

# Swingline L'Opportunistes

32

INSIDE  
SPEER'S  
REPORT  
ON THE

(P-CON)

PLUS  
SELECTED  
SHORT  
SUBJECTS

PHILLY IN 'PHORTY-SEVEN



GO EAST,  
YOUNG FAN



Shangri-L'Affaires #32, September 1946. Club mag of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, 637 1/2 S Bixel, Los Angeles 14, Calif. Edited by Charles Burbee. Issued 7 times a year. 10c per single copy, 3/25c, 6/50c. Trades with other fanzines arranged with the editor.

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Al Ashley told me last night that LA fandom was going to hell and he wasn't a bit surprized about it. Somebody told him, he said, that LA fandom would go to hell after the Pacificon, and by God, Al said, that's just what it's doing.

Why look, he said, here you are late with S-L'A (a lie, by the way) and I am late with Nova and don't care if En Garde never comes out and Laney has dropped Acolyte and Liebscher is a book collector and God knows when we'll see another Vom. Joquel's stuff never was any good and now he's not publishing at all and if he is I'm not reading it anyhow. Right here I stopped listening to Al Ashley, and when I began listening again he was smugly concluding a titanic period--- LA fandom, he said, is going to hell.

Somebody told me, he said, that LA fandom would go to hell right after the Pacificon.

Why Al, I said, how to you figure that?

I'll tell you, he said. It's like this. LA fandom is going to hell. And he went on and the general drift of his conversation was that LA fandom is going to hell.

It's going to hell, I tell you, he said again, shaking his head.

Well, I said, you may be right.

I know I'm right, he said. It came over me in a flash. I was playing a game of experimental chess the other night and using my other brain for random thoughts and it came to me like a flash. LA fandom is---why the whole bunch of guys that all used to collect books have become book collectors and while this does not shock me it does not surprise me either because I had my suspicions of this long ago. There was my other brain, the one with the high IQ, ruminating on this subject and that, and all of a sudden it struck me like a bolt from the blue.

These so-called fans are not interested in fandom any more, Al said. They are taken up with such mundane things as sex and beer and vodka and chess and other stupid things and thoughts of stencil-cutting never enter their heads. They're all going to hell, in short. The same might be said for the whole of LA fandom. It's all going to hell. And somebody told me it would, right after the Pacificon.

Who told you that, Al?" I asked.

Oh, a fellow. Don't know his name. Speer, maybe, or Widner. Or you. Nobody important.

You agree with him, though?

Well, he said, I looked at it from all angles. I abjure the use of psychology in all my thought processes, you know. I looked at it from all angles without the use of psychology and I came to that conclusion.

That was with your other brain, I said.

Yes, my #2 brain, that is. And then to make sure I called in my #1 brain and had a consultation, and the consensus is that LA fandom is going to hell.

I am convinced Al Ashley is right. And this column is a good example of what he was talking about when he said it.

---Charles Burbee

# "THE BEST PLANS, GANG..."

F. Ackerman

AYE, the best laid plans, plans, gang aft agley. I was going to write a Precificon, a Pacificon, and a Postcificon report. I was going to be everywhere at once, a veritable Acktopus with 8 hands all busy taking notes & quotable quotes. It was going to be a book, boys & girls--a book! No mere trivial 20 pages like the Speer account you (and I) are about to read, but, oh, an article at least as big as the Fancyclopedia.

But Fate struck me a dastardly blow (behind the F8-ball, as it were). Guess you heard about my being struck down in about the 6th hour of the Convention with an attack of acute candle-itis (contracted from burning the tallow at both ends). So the following will have to suffice as a sample of "what might have been"...

\* \* \*

Starting July 1, Los Angeles had a seizure (Caesar) of fans and all Gaulifornia was divided into 3 parts. The first of these parts we shall call the

## /PRECIFICON/

Milton Rothman of far-away Philadelphia enjoyed the distinction of being the first fan to arrive, the vanguard of the caravan to come. On hand to meet the weary traveler were early arisers Dale Hart, Gus Willmorth, Forrest J Ackerman & Lou Goldstone. Original plan included meeting EEEvans at Clifton's "Marsport" for breakfast, but a 45 minute delay in the Rothman train cost the company of both Evans & Willmorth, who were forced to depart for work, leaving only Hart, Gold & Acky to greet the Great Man. The FFM containing "The 25th Hour" and some 11th hour publicity about the Pacificon was vainly sought at the depot newsstand. Failing to find the hoped for issue, the trio contended themselves with reading about the less spectacular Bikini Bomb #1.

Rothman arrived with news of the establishment at last of a Philadelphia Science Fiction Socy clubroom ala the LASFS. He saw the newspaper accounts, for the first time, of A-bomb #4, and remarked that the world was still here. There had been some conjecture among many fans, it is assumed, as to whether everyone might not be attending the Postworldcon the afternoon of July 1, with A. Merritt, HPLovecraft, Hall & Flint and all the departed Greats (not to overlook SGWeinbaum) as Hosts of Honor (or Ghosts). Milt was steered to Stan Shack, empty but for a convalescent Myrt Douglas.

I departed to turn my hand to turning the two front rooms of my flat into a showplace. Returned to the Club Room several hours later to find Fran Laney and gloom: Hart & Goldstone had absconded with Rothman and the second arrivee, Max Sonstein of Northern Cal. 'Twas not till dinner time that I had the pleasure of meeting muscle man Max, the bibliophile of Belmont. He & I, Hart & Milt & Gus Willmorth all piled into a car and drove by Daughertys, picking up Walt & Jim-E and proceeding to the Pacificon Hall, where

Milty entertained us all with Bach, Chopin and all the piano lads, while Walt settled some last minute details. Tigrina turned up during this interval, and eventually supper was had, a dinner principally distinguished by Willmorth's clever trick of spilling aqua on Tigrina's dress, resulting in her moaning about "water on the knee".

I must cut ahead a moment here and explain that I am now writing under great apprehension, as TUCKER & MARI-BETH are momentarily expected. A few moments ago at Slan Shack, the fone-bell rang and Sandy Kadeł answered. "Rogers?" he echoed. "Don Rogers?" The name meant nothing to the neophyte but the household threw up its hands in horror and everyone tried to hide. While he held his palm over the mouthpiece, we tersely explained: "Claudegler--Cosmos!" Came the dawn--and Al Ashley, to take over interrogating Degler. After about 5 minutes of straight face, during which time Ashley seemed to get no place, he suddenly burst into hysterical laughter. Yuk, yuk, yuk--twas Tuck, pulling a Tucker! If, like the announcer on Bikini Bomb #1, this running account is suddenly interrupted by a cry of "BOMB AWAY & FALLING!" you'll know that Tucker & Mari-Beth have come calling...

To revert to the evening of the first nite of the pre-con: After dinner, Tigrina departed, leaving Willmorth, Sonstein, Hart, Rothman and myself to browse in a nearby bookstore, where Sonstein picked up "The Burning Ring", "Strength of the Strong", and some needed copies of mags, while each of the others added an item or two to their collections.

At the Clubroom, crifanac --feverish fan activity--was going on: The Combozine was being assembled, and Liebscher was working like mad on Chanticleer. Perdue & Hewett were chattering away. Touching scene of reunion between oldcronies Rothman & Perdue, Perdue sobbing "my boy, my boy!" Milty settling down to hear the tales of new times and reminisce about oldtimes. Showing Perdue the promised memento from Pompelli: Coblantz' winged Wonder Stick. Jim-E Daugherty, Gus Willmorth & Dale Hart playing ring around the rosie, assembling the Combozine....me, pounding out publicity to the newspapers....Sonstein dickerling with Dale Hart over the acquisition of some prozines....Evans developing stapler's cramp, pushing those long wires thru the thick Combozine.

I left at midnite to get a big 4 hours sleep, preparatory to meeting Robt Bloch in the morning. Liebscher, I understand, mimeod all nite. Bright & early--in fact, so early that it wasnt bright yet--Sonstein, Liebscher & Rothman arrived at my domicile and picked up T & me, and by devious means we wound our way out to the airfield. But due to a snafu...

LADIES & GENTLE-FEN, we interrupt our broadcast to announce the arrival of BOB TUCKER & MARI-BETH!!!! Hiatus of one hour for madness & gladness while everybody gets acquainted and re-acquainted.../

Back to Bloch: Due to some dituglity, the Shambler from the Stars was not on the scheduled plane, but delayed 4 hours. Tigrina had to go to work, so was driven back to town. Following the instructions of native Angeleño Ackerman, out-of-city fan Max Sonstein drove nearly to the Mexican border before Ack-Ack realized he had somehow become confused in directions. Tigrina was only a half hour late to work.

((Interruption--there'll be plenty of these on-the-spot recordings. I just had a fone call at Slan Shack, answered by Ack, from a fan inquiring details of the Convention. Turned out to be a chap named MacDonald, who knew Ack in the days of his employ at the Academy. His claim to fame is a prize he took in a contest in Marvel Science Stories.))

((More interruptions: Chas. Lucas of the PSFS, reader since the "Noname" days of Frank Reade, arrived around sundown. When artist John Cockroft arrived I have not been able to ascertain, but I first found him hidden away in Gus Willmorth's room, assisting the Beard in the assembly of his #3 Fan Advertiser. Kris Neville & Nieson Himmel there too. Aline Beeson in the Clubroom helping Evans put the Combozine together. Fone-call from Korshak, about 10 miles away and headed for Slan Shack! Fone-call from aunt of Forry the Ack, informing him his Mom & Pop are coming to the Con.))

Back to Bloch (does it seem to you you've heard that song before?). Replacing Liebscher with Rothman, the quartet including Hart, Sonstein & Ack-Ack dashed back to the airfield around 10 a.m.---waited 3 hours---no Bloch---at last returned to Bixel St. At this writing--8:20 on the evening of Tues 2 July, no word has yet been heard from Bloch.

But Andy Anderson has arrived on the scene. Ashley & Tucker have returned from a book buying browse. Abby Lu has knocked herself out on a buffet topped off with stromberry ice cream.

Anderson: "Did you drive out?" Tucker: "Yeah--drove the porter mad, conductor crazy!"

Two localites, Gordon Dewey & Peter Granger, just dropped in. Granger brot with him the slightly terrific match covers which created such a bright spot at the Convention.

\* \* \*

Then Phloo hit me in the gastric tract, and I never phinished.#

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23 Aug 46

Composed on stencil & strictly unrehearsd:

I shoud like to take this opportunity to sincerely thank U conventioneers who were so kind as to vote me a gratis Paul original ((in technicolor, folks)) from the Auction which I was not able to attend. Also, it was a great source of consolation to me, while lying in bed, to have the book brot to me bearing so many messages of cheer from old friends & new. This I shall long cherish.

