Otis wasn't much of a writer, but he was a marvelous fellow to paint the town with." -- E.H.P.) and so on.

Later on Saturday afternoon I did catch two program items. One was Fritz Leiber's speech "Myth and Folklore as Origins of Modern Fantasy," which might've been better titled simply "On Monsters." I suppose that any speech Fritz ever gives will necessarily be impressive. Fritz is a most imposing figure: Very tall, with a striking triangular face, graying hair that comes to a widow's peak, a strong deep voice and theatrical training in its use, a marvelous presense and an attractive personality.

But Fritz doesn't make it on presentation alone. At least for his Pacificon speech he obviously did much research and preparation, and in his speech traced the monster theme painstakingly from the Golem (or earlier) through the Gothic period, into the near-modern Weird Tales-Lovecraft period, and up to current times. But the speech was no mere historical survey. It was an analysis, probing and perceptive, and I cannot hope to capture it in any brief summary. Happily, Cele Goldsmith Lalli was present, and was impressed with the talk as she ought to have been, and bought it from Fritz for Fantastic, where it will definitely deserve reading.

Fritz Leiber is a tough act for anyone to follow, and anyone turned out to be Tony Boucher, with a talk on "The Use of Crime and Suspense Ideas in Science Fiction," really a survey of the overlap of SF and crime/detection fiction. Again, the job was excellently prepared, but unfortunately Tony has not the presense of a Fritz Leiber, especially after an all-night poker game. Still, for those with the patience to listen to content alone, the talk was well worthwhile.

I did not hear any more "session" Saturday (and, in fact, little more in the whole rest of the convention, unfortunately), but wandered off to mill on the mezzanine, look in on the fan art show, the huckster room, etc. The fan art show is a remarkable phenomenon. Practically unsupported except by volunteers of every sort--people who set up the exhibition, people who man it during

the con, people who donate awards, and, of course, the artists who supply the works exhibited -- the art show has grown in just a few years into a convention "tradition" that shows signs of lasting indefinitely. It is hard to tell which fanish institutions will last and which will not. The Auction Block, for instance, came and went; the costume ball has in the past few years drawn less effort and attention than formerly, and might disappear altogether if there isn't a revival.

The fan art show, this year, drew entries from Britain, from Japan, and, of course, from the United States. In addition to the customary drawings and paintings there was sculpture by Don Simpson, photos by Walt Daugherty and Don Wollheim, and even some etched glass (I didn't catch the artist's name). Hully Burroughs had brought up from Tarzana several paintings and drawings by St. John, Studley Burroughs, and John Coleman Burroughs.

The various awards, which as recently as the Chicon were a hideous potpourri of badly-designed trophies, plaques and loving-cups, are now beginning to standardize as small attractive plaques, with just a few eccentric designs. The only trouble, in my opinion, lies in the proliferation of awards. Larry Shaw once told me, when he had been called upon to judge a hot-rod show, that the sponsors of the shows (parts and service suppliers for hot-rods) saw to it that virtually every kid who entered went home with some sort of trophy. It made them happier, more enthusiastic hot-rodders and was good for the donors' business.

Perhaps with no such ulterior motivation, the fan art show seems to be treading the same pathway. I do not know just how many categories of awards now exist, but there are puh-lenty, and each category in turn carries not just a winner, but several "places" (I think through Third), and one or more honorable mentions. It is not the case that "every kid who enters wins," but I do believe it is the case that the increased number of awards tends to dilute the value of those awards. There are so many winners, there is no one real winner.

Another proliferation seemed to be fund-raising enterprizes. One, in the fan art room, was a raffle of artwork (and a few books). Pat won a small mounted Kotsler cartoon in this raffle. A beautiful Frezette painting, the original of his Ace cover for "Gulliver of Mars," was raffled seperately, and won by Mary Cazedessus. The Gibsons raffled off a bound set of the g² space-trip issues....and of course there was the usual auction, which I've previously mentioned, and the usual huckster room, which this year was spacious and pleasant, which contained some distinctly worthwhile items, at prices ranging from the trivial to the tremendous. Innumerable fanzines were hawked; the only one I bought was an amateur comic-book adaption of "The Wizard of Venus". I haven't read it yet, nor very likely will, but it is an interesting piece of Borroughsiens.

The afternoon thus passed in various quiet activities, and for dinner we set out with Don Wollheim to the original Trader Vic's, in Oakland. Don and I were wearing conventional business suits, and Pat was wearing a pink dress of crepe or faille or whatever you call that crinkly material, with a low scoop necklinr. It is the sort of dress which a lady needs a very low

scoopy brassiere, which of course Pat had left home in New York, so she wound up with (Ahahahahaha!) no visible (Ohohoho!) means of (Yahoo!) support (snigger-snigger-haw!). We finished our meal without incident and headed back to the Leamington for the Costume Ball where, as I've mentioned, there was not really too much competition. The only really notable costumes that I can recall were a very fine Merlin (I still don't know who was behind the false whiskers), and Dian Pelz as a lovely and authentic Thuvia, Maid of Mars. Thuvia calls for red skin, which Dian achieved all over the visible portions of her body, which is to say, most of her; the part also calls for a rather unusual headdress, a device slightly resembling a screwy peacock's tail, worn above the forehead. Dian had also devised one of these, and wore it with both beauty and Pure Stylish Authenticity. She was accompanied by Bruce Pelz as Kar Komak, Thuvia's acquaintance in the book.

I think there were more Burroughs costumes than any other single category --another Thuvia (I don't know who she was), and a Tangor, of "Beyond the Farthest Star." Tangor was neither an awfully good costume, nor particularly faithful to the story (blue skin!) but to my knowledge, a first. One of the Benford twins came over to where Pat and I were watching the costumes go by, and asked "How come you aren't in costume?" Then, leaning slightly over Pat, he amended, "Oh, I see you are." I hit him in the kneecap.

But the sensation of the evening was undeniably Will Rotsler's girlfriend, a model named, I believe, Jody. Jody has a nice figure, good legs, a rather pretty face and jet black hair. She had been around LA before the con, and was at the convention itself much of the time. The night before the costume ball she positively ended the competition of recent years, among various feufen, of seeing who can attend in less costume than whom. Jody attended without a costume.

Or so it seemed. Actually, she did wear gold pasties about the size of silver dollars, and had an opaque gold spray for modesty's (?) sake, covering the legal minimum. But aside from this she seemed to be totally naked. It turned out that she had on a set of transparent tights, and was probably one of the most completely covered girls present, but not so you'd know it. A sensation with the photographers and the audience in general, Jody somehow failed to appeal to the judges, perhaps because they were there to award the best costumes, not



the best non-costumes.

Still, the whole institution of the costume ball seems to have fallen on bad days since the Chicon (where there were several fine costumes, but where the parade was hideously mismanaged). The past two conventions have had fine facilities for viewing costumes, but few fine costumes to view. In all seriousness, I would suggest that unless there is a revival, it would be best to start considering dropping the costume ball from the con program, and substituting some new event in its place.

There is, after all, nothing sacred about convention programming. Why, within the memory of living men, there have been conventions with plays, ballets, formalized P'sings, slide shows, motion pictures, Auction Bloch, fan art shows, one pro art show (Powers' one man show at the Chicon)...even softball games! An idea once good can get played out. Maybe the costume ball should be, if not totally dropped, then allowed to lie fallow for a few years. Then, if there is enough interest to cause its revival, there should also be enough interest to make it worth reviving. Otherwise, like the unlamented custom of attempting to hold a dance at conventions (which simply Does Not Work), it may pass permanently from the scene.

One problem with costuming is that one may work for many hours, spread over a period of many months, deciding which costume to wear, designing it, securing materials, making the costume, creating accompanying makeup....in order to wear the costume for an hour or less, of which one spends literally only seconds in the limelight. If someone could devise a means of keeping costumers in costume longer, perhaps more people would feel it worth more effort to make good costumes.

