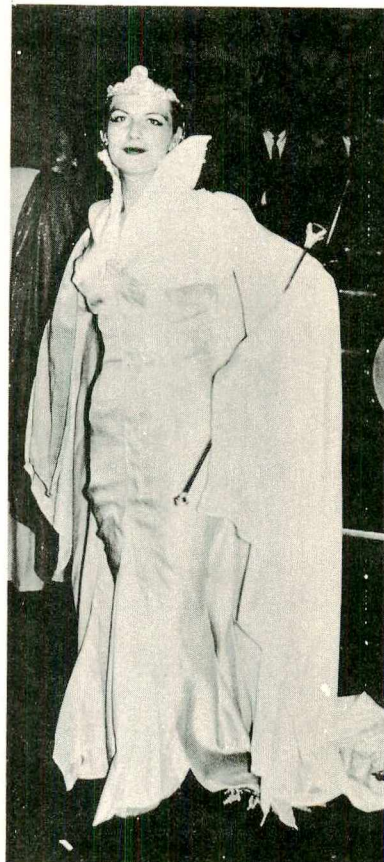


SPELEOBEM 6  
SAPS 50  
JANUARY 1960







BARBARA SILVERBERG WAS MY MISTRESS LAST NIGHT --- Toto##YOU  
 OUGHT TO LEARN TO APPRECIATE ROTSLER, HE'S GOING TO BE THE  
 NEXT JULES FEIFFER##DOC SMITH, SCIENCE FICTION'S ANSWER TO  
 CHARLEY WEAVER##METROPOLITAN CITY, ARIZONA - POPULATION 2##  
 JH PLUS 20 EQUALS LESLIE GERBER 93##HAVE HUGO, WILL TRAVEL##  
 THE DETENTION COMMITTEE WOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS ITS GRATITUDE  
 TO THE DETENTION COMMITTEE##HERE WE ARE AT LAKE HURON, AND  
 ME WITHOUT MY HURONYMOUS MACHINE##O, NO, JOHN-NO, JOHN-NO, JOHN  
 -NO##(TAKES PODIUM) I HAVE A FEW THINGS TO SAY, AND YOU  
 PEOPLE AREN'T GOING TO LIKE IT; BUT FIRST I WANT TO INTRO-  
 DUCE A FRIEND OF MINE. (HOLDS UP GLASS) THIS IS GIN. (GES-  
 TURES HEMISPHERICALLY) YOU ALL KNOW DJINN##IKE SLEPT HERE##  
 WALT DISNEY, OUR LEADING SPACE SCIENTIST##FEETNOTES IS WHEN  
 YOU WRITE SOMETHING ON PEOPLE'S SHOES, LIKE AT A FAPA MEET-  
 ING##YOU MEAN THE LIES IN DISGUISE ARE OURS?##YOU JUST WOKE  
 UP NINE PEOPLE##STICKY NICKELS##ASIMOV IS 'VOMISA' SPELLED  
 BACKWARDS##I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A PAIR OF BOCKENDS LIKE THESE  
 ##THE FEMININE FORM OF THE VERB##I DON'T BELIEVE THEY HAVE  
 POLICEMEN IN BELFAST -- ELSE WHY WOULD WALT WILLIS STILL BE  
 RUNNING AROUND LOOSE? OF COURSE, THAT'S BETTER THAN WHEN HE  
 WAS OVER HERE -- THEN HE WAS RUNNING AROUND TIGHT##THE VOTE  
 FOR THE BEST MOVIE OF 1958 WENT FOR 'NO AWARD.' WILL FORRIE  
 ACKERMAN PLEASE COME FORWARD TO ACCEPT?##IT JUST HAS A LIT-  
 TLE CAGE UNDER THE HOOD, WITH RON ELLIK RUNNING AROUND IN-  
 SIDE##MY FEET FEEL YELLOW##ARE YOU HARLAN ELLISON?##AT MID-  
 NIGHT HE TURNS INTO A MAN##WHERE IS FANDOM GOING? WHAT IS  
 IT DOING? AND MORE IMPORTANT, SHOULD IT?##I DEMAND RESPECT;  
 I MAY NOT GET IT, BUT I DEMAND IT##YOU'VE GOT GARRETTDIP IN  
 YOUR TEA, LADY##FANCYCLOPEDIAE, ENAEBOY?##WHO'S GOING TO  
 BE THE FIRST TO STICK A 'PSICK OF PSIONICS' SIGN ON JOHN W.  
 CAMPBELL, JR.?##YOU DRIVE SOMEONE CRAZY##I CALL YOU SON BE-  
 CAUSE I NOTICED YESTERDAY THAT YOU WERE HIGH AROUND NOON##I  
 HOPE BJO'S NOT NERVOUS NEXT YEAR, SO THE MALES OF LASTS CAN  
 ENJOY THE CONVENTION##A HIGH-BREASTED FUSSBUDGET##DOES ANY-  
 ONE TRUST ME FOR A DOLLAR?##\*R\*A\*N\*D\*A\*L\*L\* \*C\*A\*R\*R\*E\*T\*T\*  
 LOANED ME NINETEEN CENTS !!!

THIS IS A GENUINE QUOVER, COLLECTED BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER THE DETENTION  
 THANKS TO VARIOUS AND SUNDRY MEMBERS OF THE CALIFORNIA CREW WHO REMEMBERED  
 THE ONES I COULDN'T



Ellis T. Mills

John Berry

Arthur H Rapp

MARGA BOTT

Louise Bagby Whittier

Stally CREEP Stuber

Dick Emory

Roger Smith

Burnett R. Tiskem

Patricia Ellington

~~Red Johnstone~~

Arthur Hayes

George Nims Raybin

Ray Schaffer

Alan J. Lewis

Patricia White

Bill Donato

Carl John C. Harness

Jean B. (The Sister Woman) Bagert

Richard E. Grew

Karachi in '63!

John Trumbull

Bjo



T. CARR  
FOR TAFF

Randall

Ken Kuey

Dick Ellington

George R. Heap  
George H. Young +  
Mary Young

Her Steward

Bob MacLennan

Bob Kidder

Bruce Kelly

Jean Young

Carl Brandon

Miri Carr

Jim Caulhoun

George Carr

Ernie Wheatley

Andrew Clinton

Horace L. DeForman

Dick Daniels  
Don Moffat  
Hugid Fairbrother



# THE ELEPHANT'S

## ODYSSEY

SEPT 3-28

Conventions are traditionally times of many fifths; for me, this convention - and the Grand Tour which followed it - was a time of many firsts. To start off with, I flew from Tampa to Detroit via Eastern Airlines -- the first time I'd flown on a commercial flight. (I had previously been up twice in c-47's at MacDill Air Force Base here in Tampa --- bucket-seats and all.)

Being naturally a cheapskate, I took the economy flight - a little over \$51 for the approximately 1000 miles from Tampa to Detroit - which left Tampa shortly after midnight September 2nd. The flight was quite uneventful; there were plenty of seats on the plane, so I could get a double seat, and spread out. I slept a bit, looked out the window quite frequently, listened to the two boys behind me who were returning to school in Ohio and talking of the blast they had had in Miami Beach, got off and walked around when we made a stop two or three times, and just generally took it easy.

We got into Detroit about 5:15 AM on Thursday, and after waiting around for a half hour until the baggage was brought in, I took a Greyhound into downtown Detroit which let me out about three blocks from the Pick-Fort Shelby. I lugged my 39.5 pounds of baggage to the hotel, signed into a single room (after I found they'd fouled up my registration for a twin), went up, and went to sleep for several hours.

Coming down to the lobby about 9:30, I could see no obviously fannish faces, so I went wandering around the area near the hotel until I found the post office, where I mailed home a postcard announcing safe arrival. [Parents worry so....] Then another tour of the lobby, with the same results: no recognition at all. Of course, the problem was intensified by the fact that I'd met only four 'fanzine-fans' and four or five other fans previously, and I wasn't sure any of them were coming to the convention. And my meeting with Joe Lee Sanders last February proved the folly of trying to recognize fans from their pictures on zine covers.

There was only one solution: I went into the hotel's cigar shop and bought a copy of EFR's Wasp (the only SF pb they had which I hadn't read), went back to the lobby, sat down, and started reading. It worked; within ten minutes a smiling mustache was looking down at me, and its owner was asking "Are you a science fiction fan?" After admitting the fact, I found I had, on first shot, met Forrie Ackerman. I'm rather proud of my ingenuity. Forrie introduced me to the trio with him - Al Lewis and Steve and Virginia Schultheis.

[Right here is probably the best place to warn all readers about this report. It is being typed on master, from memory, the program booklet, and a collection of 80 or so slides which I took during the con and trip following. I did not take notes on what went on, and perhaps I'll be sorry that I didn't do so. But I think that the time I spent fooling with my cameras was quite enough distraction from the convention, and note-taking would have been a lot worse. My memory will certainly have gaps, but whose doesn't? Hmm. Jack Har-ness, are you writing a con report? Also, this report will probably have a lot of name-dropping bits; please to remember, this was my first convention. I reserve the right to be a bit goshwow if I choose. And now, Onward!]

Later that morning various and sundry fen began arriving, and stopping in the lobby for a short time -- or in some cases, such as my own, a long time. I met Dave and Ruth Kyle, from whom I bought a copy of FANDOM'S COOKBOOK. At the time I hadn't the vaguest

idea what good the cookbook would do me, and was letting my completist tendencies run rife, but now, with a return to college staring me in the face, perhaps I shall get some use out of it after all.

The Toskey showed up, earlier than I had expected, and since he was to be rooming with me, we badgered the hotel clerk until he switched us into a twin room. The clerk was quite determined to emphasize that this room had a television set in it, despite several pointed remarks (mostly mine) that televisions were not of the slightest interest while we were at a convention. Then when the bellhop took us up to the room, he insisted on turning the fool idiot-box on, and adjusting it -- while all the time Toskey and I were telling him loudly "Turn it off!" Possibly he was deaf and thought we were asking him to turn it up, or something like that.

Back in the lobby, the convention was taking shape two days early. John W. Campbell arrived, and the discussion -- the slightly one-sided discussion, that is -- went from photographic film to the idea that there has been no progress in the field of inertia-gravity study in the past 300 years, to a machine which seems to be some sort of anti-gravity device. All highly reasonable, too. JWC, Jr. is a very persuasive talker --- so much so that he talked me into using a roll of Kodachrome instead of my usual Ektochrome, and made me forget that the reason I use Ekto is because it's a faster film. But it was quite interesting listening to him, and questioning some of his ideas -- though it would have been better if one of the five or six in the audience, one who evidently couldn't get half of what was being said, would have shut up. It was a bit annoying that the discussion had to stop every once in a while to clear up something that had been said five minutes before. But so geht das leben.

Arrivals began to take the form of droves rather than singletons and pairs. The afternoon was slightly kaleidoscopic, and into the small hours of the morning some of us were standing around the lobby waiting to see who showed up. Joe Casey of New Jersey sacked out in our room Thursday night, since the New York group, with whom he was going to stay, had not yet arrived. Since Toskey went to bed early, it was a bit of a surprise, I guess, for him to wake up and find a third occupant in the room. But he stood up under the strain, tho I suspect he had visions of managerial discovery being imminent.

