



SPELEOBEM 20

SAPS 34

CABAL LADDER

SPELEOBEM 19 (Pelz) Additions to the bound volume collection since last time:

FAPA mailings	1 volume (20 total)
SAPS mailings	2 volumes (39 total)
SFPA mailings	1 volume
CRY	1 volume (4 total)
YANDRO	2 volumes (4 total)
KIPPLE	1 volume
ProFANity	1 volume

There would have been another FAPA volume, but it had to be sent back for correction and hasn't yet been returned.

SAPS I have met dept.: 29 out of 36 on the roster (missing L. Anderson, Armistead, Bergeron, Crilly, Deindorfer, Foyster, and Kaye) for 80.6%, and 12 out of 16 on the WL (missing Anderson, Wilimczyk, Avery, and Cruze III) for 75%. A total of 41 out of 52 or 78.8%.

SEVEN EYES OF NINGAUBLE 9 (Larry Anderson) I ought to get even with you for this dittoed Baebeker to your operation by regaling you with a complete detailed account of my accident and subsequent hospitalization, etc. But that was back in 1947, and in spite of the fact that several people think the accident addled me somewhat it wasn't that important. It only left me with a four-inch leg scar, \$750 in settlement in the bank, and the firm belief that a truck outweighs a coaster wagon.

OUTSIDERS 51 (Wrai Ballard) I doubt that Burbee has the FATE Tape, as he doesn't have, as far as I know, a tape recorder. I'll ask Boggs next time I see him, but Cox is a better bet. I think he still has the SAPS tape, too. If I do get it, I'll forego the reward -- I haven't time for any taperespondence, I'm afraid, even on the several-month basis of FATE.

Well, I don't think I'll do much more than frown upon postmailings in SAPS. If we really need something more fannish done about them in order to discourage the things, I'm sure we can call upon Bob Lichtman and his tree-act.

Not only isn't the line about "Stop the world, I want to get off" original with Schultz, but there are a lot more people -- and even fans -- who have expressed the same sentiments. Of course, some of them didn't bother to say which world they wanted stopped.

Uh, you wouldn't happen to have any of those old comic strips lying about the place to get rid of, would you? I'll gladly pay the postage and take them off your hands. In fact, if anyone else has been saving comic strips and wants to get rid of them, I'm interested. I'll also trade sunday comic sections with someone in either New York, Seattle, DC or someplace that has large comic sections. I have people saving their comics here in L.A., and can trade the Examiner (Flash Gordon, Prince Valiant, Phantom, etc.) and maybe the Times.

SAPTERRANEAN (Walter Breen) Somewhere or other I said I'd compare scores on that Chicon Personality Test ... yeah, I found it: SPELEOBEM 18's back page. Anyway, I finally found the thing, so:

	score	%ile
Achievement	20	61
Deference	6	36
Order	11	52
Exhibitionism	19	63
Autonomy	28	81
Affiliation	8	35

Intracception	23	63
Succorance	1	29
Dominance	20	55
Abasement	3	30
Nurturance	7	35
Change	15	48
Endurance	15	55
Heterosexuality	20	55
Aggression	20	66

Some of these scores surprised me. Most of the things bothered me because the scales did not run the complete range from zero to 100 percentile. How can you have everyone getting between the 20th and 75th Percentiles? Anyway, I figure these things are relevant only in comparisons, if then. And you?

PLONK 1 (Rich Brown) Dale Hart didn't edit a zine called LOKI, he had only one title: ICHOR, which ran three issues (and if anyone has a copy of #1, I need it). Before Hulan took up the LOKI title, only Gerry de la Ree had used it, back in the 40's.

The fellow who published some fine zines for OMPA a while ago is George Spencer, not George Jennings. The latter was from Texas, and published both a genzine (SPECTRUM; EGO) and a CULTzine until he gafiated a couple years ago.

I have considered digging up ftgbr again, as at least one of the ones who figured it out has dropped, and at least one more isn't very interested in SAPS these days, leaving about three or four who know it. But as yet I have not had time to work on it. The New One isn't being used, either — the participants have been doing minac (or, in my case lastminute-ac). Might be fun to start either or both up again, though.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC 15 (Rich Brown) I liked your article on Stanbery very much, but I think you should have taken a bit more time to check up on some minor matters before putting this enormous amount of work into a publication. Such as: Lichtman wasn't trying to picture the beginnings of Coventry, but to ridicule them, in "The Children's Hour" (the title wasn't "Bedtime Story," as you have it on p.15 of your article.) "I Pal-antir" ("the far-seeing") were the spheres of communication — the "seven stones" brought "over the flowing sea" by the "tall ships and tall kings, three times three," and not, as you have on p.18, Aragorn's sword. That was Anduril, and it is more closely paralleled to the sword of Sigfried than that of Arthur, since the former was also a "sword that was broken." Still, I did enjoy your article, and am very glad it was written.