Saturday night. After an emergency meeting of the Burroughs Bibliophiles I went off to find Pat at the Double:Bill party. From the viewpoint of spending one's nights at Exclusive Closed-Door Parties, the Pacificon was a bit of a bust for Pat and me. Most of the Closed-Door parties we attended were closed only to strangers and a very few obnoxious individuals, some of whom generally managed to infiltrate anyhow. As for Pro Parties, we were invited to only two. One was more of a business meeting called by Judy Merrill for Monday morning. "All professional writers and editors" were invited, so on the strength of Canaveral Press I felt that I ought to go, but instead I slept late. Later I asked Terry Carr what had transpired, but he had slept too. We both heard, though, that Judy was upset about the practices of magazines controlling subsidiary rights on short fiction, which affects me not at all, so it's as well that I slept.

The other Closed-Door party was held by Bills Bowers and Mellardi. This was a special party for all who participated in the Double:Bill Symposium, and it was a good party at which I met a couple of good people but have no recollection whom. I know that somewhere at the con I met Reginald Bretnor---ah, it was at Donoho's, and I think again at D:B. Bowers and Mellardi gave a fine party, but we had another one to hit---the Benfords'. I knocked on the door, opened it (it was unlocked), and there was A

Benford on (the sheets were not exposed) the bed with a Girrul. "Well," said Benford to me, "your wife didn't show up, so..." (I kicked him on the instep.).

Back to D:B, and after a while Bill Blackbeard invited Pat and me to his room where he had some Rare Old Publications to show us. Starting out from the Bills' room, Blackbeard began to weave confidently up the hall. "Where are you going?" I asked.

"My room," he replied.

"What number?" asked Pat.

"Forty-nine," replied Bill.

"What forty-nine?"

"Just forty-nine."

"That's impossible. There is no room forty-nine. Or rather there is a room forty-nine on every floor. Is it 649, 849...? Do you have your key with you?" Bill did not, so we tried the first forty-nine we came to. The door was unlocked. Strange sounds came from within. We entered.

There, stretched out in oblivion upon the bed, lay Larry Ivie. Dancing obscenely about the recumbent inebriate were perhaps eight monster fans. The monster fans had been delightfully unobtrusive for most of the con...now we knew why: They gathered nightly to practice obscene rites upon Their Own. As for Larry, his retreat from reality was highly understandable. That very night had been the costume ball, and Larry had gone as The Red Skull, arch-fiend and arch-foe of Captain America. I thought he was a fairly good Red Skull. Don Glut, a Chicago fringe fan, went as Captain America. Cap (he's been revived, you can see him around your newsstand N*O*W) is a sort of red-white-and-blue lower-case-s superman, muscular, agile, B-I-G.

Don, unfortunately, is not big. And he did not pad his costume. So, instead of looking like Captain America he looked like a skinny kid in a Captain America suit. Nonetheless, the judges in their wisdom saw fit to split the two-man group and award a prize to Don but not to Larry! He is not to be condemned for some disgruntlement.

We did eventually find Bill's room---it turned out to be part of the D:B suite! -- and after a while more at the D:B party, went back to the Benfords', where a pleasant gathering was now in full swing. The only incident there that I remember specifically involved Don Fitch. As we entered the room, Don was reaching into a paper bag for a loaf of bread. I asked him for a bit, and he handed me the loaf, of which I pulled off a chunk and passed the remainder to the person to his right, who pulled off a chunk and passed the remainder to the person on his right, who...of course, the loaf never made it back to Don. I thanked him as we all thanked him for the marvelous bread, but Don only looked sad. "It was my dinner," he explained.

Eventually we wound up at the inevitable Doggy Diner, as usual with about ten people/ I don't remember who they were, except that Arthur Thomson was one of them, because when I reached our table with several cups of coffee, he and Pat were deep in conversation.

I did not interrupt, so finally Arthur turned to me and asked, "Why is it you've never stood for TAFF, Dick Lupoff. Or run, as you Americans say."

I made some facetious remarks about Could British fandom stand for me, but Arthur was insistent, so I told him "Because nobody ever asked me to. And I do not believe that one should push oneself for TAFF."

"Well, you ought to run," Arthur insisted, "I've been talking to several people about nominating you and you ought to run."

So I suppose this constitutes my Announcement. I'm running for TAFF, on a platform of "I'll bring my wife, British fandom, you're safe." In 1966, I guess, or 1967. Ask Arthur, my campaign manager.

Each day had been dawning later and later, but Sunday was different; Sunday was the day of the big Burroughs Bibliophiles Annual Dum-Dum. Pat slept late and I went off to represent Caneveral, and later, when it was all over, we met for breakfast or lunch or something.

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

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

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

Then there was the JohnCon bid. A group of us over on one side of the hall decided to put in a bid "just for fun" for St. John, one of the U.S. Virgin Islands group. Actually, this was an idea kicked around in infrequent bull sessions for some three or four

years, by the Silverbergs, Shaws, Boyd Raeburn and myself. The Virgin Islands are a beautiful spot. The fare from New York by jet is cheap, rooms at the Caneel Bay Plantation, where Bob and Barbara are hot to hold the con are quite expensive, but they are American Plan --meals included-- and this strongly mitigates the high cost of rooms. Booze is extremely cheap, the town of Charlotte Amalie on St. Thomas (a short boat ride from St. John) is a fascinating place full of marvelous divey nightclubs and duty-free import shops, and the whole place would really be ideal for a convention.

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

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

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

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

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

The only other item of business was the decision to appoint two

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

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

Chairmen are funny that way. You never know who will turn up in a Chair, or how he will act if he does. The Chairman of the JohnCon-VirginVention bid is Dick Ellington---an anarchist, for God's sake! And the Chairman of this here now Hugo thing is a science-fiction fan, and intends to see that the control of the Hugo remains in the hands of science-fiction fandom.

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

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

Well, that business meeting took so long that Pat and I bypassed the following wine-testing (we hardly needed more alcohol) and went upstairs to change clothes for the banquet.

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

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

2. Edmond Hamilton and Leigh Brackett, Co-Guests of Honor (Professionals) spoke for about five minutes apiece. Their talks

were both pleasant, anecdotal, very well recieved, and not awfully significant, as indeed after-dinner speeches ought not to be.

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

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

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

Another five minutes or so, and one of them slid a note under Sam's nose. Sam at the moment had almost gotten up to the famous story of Hugo Gernsback's Silk Hat of 1913, really the high point of the introductory section of his speech. When the note was given him Sam flinched, paused, read it, ruminated a bit, then said "I see that I'm running out of time, so I'll have to skip over the rest of this talk, and just summarize by saying..." whereupon he gave us the short (30 minute) version of the Life of Hugo Gernsback, totally omitting several of his best thigh-slappers.

It was later revealed that the contents of the mysterious note were "SHUT UP!"

After that came the awarding of the Hugos, but I really did have to pass water, and excused myself from the room to make a quick trip to the mezzanine. As I went through the lobby on my way back, I noticed a stocky, balding, middle-aged gentleman through the front door of the Leamington. He was climbing out of a taxicab. He



entered the lobby, and I noticed that he was wearing a white dinner jacket, and a small, neat mustache. What drew my attention, however, was his slightly odd behavior. Although seemingly quite comfortable in the Leamington lobby he started, deliberately, to practice laborious breathing, as if he had been running. And he reached into his jacket pocket and withdrew a small lady's atomizer, apparently containing water, which he proceeded to spray upon his forehead, simulating perspiration.

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

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

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

We did have an interesting talk with Ed Wood, and with a couple of other fans who wandered in. Ed was asked his profession, for instance, and replied, "I am a merchant of death. I work for the Atomic Energy Commission, in an atomic submarine. In Idaho."

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

Ed holds that fanzines themselves ought to be devoted to serious critical, historical, and bibliographic material concerning science-fantasy literature. I too enjoy such material.

Where Ed and I part ways is that Ed feels that there should be only serious sf/fantasy material in fanzines, while I feel that while long piercing fanzine reviews are worthwhile, so are "shopping-list" fanz reviews, and I feel that while serious sf/fantasy fanzines are fine, so

also may be fannish fanzines, fan newszines, humorous fanzines, etc. Here, we get to screaming.