Friday morning was non-existent for me, since I spent it sleeping in an attempt to make up for the lateness of Thursday night, and in preparation for anticipated loss of sleep the following few nights. There was very little doing in the lobby even at 11:30, though, so I went wandering around the downtown area in search of reasonably-priced lunch (one meal in the hotel's coffee shop, the Java Room, cured me of eating there on my limited budget.) I wound up in a small cafeteria for lunch, then went back to the hotel to see who had and who would arrive.

About this time I met Riva Smiley, who T\*A\*L\*K\*S most of the time. (I was highly amused later, when I read the first entry on page 13 of the FANCYCLOPEDIA II.) I was wearing a short beard, grown especially for the masquerade, during the early part of the convention, and this and my briefcase led to an Incident. The briefcase, containing all sorts of junk -- particularly film and flashbulbs plus whichever of the two cameras I wasn't carrying at the time -- sported a sticker on the outside saying "Made in Washington by SPY'S." [sic]. It is one of the cute-slogan stickers that are usually put on car bumpers, and was sent to me by Betty Kujawa. I thought it made more sense on the briefcase than on my car, so that's where it landed. During the con, the briefcase might be left anyplace -- on a table, chair, in the middle of the aisle, etc. -- and while we were in the lobby milling around I left it on the small table near the desk. When I went to pick it up, preparatory to going upstairs, there was a woman reporter near it who wanted to know what the sticker meant. I explained that it didn't actually mean anything at all, it was just a silly phrase. She accepted the explanation grudgingly, slightly disappointed she hadn't discovered a ring of saboteurs or some-such thing, then looked at my beard and came up with a second question: "Are you a Beatnik?"

"No," said I. "I'm not."

"What are you, then?"

"Many things, but not a Beatnik."

"Oh. Well, what are you here for?" I attempted to explain that it was a science fiction convention, and probably said several inane things in the explanation. She took down my name





Like, I just don't dig this  
Beatnik bit, lady!

ferences to himself. Specifically, "birdbath" and "doors," as I recall, exclaiming between every other phrase of the latter entry, "Not true;...not true," and putting forth his side of the matter.

The roster of SAPS at the con swelled --- Lynn Hickman, Earl Kemp, Lee Jacobs, Bjo, Jack Harness, Karen Anderson. Even Art Rapp showed up, looking somewhat like a well-bedecked Christmas tree. Were those things ribbons, Art, or the new bullet-proof vests? Eventually, the total of SAPS members at the con reached 16 -- almost half the membership. Plus quite a few waiting-listers (Ted Johnstone, Ellis Mills, John Trimble, for example) and several ex-SAPS: Irene Baron, Teddybear, Fred Prophet, George Young....

Finally, in answer to my question "Where's Berry?" I got "up on the mezzanine" instead of "Not here yet" or "Gone up to the Convention Suite," so I pounded up the stairs, surveyed the crowd as soon as I turned the corner halfway up, and immediately picked out John Berry --- by the handlebars, sort of. When I was able to plow through the group of fans, I introduced myself, and got, as about the second sentence in reply, "Oh, I just got another letter from Doreen." With Toskey standing right next to me, I reacted to the name, thus confirming his suspicion that Doreen was Dee. [It's possible that Dee will object to my revealing her name to the rest of you, but Seattle Fandom pried her full name and address out of John by

and where I was from, and I left. I understand this bit actually got into the papers, though I didn't see a copy myself; Sybil Devore was the one who mentioned it to me. I don't even know which paper it was. Actually, this so-called interview wouldn't have been so bad, if it weren't that Riva Smiley had overheard it. She spent the next half hour or so asking me - at intervals of a minute or so - whether I was a Beatnik or not. Sometime around then, Randy Garrett arrived, also with a beard, so I set Riva on him and escaped. (Avram Davidson came in with Randy, and had a much larger beard, but I didn't recognize him, and no one I asked at the time did either.) I'm just afraid that if I wear a beard to the Pittcon next year, the first person I will meet will be Riva Smiley, who will inquire, with a grin several yards wide, if I am a Beatnik. Maybe by that time I will be.

By Friday night most everyone I was anxious to meet had arrived, as had over half the total attendance. Harlan Ellison provided another example of the folly of trying to recognize fans from photocovers -- he looked not at all as he did on Earl Kemp's SAFARI 2 cover. The New Yorkers straggled in by degrees (Donaho making up several dozen degrees by himself), then the Califans, and at last the Eney and Young contingent who had driven John Berry to visit Dean Grennell before the con.

Eney set about selling copies of the FANCYCLOPEDIA II, and shortly after that, there were fans clustered around Harlan as he read (in a borrowed copy, possibly Ted Johnstone's) several ref-



threatening to tear up his plane ticket, I understand, so I see no reason why they should have an unfair advantage: Dee is Doreen Erlenwein, 4116 Watrous Avenue, Tampa 9, Fla. I guess she's had enough fun teasing Toskey anyway.] I made the usual pleasantries, and forked over Dee's Berry fund contribution (which she earmarked for the Berry offspring) to John, freeing myself of my last duty as Dee's messenger. (Earlier I had delivered a package to Toskey from Dee, containing [1] Onoa, a Venusian pipe-cleaner spider; [2] a 45rpm record to sooth Onoa in times of stress; [3] a letter from Dee explaining this mess; [4] a car-bumper sticker reading "I listen to Ed Bray..."; and [5] a note from Dee, about whom no one but the Busbys had heard up to the convention. Somehow, Toskey survived being handed all this stuff. Dee's been threatening to send him some more, on the same order. Pooooorrrrr, poor Toskey.)

Friday night, the LA crew was showing "The Genie," their excellent film starring Bjo, Forrie, and Fritz Leiber. Trufan that I am, I spent the time in the bar with Boyd Raeburn, Larry Shaw, Dick Ellington, Ted Johnstone and a few others, discussing various fannish doings. About the time the movies (Philadelphia was showing one of theirs, too -) adjourned, so did we. Parties were under way.

Pittsburgh was giving out drinks and campaign buttons with equal alacrity, so I started in their suite. Soon, having consumed a couple of the former, and pocket one of the latter (I was voting for Washington), I drifted down to the Cincinnati HQ, where Lou Tabakow was mixing the drinks. Eventually, smoke and wanderlust drove me out of there in the direction of the Detroit suite. I walked along the corridors with John Berry, who had also just left the Cincy gang. It developed that there was a problem: what to do about a Big-Ponded fan who had been on the go for over a week, continuously, and would be going at the same pace for several more days; who had just recently found out he had a speech to make the next day; who was supposed to be sleeping in the convention suite, where there was a party going full-blast that showed no sign of stopping. The answer was easy: Toskey again woke up with a different room mate. I went up to the convention suite party, and when it finally broke up at four or so I commandeered one of their couches.

During the party in the Detroit suite, I was treated to the first of several personal lectures by Dainis Bisenieks on the folly of fans and fandom: Fans Are Silly, Fandom Is a Waste of Time. (I later got one from him on Taking Photos Or Keeping Souvenirs From Conventions Is Silly.) If my memory serves me right, I did not insult Mr. Bisenieks, despite the fact that I had had several drinks. As I recall, it was impossible to insult him. But one fugghead cannot a party spoil, let alone a convention.

Sleeping in the convention suite turned out to be quite a good idea. When the convention committee got up to start the convention rolling, they got me up, too, so there was no chance of my missing the opening parts of the con. Even if those opening parts were, in keeping with tradition, late.

Teddybear led off with the official welcome, a little after two o'clock, and then Dave Kyle introduced about half the audience, one by one. Even so, I was quite surprised that I was included in the group of fans to be introduced; I'm still wondering who slipped Dave my name among the large collection of name-slips he was using for the introductions. About the only one he forgot was Harlan Ellison, who almost got ignored a second time at the banquet because he couldn't be seen, sitting down at the very end of the head table. Finally Dave introduced the Guests of Honor, Poul Anderson and John Berry, and asked each to say a few words. They acquitted themselves quite well -- sort of prelude speeches for the main events to be given at the banquet.

Bob Madle spoke about TAFF, and the current TAFF candidates were introduced -- two in person, one in absentia. TAFF ballots were distributed, though I never heard if any of them came back in during the con. I think something on the order of TAFF Progress Reports might be a good idea -- there are probably a lot of fans who can only afford a certain amount for TAFF, but who would find some way to kick in a little extra if the situation became a bit desperate. Right now, I haven't the foggiest idea of how much TAFF has collected, except that Bennett reported £ 32 12/ 11d in APORRHETA 12, and the Auction Bloch brought in an extra \$90.98.

The next item on the program was the Auction Bloch, and Sam Moskowitz managed to sell off six pros for amounts varying from \$12 for Doc Smith (and the same for Ed Emsh) to \$17 for Isaac Asimov. Judy Merrill brought \$15, Poul Anderson \$13, and Willy Ley \$12.98 (sort of



a bargain basement deal). Then Christine Moskowitz auctioned off SaM, garnering another \$9. This should not be construed as SaM's being valued that much lower than the others -- it's just that he didn't have Sam Moskowitz to auction him off. I didn't even make a token bid on the Auction Bloch, both because I didn't see that I had any need for an hour of any of their times, and because the budget wouldn't allow for much stretching for things like that. In retrospect, I wish I had been able to buy Ed Emsh, but at the time I didn't think of having him draw a cover on one of the multilith masters I had with me. From what I hear, Joe Christoff had him do just that; for the first time since it came out, I shall be looking forward to an issue of SPHERE.

I skipped Willy Ley's talk, and arrived in the middle of "Psionics Under Fire" to listen for a while. The situation seemed to be that Cogswell, Seortia, McLaughlin, and Wood were playing straight men (at the top of their lungs, mostly) to John W. Campbell, who turned most of their questions and barbs right back at them, without yelling.

Just before supper I went roaming around the nearby downtown area, looking for film, flashbulbs, rum, and some mix, in preparation for the evening and because the next day would be Sunday. I finally located all the required items, and dragged them back to the hotel. I dumped the rum -- two pints of Bacardi dark -- and the cola mix in the hotel room, and went out for supper. The rum stayed in the hotel room for the rest of the con, as I found it was not worth the effort to go by for it; the parties always had more than enough to drink. It came in handy after the con, though.

Supper that night -- as well as the majority of meals during the con -- was in the small diner across from the hotel. Once the fans found that the food was reasonably good, and the prices goodly reasonable, they started flocking over at mealtime. I wonder what the people who worked in the joint thought of the hordes of lunatics who descended on them two or three times a day. I guess they didn't care; the money was usually good. Lynn, you didn't pass any of that multilithed stuff there, did you?