It was my wish that Tigrina shoud read a few "Aloha" words from me following the Fanquet, and I did in fact dictate a brief speech to her, but I understand there was no opportunity to deliver it. Well, no matter; the upshot of it was: FOR A STFAN'S HEAVEN--PHILLY IN '47! See U all there!

Sciencerely, 4e

PS: Rothman assures me it won't be an alcoholiconvention, even if it is "The Fifth"!



EK

# A PARTIAL ACCOUNT OF THE PACIFICON,

OR,  
THRU SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA  
WITH ROD, CAMERA & J. SPEER

SURELY  
SOMEONE  
WILL BID MORE  
THAN TEN DOLLARS  
(FOR THIS ORIGINAL  
SNEAKY SKETCH)

ONE FIVE

THREE

## PRELIMINARIES

Due to Ackerman's illness, this will probably be Shaggy's only fulllength writeup of the convention. I'll try to get outside myself as much as possible, but in order to describe the heart and soul of the convention—suppers, smoke-filled rooms, ktp—I'll have to give it as I saw it, and doubtless with the inaccuracies with which individual remembers it.

We begin, then, late in the evening of 3 July, at Slan Shack Pro Tem. In the back room are Ashley, Evans, Widner (who hitchhiked almost all the way from Boston in seven days), and other poker-players. Uncounted fen from near and far drift around and in and out of the Shack.

Ackerman talked Foundation with me. He was dubious about the publishing side of the program, particularly the sponsorship of a news sheet. But, he went on to say, if it had been left up to him the Foundation would not have been established now. While in the army he formed the hope of using his Hollywood and other contacts to make a mint of money after he got out, and establish the Foundation, as a repository, all by himself. But Hiroshima and Nagasaki have given him such a conviction that the world he's willing to live in will not outlast five years, that he sees little point in acting for the far future. Laney and others have pushed him into establishing the Foundation immediately on a modest scale.

Rothman, who arrived several days before, had been out drinking Perdue under the table. He returned presently, and after greetings, briefed me on opinion in re Foundation and Empire: That it seemed the consensus that the NFFF should be allowed to go its way, and the Foundation would go its. For Dunkelberger, no good words were heard. Tucker had tacked up the SPECIAL Bullitin to NFFF with a notation, "This means Laney's a dead duck". Rothman had a letter from Dunk containing the plea, "Fight for the NFFF!", in consequence of which Milton was referred to as a pseudopod of Dunkelberger.

Your reporter did not reach the convention hall till after noon Thursday. He accumulated the program booklet, combozine, and other crud, then searched nearby restaurants and discovered a group which included Mrs Pat Davis, who'd met Willy Ley in North Carolina and thereafter decided to attend the Pacificon.

Disappointments were the absence of the Heinleins and Moore-Kuttners, the former attending the rocket experiments in New Mexico, the latter spending the summer in Chicago. Of fantasites we will not have occasion to name later, Bruce Yerke should be mentioned. He attended the afternoon session, out of morbid curiosity he said. I seem to have lost my note on the total attendance, but it would be pretty accurate to say that the registration book at the end showed 120 signatures, of which just about 18 were from California outside the LA area, and 18 from the United States outside California. In addition there were probably some who failed to register, not counting the womenfolk who were brot in by fen for the costume party, Theodore,. One lady who should have registered was Edna MH van Vogt, who came from her sickbed to watch things for a few minutes one night.



I went out for supper with Laney, Ashley, and Widner, Laney driving us to the Mayfair so i could dump some stuff and get some. On our return from parking, up a side street, someone looked at the window out of which sounds of convention revelry were coming, and wondered if we could climb up to it by the grating on a basement window. So we did, except Ashley,\* who came in the front door like a human.

While we were standing around waiting for 2000 hours, Art Widner reported that a group of evangelists had opened up at a corner of Westlake Park, to an audience that they outnumbered. A group went over to listen, now discussing the psychology of the thing, now laughing at some witty remark, till a bystander tensely told them to listen quietly or go away. They stood by their constitutional rights on the street, and the evangelists talked straight toward them thereafter.

Satan's Phonograph was playing when we returned, still unregenerated. The auction began shortly after. In lulls, talk occurred: Bob Olsen passed around a bottle and a ring with wood stuck thru them and so shaped that it couldn't be pulled out and could only have been put in by use of a four-dimensional forceps. Your reporter and yhos engaged in a moral discussion punctuated by the gavel and other disturbances.

Under Korshak's masterful auctioneering, the bidding ran up into forbidding figures for almost the entire evenings. In particular Willmorth and Evans carried on a duet of Gus upbidding and Everett responding with a singsong "and five". Sale value of originals was considerably increased by the paintings being tape-mounted symmetrically on cardboard, an idea of Daugherty's. Auctioneer Erle's master stroke was selling any number of Rhode Islands on Lovecraft by offering them at 50 cents to the first so many people to grab them from his hands. On the occasions when he had a Phillips (of Portland) abstract painting to sell, Korshak wasn't always able to keep a straight face; but the bidding of me and others must have affected him, for he bought the last one himself. Witticisms abounded. A Lawrence of an elephant elicited the remark, "I didn't know Dunkelberger had a long nose"; an e t in his native habitat: "So that's where Degler went."

### FIREWORKS

After taking Abby home, Al, Art, and i had refreshments and went up to the room i shared with Charles Lucas. Lucas at the time was down on the twelfth floor with such innocents as Sandy Kadet, Donald Day, and John Cockroft, discussing stories, artists,. Dale Hart came into 1326 soon after we got there, but, overcome with hunger, had to leave while the evening was still young.

Immediately upon arriving we started tearing apart every LASFSer not present, from Evans to Tigrina, keeping it always on a high psychiatric plane, and presently even drifted into some more general serious discussion. Then Fran Laney and Walt Liebscher arrived and the meeting swiftly degenerated into a dirty-joke session.

Next noon bright and early i was in the hallway at the Bixelstrasse 643, accompanied by Cockroft and others, marking names after the elements on the periodic table which covers the wall. Raj Rehm was silicon; Daugherty is boron; Evans everybody's palladium. Hydrogen we assigned to Willmorth; sulfur to Unger. (Some of these are rather farfetched. Explaining the last: "What'll you sul fur?") Tigrina was identified with tantalum, and Ackerman with actinium, i believe. #87 was the 1½ Face; i forget where we put Wheeler. On further consideration, i believe Evans was bromine. Some of the tie-ups weren't especially funny (Russell-cerium; Gallet gallium; Widner antimony). And we ran out of villains. I was trying to think of a prize heel to assign to helium, but what with titanium and other elements already assigned, the candidates were all taken up.

It was probably at lunch this day that Tigrina said to the waitress "I'm a fried chicken", and that i noticed with alarm that T's forefinger is longer than her midfinger. Thereafter i kept intending to see whether she cast a shadow or could be seen in a mirror, but never thot of it at a suitable time. And it was this day or the next that Milton Rothman and Ralph Rayburn Phillips carried on a discussion of which i caught the fragment from Milton: "When people talk about

\*Ashley denies this



souls and spirits, i always want to know, are they made out of atoms, or if not are they wave forms--" and from Phillips: "Well, of course, everything is vibrations when you come right down to it."

As usual things didn't start at the hall till half an hour after the appointed time. We filled in which photographing fen in groups and singly, or perched upon Russ hodgkins's Technocracy-grey automobile. Eventually a rather small congregation was called to order, and Hodgkins took the chair to receive resolutions.

Rothman read a form message signed by Einstein, sketching the situation on atomic information and the need of a war chest to contest military control. He then proposed that a collection be taken up at the banquet, to be sent to the National Committee on Atomic Information, and this was unanimously adopted.

Speer next offered a resolution: "We deplore the practice of calling ourselves 'fans' and 'fandom', and believe that the use of these words should be minimized or avoided, particularly in writings likely to reach the general public." It appearing that few people had yet read the combozine, Speer read his argument on this subject from Mopsy therein. There was no debate, and the resolution received more votes in favor than against.

Joquel, who had just distributed a pamphlet of his ideas on the subject, proposed that a committee be appointed to work out a fully satisfactory decimal classification system. Speer objected that manuscripts and publications were already in the mill using a development of the Speer classification. Joquel acknowledged the valuable work that had been done on working out classification systems, but believed that an ideal one hadn't yet been attained. If his proposal was approved, he would like to have on his committee Speer, Russell, Bratton, and several others. Speer said that he would decline the appointment; that experience indicated that general publication of a tentative system was better at producing useful criticism than the appointment of a committee; that it would be a year or more before anything final along new lines could come out, and that the 1942 year-book and the Evans (of Oregon) indexes were ready to roll now. The motion was adopted by a small vote in favor and only two against. Later Speer and Joquel met to reaffirm friendship.

Tucker, alias Degler, made a motion condemning something or other as a violation of free speech, press, and love.

Somehow there now arose the problem of a fair voting system for choosing future convention sites. While the choice for 1947 was already foregone, it was believed that something should be done to weight the votes of the handful who come from far away to attend a convention, so that conventions would not be kept in the same section year after year.

Next Goldstone arose and moved that the profits of the Pacificon should be turned over to the Foundation. It was as if a current had been run thru a coil around the hall: the individual iron filings subtly alined themselves. Daugherty, who was in the chair, asked leave to step down and speak at length (the following is condensed):

This problem that has just been bftot up is one that is of very serious importance to me. I have done a lot of thinking about this subject, and my ideas are opposed by some people. It will probably take 15 or 20 minutes to give you the basic reasons behind the basic proposals that i intend to make along this line.

A number of years ago when i first came into fandom i had a lot of fun just being a fan. Then i got into the trouble of getting interested in some things. When i came into the LASFS and joined with this group i got the idea that we should try to build up the local organization. When i entered the club was down to 6 or 7 members. At that time something was needed to build it up. I went to work and with some co-operation we built up the LASFS. And then i said, and people were laughing at me when i said there was no reason why this club couldn't have a clubroom of its own and a large membership.

("This is deep Daugherty," said one of the LASFSers; "you want to get this down.")



#### PACIFICON COMMITTEE

promises carried out. However, I wished it made known that I would hesitate in no instance to step on anyone who got in the way of making this convention a complete success. There was one fellow, who I will not name, who was in business on the side, and was making a profit of 30 or 40 per cent for himself on the convention arrangements. I stepped on that person thoroly.

Now as to the Foundation. This has been discussed around here for a long time. We intended it to be set up as a museum and not in any way as a political organization. Here recently a group got together at a private session, an invitational session, and gathered some ideals for the Foundation to establish it. I will not criticize the ideals they set up; they are fine. There is nothing personal in my feelings toward the Foundation. Laughter

But this group gathered them together as a group of fans, as a group who excluded a lot of fans who had worked on that in the past. After they found out they had made a mistake they made an invitation for the others to come into the planning, but the invitation came too late. As the Foundation is set up at the present time a lot of work has been done. That work has been done mostly within the past two months. Here he reviewed some of the plans. There are more things that the Foundation can do that will be of value in years to come. But I had the idea when the convention came off that something ought to be done with the profits of the convention. In the past the funds have been used as the directors of the conventions wished.