At the fanzine panel, Ed provided the greatest interest of any participant, panelist or audience, because he has strongly held opinions, which he expresses with force and adroitness. We need such people, but we need to avoid taking them too seriously. If I have learned a lesson in fandom in the past few years, it is how to get along with people like Ed Wood.

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

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

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

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

When we arrived at Tilden Park we found that the carousel there is justly famed....it is a beautiful thing, equipped not only with the traditional horse and swans, but with gryphons, and giant leaping frogs, and other golden creatures. The carousel also has a little seat resembling a hatbox, but about four feet in diameter, open on top, with a circular bench running around the inside, and a single vertical opening for ingress and egress. The entire device is mounted on a vertical pole which rises through its center, and rotates while the entire carousel revolves.

In the "hatbox" I suggested sitting with the head thrown back, eyes fixed not on a specific point overhead but in a fixed position, so that they were set, in effect, to move circularly about an imaginary point overhead, which in turn was moving in a much larger circle as

the carousel turned. As we all sat back in the hatbox (I think I was the only one mad enough to try the head back position) all made comments about how timid and tame this ride was until first one, then the other would suddenly go grey-green in the face, bring one hand up to the mouth, and mumble around the fingers, "It's got me!" I may not have been the first to go, but I don't see how I could have other than the farthest gone, before the ride ended. Ellie Turner was the last, and it was a bitter delight to watch her superior smile turn suddenly to an expression of panic.

After the ride, which lasted approximately six eons of geological time, we all went to join the wise fans sitting on the grass, and slowly recover. Then we started back for Oakland.

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

Monday night Pat and I went out to dinner with Terry and Carol Carr; Terry is a Barea native, but neither Carol nor Pat nor I had ever been there before, and Terry decided to show us around. We arranged to have drinks before dinner at Cliff House, a restaurant overlooking the Pacific, with seal rocks just offshore and a magnificent view of the sunset. Terry called the weather bureau to determine the time of the sunset that evening---it was 7:16---and the four of us took off in the MG 1100, roaring and backfiring, in what we hoped would be sufficient time to get there and see the sun set in the Pacific Ocean.

We became slightly lost in San Francisco, got back on course and started hurrying, probably breaking a few ordinances, but making it to Cliff House about fourteen minutes after seven o'clock. Unfortunately, it was a heavily clouded and foggy evening, and the sunset was totally invisible. The view from Cliff House is nonetheless a lovely one, with the Pacific Ocean stretching below, and jagged rocks rising many feet from the surface of the sea.

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

Back at the Leamington a final party was being given by the convention committee. It may be that the party was overcrowded, hot, stuffy, and generally dull, or it may (more likely) have been merely a state of mind, but whatever the reason, Pat and I both felt little interest in what was going on. At one point during the party Pat was half-reclining on one of the two beds in the room, I was sitting

near the foot, and Ted White was next to Pat. Sitting on the edge of the other bed, facing in our direction but talking to someone else was Tony Boucher. Judy Merrill strode into the room, spotted Tony, and plunged headlong across the bed, landing squarely on Pat and Ted, and settled down to talk to Tony. I think only some frantic squirming and perhaps a discreet jab or two dislodged her at that. Ted claims to have kneed Judy in the groin, but I think he is just fantasizing.

Tuesday morning was a time for saying good-bye to many people, some old friends and some new ones. We had breakfast in the Leamington coffee shop with George and Cindy Heap, or Cindy anyway, George being hung-over. The Webberts stopped by our table, on their way out, and I'm sure there were others as well.

Afterwards we went upstairs to pack, and then back to check out. At the desk I settled our bill, including the extra \$5.00 for the hideous floral print, and just for the hell of it acted on Ted White's idea and asked for the picture. The desk clerk conferred with the manager, the manager telephoned the housekeeper, the picture was located, and presented with what I considered really more flourish than necessary.

"If you had changed both pictures we wouldn't have complained," the manager told me, "But you spoiled a matched set, you see."

I admitted that I saw, and we took our picture and our luggage and loaded up our roaring, exploding MG and made for the Ellingtons' house once again. There was to be a post-con party that night, and the next morning we would leave to stay with non-fan friends for a few days.

We tried a new route through Oakland, passing a hospital which conspicuously displayed "Quiet Please" signs. The car was getting worse and worse, apparently as the manifold worked looser and looser, and by the time we reached Berkeley I felt that the car was really on the verge of quitting altogether. Certainly I was ready to quit it.

A while after arriving we gathered up Pat and Marie Ellington, and Dannie Curren, and would have set out for Dannie's house in the Canyon, but Pat Ellington warned that it was a rough trip there, and I really did not feel like trying it in a car that seemed ready to give out at any moment.

So before we left Berkeley we looked up the address and telephone number of National Car Rental in Oakland. The Ellingtons use a 1963 telephone book, Dick explains, because the '64 book was printed by non-union labor, and the Wobblies have headed a campaign to get subscribers to return the books, and announce that they'll get along with last year's, plus information service, until the '65s, printed by union labor, are ready.

Well, we called National, and explained what was the matter, and they agreed to swap the car for another. Pat, Pat, Marie and Dannie piled into the now-powerless*car, I got into the driver's seat and off we went once more, sounding louder than ever, and headed for the address in Oakland given in the phone book.

((* Or "now almost-powerless car", I should've typed. SS.))

When we got there, which took a while, we found only a gas station. The proprietor was not there, and the attendant who was knew nothing of any rental outfit. So we looked up National in the gas station's '64 phone book, and found that indeed there was a new address. We drove there, following street signs and building numbers, and arrived at length at ---the Hotel Leamington! National had moved to the hotel, and operated from the hotel garage and parking lot!

They were a bit surprised to see me again, but made no protest at exchanging the MG 1100. Apparently there has been enough trouble with these cars that they are not surprised to get one back with a complaint over mechanical problems. I asked the proprietor if we could have a VW instead-- we were originally supposed to get a VW back in Los Angeles, but were stuck with the MG instead because it was all that they had-- and he explained sadly that they had none available. Their VWs are always in demand, and the people who can't get them settle for MG 1100s.

But off we went to the Canyon, Pat Ellington driving the last leg of the trip because the road is so tough as to warrant avoidance by strangers if at all possible; and then we climbed back up the side of the Canyon, on foot, to reach Dannie's house, where Pat and I first made the acquaintance of Peaceable Waters, one of Buck and Snoopy's puppies. After resting a while to get our breath back, we tramped back to the car with the brew we had come to get for the party.

Somehow, that party never exactly began....the earliest arrivals drifted in so slowly and joined the group sitting around the living room so quietly, that you could hardly notice them, but blink your eyes and there were suddenly seventy-five people in the house, boozing, carousing, swapping stories, playing with the animals, fighting, wrestling, eating, telling lies, making friends, making enemies, telling jokes, laughing, kissing each other, so'king each other, admiring Dick Ellington's monster collection, admiring the blue floral print from the Leamington, passing the print around for universal autographs and for auction at a future Westarcon, going upstairs, coming back, going outside, coming back, going off for more liquor (the supposed full evening's supply lasted barely half the party), looking at fanzines (Elmer Ferdue tried to subscribe to Xero but settled for the promise that there would never be another issue published without his being notified), singing songs.....

I must admit that at the start of the party I was drinking the scotch that Pat and I donated; when that gave out I switched to screwdrivers. Somewhere along the line, after the expedition to replenish the wine cellar, I found myself forced to go on to orange blossoms. The total result was the first (and only) encounter with trouble holding liquor that I faced on the trip. "I won't stand for this," my stomach said.

"Who's boss here?" I asked in reply.

"Let's find out," suggested my stomach, starting a concealed bump-and-grind.

"Okay, let's" I answered, forcing a glottal contraction to hold everything down.

And to my astonished gratification, I won. Think of that.

This is, I suppose, an achievement of sorts. Pat did not match it, but that is a delicate matter, and she made it to the bathroom in time, which is important.