Saturday evening the masquerade was held. There were quite a few costumes -- and good ones, too -- but there were quite a few without special costumes, too. Here comes my first gripe about the way things were done: the categories for costume prizes were invented at the last minute, so that there was no opportunity for anyone to prepare a costume for a special category. Also, the judges must have had rocks in their heads on a couple of their selections, even granting the particular categories. The impression was that one judge was pushing the others; perhaps ballot voting by the judges might be in order. My own costume -- an interpretation of Gandalf from Tolkien's books -- was only a quick-job, thrown together so I'd have some sort of costume. So I'm only yelling about other costumes that should have won prizes. To give Nancy Shapiro the prize for the Best Basic Anatomy is a matter of opinion I can't argue with, and Al Lewis and Bill Donaho ("Most Nauseating" and "Most Fannish," respectively) certainly deserved their prizes. But I grotch at Joe Christoff getting one for "Most Beautiful Costume," and to some extent I also grotch at the Curtises getting "Most Clever." In the "Most Beautiful" category, Karen Anderson should have run ~~xx~~ away with the prize, without a doubt. That outfit was b e a u t i f u l, indeed. And I think the Kyles in their 'plastic skull' getups should certainly have been more in the running for cleverest costumes. Stu Hoffman also had a marvelous costume -- in fact, I didn't know who was in the costume until someone else told me. He was dressed as the alien from last December's Astounding, and some sort of recognition should have been given for such a well-done job.

And speaking of Astounding covers at the masquerade, Randy Garrett showed up in the Henry VIII rig of the cover for September 1959 --- with face and beard to match! (Well, the beard almost matched.) Seems Freas painted Garrett's face into the picture, which is to illustrate a Garrett story ("That Sweet Little Old Lady" by "Mark Phillips.") Much fun, indeed.

Cameras were in evidence all during the convention, and particularly during the masquerade. Several fans were using available light pictures (Al Lewis, for one), most were using flashbulbs. The Dietzes and Moskowitzes were using movie cameras, with spotlight bars. The latter were the bane of all the former, since it's a bit difficult for one to make sure there are no lightbars in the area about to open up when he is about to take a



picture with a camera setting suited to room lights only. I guess I lost about a half dozen slides from lightbar overexposure, and I suppose those taking available light shots were in even worse difficulty. But I won't really gripe; I want to see the movies they took, next year — and I'll just have to be more careful about ascertaining where they are before shooting. (Besides, after my flashgun got dropped once too often and became inoperable, I stole several shots using the light from the lightbars. And I have one beautiful picture showing what speakers were up against with the lightbars: Harlan Ellison, trying to auction a picture, framed in a blinding glare of light, and including the lightbar and movie camera operator [Christine Moskowitz, I think — well, I know it isn't Sam].)

The other annoyance for fan photographers was that Harlan Ellison had brought along a well-stacked photographer from Rogue, and was constantly [I mean 'constantly,' but let it stand] shooing fan photogs back so that his photog could get some shots. I hope they actually appear in Rogue (that's Harlan's new fanzine, financed by Hamlin) — if not, I rather expect that any further attempts will meet with considerable objection and interference. Wally Weber is already threatening to have a special trap-door in the floor of the ball room at the Seattle con, just for Harlan.

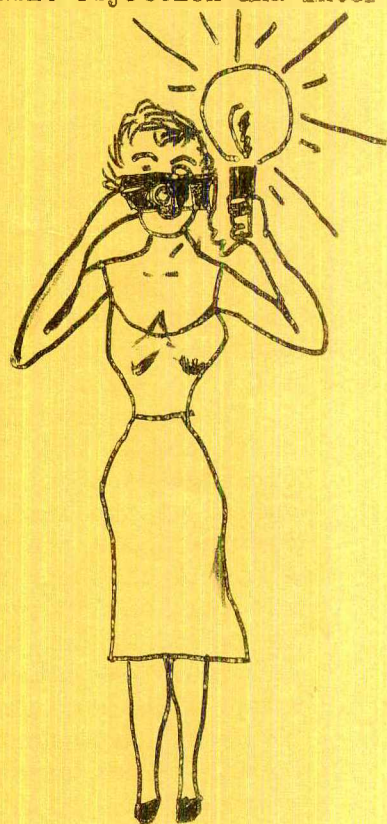
Being more or less in the class of non-dancers, (it's so seldom they play the Elephant Tango), I left soon after the judging, and with a small crew of other escapees went to get something to eat. Then back to the hotel, where I shaved off the two-week old beard and went partying up in the Washington suite. It was so crowded you had to step on several people to get to the drinks, but hey didn't seem to mind very much.

I actually went back to the room sometime after two, and got some sleep. In the light of what happened Sunday night, it's a good thing I did.

Harlan got the auction going Sunday morning, after the church group got done using our auditorium, but either

money was too tight, or the fans weren't tight enough, and buying was very slow. Then Harlan asked if anyone would trust him for two bucks, and in a flash of inspiration, I volunteered the loot. It was a good inspiration, as it netted an excellent Wood illo, the mate to which sold for about \$4 at a later auction. Returning to my seat, I said something to Bruce Henstel (a 13-yr. old LASFan who was later to gain notoreity) something about psychological buying. About that time Harlan asked who'd trust him with TWENTY dollars, and Bruce Henstel volunteered! He walked off with the Freas cover illo from Astounding, illustrating Budrys's "In Clouds of Glory" — a beautiful thing. Me and my big mouth. Though I couldn't have spared \$20 myself.

If I remember correctly, Toskey is the one who gets the thanks for grabbing a table at the banquet for the SAPS members — he got the best one, too: right in front of the



So who cares about photographing the costumes?



speakers. Besides Tosk and myself, there were also Wally, Art Rapp, Lee Jacobs, Alan J. Lewis, Jack Harness, Dick Eney, and Bjo --- plus Steve Tolliver, an interloper, who got in under the guise of Bjo's Hired Gun.

The banquet was excellent; the food was quite good, unlike a lot of banquets I've been to, and the speakers -- Asimov, John Berry, and Poul Anderson -- were quite entertaining. Bloch, acting as assistant toastmaster, was, of course, ~~superb~~ also very entertaining. When it came to the HUGO Awards, I found I'd been voting with the minority in at least half the categories, although there were only a couple categories in which I actually cared whether my choice won -- "The Hell-Bound Train" by Bloch for the best short story (which did win), and CRY for the best zine. (Congrats to FANAC, though, Terry. I understand Ellik threatened to get the Salvation Army stores in Detroit closed down unless his name went on the Hugo first.) And although I voted for Freas as best artist, I wish someone would come along to at least give him competition, besides Ensh. Five awards in a row is pretty good, but doesn't speak very well for the SF art field.

Ten minutes after the banquet was declared over, everyone reconvened in the auditorium to vote for Pittsburgh as the next consite. Actually, I voted for Washington, but it was no surprise that Pittsburgh ran off with the voting. From my own standpoint, the main trouble with DC was absolutely L\*O\*U\*S\*Y publicity, coupled perhaps with a lack of any definite commitments on hotel, program, etc.. Starting now on a campaign for DC in 63, maybe we'll have better luck. I invested two bucks in a Pittcon membership (after all, if I'd trust Harlan for two bucks, I guess I can afford to trust Pittsburgh for the same amount), and I'll do my best to get there and claim the results of my investment.

I got in on the last part of Ensh's "Dance Chromatic" film -- synchronized ballet dancing, brush strokes, and taped music -- which was very good indeed, much as I don't really care for the dance as an art form. I stayed to hear the pro editors' panel, on which Hans Stefan Santesson, Cele Goldsmith, and John W. Campbell told of their plans for the future in Fantastic Universe, Amazing and Fantastic, and Astounding, respectively. But when one of the first few questioners to speak up in the discussion period turned out to be the loud mouthed moron type, I left. Hurriedly. "It gives me sharp and shooting pains, etc."

Much of the time when there was a programed item I didn't care for I would spend, not in the bar (where the prices were high for my limited budget), but in the huckster room (where the prices were still high, but purchases were a little more optional). I wound up buying a batch of old fanzines plus a couple dozen pulps and the two Lensman books I needed to complete my set. I was rather surprised to find so few fanzines being sold. George Scithers and Buck Coulson were selling some of their own zines, AMRA and YANDRO (resp.), and SHAGGY 45 was available, but only Martin Alger had any old fanzines to sell (and he didn't have them long once I found they were available -- FAN DANGOS, SF NEWSLETTERS, and a couple others.)

Later in the evening a Bheer Party was held by the Detention Committee, and a little after eleven o'clock, the much-postponed fanzine editors' panel finally got under way. It was expected to last maybe an hour, but when I got there about 12:30 or so, it was still going strong -- even though most of the action was coming from the audience instead of the panel, by that time. The subjects under discussion modulated as time went on, and finally wound up at "How can fandom help the pro mags?" The speakers were still going strong at 3:00, when Bjo finally called a halt to the panel (officially). Unofficially, the discussions continued until about 6:00 in the morning. Dave Kyle and one group went off in a corner of the auditorium to continue, and about a dozen or so of us wound up in Harlan's room, where the subject of discussion was, of course, Rogue. Afterwards it turned toward some incidents of fan history, such as the Midwestcons at Beastlays, and when Jim Harmon showed up with several others, the Incident of the Door was related from both sides, as it were. It was highly interesting to me, as I'm extreamly nosy about fanhistory and such, and you just can't get this kind of information -- or opinion, in some cases -- from any published works. Not even from FANCY II, excellent though it is. [Take a bow, Eney.] At any rate, by the time the discussions petered out, someone suggested trying to find a party, so the whole menagerie went traipsing through the corridors, to discover that all the suites were closed up, and parties were non-existent. I got separated from the main group,



and spent the next hour or so wandering up and down the stairs or admiring the early morning view from the firescape of the hotel. I finally wound up in the lobby, where a few fans were still to be seen --- including Wally Weber, whose appearance was a bit surprising to me, since I had more or less assumed that he too would have the Toskey Syndrome, requiring him to be sacked out at least eight or ten hours a night. I almost fell asleep in the lobby myself, so I staggered upstairs instead, and slept for three or four hours before getting up to get something to eat.

When I got back to browsing through the huckster area, the Shelby Room (to which, on directional signs, had been added "Vick," of course), Randy Garrett was there showing off a fabulous parody of a folk-song which he'd written. Being quite parody-inclined myself, I asked for reprint rights, but was told that Ron Smith already had them for INSIDE.

"But that means we'll have to wait another year or so to see them in print," I said.

"Well, you can pirate them." And he held the paper with the words behind his back while I scribbled like mad to copy them down. Then, getting tired of that position, he just held them out for copying.

A half hour or so later, the parody was presented. John W. Campbell had just finished speaking on "The Right to be Wrong," and while he was still on the stage of the auditorium, Randy and every other pro who had ever sold to Astounding climbed onstage. And Randy started singing.....

"On yonder hill there stands a building,  
And upon the fourteenth floor  
Stands a group of authors moaning  
As they never moaned before:

'Oh, no, John - no, John - no, John, no !'

"There in manner quite pontific  
Speaks the Master from on high:  
'Slaves are better off than free men,  
Surely you can all tell why.'