There are many fellows in the LASFS who have done more real work for the convention than I have done. I have just been the figurehead who brot these things together. So, altho I was unanimously voted to be in charge of the convention, with an absolute veto power, I do not feel that it is for me to say what should be done with the convention profits. It is for all of you. Please do not quote me on this--my report will not be ready till tomorrow afternoon--but I believe there will be between 150 and 200 dollars left over from this convention.

Recently we had a convention committee meeting in which we discussed what to do with the profits. It was passed by all the committee members who were there--7 or 8 people--that the money should be given to the Foundation. Now, when I was put in charge of the convention and unanimously voted a veto power over all actions of the committee, I decided to use it sparingly. I never used it during the planning for the Pacificon; all thru the planning cases would come up where I disagreed with the majority of the committee, but I always gave in to them, often against my better judgment, and sometimes events proved my judgment had been right. But I had never used my veto power. This time, however, when they voted to give the convention profits to the Foundation, I said, I'm sorry, gentlemen, it will not go to the Foundation. And I vetoed it.

For months I had been thinking about what ought to be done with the convention money. I asked myself, what should I do, should I let the committee decide, against my better judgment, or should I do what I think will be right for the convention? I came to a decision.

It's hard to get a convention started, fellows. Ask Korshak; he'll tell you. It takes money, and it takes work.

I will tell you what I think should be done with the profits from this convention, and then I will leave it up to the fans here; and I ask you seriously to think what ought to be done with the funds, to give it at least a couple of minutes' thought.



(Somewhere in the course of this speech, Goldstone rose to amend his motion, but subsided when Daugherty said he wasn't thru.)

One of the things the convention next year will need to start it off is help on publicity; one of the main ways of doing this is by distributing stickers. I am prepared to use part of the funds to get some stickers printed for the Philadelphia convention: ten different stickers, well designed, and five thousand of each. That will be fifty thousand stickers. And one thousand membership cards, well lithographed, on good stock.

(He has some connections with a lithoing firm," whispered an informant.)

This would give the next convention a real start. These stickers and cards will take probably 25 to 30 dollars. 25 per cent of the balance of that, I propose be kept here and made available to the NFFF, not to use just as they see fit, but if they have some project for the good of all fandom, something that is ready to go, this money will be available.

The balance of that, 75 per cent, would be put in the bank and held there for the National Foun--what's it called,--the National Fantasy Foundation, to be held here 6 months, drawing interest. If at the end of that time the Foundation has proved itself, the money will be turned over to Forrest J Ackerman to be used as he sees fit for the Foundation.

(Mutterers of "Who'll decide whether the Foundation has proved itself?")

At present the Foundation has started off with a bang, and looks like it's going great. I hope it succeeds. I have objections to two of the officers, men who I think should not have been considered before several others were, but there's nothing personal in that. I do see that there is a possibility of friction coming up there. I see the possibility of a political organization coming up there. Already an announcement has come out by one fan that there will be an organization springing up to take it over.

If at the end of 6 months the Foundation proves itself sound, that money will be turned over immediately.

Thus the substance and something of the manner of the Daugherty speech; doubtless there are inaccuracies. Lou Goldstone gained the floor and asked to amend his resolution to this: Half of all funds and properties of the Pacificon Society remaining on hand after the present convention are to be donated to the Fantasy Foundation, to be administered by Forrest J Ackerman, to be administered at his own discretion for such projects as he considers desirable. Half of all funds are to be donated to Professor Albert Einstein for the purpose of helping spread information on the imperative necessity of taking control of atomic energy out of the hands of the military.

Battle was then joined. Daugherty seized upon this change of position by Goldstone as proof that his suggested disposition had not been as long and carefully considered as Daugherty's. Goldstone said that in view of the overwhelming importance of the control of atomic energy, what we should do is give everything to that fund; but in order to avoid going to such an extreme, he suggested this 50-50 split.

Elmer Perdue, who had seconded Goldstone's original motion, now added to the confusion by refusing to permit the modification. A lovely parliamentary tangle followed, of the sort that makes you lose faith in democracy; and Russ Hodgkins, back in the chair, was unable to get things straightened. Presently a bit appalled at what he'd done, Perdue suggested a way that his stand for the original motion could be voted down, but no action along that line was taken. "If they were slans, they'd understand it," he muttered, sinking back with his chin on his chest. Laney turned around and said, "Yeah, Homo superior--" adding an epithet. (Later, Paul Carter looked up the parliamentary point in RRO or somesuch and said that Elmer had been wrong.)

When the surges of parliamentary argument died down from time to time, there was some discussion on the principal question. Daugherty, in particular, tried to

restate his position while a call for the question was pending. And someone said "I object to this whole discussion because it proceeds on an aristotelian basis."

Finally the previous question, amending the motion so as to split the profits 50-50, was called and allowed without objection. We proceeded to vote on the 50-50 amendment, and passed it. Then the principal question was up for vote, but several who favored the atomic fund, not understanding that the motion was still to be passed, failed to vote, and the entire motion was lost.

An unfounded report had been circulated that we had to be out of the hall by 1600. About 1630 we finally broke up the conversational groups, and Daugherty became convinced that he couldn't get his proposed disposition of the funds thru. When asked whether he could report on the amount of the profits next day, he said he couldn't do that if their disposition was still to be decided; that the statement on profits could only be included in his report as a statement of how they were to be disposed to the various purposes he'd indicated.

### PACIFIC INTERLUDE

Since the evening's session was to be upstairs and someone else was to be meeting in our convention, all the staf stuff had to be toted up to a storeroom. In the course of doing this, I learned that one of the other toters was Bob Bloch, who, being bumped from a plane, had to take the train from Chicago and missed the first day of the affair.

Down on the floor, the arguing groups were dissolving. Tucker remarked on his being pulled both ways, each side trying to convert him to its way of thinking. I asked whether Boob intended to stay in Shangri-LA now that he was here. "No, I'll tell you, Jack. Fans are like a lot of other things. They're fun to visit, but I'd go crazy if I had to live with them all the time."

Some of us stood around on a street corner a while--it was still broad daylight--and Len Moffatt, who'd been in Nagasaki, showed photographs of the ruins. Presently a group, tagged by Vic Phillips, moved over to a restaurant for supper and discussed the afternoon's session while drawing red pants on the menu of the Golden Rooster. It was curious, in view of the tremendous amount of politicking that goes on, that a more definite decision hadn't been reached as to floor strategy. The talk wandered on to other subjects, such as dream experiences.

We adjourned to the grass of Westlake Park and discussed comics, especially Lil' Abner, the kinesthetic sense,. Milt and I got shoeshines with 'Merican polish and I said if it were conclusively shown that Russia intends to fight us, we should bomb-hell-out-of-them immediately. He says that afternoon was the first time he admitted to himself that things are shaping up for a showdown between the USA and the USSR.

After some time the fen arose and wandered on around the margin of the lake. "Look," said Milt, pointing to the graceful fowl upon its surface, "swen!" Andy Anderson directed us in operations against the other triphibians who waddled about on the bank, but we netted scarcely a feather. Before leaving the lake, I might mention that McNutt and a couple of cronies took some pickups boating thereon, who were snatched from them by irate parents in a motorboat.

Back at the Park View Manor, conventioners milled around in the upstairs halls. Burbee, whose wife was under the weather, dropped around for awhile and told his watermelon joke and, by request, "I dreamed I was an epic poem", which Elmer and Benny composed. Milt and others played a piano; cameramen conferred; Ashley hand-wrestled with Sandy Kadet and others.

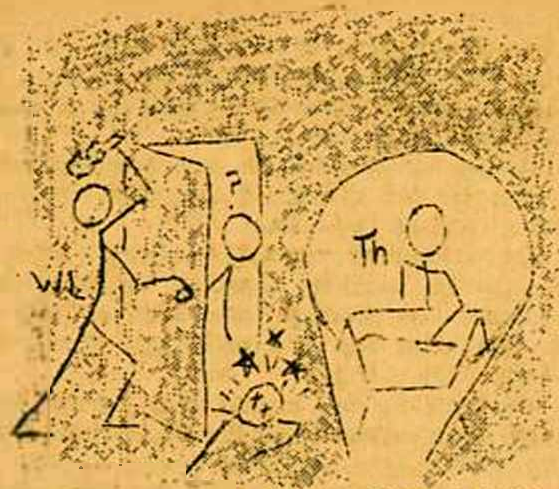
The first session with Theodore went off pretty well. A single spotlight on the little man's face, in the darkened room, was the only prop needed. His first three stories were all humorous and somewhat offcolor; the funniest thing of all was a bellowing laugh from Widner that doubled him over in his seat. Due to the leaking in of noises from a dance elsewhere in the building, Theodore did not feel able to finish his program. But after the intermission he was persuaded to return and deliver the last story. Unfortunately, the interference from outside had now increased, and his timing and volume control had subtly lost their fine edge. This story was a serious weird, for which, without the transitional intervening ones, we were unprepared. And finally, some of us lost the thread of it when the dancers taking a break in the next room began battering down the folding wall to see whence



these thundering periods were coming. Liebscher beat them over the head with a pop bottle and shoved the wall back into place.

Many of the audience were deeply impressed by Theodore's performance than the above indicates I was. He departed amid enthusiastic applause, after several curtain calls.

The rest of the weirdist program was coming up next. Downstairs, we bot red pop in dinky little bottles at a dime apiece. "God save the OPA", I said; the concessionaire didn't like it. As we reassembled, the drawing on the Outsider raffle took place; after numerous drawings a winner was found. For some reason, the scheduled recordamas were not played. Sam Russell was introduced and spoke as follows:



For us who like fantasy no explanation of its value is necessary. But if we can't give any good reasons to mundane people, as we call them, the weakness of our position is evident.

First and most important is the entertainment value of fantasy. Unless we will be entertained by a story, we won't read it, regardless of the interesting ideas or fine writing it may contain.

It goes without saying that good fantasy must be well-written. I will confine my discussion to the third measure of its value, the thought content.

Let me now distinguish the three principal types of fantasy:

Science-fiction consists of extrapolations from known scientific principles; it is essential that science-fiction be possible so far as our knowledge shows.

Weird fiction is explainable by some set of principles also; principles rejected by modern science, but forming a coherent and consistent system.

In pure-fantasy, anything can happen, though it does not necessarily do so. I will refer to pure-fantasy only incidentally in connection with weird fiction, which is my principal subject.