I don't have many clear recollections of the party; you will need few guesses why not.

As the party had never really started, so it never really ended, either. People drifted out in small numbers, the first few groups to leave hardly being noticed, later ones reducing the human density appreciably, and finally, one might again blink, and lo!, there was no one left but the Ellingtons and their staying guests. I guess the party bitter-ended between five and six A.M., and Pat and I went to bed in a more-or-less makeshift double bed upstairs.

We had just about settled for a few critically needed hours of sleep when --crack!-- the bed collapsed. We were keeping up our average of one broken bed a week, without even trying.

We left Berkeley Wednesday morning for Hillsborough, a superb south of San Francisco where we spent the next four days visiting mundane friends. Saturday night we made it to the Knights' for a rather quiet, slightly melancholy farewell. There were just six of us there; Jerry and Miriam, and the two pairs of Pats and Dicks. Jerry showed a rather good movie made by themselves and the Clintons. Ken Beale would've been proud: it wasn't just an animated snapshot, but actually had a plot, albeit a crude and somewhat incoherent one. It was far more tolerable than most home movies.

Dick Ellington told the final --and best-- of all his stories, that of Dannie Curran and the wedding of Tom Condit.

As you know, Dan is a patriarch or an elder or some such title in the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way, fandom's own religion, officially recognized by the State of California. In his capacity, Dan is entitled to perform various official acts, including weddings.

For Tom's wedding to a girl identified only as Lisa, Dan had had the couple sit, tailor fashion, on the floor. Dan himself, clad in his black monk's robes, sat facing them.

Dan's formal questioning of the nuptial pair began with "You two been makin' it for a while?"

Response (in unison): "Yeah."

Clergyman: "You wanna keep makin' it for a while?"

Response: "Yeah."

Clergyman: "Okay, you're married."

Of course, it is all perfectly legal. If only someone could get Dan to fill out and register the form on which weddings are reported to the state.

Sometime during the night Jerry and Miriam, Pat and I, planned the Mid-Hudson Science Fiction League, or some such organization which we will form next spring when they arrive in Kingston, twenty-five miles or so north of Poughkeepsie. And of course the First Annual Poughkeepsie Science-Fiction Picnic.

The next day, Sunday, we flew home, amidst much confusion and changing of reservations at the last possible moment, but it seems rather pointless to go into that. We arrived home to find a stack of mail including my discharge from the army reserves, at long, long last.

Arthur Thomson had been having his American tour while we had been visiting in the Bay Area, and was due back in New York the next day, Tuesday.

He had plans for staying in New York through Friday evening, and we had some plans for some of those days and some of those nights, and it was a bit like having the Pacificon come back to us, now that we had left it.

Arthur's first night back in New York a group of us --the Carrs, Jock Root, Pat and I-- took him on a tour of the Village, having dinner in a good Mexican restaurant Terry and Carol knew of, and then going to a coffee shop, Cafe Finjon or some such place, at Jock's recommendation. Cafe Finjon occupies the former premises of the Fat Black Pussycat, a distinct comedown in name.

After vile coffee and ice cream concoctions we set out once again, and wound up at a Village movie house putting on a silent film revival; we saw a couple of shorts, and the original Doug Fairbanks (Sr.) Mark of Zorro. It was probably a good show, but we were all sleepy long before it ended.

Thursday evening was the famous or infamous Farewell Phil Rogers party, held at Ted White's apartment in Brooklyn. All week several of us had been worrying about what to do in case Ted didn't get back in time, in his newly-bought Chevrolet Greenbrier, with Ardis Waters, her son Chris, Peaceable, and our dirty laundry. At the last moment we learned that it was no problem: Les Gerber had a key, and would be at the apartment ready to start the party without Ted, if need be.

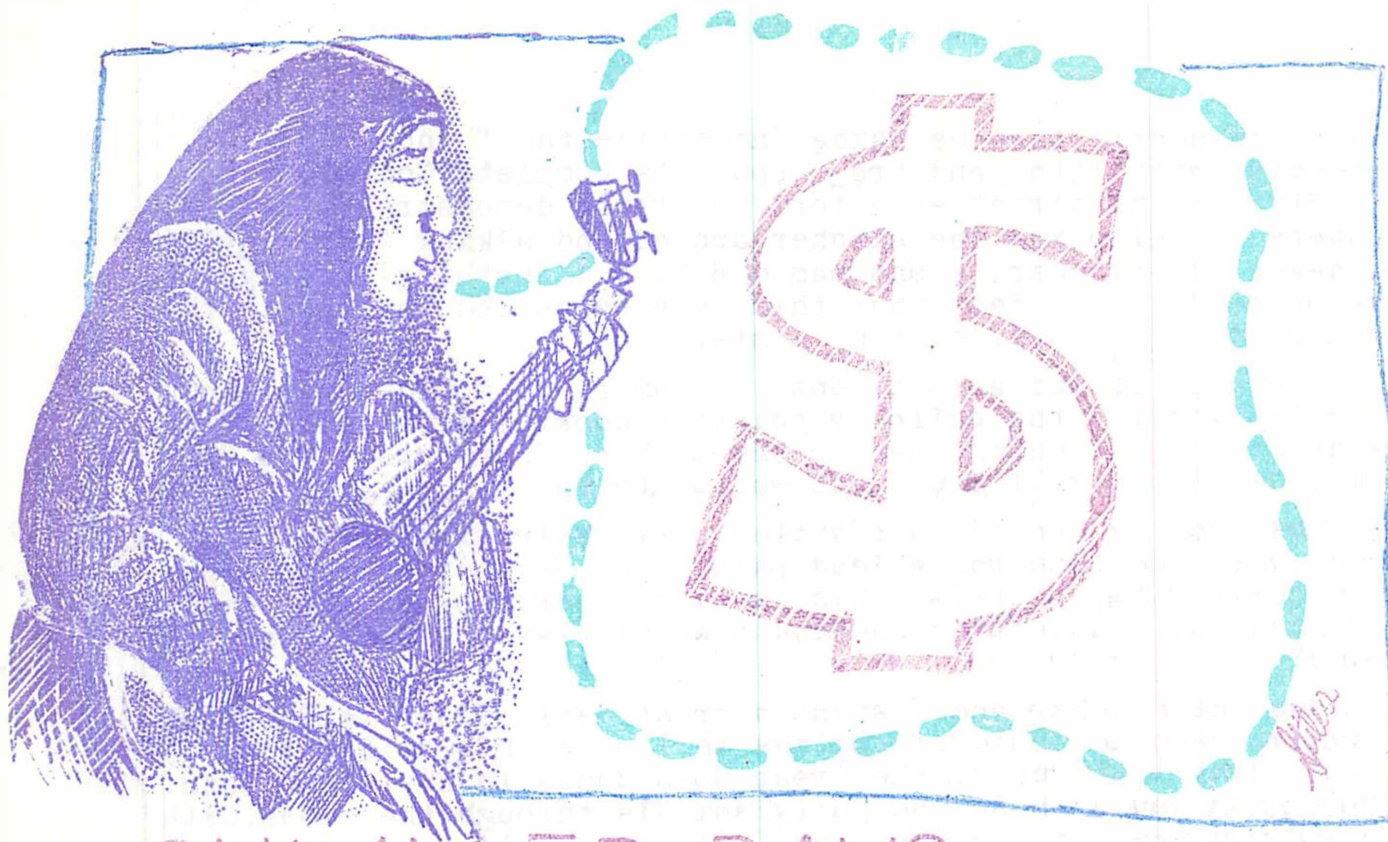
Arthur, Pat and I had dinner at the Bear Garden, then drove to Brooklyn, arriving to find that the electricity in Ted's apartment had been turned off. Andy Porter and I went and bought candles. About 10:30 Arthur, Lee Hoffman, Terry&Carol, Jon White, Pat&I left for Chinatown. We had a good meal, and a good time, and then Arthur and Pat and I took Lee home, and she invited us in to look at her fannish memorabilia, and listen to marvelous old 78 records, and finish the evening.