'Oh, no, John - no, John - no, John, no !'

"There are Supermen among us  
Now we must discover Psi.'  
Says the Master, and the authors  
Groan in agony and cry:

'Oh, no, John - no, John - no, John, no !'

"Well, then,' says the Master, smiling,  
'Since my Gospel you deny,  
Would you rather sell to others,  
Where the rates are not so high?'

'Oh, no, John - no, John - no, John, no !'

The other pros joined in the chorus --- on the last chorus, Asimov got down on his knees ! It went over big, and was a highspot of the convention for me. Karen Anderson sang a fifth verse, from the back of the auditorium, when Randy had finished, but it was slightly anti-climactic after Randy's. [Later that night, Karen also said she had reprint rights to the parody, until after October 15th, so as a loyal fellow-SAP, I wasn't going to publish them. But I had occasion to call Toskey the night of October 16, and while I had three minutes to kill, I ascertained that Karen missed the mailing, so the rights revert to a sort of open season.]

The rest of Monday afternoon I spent trying to determine where I was going after the convention, and with whom, and in checking out of the hotel. I would have liked very much



to go to Seattle, but there was only one Seattle car, and it had a capacity load. For a time, there was talk that one of the Los Angeles cars might travel to Seattle and take John Berry from there to LA, but that proved to be merely talk. Going to LA was my next choice, if it could be arranged --- it it couldn't, I'd try to find a ride to New York. The Los Angeles crew had three cars, the largest of which was heading straight back to California, and was full. The other two would travel together and stop on the way to visit a couple fans; though there were eight others scheduled to travel in these two cars -- a Hillman and a Peugeot -- room was found for the Elephant to go along. Which left eight Califans with a grateful Elephant on their hands.

Toskey had checked out early, since the Seattle crew wanted to get a fairly early start and visit Wrai Ballard on the way, but since the hotel had billed us each separately, I didn't have to check out until early evening. Between four and five all the luggage -- including a varityper purchased from Lynn Hickman -- was loaded into and onto the two cars, and left there while we went back to the hotel for the final parts of the convention. Or actually, for the post-convention bits in my case, at least, since I missed the last official parts of the program.

That evening, the last of the booze was brought together in the long Cass Room, where it was disposed of in various combinations, before, during, and after the showing of a couple fan movies. "The Genie" was put on again, and this time I got to see it. It was very well done and quite enjoyable in spite of several technical difficulties encountered.

The Dietzes showed their Solacon film, which was also enjoyable, though it suffered from incomplete shots and a lack of editing. A small gripes committee was in session in a front corner during the Solacon film, and after "The Genie" was shown following the Solacon, one of the committee members, Randy Garrett, got up and praised "The Genie" extensively, pointing out that it was the first fan film he'd seen which did not have thus-and-such wrong with it -- enumerating the things which the Solacon film did have wrong with it. He was quite right, but any convention film is still better than no convention film.

After this, Al Lewis showed his Solacon slides. When he finished, Randy got up again. "I have something to say, and you people aren't going to like it...." and he led into a tirade which had two primary subjects: (1)neofans do not have enough respect for the professionals at conventions; and (2)neofans themselves are too often ignored by older fans, both at conventions and at local clubs. Many other matters came and went in the speech, including quite a number of barbed remarks about Harlan Ellison, but these two subjects were the main points. A good deal of discussion followed, mostly on "The Care and Feeding of Neofans," and mostly between Randy and the New York bunch, with which he was more familiar -- the Dietzes and Moskowitzes. To illustrate his speech, Randy used Bruce Henstel, who was 13, and at his first convention. It was a good illustration, and would have been better if Bruce had known when to shut up so he wouldn't foul things up. But it was quite a lively discussion





anyhow. (I had remarked to Ted Johnstone earlier that afternoon that, having listened to Harlan Ellison talk about Randall Garrett the previous evening, I would like to hear Randall Garrett talk about Harlan Ellison. Request granted.)

Avram Davidson came in in the middle of the discussion, got the floor, and spoke on "Why Do Fanzines Ignore Science Fiction?" for several minutes. Then he left, while the discussion continued on in that vein until it was wrenched abruptly back to the original subjects. Almost everyone in the room got hiser two-credits-worth in. I'm not sure that anything was actually settled, but when it broke up, I left with the impression that the assemblage was agreed, more or less, at least on the idea that something more should be done to make neos more welcome in fandom -- particularly in clubs on a local level.

That brought the convention to a real rousing finale -- far better than if we had merely faded away in the evening after the official program was over. (Besides the films and the discussions, the evening also yielded a discussion of a story soon to appear in Astounding, and one excellent reason for possessing a long beard.)

After the discussions finally broke up, the two cars were driven to Jim Broderick's house and parked for the night. It's surprising how comfortable the back seat of a Peugeot can be after a long convention. Though I was too tired to notice much of what was going on, I believe the other three car seats and four sleeping bags accounted for the others, except for Bjo, who had stayed at the hotel. If my memory is playing tricks, someone please correct me; but the next thing I remember is the return to the hotel Tuesday morning, and the subsequent departure for Fond du Lac. Oh, well, anyone really interested in an accurate chronology can read Ted Johnstone's report -- he took copious notes the entire convention and trip back.

Somewhere in the chronicling of Monday night and Tuesday morning should be inserted two facts: (1) Marion Zimmer Bradley ate a neo for breakfast --- a gingerbread one, with 'NEO' lettered on it in frosting, presented to her by John Koning as a result of her remarking in a zine that she didn't eat neo's for breakfast despite her attacks on them (or something to that effect). I have a photo to prove this one. And (2) Ron Ellik called Fond du Lac to make sure Dean would be home Tuesday night, and to warn him we were on the way.

The trip was done in a hedge-hopping style, since the Peugeot was generally faster than the Hillman, and the two cars couldn't keep within sight of each other all the time. Arrangements would be made to meet at thus and such a place, and the first one there would wait for the other. The first actually arranged meeting place was to be Fond du Lac.

When we started out, I mentioned that I had a valid driver's license, and would be glad to help with the driving, even though the cars were both stick-shift and I was used to a hydramatic. Steve Tolliver said that only two people were supposed to drive the Peugeot -- John Trimble and himself; I might be able to help drive the Hillman. But when we took off, Trimble was driving the Hillman, in which Ellik, Ernie Wheatley, and Bjo were also riding, and I was riding in the Peugeot, along with Steve, Jim Caughran, Ted Johnstone, and Jack Harness. It appeared that, outside of gas expenses, I was just along for the ride. I was disabused of this notion the next day. Of the other eight, there were only four drivers: John, Steve, Jim, and Ronel -- and Jim is not a distance driver. I myself am not a distance driver at night; I get tired after about 100 miles. But once I wake up in the daytime I can pretty much drive all day.....but that was the next day.

I've found that the best way to keep awake on long drives --- and to pass the time, too -- is loud singing. So Ted, Jack and I started in on some of the bits from "The Bosses' Song-book," which had been bought from Dick Ellington at the convention. But Steve, who was doing the driving, didn't like singing while he was driving, so we subsided, under a policy of "The Driver Rules." Of course, he'd probably have been better off with the singing, as the next item on the agenda was a pun-session. Actually, the whole trip was one long pun-session, but there were two main attacks, the first of which came as we drove along the shore of Lake Huron. Fortunately, I've been able to forget all the puns except the one on the quover, for which Jack Harness is to blame.

Michigan is quite pretty in September. I'd never been in the state before, and it had been several years -- about 9 -- since I'd been in the North in autumn at all, so I took advantage of a lunch stop in a small town to go wandering around and admire the scenery.

It was close to midnight when we pulled into Fond du Lac and went to phone for directions to Maple Avenue. Instead of directions, we got DAG himself, who came out in his station-wagon



to guide us, since we'd never be able to find it by ourselves. A couple of us rode back in the station-wagon, to relieve the cramped feeling in the Peugeot. When we pulled into the Grennell driveway and went up to the side door, there was a sign announcing that 402 was (at least temporarily) a Bjo For TAFF Headquarters! So when the Hillman arrived some ten minutes later (Ellik knew the way), Bjo was conducted outside to see the sign.

Coffee and milk were served, and we sat and fangabbed with Dean and Jean for an hour or so before getting ready to sack out. Then the sleeping bags were hauled out, and in very short order we were dead to the world -- one in the car, one in the station-wagon, Bjo upstairs in a bedroom, and the rest of us on the living room floor.

When the phone rang the next morning, Pattie Grennell answered it saying "You just woke up nine people!" While this isn't quite so (the Grennells were up already, two of our crew were sleeping outside the house, and I got this information second-hand since the phone never even fazed me), it amuses me every time I think of it. How would you explain having six characters asleep on your living room floor, one in your station-wagon, .... ?

After breakfast, Dean wanted to take some photos, which sounded like a good idea to me, so I tried to get my flashgun working again. It was in several separate parts which had to be put back together continuously in hopes that it would work. It finally quit completely, so I took a time exposure (which came out quite well, considering that it was a color slide) and a little later Dean drove Ted Johnstone and I downtown, where I got a new flashgun, and both of us replenished our supply of flashbulbs.

In the part of the Grennell basement which serves as fan room there was an issue of Dean's QABAL, which had been started when Eney, the Youngs, and Berry had visited Fond du Lac before the convention, and Dean put us to work pounding out further pages of it. Bjo and Jack also stencilled some artwork, while three or four others sat around waiting for a turn at the typer, talking and listening to records -- including "Archy and Mehitabel," which I had bought in Detroit and not had a chance to hear yet. Dean brought down a pitcher of a concoction called a "Crimson Comet" -- cherry juice and brandy -- which was delicious, and which reminded me that I still had two pints of rum in my briefcase. I asked Dean if he liked rum, and getting an affirmative answer I dug one of the pints out and presented it to him. He promptly mixed up a "Yellow Peril" with the rum --- I tried it, and a peril it was, indeed. (Have you ever seen a fire-breathing elephant?) Ted Johnstone finally drank the thing, as well as finishing off a "Pink Squirrel" which was passed around to the company at lunch and was far too strong for most everyone else. Johnstone must have a cast-iron throat and stomach.

After lunch (which included some delicious home-baked bread), the last one or two of The Nine got in their parts of QABAL. I was talking to Dean about something or other when he asked "Do you collect fanzines?"

This had a result somewhat akin to saying "Fanac" to Super Squirrel: perked up ears, an all-over alertness, etc. We went down to the basement again, and Dean got out a couple large cartons filled with zines which he gave me, and I spent the next half hour going through them to separate obvious duplicates, correspondence that had got in with the zines, and the like. I finished up to the sound of Ellik: "LET'S GO! LET'S RIDE!!! HURRY UP!!" So I crammed all the zines I wanted into one box, tied it up, and address it to Tampa. After taking several more pics, including one of the Grennell feline, Modey (Asmodeus Coalmine Van Katnip Grennell), and donating my zap gun to one of the Grennellites (with DAG's okay), I got

I think you just  
bought an elephant!





myself and the box squeezed into the car. Everyone else climbed in somehow or other, and we took off, heading first for the post office so I could ship the box of fanzines back to Tampa. It was a small post office, and the box was almost too much for their small scale: it weighed TWENTY-NINE POUNDS!!! I still boggle at the thought.