As for the play, I am sorry, but I cannot struggle through it. Perhaps I am merely one of the usual fourth-raters of fandom that cannot appreciate the work of a first-rater, but I am me and that is an end to it. I have read parts of the play — many of them, at different times. I caught some humor which I can appreciate — like quotes from "Archie and Mehitabel" — but I do not care for the Theatre of the Absurd, and I cannot fight my way through the play. I hope Paul does find a publisher, so at the very least I can find out whether or not others agree with me.

RETRO 28 (F M Busby) Buz, that wasn't George Jennings that put out the untitled zine a couple of years ago in Texas. That was a couple of characters named Albert Jackson and Jim Hitt — and there were two issues of the damn thing! But Jennings isn't guilty of anything worse than a CULTzine — and I hope to hell no one starts confusing him with Bob Jennings of Tennessee ill-repute, and try to contradict my last statement.

You're quite right about Toskey not being a natural-hatched Barsoomian on the grounds that he would have trouble with our gravity in such a case. However, I suspect he is a natural-fomented Jovian Gzbg, and as such he has trouble with our levity. Yes?

That is a rather nice choppity-chop at ol' Bergeron. Hey — you think maybe you drove him out of SAPS? S*H*A*M*E on you, hohoho!

Please thank Elinor for her comment re: the Brontes and their fantasy worlds. I haven't yet had the time to read Gondal's Queen, and I don't remember whether or not I misquoted John Myers Myers about who shared the world of Gondal. He may have mentioned Angria, as the word is familiar to me in the framework as an inaginary world. Lapsus memoriae.

I had heard the "nothing but gingerbread left" line as both a story title and a marching cadence, but I didn't figure it belonged in Harry Warner's list of quotations that conjured up specific pictures. I wonder if he meant a picture of a marching unit or something? Harry?

HOBGOBLIN 10 (Terry Carr) Yes, the heading for Fritz's speech in SPELEOBEM 18 was by Howard Miller. I forgot to give the credit in the zine, but gave double-credit in my FAPazine, where I ran another Miller heading for my rather short Chicon III Report.

Tsk, Ted White -- smog may irritate, but it doesn't smell bad. And it isn't around all the time, either. Surely you can find a better parry for Dian's comment that Henry Miller would seem like a breath of fresh air to you only because you lived in New York, can't you?

I've read ALLIGATOR, and I quite agree that it is a "gas." Besides, it's hilariously funny. How many books do you figure it was based on?

GASEOUS VERTEBRATE 3 (Gary Deindorfer) OK, you're still a member. When is this "next time," for which you promise us a better showing?

COLLECTOR (Howard Devore) I hear that Earl Kemp wants to publish the Proceedings of the Discon, and I think it's a grand idea. Even at more than \$3.50 a copy, I would be glad to purchase a couple of the things. I don't know how the Discon Committee feels about the subject, but I would be in favor of using part of whatever spare cash turned up at the end of the con to help underwrite the publication of the Proceedings. Eney, what's the score?

While I'm talking about worldcons and finances: What about the 1966 con? Assuming that the Pacificon II passes on funds to the Loncon, I don't think there is any way for the London crew to pass on money to the 1966 con, even if the Loncon does make money this time. So the '66 ConCom will have to start from scratch? Or am I playing Cassandra too early in the game? (Come to think of it, I haven't heard anyone say they were interested in holding the '66 con yet.)

ZED 803 (Karen Anderson) "Arzan Honey" was very enjoyable reading -- I hope to see more stories set on Eskilstead. Please?

CHASTITY BELT (John Foyster) Why is is ian dixon instead of Ian Dixon? And although I'm not very interested in hearing about the Australian secondary school system, I am curious as to what books you use for texts in your physics classes.

OH, BLOODY HELL! 6 (Dick Eney) I still want to see some Akrean fiction. I tell you what -- let's you, me, Schultz, Dian, and Karen -- and maybe one or two others -- chuck this Mailing Comments biz and turn SAPS into a Worlds-of-the-Quarter APA or something? Only one person allowed per world, however: Akrea, Coventry, Reizferren, Shalar, Angmar (which I still consider extra-Coventranean), Eskilstead... . Seriously, I would very much like to see some fiction set in Akrea. Perhaps post-Discon?

A pox on Scithers if he gets the No-Reserved-Tables rule passed for the Discon. There would still be a SAPStable, of course, but 'twould be better if we could reserve one ahead of time. Just in case: anyone wanting to sit at the SAPStable, whether reserved or not, drop me a postcard.

Next mailing is October, Dick.

-AGO 1 (Don Fitch) Since it is now the day before deadline and you don't yet have a zine in, I assume you will be skipping the mailing, and I might as well explain your cheesy title: SAPSACO. So now you'll Special Delivery something tomorrow. Pfui.

I have considered Calvin Demmon's writing as oversold since it started appearing in CRAPzines and other fanzines, let alone the stuff he's put into Avram's allegedly professional magazine. Symbolism, schmimbolism, I say he's blithering.

Why Mr. Fitch, do you mean to say that you belong to apas for reasons other than contributing substantially to the discussions? I am appalled. Why, what if APEX found out about this?