Meanwhile, back in Brooklyn, Ted & Co. arrived within minutes of our departure, and is reported to have been understandably miffed at the spiriting away of the guest of honor before even the arrival of the host. If we'd known his arrival was imminent... but for all we knew, he might still be hundreds of miles away. Regrets are vain.

Friday was the real end. Andy Porter, Jock Root, Dave Van Arnam, and Pat & I all drove to Idlewild with Arthur for a final dinner (it was vile) and farewell. Arthur produced Sweet Good-bye (Sugar envelopes)) for Ape F while waiting for food to come. We all walked him to his boarding station, and shook hands, and Pat kissed him, and we watched Arthur round a corner amidst what looked like the Saezi UN delegation en route home via England, and the Pacificon was really over.

FISTFA wasn't much fun that night.

--Dick Lupoff--



SUMMER DAYS JOHN KONING

People have been telling me for years that I daydream too much, that I live in a fantasy world which has little relation to reality, that I just don't know about the cruel world, but until this past summer I didn't really know what they meant. Granted, I have led a rather sheltered life, cloistered in the brick walls of Case Institute of Technocracy, but I assumed, as I sat in beerhalls or took in the shows at local nightclubs, that there was little in the world that could shock or amaze me. But you know I was wrong.

For this very summer I had my first introduction to the Working Man in quantity. Now, I had met people like those at United Engineering & Foundry before, principally in the pages of Innuendo's scathing vignettes about Berkeley, or in Void's stories of Dallasfandom, but I always thought that these people were the work of Carr's and Benford's fertile imaginations. Oh, goshwow, was I ever naive!

The particular machine shop where I worked as an assistant Hitcher was peopled by about 25 hard working men, all engaged in a kind of guerilla warfare, not only with the world, but with themselves. One of the lathe operators would frequently tell me (each time in exactly the same words) about the Shop Steward, a suspicious man who, he said, had been elected to his Union post only because the men wanted to see how big an ass he could make of himself. From the note of envy in the lathe man's voice I could tell that he secretly believed that he could make an ass of himself far better than the Steward. This Union man, the Steward, obviously feeling that I, a college man, was a fellow member of the intelligentsia,

would frequently take me aside and deride the "winos" he was forced to work with, and brag about his Complete Control over the Hitcher, my direct superior. He would demonstrate this mastery by following the Hitcher around and asking "Why? Why?" whenever the Hitcher, a man named Bob, did anything. Bob ignored the Steward, but I felt that this only evidenced how subtle the Steward's control was over my master.

Bob himself had a fine sense of humor. He would exhibit his fine feeling for the boffo by painting cookies with white lead paint and then feeding them to the Machine Operators. "Old Southern Joke; he almost kill you." Bob was Southern.

The Machine Men in turn whiled away their time by painting our shoes with the same white lead paint, and by squirting passersby with their water pistols. This is what separates men from machines, for what fully automated machine ever displayed a fine sense of humor?

Bob the Hitcher and I spent a great deal of our leisure time together, and he would oftentimes tell me of his colorful past. He would paint pictures of the Great Coon Hunts in the Deep South, where they would chase the furry animals through the woods with hammer and axe, crying "Tallyho!" And he would expound on his 26 years as a coal mine straw boss, his years as a highly paid salesman in men's wear, and his many other occupations. He had, in fact, led such a full life that I calculated his age at 109.

Most illuminating, however, was his opinion of Segregation. Integration, he would state, was not the desire of the Southern Negro, but of the Northern white man. Negroes had, he said, been happy in the South, shining shoes and doing other similar tasks that nature had equipped them for. Then had come those ignorant Northern people. And what was the result? Why, discontent. He pointed to the recent race riots all over the nation as proof that the Negro wanted to be left alone. It was obvious that he was a great champion of Negro Rights, and would go to great lengths to see that they were allowed to keep their special bus seats.

By far the most inspiring of my fellow workers, however, was the Sew Operator, the man who God hadn't wanted to go to college. Occasionally this man would sit next to me during the lunch break and tell me of his dreams of the Second Coming (in which he was left on Earth as a martyr). He interpreted his exclusion from the Chosen as an indication that he should go into the World and preach the Gospel.

"Why didn't you go into the ministry?" I asked one day.

"The ministry?" he replied, looking at me condescendingly, "No, I thought about going into the ministry, but God told me not to go to college."

"God told you.... What did he sound like?"

"Oh, he didn't speak to me directly, that would have been expecting too much. You see, I was enrolled in Bible School, preparing to go to College. But while I was at Bible School five separate ministers, on five separate occasions, told me not to go to college."

"Did they tell you why you shouldn't go to college?" I asked.

"No. But I knew what they meant. It was like my dream. I could do more as a layman than as a minister. That's what they meant. We all don't have to go to college, you know."

"But you would have, if God hadn't told you not to?"

"That's right.... but He told me in time."

"Yes," I replied, eating another peanut butter sandwich.

Since returning to my own little scholastic sphere I have pondered long on the lessons learned in that machine shop. Now I am aware of the real world, the world in which the negro, against his will, is being forced to ride in the front of the bus and is being denied his right to keep the White man in his place, in which automation is denied only because machines, no matter how efficient, have no sense of humor, and in which God tells people not to go to college.

It sort of gives me a Sense of Wonder.

---John Koning---

"I think I can probably do without 'The Art of Yossele Rosenblatt'"

MORE STILES: The purpose of this section is to fill up the rest of this page. This is, I suspect, not a good thing to admit and maybe even irrefutable proof that I am not a Good Editor. Not that Good Editors haven't done similar things; it's just that they make it seem like they had planned it all along. Faugh, pretense! We're honest around here. I never said I was a Good Editor anyway.

Strangely enough, I can't think of anything to write (except interlineations, and they would spoil the layout). Strange because I was once a member of Apex and in Apex everyone wrote reams of letters. Communication was the byword in our group. And I once wrote a letter that was twenty-one pages; not that it really mattered, because, rereading my old stuff I've come to the conclusion that nothing I ever wrote in Apex was worth anything. For example, I once wrote a half a page on how I dropped pebbles on a chipmunk. "It went 'cherk, chernk, chirp'" I noted.

One of our old Apex Jokes was "I almost love you." Another was "I almost communicate with you."

When I was in Apex I was Finding Myself. Or at least I thought so: actually, what I was doing was writing pretentious nonsense about Love, Life and Death when I really didn't know that much about love and couldn't claim to have gone through death. However, I do think that the sheer volume of garbage I produced taught me something about writing. I'm really proud of the following exercise in writing accomplishment: "'I think that Herbie Mann is a s---.'" said Ted. 'I think he's a B-----,' said Boyd. 'I think he's a F----- S--- B---,' said somebody. '-----'"

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be as a lawyer then as a minister. That's what they meant. We
don't have to go to college, you know. But you would have, if God hadn't told you not to?"
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It gives me a sense of wonder.