Wednesday was spent on the road, and very few particulars remain in my foggy memory. There was the time we stopped for something to eat (this may not have been Wednesday), and the waitress asked where we were from.

"California," said Steve.

"What part of California?" she asked.

"Tampa," I replied, getting a very confused look from the waitress and several outraged looks from the others, who had to explain the situation to the waitress. This bit happened a couple times, but I didn't want to push my luck. After all, having given away the zap, I had only the plonker left. And Ted Johnstone had picked up a plonker somewhere, too.

Stu Hoffman had invited us to stop in and visit him in Black Earth, Wisconsin, but he wasn't in when we called from the next town, so we pushed on.

We stopped for the night in a park of some sort, and I was too tired to bother remembering the location of it for very long; I don't even remember what state it was in, tho Johnstone's notes will certainly have the information, if it's of any importance. At any rate, I drew one of the sleeping bags this time, threw it out on the ground, crawled in, and slept until Ellik-crow. Then it was up again, brush off the moult from the sleeping bag which clung stubbornly to my clothes, and into the car to hunt up an early breakfast. We finally found a place that was open, went in, sat down and ordered, and started up the game of "ghost" we'd been playing the day before. [For those unfamiliar with the game, it is a spelling game in which each player in turn adds a letter to a word. The one who is stuck with finishing the word, after it reaches four-letter length, has a point against him: a "g". First to get "g-h-o-s-t" against him loses, and in our case bought drinks the next time we stopped. I kid you not, playing "ghost" with fans is rough, even with fannish words ruled out.]

Thursday we rolled along, crossing the Mississippi at a point where it was so small I didn't realize it was the Big Muddy. (Of course, I've only seen it at N'Orleans before.) There was a toll bridge there - a small one - and we found out later, when the Hillman caught up, that Ellik had passed off a sticky Canadian quarter to the toll taker, who had muttered something to the effect that "Oh, well, it's money." The coin was part of 95¢ in sticky money that Dean Grennell stuck RonEl with for a FANAC sub, having received them himself from Walt Willis --- the quarter plus a bunch of American nickels and dimes all stuck to a piece of cardboard with glue that caused someone to remark it looked like Walt had melted down Norman G. Wansborough. But by the time we reached Berkeley, all of the sticky nickels had been disposed of.

Hereabouts I had my first driving lesson in the Peugeot, learning that it had not only a stick-shift, but four forward gears. Both I and the Peugeot survived the ordeal, due mostly to the excellent workmanship of the Peugeot's gears, I believe. At any rate, I drove the better part of the morning, having just a little trouble with first gear --- I made sure I made the remark about the car starting with a jerk before the others had a chance.

We passed through one small town that advertised itself on a large billboard as "Home of World's Championship Goose Calling Contest," and stopped long enough to record the sign, as well as our own thoughts on the subject, with the cameras.

Passengers were exchanged between the two cars frequently, and I was riding in the Hillman when we reached the mountains of Colorado. Travelling a couple miles ahead of the Peugeot for a change, we were discussing the possible sources of the name of the next town, Steamboat Springs --- which is a strange name for a town far from rivers, in the middle of mountains --- when we ran out of gas. This was the only time this happened, and was a result of mileage miscalculation; mountain driving gets less miles per gallon. It was quite lucky we were ahead of the second car --- it made it simple to drive the Peugeot into Steamboat Springs and bring back the gas, while the majority of the party relaxed off the side of the road. Ron and I went for the gas, bringing back a couple gallons --- enough to get the Hillman into town by itself. But before we left the roadside stop, there was a duel between Jim Caughran and Ted Johnstone: plonkers at twenty paces. Of course, the plonkers would hardly fire a total of forty paces, and the combatants had to use arced shots to get

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anywheres near each other. Ten paces should be standard for plonker duels; after all, "Plonker wounds are rarely fatal."

We drove until late that night, and the pastimes varied between "ghost," singing (when I was driving, at least), and attempts to tell a round-robin story. The latter wound up in one of the worst messes I've ever heard of. The plan was for each participant (Jim, who came up with the idea, as I remember, though it could have been Steve, Steve, myself, and Jack Harness; Ernie abstained) to take no more than five minutes to get the protagonist out of the predicament he was in, carry him along for a while, and leave him in another predicament for the next one to extricate. Majority rules on whether an innovation is too much of a deus ex machina. It went along reasonably well for a while, with a running fantasy. Then the predicaments got bad, the extrications got worse, and somehow or other we wound up with a hero who was queer, greedy, and a coward. Ech. Actually, this was a riotous way to spend time, and we got more laughs out of retrospective analysis than out of the composition of the story. A later attempt at a fan-fiction deal, with Ted Johnstone substituted for Harness in the group, didn't get very far.

Another interesting pastime was the telling of mysteries, with the other occupants trying to guess the solution. Ted and Steve did the telling, and did quite a good job of it. It helped to take our minds off the alfalfa stench we were passing through at the time.

We pulled into Denver late the night of the tenth, with intentions of stopping off to see Bob Leman. But Leman was lucky: he had moved, and 2701S. Vine was deserted. We drove out of town again -- just how far out of town, I don't know, since I was asleep at the time -- and parked in a small roadside park at what I later learned was Idaho Springs, to spend the night. It was quite cold, so almost everyone spent the night in the cramped-up cars; there were three of us in the back seat of the Peugeot. Sometime in the small hours of the morning my trick knee decided it had been cramped up long enough, and began to hurt like fury. I eventually gave up trying to find more room in which to stretch my leg, and got out of the car. I wandered about until my knee stopped hurting, and went back to the car to find Ted had annexed the extra room in the back seat, and that nothing short of violence would get him back into the center of the seat. So I walked down the road a ways, found there was no place to sit down, even, and that it was quite cold; back to the car, a couple shoves, and I was inside again. The knee didn't act up again that night, luckily.

Shortly after Ellik-crow we went into town for breakfast -- or at least the rest went for breakfast; I stayed in the car rummaging around through the junk in, on, and under the seats, trying not to hit the panic button because my traveler's checks were missing. It would be a helluva nuisance to have to get them replaced. Finally, just as the others started coming out of the café, I thought to look in the sleeping bag I'd used the night before, and of course, that's where they were. Like, W\*H\*E\*W! I ducked into the café, cashed a check, grabbed a candy bar for breakfast, and we were off again.

Before leaving, we went back to where we'd been sleeping, and I found that there was a huge statue in back of where we'd parked -- a statue of Steve Canyon, no less! Standing about eight feet high, it was rather impressive, and nothing would do but Caughran and Ellik had to pose with Steve (Canyon, not Tolliver), drawn zaps and all -- excuse, please, I mean drawn plonkers. Results on bacover. When pix of them had been snapped, Bjo was lifted up onto the statue pedestal for more shots. In her descent, another picture was taken, with results surprisingly like the FANAC cover back around #31.

We headed for Salt Lake City, employing the same kind of pastimes as before. But somehow a discussion of the GMCarr-Busby situation got started while I was driving, the two FAPAns in the car having read the tirade in GEMZINE, and the rest of us having heard about it second-hand. The discussion went on until Jim Caughran started singing "Oh, her name it is Gem Carr, it is Gem Carr." And that started us off. In rather short order, though with several arguments about different lines, a seven-verse parody of "Sam Hall" was made up on the spot by the five occupants of the Peugeot: Jim Caughran, Jack Harness, Ted Johnstone, myself, and a fifth member who wishes to remain anonymouse, even though he supplied a few of the best lines in the thing. Jack Harness claimed reprint rights for FAPA, and I grabbed off the rights in SAPS. I suppose that if Ted Johnstone wants genzine reprint rights, he's entitled to them. At any rate, if you will kindly turn the page you will find the words to "Gem Carr," performing rights to which are gladly made available free to whoever wants them.



[9/11/59]

Oh, her name it is Gem Carr, it is Gem Carr.  
 Oh, her name it is Gem Carr,  
 She's despised near and far,  
 Pass the feathers and the tar, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,  
 Pass the feathers and the tar, damn her eyes.

Into FAPA she did come, she did come,  
 Into FAPA she did come,  
 Just to educate us scum,  
 Beating loudly on her drum, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,  
 Beating loudly on her drum, damn her eyes.

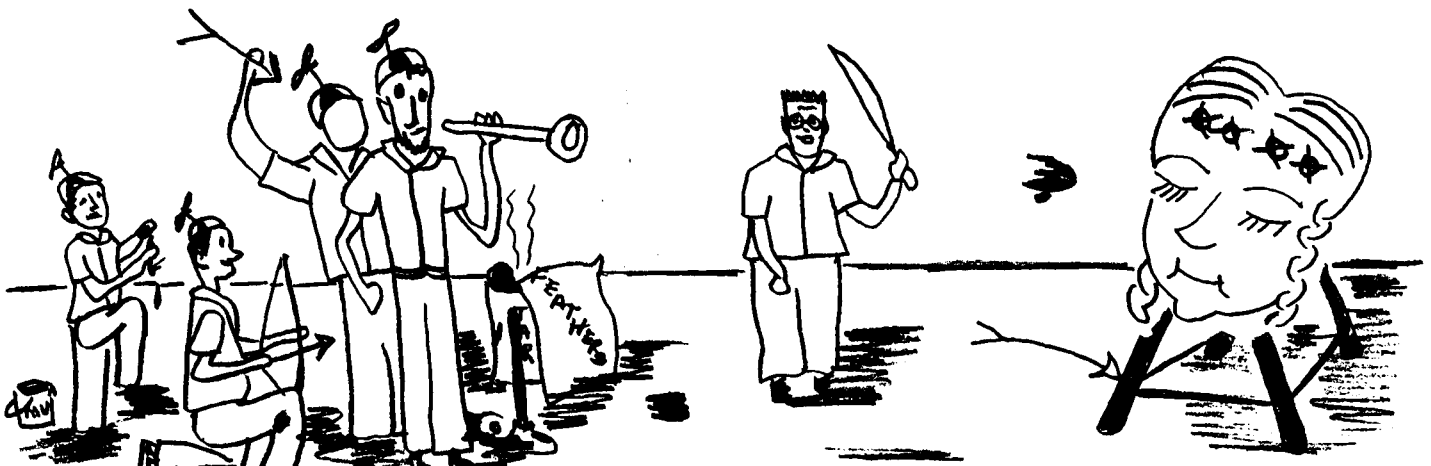
In discussions she is found, she is found,  
 In discussions she is found,  
 Where her logic circles 'round,  
 And it never touches ground, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,  
 And it never touches ground, damn her eyes.

Against Willis she did ride, she did ride,  
 Against Willis she did ride,  
 With her innuendo snide,  
 Till he'd rather be outside, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,  
 Till he'd rather be outside, damn her eyes.