The emphasis in all fantasy is on the non-real. The basis of fantasy is free exercise of the imagination. This sort of thing we enjoy, we who have what has been called the fantasy sense. This sense can't be explained until psychology can give an explanation for the faculty of imagination, but we can talk about it anyway. A fantasy fan delights in anything that is new and strange and wonderful.

Fantasy so far consists of illusion which we dignify by the name of art. In so calling it, we are guilty of a fundamental misconception of the function of fiction. I will have to explain this.

Fantasy conceived as an art would be a mere titillation of the nerves. Since fantasy deals with the nonreal, from the moral point of view there could be no value in it.

The misconception arises from the exaltation of technique at the expense of subject matter. If you think a story is artistic simply because it is written well, without regard to what it says, you are only looking at half of the picture.

The kind of art that lasts is art which is a representation of reality--not reality itself--a representation achieved by selection and arrangement of material. If you read the words without getting the thought, you are not in a position to express appreciation for the story or to criticize the author.

The interpretation by which you find out the author's meaning is an exercise of the imaginative faculty in man. The faculty involved in scientific work is reasoning; the faculty of morality is the moral sense; of religion, faith. The faculty involved in art is imagination.

A story is a model of philosophical thinking about life as a whole. In this respect it is distinct from a scientific work, for science treats only of

particular aspects of life at any one time. It matters not whether the fiction author intended his story to be a work of philosophical thinking. He inevitably reveals his philosophy by the way the characters are drawn, the way the story comes out, and so on.

Though a story does not pretend to show real life, it reveals life, because we cannot think of anything which is not in life; therefore the story must be about things of life.

The scientist arranges things differently from the way they are in nature. Similarly the author selects and arranges his material. It is not just anything that can happen in a story. The author can't change his mind halfway thru. When he has changed his mind, it is obvious to anyone who has any experience with life.

Fiction is the human side of philosophy. Science-fiction is the attempt to experiment with what might happen in the future or in times alternative to our own. Science-fiction needs little excuse for its existence. Recent events have shown its importance. But how about weird fiction?

In the past the supernatural was believed to be real. Then, weird stories were the same as science-fiction. But now that science is accepted as the basis of gaining all knowledge, weird fiction must stand on a different footing.

The real function of the weird in fiction is its use as myth. We moderns can use the lore of the ancients though we don't believe in it any more. Nazi Germany built its Hitler myth out of such material. In America great men become myths: Washington, Lincoln; and Roosevelt, who is already becoming one. Not only men but anything we cannot understand with our rational minds is myth material. We would not need myth and it would not exist if we were capable of understanding everything. But until people use rationality on everything, we don't live in the world of null-A, which is yet far off.

The problem of the atomic bomb is the problem of man's place in the universe. Here is surely a subject for myth. Modern physics is reducing the matter of fact nature of the universe to a matter of abstraction. So, in their attempts to explain matter, many scientists such as Eddington and Jeans have become almost mysticists. As long as men do not live in a purely rational civilization, they will be troubled by things in themselves that they do not understand. Such a civilization will exist only when men have no warps in their minds, no misdirectionism in their childhood.

[Herc Russell sketched the story of The Castle.] This is not strictly fantasy, but as you can see it is hily imaginative. Such stories are used as myth: A supernatural presentation of insoluble problems the human mind is faced with in the modern world. Lovecraft's creatures from Outside are not conscious myth-creations, but they can be used as myth. They may be projections of Lovecraft's neuroses or perhaps they are the terrors about us in the universe, here or elsewhere in space. Or perhaps they foretell the doom that awaits man from his inability to work out a world in which he can live in accordance with the powers he has acquired.

Myth will continue to be the basis of weird fiction as long as weird fiction has any vital place in literature. Weird fiction, and all art which makes living worthwhile, will disappear when the null-A men come, because human life itself will be worthwhile.

#### THE FUME-FILLED ROOMS

Thruout the evening, Kadet and others had been urging that we get together a good bull session for that night. Accordingly we spread the word around and set lieutenants to working, then retired to 1326 to await developments. I went down again to fetch some sandwiches and encountered Al, who shortly followed me up. Milt phoned down for mixer to go with a bottle he'd brot. Three fen turned down alcohol entirely.

By this time the flood had commenced. Sam Russell, Boob Tucker, AE van Vogt, Al Ashley, Art Widner, Andy Anderson, Sandford Kadet, Jack Speer, Charles Lucas, Milcon Rothman, Richard Simmons, OKSmith, Donald Day, Max Sonstein, Niesson Himmel, Manning McDonald, Bob Hoffman, and one on whom my shorthand is unreadable; they came in bits and squirts. I moved about boswelling. Laney, Liebscher, and



Burbee arrived. Joe Selinger reached Los Angeles and found our room. He began unwrapping a scarf from under his travel-dusty jacket and started making a turban of it.

Verily, here was a confabulation of fanish luminaries such as any stefnist would-give up a date with Lana Turner to attend. But the mob had broken up into small knots of three and four, each guy trying to outtalk his groupmates, and this was no atmosphere either for elevated general discussion or for conspiratorial con-triving. So word was passed among the five Foundation directors present and we slipped away.

Over at the Commodore in the room Rothman shared with Evans, Tucker revealed that Daugherty had come to him and asked his advice on disposition of the convention money, saying he'd follow it. We decided to take advantage of this only to the extent of securing his agreement to let the question come up again on the morrow, and concede that the convention could decide the disposition. The others also agreed to my suggestion that we unite in putting across a resolution to guarantee the atomic fund 150 dollars out of the collection plus the profits, and give the rest to the Foundation. Conversation wandered a great deal, and EEE came in as we were about to say adieu.

### PEACE ON THE NFFF

Next morning I browsed in the bookcases of Slanshack and photographed Lucas and Emrys Evans grubbing into the swap stock of Hart and others. Arriving at the convention hall ahead of most people, I wandered about aimlessly, helped to bring down Ackerman's stock and set it up again, watched Rothman practice his accompaniment for Tigrina's songs---they had been canooding in Westlake Park--, and was even reduced to reading some of the convention publications. I might add, before I forget, that Milt was T's escort at the banquet the last night; if this had been the Chicon, rumor would have had them married before Milton got back to Philadelphia.

This is a good time to look at the exhibits, too. These were chiefly commercial. In addition to Honest Aoky's three tables loaded with Forster fanzines, books, prozines, and punchboards, there were two tables of Evans, one taken up with pamphlets prepared for his mailorder business in personal adequacy, newspaper analysis; and other tables for several more dealers, including Liebscher. On a small side-board in one corner was a sign "ANTI-NFFF PROPAGANDA, Take One" and under it a number of surplus copies of the NSF Constitution neatly set on silvery paper, stamped all over with swastikas, straight out of Deutschland. In another corner, the first day at least, some prizes were displayed, chiefly an Outsider lightly chained to the furniture. There was a table of Foundation publications, and one of Pacificon literature. Dick Enos wandered about disconsolately hawking prozines to get fare back to Dallas.

As the warriors gathered for the afternoon's battles, a change in the atmosphere could be noticed: irreconcilability was waning. Rustebar was on the scene, and Goldstone had accepted a compromise proposal. Rusty talked to various gladiators, asked me to let Goldstone's motion be argued and voted on without amendments.

At the outset of the session, Speer moved to limit debate to 10 minutes per speaker on each motion or amendment; this was adopted without dissent. Daugherty announced that he would not use the veto he claimed he had with reference to the disposition of the funds.

The new proposal made no mention of the atomic fund. The convention is already on record as supporting that, it was said. Anything we could give would be only a drop in the bucket, but anyway we're going to take up that collection at the banquet. The new proposal was for the profits to be divided equally between NFFF and Foundation, with all properties to the Foundation. Speer spoke against the motion:

I object to the attitude that our contribution to the atomic fund will at best be only a gesture. We should give, individually and collectively, in proportion to our ability, and the convention profits are a measure of our ability to give as a group. Since the question of a donation out of convention profits has come up, we should do no less than use them to guarantee \$150 to the fund; otherwise I'm afraid the collection at the banquet may bring in a lot of small change and not amount to much.

As to the remainder of the profits, there is no use in giving part of it to the NFFF. The NFFF has a treasury over a hundred dollars now, but has nothing on the fire that this donation could be used for. Its only two current projects /he thumbed a National Fantasy Fan/ are the Finlay portfolio, which has never been authorized by a majority of the Board, and Bill Evans's prozine index, which won't be published till sometime in the future. If this present motion is defeated, i intend to move that the entire balance of profits over \$150 go to the secretary of the Foundation, which can use it well. I ask that the motion be defeated.

The N3F becoming the principal issue, Pat Kenealy, who had joined the Federation within the hour, said maybe the NFFF wasn't doing so much now, but with more projects, it might amount to a lot; and he challenged the gathering: how many of them had volunteered to do work for the NFFF? To this there was applause.

Tucker, who had swung round to the Goldstone compromise, rose to mention several new NFFF projects, such as a fanthology, which would call for a lot of money.

Everett Evans spoke as if the NFFF's recession were only a temporary phenomenon, and emphasized the Federation's function in bringing in new fan.

Tapping a file of National Fantasy Fans, Speer answered Kenealy that the N3F had had projects till Hell wouldn't have them, but had carried out practically none. The NFFF and the Foundation wouldn't compete, he said, because the Foundation was set up to get things done, but the NFFF did nothing but overhead work, enrolling members and revising its constitution.

Spirited, but not bitter, discussion went on for some time, and finally there were calls for the question. 18-16 was the vote, and Daugherty announced, "I am afraid the resolution is passed."

Daugherty then gave his report, showing a profit of \$150, more or less. He also detailed the sources, but i presume they will be published elsewhere.

In the course of his report, he announced that a prominent New York fan had kept us from getting any contributions from Amazing Stories by sending a letter to Ziff stating in behalf of fandom that Palmer didn't know how to run a prozine. Palmer had been ready to send us an ad and auction pieces, but Ziff killed it. Reaction to this was mixed at first, but several, including that Ackerman extension, Laney, condemned this anonymous New Yorker at whose identity we were all furiously guessing. Daugherty said the documents were at home; he'd bring them down on the morrow. Laney asked assurance that a resolution of condemnation would be entertained at that time. Another sentiment, to which your servant adhered, considered any help from Palmer tainted money.

After the financial part of his report, Daugherty began calling on hard workers to take a bow: Goldstone, Evans, Hart, Mrs Daugherty, Ashley, Laney,. Although exception was taken when Evans wanted to give credit to an organization which had helped us in every way, the NFFF, goodwill was beginning to bubble up; it frothed over in applause as Tucker rose to say he didn't think our director (Daugherty) was any damn good. Evans also suggested applause for Tigrina and Abby Lu, and other suggestions came from the floor.