Stiles

LES GERBER GERBERINGS

THE METAPHYSICS OF EXISTENCE

OR

THE EXISTENCE OF METAPHYSICS

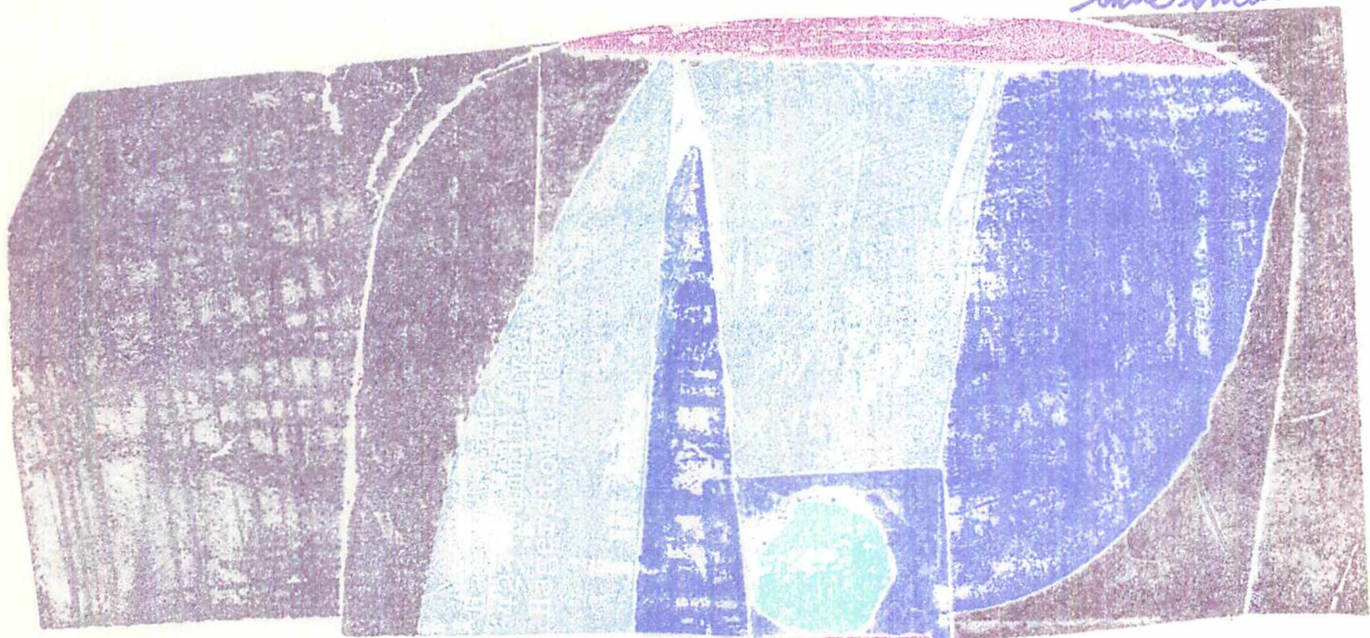
For a longer time than I would like to think about, the question of existence has been a very real one to more people than I would like to think about. Even Descartes' famous proof of his own existence, the one thing he could not doubt (because if he did not exist, he could not doubt his own existence) has been "refuted" by later philosophers, who said they thought they existed but couldn't prove it.

If you can think about it without laughing, the question of existence becomes a very real one. Let us say, just for the moment, that Descartes did not exist but could be fooled into thinking he existed. That would leave us with no definitive proof of anything. And there are reasonable grounds for doubting anything else--sense impressions for sure, since you've certainly had experiences where you were sure of something and turned out to be mistaken.

We will take it for granted that no one can act without having positive proof of anything. Really, this is all what we do---using the same kind of faith behind all our actions that a religious man uses for believing in God. The question remains; what happens when one must be certain of something? What happens when you cannot act at all without being positive beyond any possibility of doubt about something?

PLEASE DON'T BE WORRIED THAT WE DO NOT EXIST

Steve Ditte



LETTERS

F.M. BUSBY, 2852 14th Avenue West, Seattle Washington 98119

Appreciations for SAM #11, particularly since we'd done nothing to deserve it. Why, I don't believe I even wrote to say (several issues ago) that Mike Deckinger had not really caught the flavor of my CRYramblings, that he had instead caught the flavor of some sort of Busby-Weber-Teskey-Pfeifer melange from the elder days of CRY as a subzine, such as maybe 1956. I had thought that LOC out in my fine mind more than once, but I don't believe I ever did really write it. Anyways, I do like your stuff; even Ditte does not keep me from reading it. ((Yah. Mimeo Snob!))

Fanzine Dep't titles are no problem: you just take some contemporary or catchphrase and foul it up a little if necessary, same as everyone else does; the only reason these look esoteric is that they really didn't make much sense to begin with, and that's the best kind. Anything goes as a Dep't title; use it 3-4 times and it becomes a household word more or less, depending on how you define household. I'd give examples but they all come up Dirty and I have to save these for APA-Y.

It is good to see Rich Brown's fullbore exposition of the Ayn Rand books. I didn't read "Atlas Shrugged" until medium-late 1962 but I've read it twice more since then and think it is one hell of a good book. (I'd read "The Fountainhead" in 1946 and reread it in '62 after reading "Atlas").

No one person fully agrees with any other person, ever; I don't fully agree with Ayn Rand and I don't expect that Rich does either if he'd stop to consider the matter step by step all the way. ((It's hard to find a philosophy in which everything is wrong and almost impossible to find one that's all right. And that's *Philosophy* for this issue-- from me, anyway.)) Nonetheless Ayn Rand takes one big bite out of the soupy general acceptance of the intrinsic superiority of the copeless, and I join Rich in cheering her for this.

"Atlas Shrugged" is Science-Fiction, not because it contains a deathray and a Wonder Metal and a camouflaging forcefield and a new cigarette, but because it takes place in an utterly-alternate universe from that in which we live. I'm not exactly sure where the Universe in "Atlas..." branches off from ours, but the turnoff could not be later than the moment when Guiseppe Angera missed president-elect Franklin D Roosevelt and killed mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago instead, and it might very well occur before the signing of the Versailles Treaty punctuated World War I with a semicolon rather than a period. The World of Atlas... is one that none of us have known: individuals rather than corporate (non) entities manipulating the world of industry, for instance. And some of the outrages perpetrated on Dagny Taggart by Wesley Mouch et al have been old hat since the middle of FDR's 3rd term, though phrased in different language of course; the Office of Price Administration (an item of fact) in 1942 carried many of the powers given by author Rand to the agency that in her book enforced the Equalization of Opportunity Act. Doubtful? Go look it up.

And yet our society has not gone down the drain as Ayn Rand "predicts"; she perhaps shortens the time-scale for the sake of plot (a valid device) but also it is evident that she did miss the boat just a little bit. This in no wise invalidates her complaints against the moochers, the looters, the Procrustean-equalizers; she pegs these people solidly as the destructive forces they are, though in exaggerated or cartoon form to some extent. (In fact, to highlight Rand's ideas more vividly it would have been well to quote the looters/moochers themselves--- Hank Reardon's family, Jim Taggart and many others--- to show, in contrast, what it is that she is against so vigorously. Oh well; another time, Rich.)

I suppose the divergence arises because the development of looting did not (except to some extent in the collectivist countries) ((And occasionally in the South American countries, who call their looting "nationalization". Keep your eyes peeled for news of the oil fields in Venezuela.)) follow the exact forms shown by Rand; our own Looters have learned a healthy respect for the well-being of the Golden Goose. (Witness the astounding spectacle of a tax-cut under a Democratic administration!)

In any case, "Atlas Shrugged" may have been predictive in

in nature as of 1930, but by 1960 it had become an alternate-universe story, not that this invalidates any of the ideas therein or vice versa.

In Atlas.... the protagonists obviously take sex as a measure of their own and their partners' value, which is all well and good; the antithesis of this attitude is shown when Jim Taggart and Reardon's wife take each other as an expression of mutual degradation: it should not be possible to misunderstand such clearecut examples too badly. Perhaps Reardon's initial aberrations confuse the issue.

The situation in "Fountainhead", however, is pretty far out. The heroine marries the villian, and every time the villian has succeeded in doing the hero one in the eye, the heroine goes to the hero and he rapes her---by mutually understood consent, as Rich says. ("Hello, Dominique? This is Howard? ...you know; Howard. Yeh. Well, what I called about: would you please ask your husband to hurry up and ruin me financially again pretty soon? I'm getting awfully hard up.")

But Rand's basic claim is that incompetence has no intrinsic right to direct the affairs of the competent, that need is no mortgage-by-devine-right upon ability. I could hardly agree more. Rand does not (nor do I, nor probably does Rich) say that no one should give or do for another gratuitously or in one's own legitimate self-interest (is unemployment compensation in the interests of the securely-employed? Damn right it is.). She does say that the need of the 100% consumer cannot be allowed to take precedence over that of the producer or else soon there would be no produce for consumption, period. And the Universe is singularly unresponsive to such great Human Forces as emotion and "belief", fine though they may be in their own league: crops grow not from wishes or majority-vote but from seed correctly planted and tended.