Oh, she did it for a joke, for a joke,  
 Oh, she did it for a joke,  
 To humiliate the bloke --  
 'Twas a Dirty Gertie stroke, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,  
 'Twas a Dirty Gertie stroke, damn her eyes.

When her other jokes were gone, jokes were gone,  
 When her other jokes were gone,  
 Against Busby she came on,  
 To deCry the Westercon, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,  
 To deCry the Westercon, damn her eyes.

Still in FAPA on she goes, on she goes,  
 Still in FAPA on she goes,  
 Tromping everybody's toes,  
 Where she'll stop ghod only knows, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,  
 Where she'll stop ghod only knows, damn her eyes.



We are of the opinion that the parody needs at least one more verse, in the penultimate position, but we never got around to writing it. I guess there is enough to get the idea across already. Those to whom it has been sung, since its inception, seem to appreciate it, anyway.

Coming into Salt Lake City, the highway split, giving two routes into the city. So we pulled the Peugeot off onto the side of the road -- actually, onto the grassy center section between the two parts -- to wait for the other car. Ted Johnstone and I decided to take some plonker practice against the highway sign pointing toward the city, which stood about 12 feet high. It was getting dark, which made it more difficult to locate shots which missed the sign or fell off it, but we didn't lose any of them. Then one of Ted's plonkers stuck to the sign at the very top, entirely out of reach. Usually, plonkers will come loose in a minute or two and fall to the ground -- but not this one. It stuck there resolutely, despite attempts to shoot it down with other plonkers, until the other car had arrived, and Caughran, in a hurry to get going again, tossed a large tree-limb at it and knocked it off. It seems we need targets that are lower.

We drove into the city, refueled, and called the Calkins house, getting no answer. So we drove to the house in hopes someone would be home by the time we got there, but again no luck. Hearing of an "All-You-Can-Eat for  $\frac{1}{2}$ " place, we decided to try it -- tho Ted, Jack and I chickened out at the last moment and ate at a drive-in nearby. Then back to the Calkins' once more, and this time we were in luck. Though Gregg was out of town on business, Joanne was at home, and she entertained the menagerie most graciously. Of course she had help -- three of the largest, most beautiful cats I have ever seen, my own huge rat-chaser included. Most, if not all, of the nine of us were distinct ailurophiles, so we had a marvelous time, talking with Joanne and playing with the cats (at such times as they were willing to put up with the herd of monsters which had descended on them). Joanne showed us Gregg's fan-room in the basement, complete with desk, bookcases full of magazines, and gestetner -- and with a Mel Hunter painting on the wall. She also offered the use of the basement for washing out clothes -- an offer we were quite glad to accept. By the time everything had been washed and hung up to dry, the sleeping arrangements were made. I understand Gregg is intending to do some blackmailing about the fact that Bjo slept in a Calkins bed with a Calkins in it! Ron Ellik got the spare room, and that left two couches and the floor, plus the cars, for the rest of us. I can sleep most anywhere there's room to stretch out (and at times, even where there isn't that much room), so I was preparing to take floorspace. But it was decided that the drivers should get the couches -- "drivers" evidently meaning Trimble and myself. I dunno where Steve slept, but he was doing as much ~~xxx~~, if not more, driving than we were. Anyway, 'twas very comfortable.

Next morning, after a huge and delicious breakfast, we left -- rather a quick visit, but time was pressing. We were sorry that Gregg hadn't been home, but we were very glad to meet Joanne. Were I to be staying in Florida, I'd extend invitations to the Calkins to come down this way and stop in (with cats, preferably, though there is one here already). As I'm not, I'll just say I hope to meet them both sometime.

From Salt Lake City, the caravan broke up, the Peugeot heading straight for Los Angeles with Trimble, Tolliver, Johnstone, Wheatley, and Harness, and the Hillman going to Sacramento with the rest of us. It was rather a boring ride the first part of the way -- salt flats all around. We stopped to refuel just across the Nevada border -- it was easy to tell we were in Nevada: the gas station had four one-arm bandits inside. So of course I had to try a couple of them. Two nickels did no good at all, but the first dime paid back fifty cents, so I quit. Temporarily, at least. We pushed on across the state, and hit Reno that evening.

Reno is a city of bright lights and dull gamblers. The endless strings of blank-faced people cramming coins into the machines and pulling the handles is a bit depressing. We went to Harold's Club for supper (the meal prices are quite reasonable), then wandered around to spend the small amount we'd allotted for the purpose. I had about three dollars to lose, and I proceeded to do just that in very short order -- most of it in Harold's Club. Bjo and I went wandering through the casinos opposite Harold's, where I lost the rest of the \$3, then waited around while Bjo went through the supply of coins she had. She won a couple small pay-offs, and shoved some of the coins at me, with instructions to play the adjoining machine, as it ought to be ready to pay off. It wasn't quite ready, I found out, so after a few tries I moved over one more machine, and about five minutes later hit a jackpot of \$7.50, \$6 of which was handed over in a sealed sack. We put that away, lost the rest of the loose change, and left. The \$6 was later split, since I won it on Bjo's money. I guess we came out about even



on the deal.

We drove on, hoping to make Sacramento that night. Ron drove over the mountains into California, and I took over when he got tired, but unfortunately, I didn't get more than about fifty miles, if that far, and I pulled off the road where we slept for a while. The next remembrances are vague indeed -- Ron taking the wheel again, and finally our stopping and others getting out of the car. But when I woke up in the morning I was alone in the car, which was parked in a trailer court, so I surmised we'd arrived in Sacramento, where Bjo's mother and step-father live. I got out and looked around, trying to decide just which was the correct trailer, when Bjo's mother solved the problem by motioning to me from the doorway. I went in, exchanged introductions, and was offered a cup of coffee. Now normally, I don't like coffee, but this time I figured it might wake me up, and warm me up, too. It did -- in one sip. Guess I still don't like coffee. But once the others awoke, a large, highly edible breakfast was served, so the coffee wasn't missed. We yakked for a while, then Jim, Bjo, her mother, and I dropped Ron off for church and continued on to the State Prison at Folsom, where we browsed through the prison craft-shop until it was time to go back and pick Ron up. The craft shop had many beautifully made items; as the trusty said, "They've got plenty of time to do things." Among the models, paintings, bric-a-brac and jewelry there was a beautiful little silverwork box, made by "one of the best counterfeiters in the country."

We went back to the trailer park, and after going to visit Bjo's sister Leah, Jim, Ron and I headed for Berkeley, leaving Bjo in Sacramento until Friday. I slept most of the way.

During Sunday and Monday, while I was in Berkeley, we moved a couple tons of stuff from Barrington Hall to Ron's and Jim's new apartment, and I got a chance to browse through some of the bookshops near the University of California, and also to see the UC campus. As I was staying with Ron and Jim, I took advantage of the opportunity to read through the FAPA mailing -- particularly GEMZINE, and Phyllis Economou's excellent rebuttal in her postmailing. We went to see Rog and Honey Graham, who invited us to stay for dinner. Invitation gratefully accepted. It took several minutes for my name to register with Honey (with whom I'd corresponded when I joined the N3F a couple years ago), and when it finally did register she lit into me for a remark I'd made in POSTWARP, the N3F letterzine, about publicity from "loud-mouthed morons" being worse for the organization than none at all. Seems Honey thought I meant her article in TWIG, but I hadn't even read it -- I was referring to one Seth Johnson at the time. ["Yeah, he meant loud-mouthed moron Seth Johnson, not loud-mouthed moron Honey Wood," said RonEL.] But this blew over, and things were quite peaceful.

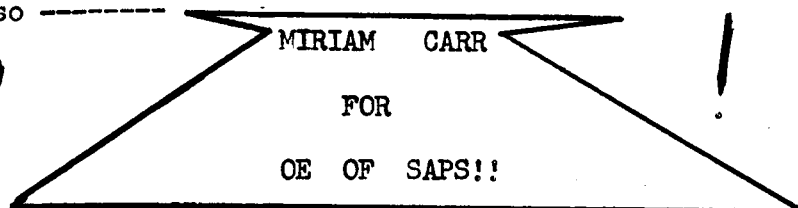
Monday night Ron called the Carrs in Frisco, and we all drove over to see them and to deliver both the Hugo ---- and the elephant. I stayed with the Carrs from Monday night to Thursday morning, and a most enjoyable stay it was, too. I'm always afraid I'll overstay my welcome in a situation like this, but Terry and Miriam surely did their best to disabuse me of this idea. And I want to go on record that Miriam Carr pays the nicest compliments I've ever heard! For anyone to say that my staying with them could make up for having missed a worldcon -- that I consider the acme of compliment! (She also accomplished something my parents have tried vainly to do for years: getting me to eat and like lettuce salad. Miriam's cheese sauce did the trick.)

During the time I stayed there, I only left the house three times -- twice to go shopping, and once to go downtown with Terry to the San Francisco Public Library. My relatives are appalled that I didn't get around and see "things" on the trip -- "Did you ride the Cable Car?" "Did you see the Golden Gate Bridge?" etc. They can't get the idea I'd rather fangab that sightsee. But such is the case, nonetheless. We discussed the convention, SAPS, fans in general, fanzines, music, all sorts of things. I asked Miriam how to pronounce the title of their SAPSzine, S---. "Ess," she said. "Or Ess dash dash dash." As I surmised last time, the title can stand for most anything -- so go ahead and think what you will of it. I think it's a damn clever idea. In the course of the two days I wound up promising Terry reprint rights to both the G&S parody that Ron and I were working on [I think it's dead, unfortunately, but maybe some of the individual pieces can be salvaged] and a Service parody that I'm doing [this will be finished.]

Terry was working on the stencils for the next INNUENDO, and Dean Grennell had sent in a report of the pre-convention visit he received from Eney, Youngs, and Berry, ending up with a statement that there had been a post-convention visit from California and Florida fandom, too, but that that was reserved for another chapter. Terry wanted a follow-up, so he asked me to write it -- in verse, yet! And me without Manyoya to help out. Anyway, I wrote it, for better

or for worse. And actually, I'm quite flattered to be able to appear in INNUENDO --- with Bjo-illoed verse, too! Like I said at the time, "Carr, you'll make an actfan out of me yet!"

I spent quite a bit of time going through some of Terry's fanzine collection -- old VOMS, PSYCHOTICS, and the like -- and querying Terry on points of fannish history I wasn't up on. While SAPS was the subject of conversation, I agreed to support Miriam's campaign for OE. Like so -----



Another subject under considerable discussion was Dirty Gertie, and what might be done about her, if anything. The general conclusion was that the only thing that might do some good was to ignore her completely. This involves cutting her off mailing lists, and ignoring her zines in the apas, when it comes to mailing comments. Admittedly, cutting someone off your mailing list isn't much of a retaliation ---- but it enough fans follow suit, said person is going to find herself out in a vacuum by herself, which should result in either a change in attitude -- or a disappearance from the fannish scene. Either way would be fine. This zine will be the last that GMC gets from Incunebulous Publications; though I rather doubt she'll miss them particularly, they will add to the list of zines not being sent.