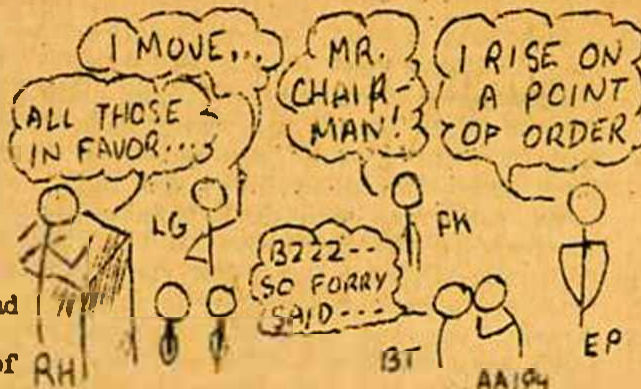
With the opening of the NFFF session, Evans took the chair and read a speech on these lines:

My first fan activity was to attend the Chicon. There i found what i had wanted all my life. Later, perhaps because i am older than most of you, i began thinking seriously of the future of fandom. I heard about the NFFF, and suggested that the Denvention set aside a time for long-range planning discussion. Chauvenet, the first president, nominated me head of the Long-Range Planning Committee. My committee worked for months on plans. Then Chauvenet told me he was not running for president again and suggested i do so. As you all know, that election was never held, but i drafted a slate of candidates and got them approved by the membership. Just as we were getting under way i had to be away for a year. Al Ashley served as president during my absence, and upon my return i took over again and things were soon going pretty well, and we got a new constitution. With a membership crowding two hundred, i felt that my work was done--i knew that my abilities were more in the organizing line--so since i was coming to California, i asked Bob Tucker, the vicepresident, to take over. At my insistence, Walt Dunkelberger ran for president for



the next year and was elected.

Either because Dunk does not have a talent for getting along with people, or because a group of fans felt the organization was not getting much done, things have not gone well this past year. There are those who are spreading rumors that it is dead, and seeking to make those rumors fact. But i believe that any organization that can enroll 170 members is not a failure. True, such an organization must depend on individuals and small groups to do the work. But it can co-ordinate the efforts of the groups.



Politics need not and should not be played as a game in the NFFF. To seek to play politics with such a group to its detriment cannot be done without harming or destroying it.

There are many who have said there is no project the NFFF has done which could not have been done by a small group of individual fans. This is a statement which i will fight with all my might. It is natural in a group of individualists such as we are, that most of the work should be done by individuals. But the president of a group such as the NFFF can co-ordinate that work. It is impossible really to understand the functions of this office unless you have been one yourself. The president hears almost immediately of a project that any group is planning. Often also i received splendid suggestions of things to be done, and i would seek out fans who could do that. You cannot realize what a task it is to get certain things done.

While we are here, i would like to get your opinion on whether a national organization is necessary, and suggestions for it. I thank you all for the help you have given in the past.

And now i would like to read a message from our president, Walter Dunkelberger:

It is with great regret that i must send this message rather than be present. I would like nothing better than to talk over with you all the problems which confront our great organization. Please all your suggestions to Everett Evans, my personal representative.

Early last fall it was reported to me that one of the men who was running for director was bragging that he would bust the NFFF or Dunkelberger if Dunkelberger was elected. I therefore found it necessary to withdraw my endorsement of this candidate. Nevertheless he was elected, though with a low vote. Thereupon, his conduct in the board discussions justified the reports i had heard, as he devoted his letters almost entirely to personal attacks upon me. Personalities have no place in these discussions. [Laughter.] In order to avoid this trouble, i eliminated myself from board discussions, turning them over to the chairman of the board. Harry Warner got wind of the plot against the NFFF by two of the directors, and wrote me that he would do something to bring it out into the open. The individual behind this plot fell into the trap, stating that he could personally guarantee that after the Pacificon there would be an organization to take the place of the NFFF.

In view of this state of affairs, i have issued a declaration of emergency. This declaration in effect freezes all of the officials in all but routine business. I would like your ideas about what to do about these disloyal directors. I believe that an attitude of tolerance should prevail in fandom, particularly toward new fans, but unfortunately some older fans do not feel that way. I have been hampered in setting up several projects because of some of the board members' attitude toward new fans. But i believe that by making the fullest use of new fans, the NFFF will be able to go on to greater achievements in the future.

I call upon you all, &c.

By prearrangement, James Hevelin was now recognized:

I don't have any prepared speech, but there are several things i can say

about this matter, and maybe clear up some things.

I think that this about a plot to dissolve the Neff is largely due to some unfortunate misunderstandings. The so-called competitive organization that Dunkelberger heard about was the Foundation; something that Laney said in a board letter made him think that this plot was being formed. The reason the Foundation was kept under cover while it was being organized was so we would have something concrete, and some real accomplishments, to present when we asked for people at the convention to contribute to it. But the Foundation is not intended to compete with the NFFF or any other fan organization.

Perhaps Dunkelberger's inability to get along with the board has something to do with causing this misunderstanding. Personally, I think the situation could have been handled better by him. Laney and I are the two directors he refers to as in the plot; the other possible one is Harry Warner. The way this dissolution suggestion came up was this: On the trip I made this spring, when I visited Harry Warner, I found that he and I agreed that the NFFF seemed to be tottering. At that time it appeared that we were getting nothing done and were almost broke financially, and had received practically no new members and not enough renewals. Since then a secretary's report has come out which changed the look of things. We now have over a hundred dollars in the treasury, and about 170 members.

Speer says the Foundation doesn't compete with the Neff because the Foundation does things and the Neff doesn't. I'm sorry, but I can't entirely agree. I think there have been several new fans brought into fandom by the NFFF who would not have come in otherwise. We need an organization to go looking for these new fans, and an organization to point to when they want to know what fandom is. Eventually the Foundation may be able to start bringing in new fans like this. They aren't set up to do that now. The Neff is a club; it has an official organ and a roster. That's the sort of thing that a newcomer looks for.

I disagree with those who say there should be no politics in the NFFF. The NFFF does have a political end to it; it has elections every year. Last year, it's true, there wasn't much opposition for most offices; that should be corrected next time. --The new member down there brought up a good point in asking how many members had volunteered to help run the NFFF; that's what we need.--The Foundation is nonpolitical. It consists of Ackerman and a board. There are no politics in it because there are no elections.

These two organizations are different, and I think they can exist side by side and both be of benefit to fandom. The Neff is primarily to bring together fans and carry out what projects they can. The Foundation will work for two purposes, the museum, and publications such as Laney has described.

It's true that in the first part of this year the board approved practically nothing that Dunkelberger suggested. They have followed their best judgment in doing this. Finally Dunk said he would drop out of board discussions and intended to go ahead without board approval on what projects he thought we needed, and if the board wouldn't approve the Neff publishing them, he would do it privately, and any profits would go to him.

The Neff is not on its last legs. Warner, Widner, and Dale Tarr have all said they may run for president in the elections this fall. I think any of them would make good presidents. I am not anti-Dunkelberger, but I believe that in this office either he or the directorate lacks the necessary ability.

Well, for anybody that didn't have any prepared speech, I've talked a lot. Let's throw the floor open to discussion now.

This speech, mincing no words, naming names and stating issues, had an important effect on the discussions.

Rothman spoke briefly, noting he'd been somewhat playing both ends against the middle, being a Foundation director, and holder of a letter from Dunk saying "Fight for the NFFF!"; he believed it had been a mistake to keep the Foundation plans secret, because they didn't stay a secret, but started rumors buzzing, and Dunk leaped to conclusions.

Al Ashley, who seldom speaks himself in public and then takes three times as long as necessary to say something, wanted to know where Dunk got the idea that he had Warner lay a trap for anybody. This part of Dunkelberger's message was reread. Al also inquired, unseriously, whether freezing the treasury froze income--referring



to Kenealy's dues.

Speer spoke early in this discussion, pointing out that the NFFF crisis had lasted five years and the end was not in sight, nor were there accomplishments to point to. Comparison of the treasury reports and roster, he said, showed that many of those retained as members had not paid any dues for 1946, and the treasury had been spared the expense of TNFFs. He had lost confidence in the NFFF's viability.

At Laney's request, Rusty found in his file the Warner bombshell and the Laney blurt, and handed the file to Laney to read, in its context, the "personal guarantee" which was ascribed to him.

Art Widner gave some explanation of the gap between the early slow returns on renewals and new members, and the recent more prosperous report.

As Speer was given the floor again, it was moved and accepted without objection that each speaker's time should be limited to 3 minutes (this was ignored later), and the N3F session end at 1700. Speer then stated that the realistic and fair statements and explanations that had been given by Hevelin and others had altered his opinion so that he was willing to remain in the NFFF and see if it could still become something of value. He noted the large loss of actifen on the last roster report, which weakened the organization's power to carry out projects, and asked for discussion on what should be done to revivify the club. This was applauded, and the desired discussion followed.

Laney spoke of Dunkelberger's failure to present a program for the year to the board. As a matter of information, Evans asked if the Board had ever moved to establish a program on its own. Though Laney had made some suggestions, nothing definite along this line had taken place. Several speakers placed much of the blame for the NFFF's condition on Dunkelberger's defects. Evans then asked if impeachment had ever been suggested. Laney replied that he'd been very reluctant to mention such a thing, particularly as Dunk's neighbor was vicepresident, though he had intimated it a time or two.

Someone then voiced a general feeling that if Dunkelberger would stand aside, the board of directors should attempt to guide the organization during the remainder of the year, and we would hope for better days in 1947. Evans stated from the chair that he saw now it had been a mistake to urge Dunk, who worked well under somebody else, to run for president, and asked permission to write Dunk, presenting the suggestion in his own way. Some motion to this effect was put on the floor and unanimously adopted.

Laney, who had suggested that it go into that motion, now renewed his request that he and Hevelin be cleared of conspiracy against the organization. Evans said he would entertain a motion resolving that the directors were cleared of charges of treason against the NFFF. Speer objected to the use of the word "treason" relative to a fan organization, and moved that it be declared the sense of the meeting that Laney should be retained as a director of the NFFF. Daugherty stood up and made some arguments about the general NFFF issue, but following him there were calls for a vote on the question, and the motion was passed without dissent.

The era of good feeling seemed now to have arrived, and reached its peak in the general applause bestowed as Tucker re-presented to Evans the NFFF award of merit that Dunkelberger had sent him to give Tripoli. Laughter, and calls of "ego-boob!"

We were positively wallowing in sweetness and light and the NFFF session closed and Daugherty came forward to read the Ziff letter. It turned out that the damaging communication came from Raymond van Houten of New Jersey, and was merely a copy of an anti-Lemurian "news release". As he read on, there were nods of agreement about the assembly, and Rothman murmured, "I'm going to move that we adopt that letter." Concluding his reading, Daugherty said that while many of us might agree with the writer's opinion of the Shaver mythos, he had no business making a declaration in behalf of all fandom.