Stay tuned for the inevitable "refutations" in which Big Gov't Cures All.....

Tom Perry, 4018 Laurel Avenue, Omaha 11, Nebraska

I'm in receipt of Sam #11, and a very pretty thing she is. I like your editorial, too (especially the dream, 'till you woke up) and Les' Gerberings (especially the subway adventures). I admire what you do with the color in artwork, but I'd wish you'd use another color--say, black--for the type; pages of purple type are hideous. ((Okay, starting with this issue I'll use only black masters.))

I suppose it's a compliment to fandom that rich brown, on finding his fannish comrades disapproving of an author he likes, decides there must be two Ayn Rands and two sets of books with the same titles, rather than deciding that his friends must be stupid. It seems to me, though, that he has wasted a lot of space in Sam testing this possibility by quoting huge sections of his Ayn Rand's books. It won't

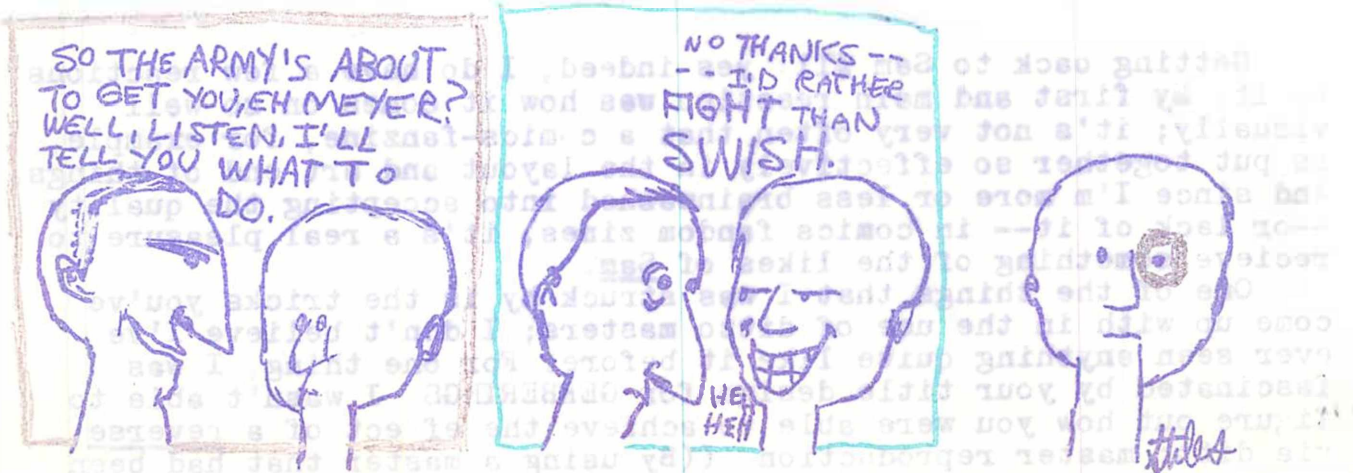
comfort him any either when I say that yes, these are the thoughts I consider stupid and the scenes I consider poorly written.

Perhaps the best way to refute this mass of quotation would be to quote back at him some 20 pages of stuff from the histories of Nineteenth Century capitalism, or a work of fiction like the GRAPES OF WRATH. I'm not really up to it though. ((But what does 19th century capitalism have to do with 20th century capitalism? And, come to think of it, what do the two brands have to do with Rand's ideal of capitalism?)) If rich is really interested in testing the heady absolutist ideas he's been reading, I'd suggest he'd try the library.

In case he isn't, though, perhaps it would be sufficient to suggest that any philosophy that demands children starve because food cannot be sold at a profit is obviously wrong somewhere, and that any intelligent discussion of it concerns not whether it is right, but in what way it is wrong, and to what extent. ((Rand, as clearly stated in the March '64 issue of Playboy, does not rule out charity, or even condemn it. What she does object to is making charity a moral duty and elevating it into a major virtue. And, "There is nothing wrong in helping other people, if and when they are worthy of the help and you can afford to help them." To ask whether or not starving children are a worthy cause, and can a rich, capitalistic society afford to support them would be kind of silly.))

I must admit though I was surprised to read that until "some years ago" all popular writers dealt only with characters either "Lilly White in their goodness or Coal Black evil." What about such popular writers and story-tellers as Homer, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Twain, Dickens, Conan Doyle, etc.? For that matter, that popular book, the Bible, is full from one end to the other of characters neither all good or all bad. ((Depends on what church you go to.)) If by "popular novels" rich is referring solely to dime novels and hiss-the-villain dramas, he should say so and admit that as fiction, Miss Rand's books must be classed with these/

"It's hard on a face when it gets laughed in."



Betty Kujawa (whoops, lost her address while moving)

The significance of the covers escaped me. ((Me too.)) Tell me, the baccover, is that supposed to be ol' Sam hisself?? (herself). ((No. Those were Enita Eckberg's breasts, incidentally.))

Got a job yet? Congratulations on graduating. Condolences that a certain girl was in illustration and not Advertising, Steve, ah but you have plenty of time, plenty. ((With the Chinese around? But condolences aren't necessary; I recently got in contact with her & it turns out that she's a big science fiction reader, so.....))

I'm afraid that the charms of Les Gerber are lost on me.... his merry comments on ripping up subway-car posters do not enchant me, not even a little, Steve....perhaps its a carry-over from reading a recent SAPS mailing wherein Dian Pelz tells of a NYC party they attended prior to the Discon, I believe...wait, let me go check this....

Party at Esther Davis's, can't seem to tell here if you were present or not, Steve ((I was sick.))...anyway, Gerber there inflicted more of his winsome ways upon all assembled with that amusing (???) little episode of himself running out of a kitchen with a shook-up bottle of soda in his fly. And letting it squirt all over the rug and the furniture crying "Help! Help!" ((He was sublimating.))

Well Kiddo..... perhaps this amuses you, obviously Gerber thought it was quite the funny thing to pull in his hostesses home, but to me it is, shall we say, nauseating? Nauseating that he let said soda water spray all over Esther's rug and her furniture.....need I tell you or Mister (???) Gerber what would happen to him and his little bottle of soda water in my home if he did this?

Les Virenberg (somewhere in a Jo-Existence Carry Store in Canada)

Jeez, I'm sorry I couldn't make it to Brooklyn that night. I didn't realize so many people would be waiting for me there. But I'll be down there again some day real soon now and this time for sure I'll come to the Fanoclast meeting. But try not to hold it in Brooklyn. Being Jewish, I fear I might get beat up in the subway or something. (But then I could always travel incognito and leave my yarmulkeh and earlocks at home.)

Bill Spicer, 413-H West Stocker St., Glendale, California 91202

Getting back to Sam #11: yes indeed, I do have a few reactions to it. My first and main reaction was how it comes on so well visually; it's not very often that a comics-fanzine, for example, is put together so effectively in the layout and art end of things. And since I'm more or less brainwashed into accepting the quality --or lack of it-- in comics fandom zines, it's a real pleasure to recieve something of the likes of Sam.

One of the things that I was struck by is the tricks you've come up with in the use of ditto masters; I don't believe I've ever seen anything quite like it before. For one thing, I was fascinated by your title design for GERBERINGS. I wasn't able to figure out how you were able to achieve the effect of a reverse via ditto master reproduction. ((By using a master that had been

used on a previous Les Gerber column.))

Another thing I notice that you like to do is tinker with still another type of shading on most of the cartoons/illustrations; I'm not positive of this, but it looks to me as if you have scraped off some of the carbon deposit to get more of that 'reverse' shading. ((Yes.))

Forgive me if I've done a once-over-lightly on Sam's contents in favor of my bug-eyed observations on ditto master effects, but I suppose this is where the comics/visual thing comes out in me; for a good combination of art/layout and content, I'd have to say that Sam is one of the best fanzines I've read in a long time. ((False-blush. Actually, I like to get comments on the art content in Sam. By the way, did anyone notice that there were three different shades of blue in Porter's heading for the Rand article? As far as I know, this is the first thing of its kind that was ever done in a dittoed fanzine.))