Mention must also be made, in chronicling my stay in San Francisco, of a small Siamese named Pyewacket (pronounced "Brown") who was one of the friendliest cats I met on my rather cat-bedecked trip.

Time goes rather quickly when you're enjoying yourself, so Thursday morning finally rolled around, and I headed back for Berkeley, leaving my suitcase with the Carrs since a further visit was planned. My first stop in Berkeley was at the UC library school, where I found out that I didn't have much chance of getting in -- they wanted two semesters more of a foreign language than I had, and they didn't employ full-time for a shorter term than two years, so I couldn't very well take a job there while I got the extra semesters. I left around four-thirty and went to find Ellik, who should be getting out of his job at the registration line around 5:00. Around 5:15 I decided I'd goofed and missed him, even though I was waiting right outside the door. (In the meantime I'd met a friend of mine from the University of Florida who was doing graduate work in physics at Berkeley). So I walked off to try to find Francisco St., and the Ellik abode. For a change my sense of direction was good, and I went right to the street -- only to find that Ellik and Caughran had already left for Sacramento to get Bjo. They'd be back by 10:00 or so; I had about four hours to kill.

Having used up the colour film in my camera I decided to try some time-exposures on the UC campus, in black and white. 'Twas much fun, and I succeeded in killing most of the evening that way (pictures were pretty good too, but they were exposed so long that they look like they were taken in broad daylight, most of them). Then I trudged back to Francisco Street and waited until Jim and Ron returned -- they having already seen Bjo safely ensconced at the Gibsons' house.

Friday Bill Ellern flew up from Los Angeles, and after we did a little shopping the whole crew headed for San Francisco. More fangabbing with the Carrs was the order of the day (or rather, of the evening), and Bjo was pressed into service to illustratesome material for INNUENDO. Later, after Miriam got back from her modeling job, everyone piled into the car (seven in a Hillman!!) and went back to Berkeley to attend a post-meeting get-together of The Little Men. The general idea was to sound out the Little Men on possibilities of reviving the Golden Gate Futurian Society, with an eye to bidding for the 1961 convention. I can't say I was very impressed with the Little Men, but a one-short-meeting impression is probably not very valid, particularly when I'd never even heard of, let alone met, any of those present before. Billern dropped Bjo at the Gibsons' and Ron, Jim and I at Francisco Street, then he drove back with the Carrs to San Francisco.

Memory fails to come up with the time we left Berkeley for Los Angeles on Saturday, but it must have been rather late, since we didn't get into Santa Monica until after midnight --



waking up first Al Lewis's collie, and then Al Lewis. We unloaded my stuff from the car, and Billern left. The rest of us sacked out almost immediately; I had a large bedroom all to myself, complete with elephant-sized double bed -- heck, Al had evacuated the entire wing of the house where my room was! Sleep was quite welcome, after the drive.

When we finally got up, at the crack of noon or thereabout, the main thing on the agenda was a trip to Disneyland. We'd been afraid that Khrushchev's visit there would foul things up, but the government very kindly told Mr. K. he couldn't go to Disneyland, thus clearing the way for our own trip. The party, when assembled at full strength, numbered eight: Bjo, Al, Billern, John Trimble, Ernie Wheatley, Steve Tolliver, Dale Frey, and myself. Since it had taken a while to round everyone up (in the course of which we visited a haunted house, with a view toward its use in a future film production) we arrived at Dizzyland with only a few hours to spend before closing time, but we certainly made the best of those hours.

Having gone on the train ride around the place, and walked through Main Street, the party split up for a while, with Bjo, Steve, and John accompanying the elephant. The plan was advanced to get me a hat with mouse-ears; I objected, on the grounds that I looked quite silly enough, and could enjoy my visit just as much, without the things. Eventually, I won, but not without a battle. We headed toward Fantasyland, and John started skipping around singing the Mickey Mouse song, in true hamsterish fashion. The others joined him, but they couldn't remember past the third line or so -- and I wouldn't tell them the rest. Everyone is a kid at Dizzyland, and I was going to be a stubborn one. I just wish I'd had a movie camera, instead of my 35mm still camera, so I could have got pictures of three nuts dancing around a fourth, singing "M-I-C, K-E-Y, M-O-U-S-E!" My relatives keep suggesting I should grow up -- too bad they can't give any good reasons for doing so.

On into Fantasyland, snapping pictures all over the place -- took a couple from spots which Kodak has picked out as Photo Points. They show you what picture you can get from that point, and give you the camera settings for different types of sunlight; a clever idea, I say. Went on the Mad Tea Party ride, with three of us spinning the wheel that controls the rate of rotation for the cup we were riding in -- Boy, it sure was Dizzyland after that!

The whole crew reconvened, and we headed for the cable-car ride. As we passed the Flying Elephant ride, we decided we wouldn't go on it, as there were others more exciting to try. "It's too innocuous," said Bjo. "Yeah," I added, "Innocuous over teacup if you aren't careful!" It took a while for people to recover, but eventually they did. Snapping pictures at every opportunity, I was led around the place and onto the submarine ride, the jungle cruise, the Peter Pan ride, the Alice in Wonderland ride, and the Matterhorn bobsled ride. All very very fabulous indeed. The bobsleds, which whizzed through the miniature Matterhorn at rollercoaster speed or better, proved the worth of my camera -- at the very peak of the Matterhorn, as we rounded a turn I fired blindly at the scene below, at 1/500 and f/1.9 -- and got an excellent picture of the whole area.

All too soon it was time to leave, even though we hadn't used up all our tickets yet. I still had quite a number left; there was nothing else to do but resolve to come back some time and use them. They're still sitting on the desk in front of me, and by damn, I am going back and use them! A fabulous place is Disneyland -- don't miss it if you can!

The next day being a school day, Al offered me the use of the Peugeot while he was teaching. His generosity floored me -- in fact, it still does. I accepted, and we drove to Encino over the freeways, while I tried hard to remember how we went, and also how to get back from Encino to Bjo's place. After leaving Al at the school, I headed for Bjo's, and got there quite quickly, having made only one wrong turn from the map Al had drawn for me. The day was spent on small things that had to be done -- getting a phone put in at Bjo's, mailing the film "The Genie" to New York for the Dietzes to take to London, stopping by LASFS to pick up Bjo's mail. We also stopped by to visit Ed Cox (who wasn't home), and Forrie Ackerman (who wasn't home, either.) We left EdCo a note, and I peered green-eyed through Forrie's windows at what was visible of The Collection. And soon it was time for me to get back and pick up Al at school. And sure enough, I got lost -- wound up somewhere in Burbank, trying vainly to figure out where I was, or where I was supposed to go, from the map Al had in the car -- a huge book of maps, actually, which is not very easy to use. Somehow I was able to untangle myself, and get to the school only about an hour and a half late. It could

have been worse, I suppose.

That evening, Al and Bjo attended an extension course at UCLA, which was to last from seven to nine-thirty. Al offered me the use of the car again, and I decided it would be a good time to head for South Pasadena and visit Ted Johnstone. Driving merrily down Sunset Boulevard toward the Hollywood freeway, I decided that the three or four times I'd gone by this route were making it rather dull, so I turned off to try another route. And of course, I got lost again. I wound up on some plateau near Woodrow Wilson Drive, with a magnificent view of the city, but very little sense of where the hell I was trying to go. But after wandering around Mulholland Drive and connecting streets, I finally found my way to the freeway, got through the interchange, and into Pasadena. The next problem was to find Rollin Street; eventually, after several wrong turns, I found it around 9:00 or so. Working from my usual faulty memory, I looked for 1503. It didn't exist -- the numbers went from 1501 to 1507. Well, maybe I was wrong -- it might have been 1309. That didn't exist either. I gave up, and headed back for UCLA. It took a while to get back on the Pasadena freeway, and I was in a hurry; I came to the interchange, and found it impossible to get on the right side to go onto the Hollywood Freeway -- I went roaring off on the Harbor Freeway. Taking the first exit I could get to, I tried to get back to the Hollywood Fwy; the result was chaos -- I got lost again. This time I was only half an hour late, getting back just as Al was about to call up the reserves in order to get home.

The evening was not yet over. We spent a couple very enjoyable hours at The Unicorn on Sunset Strip, listening to folk music, before calling it quits for the night.

Of Tuesday, I remember very little. Tuesday evening, though, Bjo and I went to visit Rotsler. We first went to the studio, where he was to meet us, since he had some photography to do that evening. The place was dark and deserted, so we went to his house. I greatly regret that my flashgun was broken during this time, since I could have taken some very interesting pictures -- as it is, I have only one, taken more by heat than by light. Steve Tolliver showed up shortly, and the four of us went back to the studio, where Rotsler showed us around. The model who was supposed to show up, unfortunately never did. Driving back in the Peugeot, Rotsler discovered the escape hatch in the roof. Pushing it open, he stood up to lead the charge, complete with plonker. Mine. I have a feeling it was rather unnerving to the other car travelling along side us, but it was fun, anyway. When we got back, and decided we'd better get back to Bjo's and pick up Al, Rotsler hung down through the open top from outside, to bid Bjo good night. Then Steve tried it, and Rotsler, of course, pushed him in. I still don't particularly like Rotsler illos, Terry Carr, but I damn sure like Rotsler! Since I also like Rotsler photography, and Rotsler writing, I reserve the right to dislike Rotsler illos.

There are a number of occurrences that don't want to fit into any particular time. I think it was Tuesday night when we got back to Bjo's, that I met Ed Cox. It was a rather short meeting, though, since it was late and Al had to get up early the next morning. Some time during either Monday or Tuesday, I also met Elmer Perdue, but this was even more of a meeting in passing.

Wednesday I did absolutely nothing -- I stayed in bed while Al took the car to school, and when I finally did get up my activity was confined to taking care of some laundry and doing some reading. When Al returned, Bjo and Steve were with him, and we ate supper in the house. Later, Al showed me his convention slides. A very quiet, very restful day, and as it turned out, I needed it.

Thursday was spent running around doing little things that needed doing, once more. But this time, I got back to the school in plenty of time to pick up Al -- in fact, I was so early that I spent some time driving around the area, looking for some multilith mats, tho I never did find any.

That evening, we loaded my luggage in the Peugeot, and headed for the LASFS meeting, stopping off in a couple Santa Monica stores to try to locate multilith mats, again with no luck. I did find a couple old Doc Savage mags in a magazine store, which I grabbed up for reading material on the return trip. At LASFS I met Len Moffatt, and re-met a number of fans who had been at the convention. Forry Ackerman told of the convention and his trip which followed the con, and somehow Randy Garrett's "Oh No, John" parody was brought up. In very short order Ted Johnstone and I had been horuswoggled into singing it, and it seemed to meet with much approval. Forry held a raffle for several items, and I had my usual utterly lousy luck. One of these days I'm going to give up on these things.



After the official meeting, a bunch of the LASFans reconvened at an eatery, and we spent a couple hours yakking about various things. Jack Harness started scribbling hieroglyphics on a napkin, and after seeing (or hearing about, in some cases) fans writing he Tolkien runes, I was willing to believe all kinds of strange writings were legitimate languages, so I asked what he was writing. He was just scribbling. Pfui.