Various speakers declared that the article seemed relatively harmless, that many articles like it had appeared in fanzines, referred to the fate that had overtaken Palmer, and said that we didn't need Amazing's money. Laney, still irked at the Foundation's loss of the profits that would have come from Amazing's contributions, suggested that a copy of the convention booklet, which had a page devoted free to the Ziff-Davis Amazingcomettail (tho it was included for old times' sake), be sent to Chicago; Daugherty said this had already been done. Perceiving the sen-

timent of the assembly, WJD accepted a suggestion to drop the matter (there being no motion on the floor), with the statement that he had merely wished to lay the facts before the fans, for such action as they wished to take.

Paul Skeeters announced that his home out in one of the nearby towns was open to visitors and customers, and gave detailed directions for reaching it. The session adjourned. And the morning and evening were the third day; and FooFoo looked and said that it was good.

### THE MASQUERADE BALL WHICH WAS NEITHER MASQUERADE NOR BALL

Costumers began stumbling together and were called to order around 2030. The chairs were arranged in a solid block in one half of the room, and before it the microphone had been set up in a pavilion. Daugherty had a list of acts which could be put together to make up a program until the main attraction arrived, the girl who had unofficially (very) been chosen by the convention as the girl we would most like to be marooned on the moon with so the papers would have a cheesecake peg on which to hang a convention writeup several days before.

With a lily in his hand and a softplaid shirt, Walt Liebscher made a good Oscar Wilde. He was called on to boogie-woogie some. Daugherty gave a pantomime of a returning dogfan catching up on his reading and trying to detect the source of a mysterious stink. Perdue gave some more boogie. Daugherty pantomimed a man--he said fan--with a tough steak. Bradbury was called on and declined to perform. Rothman played the Ritual Fire Dance and an encore.

Daugherty announced that they'd been unable to obtain the film for Turnabout, which had been scheduled for the Sunday session; and that One Million BC was the substitute. The Dunwich Horror, scheduled for Sunday, would be given this evening instead. Tigrina corrected an announcement of Daugherty's, saying that visitors could come to see the Ack collections, but wouldn't be able to visit Forrest. It was announced that Monday morning a beach party would leave from Slanshack Pro Tem. Skeeters repeated his announcement.

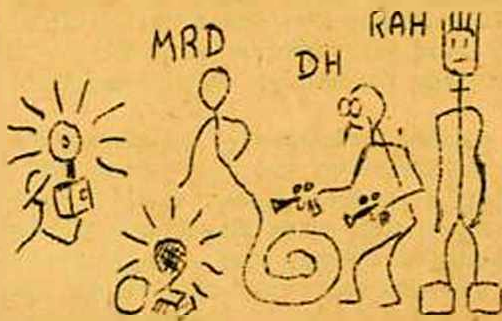
About this time Perdue came into the room leading an excellent replica of Frankenstein's monster. The job had been done by a movie makeup man, though not from Universal. It was complete with thicksoled shoes, shabby tooshort coat, and the rod sticking through his neck. The scalp had a lot of scar tissue, the face was ghastly, the lids loaded, the hands lined. Underneath it all, I presently recognized Bob Hoffman. Elmer handed WJD a note from Dr Frankenstein, which he read, and gave a receipt for the monster. At Elmer's order, it sat down on the front row where it sat impassively with its hands on its knees and scared the daylights out of the girl we'd most like to be wrecked on the moon with when she arrived. Elmer went back to holding hands with a woman he met by placing an ad in Writer's Digest.

Tigrina describes her costume as Dracula's Daughter, but it didn't follow any movie. It was all black, spangled with black sequins. A headpiece like Batman's was at first accompanied with a black eyemask, the only mask at the masquerade. El-low-length gloves, bra, and tights from waist to ankle, with over all a peekaboo cloak. She sang a couple of songs of her own composition, accompanied by Milton assisted by Rooster.

Someone stood up and recited a version of Mary Had a Little Lamb. Liebscher told an anecdote and gave his moronic sewing-needle trick. Daugherty pantomimed a shaver and a brat. His kinesthetic sense is defective. And a butcher and a brat. Liebscher played his Pacificconcerto. Milt says he had certain themes, but put them together differently every time.

About this juncture finally arrived the girl we'd most like to be wrecked on the moon with. She was a cosmetic-caked blonde who looked unutterably bored to everyone except the photographer. An intermission was called for photographs, and all the rugged individualists docilely moved about here and there on the stairway and elsewhere as those most absolute autarchs, the photographers, bid them.

You may have gained the impression that up to this time the party was pretty dead. It was. During the intermission fan wandered around looking for someone to talk to, or sat





or stood alone, some even reading. Fran fervently wished for a bowl of icebreaker. Rothman had some copies of an excellent one-act playlet on the atomic war, which, he had the fantastic idea, might be put on by players reading their parts after looking them over once.

Several more and better costumes arrived. Evans brot out his Bird Man of Rhea for a short time. Darlyne Adams turned up with a queen-fay's costume of spiky crown, gauzy wings, and flowing robes. Widner and several other brawny gents bord in Myrtle Douglas, whose Snake Mother costume consisted of an elaborate headdress and little between that and a reptilian body with round gilded paper scales, beginning around the waist and extending some two meters' forward as Myrtle lay on several chairs, posed for photos, and watched the proceedings. Sir Businessman Neisson RCA Himmel turned up in a Stolen Dormouse costume, and Andy Anderson precipitated himself upon the crowd garbed as Helen Bradleigh. He says while he was changing into it, a couple of men from upstairs came into the little room and backed out again hastily and in confusion. I think Andy should have had one of the costume prizes.

We reassembled and Walt boogied some more. Tucker, Daugherty, and Wheeler put on a skit reflecting on Tucker's worldliness, Daugherty's masculinity, and Wheeler's demurity. Art Widner was introduced and announced that he, Tucker, and Ashley were the judges of the costumes.

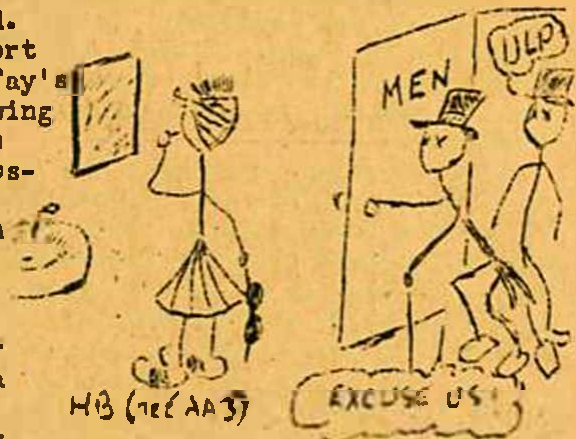
The next part of the program consisted of costumed ones performing something in character. Art Joquel, in red and black robes, came forward and read the coven of a black mass out of an awesomelooking book. Due to the hard glare of tungsten lights (only at the end of the evening did someone discover how to turn them off), the somewhat singsong voice into which Alojo fell, and his unfierce visage, this was not so effective as it should have been.

There were a considerable number of hi priests and priestesses in addition to Joquel. Ralph Rayburn Phillips went around in the robes of a Tibetan Buddhist, which people usually misguessed by at least 50 degrees of longitude, and extended two fingers over everyone's head with a benediction "Peace, peace!" Charles Lucas was wrapped up as a priest from the Island of Captain Sparrow. Mrs Daugherty was a hi priestess, and Pat Davis of North Carolina came as Quanna.

Paul Carter's costume consisted of an authoritative Idaho cowboy outfit and a good patter in a Texas accent. Kimball Carse McFuture of the Bar-A ranch (non-aristotelian). His six-shooters were mental, of course. I should mention now several other minimum-costumes, in addition to Liebscher's. Len Moffatt was a vampire and Pat Kencaly wavered between another one and being C-th-ulhu, both with rather ghastly makeup and some alterations in the way they wore their hair and coats. Donald Day had a lot of good tendrils in his wig, but soon shed them.

There were also several costumes like Heinlein's of the Denvention. Dick Enos wore a sign saying on one side "Tendriless Slan" and on the other "Baldy with wig". Van Vogt wore a little paper lapel piece which symbolically indicated burning the candle (endocrine?) at both ends. Rothman was a young man of the early atomic era. I forget who carried a card from the plainclothes division of the Interstellar Space Patrol. Oliver King Smith was a materialization of thought-energy, the Tucker tale having been told the first day. I suppose Elmer Perdue was from The Lost Weekend. Let me see, who was the Galactic Moron?

When the displays were ended, the judges went into a huddle amid anticipatory cries of "We wuz robbed!" and the congress recessed. By this time, without artificial aids, the party's spirit had warmed up a bit. Someone started popular and waltz records running on the p a and there was dancing in the cleared half of the room, the only dancing at this ball. I was called out into the hall where a human acquaintance of Ruj-AbLu and Dale Hart had some fotoflood equipment and they desired my assistance, in the fond belief that i had worked with fotofloods before. Abby Lu was wearing a plastic bracelet with a Lens on it, and an evening dress. Dale was all gotten up after Rogers' cover painting of the Second Stage Lensman, but for lack of the supertextiles of the Galactic Age, the costume somewhat ham-



pered his movements. Sitting down he couldn't bend more than 60 degrees at either joint, and getting up was a major operation. But it made a good foto of the two to send to Doc Smith. I hope it made a good foto.

When we came together again, Daugherty did a piece of magic to fill in time till the judges reported. As you may have heard, the prizes for best characterization went to Joquel, Himmel, and Carter. Most elaborate costumes were Douglas's, Hoffman's, and Davis's. For ingenuity in making costumes, Dale Hart got first, Tigrina second, and Lucas third. One of the judges agreed with me about Anderson-Bradleigh.

The evening ended with the playing of the Dunwich Horror records. For this occasion the lights were turned out and groups gathered in two corners of the hall around the loudspeakers. This is no place for a review of Colman's play, but it may be remarked that the recordings were complete with commercials for somebody's wine, and that if we hadn't known the Cthulhu mythos, we could hardly have gathered it from what we could understand of the dramatization. Still, it was something of a thrill to hear a thoroly Lovecraftian story played by a famous actor.

As the lights came up again, we saw Elmer, apparently in sodden slumber, sitting alone in the midst of the chair section. We tapped his knees for reflexes and got no response; some think he was awake and consciously inhibiting the kick.

We adjourned to the Golden Rooster. At one time in the course of the snacking i counted fourteen fan in the place, and don't believe that was the peak. I suggested to some stefnists that we take over the place and throw all the humans out, but they didn't seem to be in an aggressive mood, though several were having coffee instead of milk.

While McNutt, Anderson, Kadet, and i were sitting in the booth eating, Kadet began an extemporaneous lecture on The Intellectual Approach, which he broke off embarrassed every time the waitress came around, then resumed as she departed. What with remarks, objections, and digressions from his students, the talk wasn't cond uded until 2½ hours later up on triple-13. We must have been audible all over that nonexistent floor, but apparently no humans troubled to protest to the hotel management.