Sandi Gerber, 207 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, NYC 11217

I've been promising you a loc on SAM for some time; now that I'm ready to deliver, I can't find the last issue. It's rich brown's article on Rand I'm mainly interested in commenting on, and I wish I had it, for it deserves point-by-point commentary. But I'll have to rely on memory, with apologies.

rich is right about one thing: Rand is rarely criticized in any perspective large enough for the criticism to be really valid or meaningful. I (she said immodestly) ((Be immodest; the editor is a moderate Objectivist.)) am practically the only person I know who has read her books and ended up neither pro nor anti Randian. When I first encountered ATLAS SHRUGGED and THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD, they had a very strong influence on me, and in the long run that influence has proved valuable and constructive. It's unfortunate that Miss Rand herself failed to follow her own heroic vision, instead of getting sidetracked in the inevitable limitations of a rationale.

Her concepts of "selfishness" and "egotism" are valid as she redefined those words: they mean about the same as "integrity" and "sense of worth" in less semantically-loaded terms. Even her contempt for the premises underlying the bulk of "modern literature" is justified. I'd like to quote here from THE STATURE OF MAN by Colin Wilson: "Neither is it true that...we live in an age of skepticism or defeat. The age is an abstraction; only the individuals who make it are real. Man's experience of himself is at all times a simultaneous experience of greatness and misery, god and worm. He is free to give primacy to either of these experiences....Whichever he chooses can determine his existence and, ultimately, his age.

"The acceptance of this view could effect the writer in certain obvious ways. The novelist or playwright who creates characters who are slaves of their environment does so because he accepts their predicament as his own. The conscious rejection of unheroic hypothesis, the insignificance premise, might produce some interesting results. It might reveal that the influence of the writer on society is actually greater than the influence society is supposed to have on the writer."

Ayn Rand made that choice, that conscious rejection, and it certainly did produce some interesting results. In spite of

her errors --and she made two major ones-- her books had a strong and widespread influence. And I think the main reason for that was her rejection of the "insignificance premise"; people are tired of being worms, being cogs in the society-machine.

But her conclusion that a capitalistic utopia would magically transform all men into mature, inner-directed human beings is both naive and fallacious. The problem goes much deeper than that. For instance, it's fairly simple to trace it at least as far as the materialistic system of values which underlies both capitalism and socialism. (For one thing, most really inner-directed individuals are relatively indifferent towards material possessions per se, over and above the basic necessities; they can take them or leave them, and prefer the latter when concern with outer things might hamper their own inner development and creativity.)

Ayn Rand's most basic error, though, is her irrational faith in "reason as the only absolute". To say "I will use only my faculty of reason, and none of the others, as my criterion of validity" is analogous to saying "I will use only my sense of sight, and none of the others, for reliable perception of my surroundings." This is not to devalue reason, or sight. Reason is a very useful tool when used accurately and skillfully, and within its proper function. But reason is quite inadequate in the field of values, for instance. It is impossible to construct an objective system of values solely by use of reason (as any philosopher familiar with the epistemology of logical positivism can tell you)...and Miss Rand's books contain nothing if not essential evaluations. The nature of reason is such that it must start with certain basic premises on which to build a rational and self-consistent structure; the premises themselves cannot be established by the rational process. ((Are you confusing reason with logic?))

Man's nature is based in irrational processes, and most particularly is the creative process based in irrationality. Rand did not and could not have written her books by her use of reason alone; it is sad that she has disowned that element in herself. (I won't bother going into her anti-mysticism here, except to say that some passages in THE FOUNTAINHEAD contain the most magnificent examples of humanistic mysticism I've ever read.) I wonder if she will someday realize her error, and have the integrity to correct it. I hope so.

Frank Willimczyk, 447 Tenth Avenue, New York, NY

I don't dig the cover, which is too far-out for me, though it's possible that had it been done in color it might've worked out. Now that you feel lousy, I'll have to add that this is the first thing of yours which I haven't liked, which is why I've come out against it.

Rich Brown's article on Ayn Rand I take exception to completely --well, almost completely; it seems as though there's a similarity between FOUNTAINHEAD and James Jones' From Here To Eternity, but that's too involved to go into just now. And not having read anything by Ayn Rand (other than Rich's quotes), I'm not competent to discuss anything other than Rich's article, and Nathaniel Brandon's

interpretation of "Objectivism".

However, the long quotes from Atlas Shrugged suggests a possible fictional conversation---between two machinests whom I'll call, for convenience, Burb & FTL (the scene is Saturday afternoon, with FTL a guest at Burb's home).

Burb: "Hey, guess who I saw yesterday?"

FTL: "Who?"

Burb: "The Big R himself---he went through our shop."

FTL: "Hell, that's nothing---he was in my shop a couple of weeks ago, too."

Burb: "But this time he talked to me. He called me by name. 'Burb,' he said, 'you are a good man. You are a True Machinest.'"

FTL: "A real thrill."

Burb: "It was, FTL. I mean the Big R's whole picture is complete. Every time I look at my wire recorder, I say to myself, 'God bless the Big R.'"

FTL: "Amen!"

((I refuse to know what you're talking about. But then it's not every day that I get real fictional conversations between Charles Burbee and Fran Leney.))

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md 21740

Rich Brown's article is the best-organized and most thorough fanzine criticism that I've seen in a long time. I wish I could agree with his admiration for Ayn Rand but I've never been unable to read any of her works in full except The Fountainhead, and I still shiver when I think of the willpower that I lavished on the task of getting that finished. She has one flaw that makes it impossible for me to pay much attention to her philosophy. She simply cannot write. Her style is as bad as that of a really great novelist, Dreiser, and she lacks his compensating virtue, that of writing about people with whom I'm familiar. She does so many things so wrong as a writer that pretty soon I get to wondering what terrible thing the next page will contain. I can't take seriously novels in which characters are named Dominique Francon and Dagny Taggart. Moreover, I think Rand is an unbearable snob in her attitude toward the minor characters in the world's cast. This is exactly the attitude that caused dramatists to treat for centuries only the kings, gods and legendary heroes of the past as worthy of subject matter. Finally a heretical generation of playwrights and novelists realized that such people constitute only a tiny fraction of one per cent of the humans of the world, that their lives are so circumscribed by the greatness that they are prevented from many interesting experiences, and we began to learn through the stage and books that the elevator operators and field hands can experience things worth paying attention to, even if they don't provide the steel for railroads. Some day, Ayn Rand will start writing books about corporations, I'm sure. She will find them much more reliable and fitted to her philosophy than human beings. ((You mean corporations aren't made up of human beings? Yes, we can learn much from elevator operators! As one said to me the other day, "Divinity can be lush."))

WAFF:

Arnie Katz, Rob Williams, Rick Sneary, G.M. Carr, Gretchen Schwenn, Len Bailes and I think about five other people whose letters I've repaced. Sorry. Next issue of Sam, by the by, may be a letterzine of sorts. Maybe.

WHY YOU'RE GETTING THIS:

- () You're a friend.
- () You subscribe.
- () I thought you might be interested.
- () I'm interested in your reactions.
- () You contributed.
- () I admire your fanec.
- () You wrote.
- () Trade. Or, Trade?
- () You're a NY fan.

This is probably the best typo I've made this issue (I don't know what I could have been thinking). I meant "misplaced".

TERRY CARR FOR TAFF: Although, as I've mentioned on the contents page, this issue may be coming out too late for plugs to do Terry any appreciable ammount of good, I think I owe some word of explanation as to why I've voted for Carr, and why I think you should go and do likewise. One of the main reasons I'm in fandom is that I really enjoy getting a fanzine that is well laid-out, has good material, well written editorials and handsome artwork. Therefore, here are some of the reasons why I think that Terry Carr is Top Cat for TAFF:

Innuendo, Lighthouse, S---, Void, Ragnarok, Fanec, the Fannish I & II, defenestration, Hobgoblin, entropy, and probably scores of other titles that I haven't seen but would love to get my hands on.



sAm

12