The unofficial meeting finally adjourned, I said good-bye to Len, Rick, Bjo, and the rest, and Al and Ernie drove me out to a freeway approach where I could hitch a ride east. It was about 2:00 in the morning, I guess, when I started thumbing -- possibly a little earlier. But it was 5:30 before I got a ride. I concluded that (1) Freeway approaches are not the best places to hitch rides; (2) I evidently looked like something other than the Clean-cut American Boy Type, well-shaven as I was; (3) People are No Damn Good.

The character with whom I finally got a ride was without a doubt one of the worst slobbs I've ever had the misfortune to meet -- the low, quite crude type, who delights in regaling one with his amatory interests and recent accomplishments. He'd lost his wallet, with his driver's license, so needed someone to help drive his rattletrap who had a license, in case of police check or something. He was also guzzling beer a considerable portion of the time. But in spite of all this, it was a ride, and he was going as far as Albuquerque -- about 900 miles. And he had the gas money, at least. So wotthehell. We rumbled on all day Friday, reaching Albuquerque around 10:00 that night. And I started to hitch another ride from there. By four in the morning, I had succeeded in getting about forty miles east of Albuquerque, and had been standing on the highway with the wind whistling down on me until I was damn near frozen, for about two hours. I gave up, and tried to hitch a ride back into town. I was thumbing both ways, and still getting no results at all. About five-thirty a farmer drove me into town, where I caught a local bus to the Greyhound station and bought a ticket to Tampa. Dumbo, the shot-down Flying Elephant.

The bus ride wasn't bad at all. I read the Doc Savage mags, and a batch of Cultzines that Jack Harness had given me at LASFS, or I just slept. For most of the trip I was able to chisel a double seat by the simple method of going to sleep across it whenever the bus stopped to pick up more passengers. As long as there was another vacant seat, the newcomer wouldn't bother me. I found that Texas and Louisiana have much better Post Houses than does Florida (Post Houses are the restaurants that the Greyhound line operates for its passengers), and that they also have better distribution of comics than Tampa -- I picked up quite a few, which I read, along with some old ones which Billern gave me for my collection. And finally, in the early hours of Tuesday morning, I reached home again.

In retrospect, the trip was highly enjoyable -- in fact, fabulous. As a result of it I got a new job, and a chance to get my MS in library science at the University of Southern California. (It must have been on Monday that I stopped in at the USC library to talk to the head of personnel, and set up the machinery which finally resulted in the job.) And mainly, I met so many fans, very very few of whom made a bad impression (and I wonder on how many I made a bad impression?)...only about three that I can think of: Bisenieks, one Dick Schultz, and whoever that was sitting at the table with Al, Ernie, and me at the unofficial LASFS meeting.

[Of course, even if the above statement weren't true (and it most definitely is) I'd sort of have to say something to that effect anyway. Because, I'm going back there soon ----- and they know I'm coming back ----- and.....I think.....I think that maybe.....they're WAITING FOR ME.





Cover:

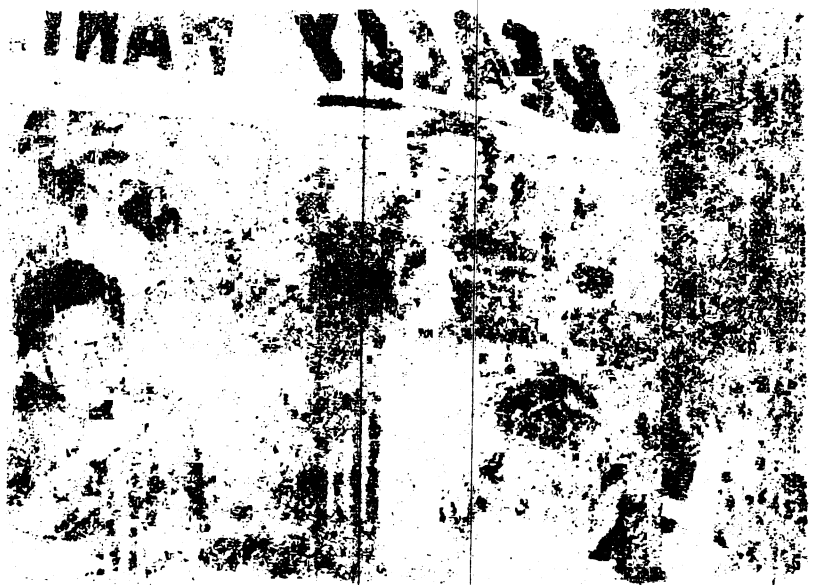
Top left: Barbara and Bob Silverberg and Harlan Ellison  
Top center: Bob Bloch, Karen Anderson, and Bjo.  
Top right: Rick Sneary, Bob Bloch, John Berry, and Phyllis Economou.  
Upper-middle left: Dave Kyle, Doc Smith, and John Berry.  
Lower-middle left: Ted and Sylvia White, with Bob Pavlat in background.  
Middle center: Karen Anderson.  
Middle right: background: Joyce Kallahan, Randall Garrett, Bjo, and Sylvia White  
foreground: Joanne Magnus and Pat Ellington  
Lower left: Avram Davidson, Barbara Silverberg, Ted Johnstone.  
Lower center: John Berry and Steve Schultheis  
Lower right: Bill Donaho.

Back cover:

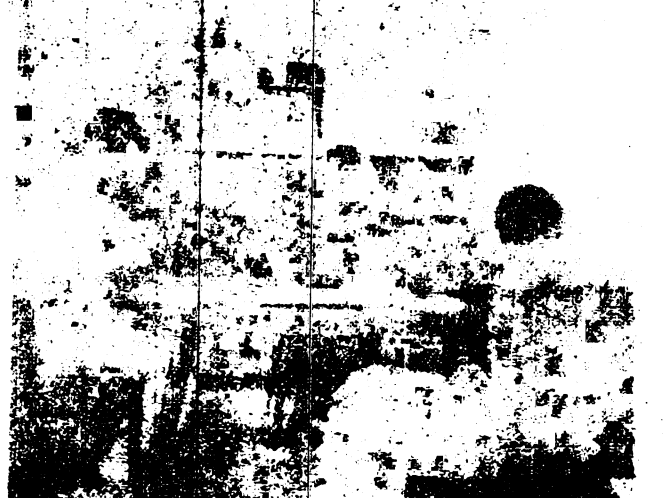
Upper left: (Banquet at Detention) John Berry, Isaac Asimov, Poul Anderson, with  
Alan J. Lewis in foreground  
Upper right: The Grennell basement: Dean Grennell, Bjo, Jim Caughran, and Jack Harness.  
Middle left: Idaho Springs, Colorado: Jim Caughran, Steve Canyon, and Ron Ellik.  
Middle center: San Francisco: Miriam and Terry Carr.  
Middle right: Disneyland: Bjo.  
Lower left: San Francisco: Jim Caughran, Ron Ellik, Hugo, Terry Carr.  
Upper-bottom right: LASFS meeting (official): Ted Johnstone, Jon Lackey, Forry Ackerman,  
and Dale Hart.  
Lower right: LASFS meeting (UN-official): Al Lewis, Rick Sneary, Len Moffatt, John Trim-  
ble, Bjo, Larry Ware, Jon Lackey, Don Simpson,  
and Jack Harness (in foreground).

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Captions identify pictures from left to right, generally, except for the last one,  
which goes left to right from Al to Bjo, then clockwise around the table.  
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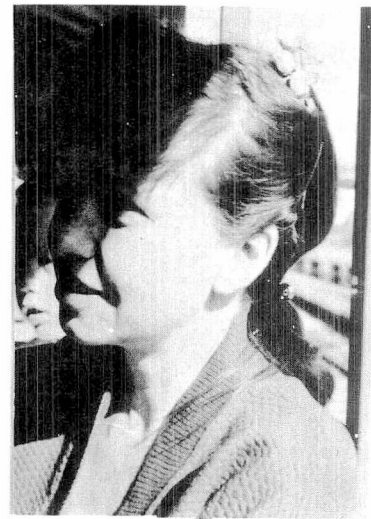
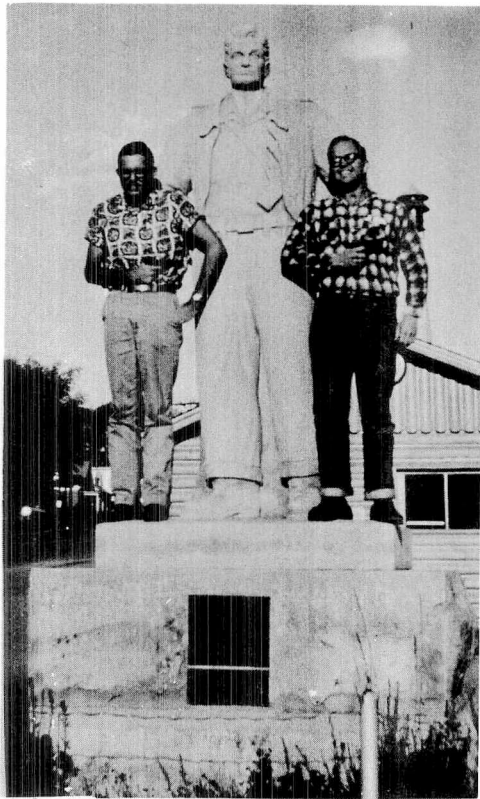
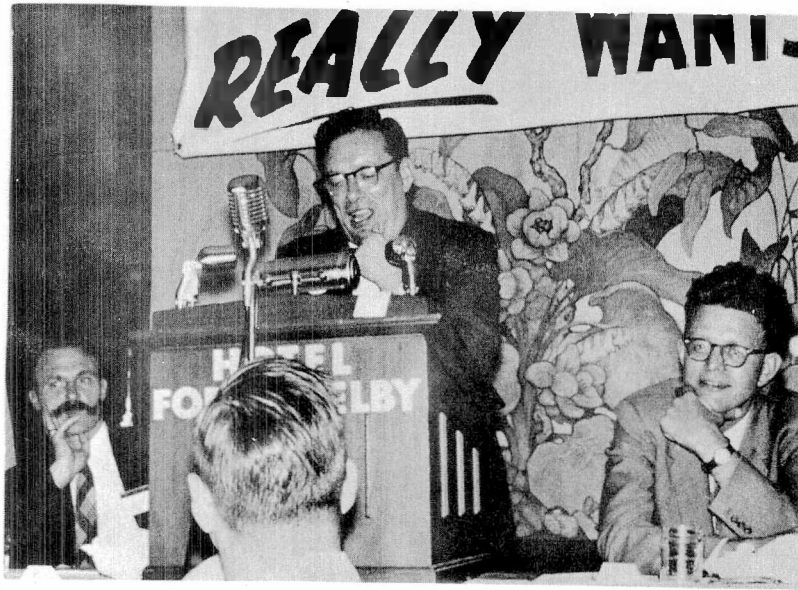
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