Sandy Kadet, incidentally, was the discovery of the Pacificon. This 17-year-old scion of a welltodo Michigan family in Chicago took the conventioners by storm, and if the LAcon had lasted a week, might have become the #1 face immediately. By the end of the four days he had Laney cringing in fear of being run out of fandom, and i was dashing about on errands such as rounding up gabfests for him. Even the elevator lady went out of her way to remark, "He's such a fine young fellow!"

### THE SANDS RUN OUT

All this time i had been wanting to get to a typewriter to write up this account while events were still fresh in my mind. To this end, i had invited myself out to Laney's Sunday morning, little realizing what a wreck he used for a typewriter. Quiggy answered my ring and much later a blearyeyed and mussyhaired F Towner appeared in his pajamas.



FTL + FRIEND

After he got dressed he showed off his filing cabinet, pulled out a letter from Zissman on the Futurian breakup, and left me reading it while he went for milk. He returned, and between talking about any old thing, we got space at his desk cleared off, and i began writing up my notes. That morning i got no further than the middle of my notes on van Vogt's speech, and was naturally chagrined when it was announced that afternoon that complete copies were available.

Shortly before noon i joined Fran in some more breakfast. At the table and afterwards while we waited fretfully for Jackie to return with the car, he gave me the lewdown on personalities and politics in the LA dub. I'm always amazed at the spectacle of overwhelming centrifugal forces failing to tear the Lasfas apart.

To begin the afternoon's program there was a speech by a representative of the Federation of Pasadena Scientists (affiliated with the national organization), on civilian control of



atomic energy. I understand his speech is available to read, but a couple of epigrams that found their way into my notebook were: "You must not become bored with it, because it may kill you anyway." After mention of 40 million Americans dead in the first hours of the atomic war: "I think the circulation of science-fiction would drop very seriously in such a case." Applause. He displayed a diagram of a hypothetical longrange rocket bomb, which was tacked to the rostrum for subsequent inspection. At the end of his talk and the formal question period, he received sustained applause, the longest of the entire convention. The message, however important, not being delivered in extraordinarily good fashion, I was moved to suspect that the fen were applauding so enthusiastically as a substitute for taking more inconvenient action. But perhaps I do them wrong; it may be the idea was to show that, despite the devotion of most of our program to stefnistic talk, pulphack praise, and trivial strife, we had a better idea of the relative importance of things.

Next business was bids for the next convention. Laney had come prepared to enter a dramatic bid for Fargo in Forty-Seven, but the scientist's speech had put him out of the mood. After Rothman made Philadelphia's bid, Boob Tucker nominated Fargo but the chair considered it dilatory and frivolous or something.

Donald Day's speech, unonticingly billed as "The History of Science Fiction" started out unpromisingly with a review of the wellknown publishing chronology of the pros. He did have some statistics on the peak year of pr zines which are not easily found elsewhere. In the latter part of his speech was a surprizing amount of interest, he announcing the rank in order of number of appearances of the most productive authors. Groans and applause showed the consensus of sentiment as each hack or old standby was named.

It was probably after this sitting that Laney took a pack of jazshounds, Rothman, Perdue, Widner, and Kadet, out to his place to hear records. I spent these precious hours around the Mayfair not doing much of anything. Presently Lucas and I went down to the streetcar stop and who should come from the direction of In-graham Street but the Director.

"Well, Jack, what do you think of the convention. Have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Yes indeed. But I don't feel like I've had enuf fighting to do me for another whole year."

He laughed and said he'd figured as much. I said we're all good democrats though and accept the will of the majority when it comes to a vote. On the trolley he said a poker party of seven was being gotten together for that night in his placo, 10 percent of each pot to go to the atomic fund, and no one to be allowed to stay in after losing 10 dollars. Everett, Al, Art, and others would be there; would I be interested? I thanked him, but said I wanted to try to get out a Stef-news after the fanquet, and had some desperate idea of trying to type some more on my convention writeup.

When we finally found chairs at the banquet table, no one bothered to take up our tickets. Several celbrities present who hadn't been there the first day were introduced, notably R S Richardson. Richard Meyer had turned up in Navy blue and was introduced, little realizing what a legend had grown up around the name Meyer for other reasons.

Van Vogt made a few remarks anent his address. He said people when they meet him always ask "What did you mean--?" in something or other. VV hadn't expected such a dramatic demonstration of the dangers of exhausting your endocrine reserves as Ackerman had shown. But AE had that, looking at Forry, that he was on his glands; AE was too. And the speech had spent some time on the subject of voice training, and the next night came Theodore with his magnificent vocal power.

Tripoli had prepared a book of blank pages between Combozine covers, which was passed about the table for attenders to write notes therein to 4sj.

Bob Bloch was introduced and cracked a few jokes. Leigh Brackett was at the fanquet, and remarked only that she wrote all Bradbury's stories and he did all her public speaking. Daugherty filled in with patter here and there. As he was about to tell one story, Perdue gravely arose and walked out, followed by applause. Bradbury was introduced and tried to run through some old routines with WJD, but his memory had grown rusty. Bop Olsen told some personal anecdotes. The prize money for the costumes was presented.

Rothman rose and reread the letter from the Committee on Atomic Information, and received the baskets which were to be circulation for the collection. "We don't want change," he said, dropping a 20-spot for himself and Goldstone, "We want

some of this green stuff."

While the money was being counted, Tigrina announced the winning name on a punchboard--"stf"--and Daugherty had it. They called Hornig up to the mike to say something, and he said he'd been out of the business for so long he was embarrassed that he's still dug up; but applause indicated that he was well remembered. Bob Olsen came back and told how when he was down and out during the early thirties scientifictionists had stuck by him, particularly Hornig.

It was announced that the collection had made \$107. A later contribution brought that to \$112. I don't know what the poker game netted.

Miscellaneous thanks tapered things off. Douglas to her carriers. Liebscher said for himself and all the Lasfas that he wished he could have been with everyone for two days. Widner thanked Slanshack for bunking him, and Selinger Willmorth.

Next the floor was cleared for the showing of One Million BC, which many of us had already seen. At the very end of the intermission, I enticed Laney, Rothman, Kadet, and Anderson away, and we retired upon Bixel Street.

There, after some delay at assembling materials and getting a place to work, we buckled down in Wiedenbeck's room, some writing up the news, others dummifying, others stenciling. I sat on a high stool and cracked a bullwhip at the staff while eyeing twin Finlays I'd been outbidden for at the auction, and the excellent and conscientious Wiedenbeck clay sculptures, and wondered if Jack agreed with WJD that if any fan wanted something of his enuf to steal it, he'd give it to him.

Presently the work was at a point where the two juniors could keep it moving, and Fran, Milt, and I started out for a bite to eat. We encountered Bob and Mari Beth, and after talking awhile on the steps, and telling Joquel we'd donated his prize money to the atomic fund, the five of us hunted up a restaurant crowded with Sunday midnitters. While we glared at diners and waited for a table we stuck cents in a weighing machine, and Konal-tall FTL was astounded to discover that he outweighed me by a bare kilogram. After much talk over little food, we returned to the pleasant jumble of the Pro Tem livingroom. Liebscher and Hart were there, among others. Rooster denying he had anything to do with it, we discussed the scurvy trick of someone in signing Walt's name to a telegram to Fargo.

The publication of Stefnews had moved over into the clubroom, and stencilcutting went on slowly. Fran had to go to work at 0800 and Anderson was to ride back with him to LA 7, but he stayed long enuf to show Kadet how to run the mimeo on one page, and to see an item written up, which he greatly retarded with discourse about cabbages and kings.

At last Sandy and I got the last sheet run thru and left the clubroom by the dawn's notsoearly light. After a few hours' sleep I was up again, packed, and returned to South Bixel. There I made a halfhearted effort to type some more of this story while a bunch arrived and departed on the beach party. While waiting for Al to drive me to the ticket office, I talked a little with Widner, but this, like the discourse under Korshak's hammer, was too short to become integrated. Another conversation almost started as we severally shook goodbye, but the clock did not permit.

"Dammit," said Al as he slowed down for a stoplight, "I wanted to get with you and talk over a lot of things, but it just seems like we haven't had any time at all together."

I think that goes for all of us.



— BRISTOL'S LAST STEFNEWS —



# WHAT IS TROVER HALL?

by  
Edwin M. Clinton Jr., Managing Editor

WHAT IS TROVER HALL? It is the first publishing house to deal exclusively in original fantasy and science-fiction. That's important enough right there. Think that over. The first publishing house to offer in book form to fans--to the general reading public--the best in this, perhaps the most vital form of literature. TROVER HALL is not a reprint house. We publish only original science-fiction and fantasy.

WHAT IS TROVER HALL? It is a concrete attempt at the longtime dream of the fantasy fan and professional alike. TROVER HALL is proud of the fact that by its very existence, and by its avowed purpose, it is filling an obvious gap in modern American literature and publishing. You know, we all know, what that gap is: seldom does the fantasy and science-fiction that long-established book publishers offer to the public measure up to the high standards set by some of the better magazines in the field. There are exceptions, of course, but they are rare. Thus TROVER HALL offers the first opportunity for the naturally selective taste of the fantasy enthusiast to be adequately satisfied. No need to wade through dozens of inferior pulp stories to stumble across that one memorable work that justifies the search. That sad condition exists because heretofore the magazines have offered the only market for the kind of material that we know as modern fantasy and science-fiction; and the magazines cater to vast audiences with widely varying tastes. TROVER HALL, founded and operated by long-time followers of science-fiction and fantasy, plans to give you that kind of material consistently; the material that, through all the hack and pulp of the years, has cropped up now and again to make you---you--the fan you are today. That, then, is the avowed purpose of TROVER HALL.

WHAT IS TROVER HALL? It is yours. It belongs to all of the fans and aficionados of our form of literature. It belongs to you because it wishes always to be regarded as a fan itself--a professional, to be sure, but always a fan. TROVER HALL is yours, to make of it what you will--its success depends largely upon your response. You will hear more from TROVER HALL in coming months. Of its first publication, a selection of fine fantasies--PUZZLE BOX--by a new writer of great promise, Anthony More. Of other titles, on the way; titles like MAN OF EMPIRE, JUDGMENT HOUR, CITY BY NIGHT....

THAT IS TROVER HALL. It can be one of the important steps in the development of fantasy and science-fiction. Remember that name....watch for that imprint....science-fiction's first strictly original book publishing house is here. Remember....TROVER HALL.



# THE DREAM

#3 in our dream  
series....

by  
ROBERT BLOCH

I very seldom dream. Possibly due to the fact that I have no sub-conscious mind.

Whatever the reason, fact remains that my sleep is generally untroubled, except when my wife or other women are trying to break down the bedroom door.

An exception can be noted. Whilst suffering from the galloping crud or other obscure respiratory ailments, fever brings me visions. Hell of it is, often as not, that I as an individual don't figure in these episodes. It's a scenario unreeling in my mind.

The following episode occurred to me, complete, as a one-reel German movie, a la Caligari (which I've never seen).

Temperature 101° on awakening.

I wrote it all down, fever and all, just after coming out from under, so judge it is reasonably authentic. As I say, I am not in the dream (but that isn't so disappointing, as there is very little sex in it). Because I dreamed it as a movie scenario, that's the form in which I wrote it out.

(Attention: Fritz Lang)

-oOo-

A ONE REEL MOVIE TAKEN FROM THE DELIRIUM OF ROBERT BLOCH

The first scene discloses the face of a dark-haired young man on a pillow. He is asleep and looking haggard. Sound of alarm-clock wakens him.

Camera moves back so we see bed and table beside bed with alarm clock on it. Young man wakes, reaches over and shuts off alarm clock.

Ringin continues.

Camera moves back as young man sits up, bewildered. He is in dirty room of boarding house. Alarm clock ringing continues and we notice, as he does, that another alarm clock is on table on other side of bed. Confused, he shuts that off.

Ringin continues.

He is obviously upset...hangoverish...stares around. We see alarm clock on bureau. He lurches over, shuts it off.

Ringin continues.

Young man registers amazement. Shrilling ring as he heads for bathroom. There on washstand is still another alarm clock, identical with all others. He shuts it off.

Ringin continues.

Shot of him staring out of window. Huge steeple of church across way. Instead of clock in steeple, another huge alarm clock face is visible, ringing away.

Grabbing clothing hastily (he is half-dressed, evidently from last night's debauch) he runs wildly out of room into huge hallway of boarding house and down stairs.

---

Second scene finds our young man at work in a large office containing many desks. He occupies one in a corner next to that of an older man who wears an eyeshade and is obviously a superior. Our haggard hero is sweating and eyeing the watercooler in the corner. He wants a drink but is afraid to get up while his older co-worker is watching. A file girl bends over and the older guy leers at her rump as our hero rushes to the cooler.

He prepares to draw a drink, then notices a naked girl, about four inches long, swimming in the cooler. She smiles up at him, waves. He attempts to draw her out of the cooler thru faucet when a shark, also four inches long, appears in the water. It attacks the girl. She fights it with a tiny dagger. Both perish and rise to the top of the cooler, floating there like dead goldfish. Horrified, the young man rushes from the office.

Scene three. Shot of door with name of psychiatrist on it. Fade to interior where young man is finishing his narrative of events to a greyhaired psychiatrist who looks like Samuel S. Hinds but isn't.

Psychiatrist seems sane, kindly, low-voiced, and he says, in effect, "Well, of course I believe you. Let's go over to your place and take a look at all these alarm clocks, to begin with."

Scene four. Hero's room, later in day. He enters with psychiatrist. "Here they are" he says. "You see?" Points to tables. No alarm clock. None on bureau, anywhere. But wherever the alarm clocks were in scene one...we now see, laid out neatly like dead goldfish, the tiny limp bodies of the girl and the shark, over and over again.

The psychiatrist flees.

Scene five. It is snowing on New York street as our hero stands before large office-building discharging homeward bound clerks. A girl appears...in slicker and cloche hat. Blonde. Hero's girl. He takes her arm, trembling. "I must talk to you"...he is still telling her incoherent bits about what happened to him as they enter an automat. Crowded. They pause before a door exhibiting piece of lichen pie. He puts in a dime. The door opens. A plate emerges. On the plate is a human hand. A severed human hand.

Flee. Rush down side-street. Girl is frightened too. They stand in snow huddled together and now...trees grow out of the background. They emerge and press closer...tall trees. Hero and girl gaze around, run from trees deep into a forest of merging light. Into a huge castle.

Scene six...castle is dark, deserted, but filled with statues. Women in clothing, but made of stone. Huge stone faces...rounded, bulging sculpture. Witch-faces. Jump out of corners as they wander thru. Witch-faces suddenly come ALIVE. Like molten lava the stone moves. Huge chow-dog figures, griffons on pedestals, come alive. They don't turn into flesh or leave pedestals...just suddenly shake up and down, jump animatedly as hero and girl run...and the whole place is suddenly animated, everything moving...statues, furniture, windows, all seething as they flee to huge staircase and tumble down...

Scene seven comes quickly as hero wakes in bed to ringing of alarm clock. He shuts it off. It stays off. He says "Thank God it was only a dream" and rises, fully dressed.

"What a hangover" he says, opening door and stepping out.

He steps thru doorway, we see his back. Door closes on him, but not sideways...UP AND DOWN. Or rather, something just beyond doorway closes on him up and down. He screams.

Shot of hallway. We see he has stepped out of door into closing mouth of a huge saurian monster that just fills the tall hallway completely. It squeezes around and lurches slowly down the hall. On its huge rump is written "the end".

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announcing---

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by

Wilson (Bob) Tucker

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-oOo-

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part, a "scientifiction" background.

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# JUST A MINUTE!

The LASFS meetings as  
chronicled and  
condensed by

TIGRINA

## June 20th - 341st Consecutive Meeting.

Gus Willmouth, our genial master of ceremonies, introduced our guests. Visitors included fantasy celebrities Theodore Gottlieb, of "Arabesque With Horror" fame. Planet author Bryce Walton, and his wife Marsha. A local resident, Aline Beeson, visited for the first time, hearing of the L.A.S.F.S. through a clerk in a book store. Another newcomer was Leland Sapiro, who heard about our Club through Dale Hart. Private Kenneth Bonnell, still here on his delay enroute to Washington, was again very much in evidence.

Director Hodgkins reminded us that nominations were in order for a new L.A.S.F.S. chairman. Al Ashley nominated Russ Hodgkins. Charles Burbee nominated Al Ashley. Ashley declined. Gus Willmouth moved that nominations be closed. The meeting was adjourned at 9:00, leaving members in suspense as to who would be our new chairman at the coming election.

## June 27th - 342nd Consecutive Meeting.

The regular meeting was turned into a publishing session for last minute mimeographing, stapling and assembling before the Pacificon, so the brief business meeting did not commence until 9:30, when elections took place.

Russ Hodgkins was re-elected as Director, your incumbent secretary was voted to serve a second term, and Forrest Ackerman, renowned for his book keeping abilities, was retained as treasurer. For the executive committee, Gus Willmouth was voted as senior member and Charles Burbee as junior member.

## July 11th - 343rd Consecutive Meeting.

Mari-Beth Wheeler and Bob Tucker, who "forgot" to go home to Illinois after the Convention, paid their first visit during a Club meeting. We were again honoured with the presence of our Pacificon guest of honour, A. E. van Vogt. Conspicuous by his absence was our treasurer, Forrest Ackerman, confined to his snooze-stand recuperating from a severe attack of gastro-intestinal flu, unfortunately contracted during the Pacificon.

Russ Hodgkins read us a message from Dale Hart, who has left our group to visit his family in Texas. As treasurer for the Foundation, Russ informed us that there were 48 members to date, and the cash received totalled \$228.91.

Walt Daugherty told about a proposed pictorial presentation of Pacificon highlights, \$30 to be taken from the Pacificon fund for expenses. A typed proposal, containing detailed information anent the forthcoming pictorial publication was passed amongst us for signatures of approval.

## July 18th - 344th Consecutive Meeting.

We welcomed the return of member Don Bratton, who had resumed civilian garb. We were also happy to have with us again our Treasurer, Forrest Ackerman, who attended his first meeting since his illness July 4th.

Treasurer Ackerman, with his customary acumen, informed us that \$29.30 kept the well-known lupine from leaping through the portals of our Headquarters.

Wally Daugherty read us a humorous bit of wit writ by the incomparable Robert Bloch, which had us rolling in the aisles, the article to be included in the pictorial presentation of the Pacificon. While fans were picking themselves up off the floor, Wally passed out copies of the cover which will be used for this magazine. The cover, designed by Lou Goldstone, received such high praise.

#### July 25th - 345th Consecutive Meeting.

Through the foggy haze of tobacco smoke could be discerned the faces of thirty fans. Tom Hanley, Canadian resident, visiting his brother here in Los Angeles, heard about the Club from Canadian fan Les Croutch, and paid us a visit.

Art Jocuel showed some movies of various fans, pictures ranging from three years ago to the present time.

The remainder of the meeting was turned over to Samuel D. Russell, who gave a lecture on the psychology of constitutional deficiency.

#### August 1st - 346th Consecutive Meeting.

In the absence of Director Hodgkins, directorship for the evening was taken over by our genial mattress-faced muscle man, Gus Willmorth.

Back with us again after quite a lengthy absence was our effervescent fellow-member, Pvt. Kenneth Bonnell, who is sojourning in the Sunny City while awaiting an Army transfer.

Club membership increased by four when E. H. Davis, Peggy and Bill Crawford, and Ed Ewing signed applications. Ed Ewing, resident of North Hollywood, learned of the L.A.S.F.S. through attending the Pacificon.

Treasurer Ackerman reported 20.05 in our treasury, with a special donation of one penny from Bob Tucker.

#### August 8th - 347th Consecutive Meeting.

Gus Willmorth, in the absence of our Junior Committee man, reluctantly assumed the responsibilities of introducing the twenty-five fans present.

After the brief business meeting was concluded, fans broke up into three or four animated discussion groups. During this time, a theatre party was organized to attend the English motion picture "Dead Of Night". Fans departed to meet again the following evening to witness this eerie film.



...Next Issue...

The space for the usual forecast is taken up this time by an editorial of unusual content (which I have yet to write), so the usual prognostication will go in this space, which luckily was left available for such a purpose.

I don't know why I ever bother predicting stuff for future issues since nobody cares anyhow, or remembers, and it so seldom comes true.

But---next issue there is an article by George Ebey which he thinks is pretty good. Also Laney's dream, #4 in the series; Gus Willmorth's article about commercial trends in fandom. The usual stuff by Ackerman, Tigrina, and Burbee. And almost anything else that might come drifting in here in the next couple of weeks.

I want to mention here that I want dreams for the Dream Series. You've seen three lovely jobs so far--one by me, one by Pardue, and the one in this issue by Bloch. If you can turn out something of the same high caliber, why, shoot it in here. No hurry about it; I want quality. Think about it, and one of these nights when you hit the sack with too much beer in the belly you will probably have one of these hyper episodes unreel in your fevered brain. Whip it into publishable shape and send it along.

"Publishable shape" insofar as Shangri-L'Affaires is concerned means a lack of material that can be considered lewd, salacious, lascivious, obscene. Of course, you can hint like hell. Let us see only the shadow of the bed, not the bed itself.

---burb

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