You complain of lack of time at conventions in which to talk to and get to know people you don't see very often. I know exactly what you mean, but I think the complaint would be alleviated considerably if someone would come up with a way to break the conclave-syndrome (i.e., the tendency for fans to go several hundred miles to a con — or several thousand — and then spend most of it talking to the people from their own city.) I'm quite guilty of this myself, though I tried to break it at this past Westercon by spending more time talking to the Bareans. It might help if one arranged to share rooms with non-localites, but that is somewhat difficult since most such sharing arrangements are made in the last day or so before leaving for the con.

I'm aware of the school of thought that says that the individual should not only not be a burden to his community, but also should make a worthwhile contribution to it. "Ask not what your country can do,...etc." I don't agree with this school of thought very much, and I won't agree with it at all without a definition of the term "worthwhile contribution." I don't think you can give a definition of the term in such a way that it would show participants in an adult fantasy world to be cheating the Community by their participation.

Hah! Here you're committed to eight pages, at least, but again said publication is consigned to a nebulous "next time." Pfui!!

YEZIDEE 3 (Dian Girard) To hell with these idiots who bitch about serialized stories, I at least like them, and I hope you continue them for years. I even like the side-gimmicks of writing Fafhrd and the Mouser into a throwaway scene, and such stuff. I wonder how many people are going bats trying to figure out the Tuckerizations?

DIE WIS #8 (Dick Schultz) Your cover is a lovely bit of work, and it's a shame that the show-through was as bad as it was. The story is also enjoyable, in spite of the fact that some explanations seem dragged in by the heels — particularly the Earth-history parallels, as I said last mailing. Also, I think I agree with whoever was complaining about the too-frequent shift of viewpoint. One or two viewpoints shifting back and forth in a story can be followed, but four (Rikard, Bork, Dorkk, Ten Beck) are too many. I will not, however, agree with his (TCarr's) objection to the plot, as it is quite interesting enough to me. I hope you continue the stories, even if they have to be serialized.

FLABBERCASTING 26 (Toskey) Hey — what about those copies of your book you were going to send? Here it is July 1963 and still no sign of them. If the publisher charges you for them, though, don't you think you ought to withdraw the offer to SAPS? I would very much like to have an autographed copy, but if you'll have to buy the gift copies I think it's foolish to try to carry out the offer, since half of SAPS asked for copies.

Sorry, but I don't want a rest from the OE job — I happen to like it. And I'll probably run again next year unless something untoward happens.

You'll have to do a little better if you want to win the Johnstone Award, now that Ted is back in Los Angeles. Were we to award one for the 62nd Mailing, you'd get it, but Ted beat you this time.

MEST 13 (Ted Johnstone) I suspect that you and the Johnstone Award will be somewhat like LASFS and the Westercon: If no one else wants or goes after it, you'll get it. Of course, you may get it if they do, too. Page 2 wins you the first officially presented one, anyway.

WATLING STREET 16 (Bob Lichtman) I have no intention of even trying to pin down a definition of love, but I can at least do something toward an explanation of why more of it isn't expressed. The primary reason is fear of ridicule and fear of emotional disarmament. Generally, for each person or group of persons who love something or someone there is another person or group who would put the first down quite thoroughly with ridicule and laughter should the emotion be expressed. There is also another person or group who would try using the fact of that emotion against its professor. Try letting down some emotional barriers sometime, and see what happens.

There are other problems, too: there are the characters who seize on such professions and use them as a basis for armchair psychoanalysis instead of merely accepting them as personal (or group) traits. And even worse, there is the fact that the subject of your love will use the profession of it to impose on you. (And now watch the hordes of characters in the previously-named group go to work psyching me!) An expressed love cannot be a one-way thing; brought out in the open it must be governed more or less by the rule Rich Brown attributes to Ayn Rand: love must be earned. Unexpressed, a one-way love is possible, for it cannot be used against you.

But by and large the reason for lack of profession of love is simply fear of what someone else will say or think. Say you love someone of the same sex, you're queer. Say you love several of opposite sex, you're "on the make." Say you love several of both sexes, you're swinging both ways. Say you love someone who isn't a pin-up picture, you're hard up. Say you love something, and you are a nut (at the very mildest) — and possibly queer, too. It takes a hardy type of person to profess his love in the face of such odds.

I make no claim to lack of guilt in this matter. I've done my own share of ridicule, armchair psyching, and labelling. But this is the problem, and as a part of the problem I'll willing to help work on a solution. Any suggestions?

And if you don't agree with me, just what do you love, Bob Lichtman? and why?

As for hate feelings and their expression, I've really heard relatively few of them expressed, either. The most often expressed feelings are those of disinterest, dislike, etc. Hate is as strong an emotion as love, and can get one in almost as much trouble — if not more — when expressed. I can think of several people and things I love, and will name many things I dislike or have no use/for/interest in. I can think of nothing I hate. (Let "things" include people in the last two statements.) As there are several people I would do most anything for, there are a couple I would gladly do in if given an opportunity. But although I would include the first of these two groups among those I love, I would still not claim hatred for the second group. Perhaps my definitions are at fault here, but I do not consider despising the same as hating. Comment?

NIFLHEIM 3 (Dave Hulan) I don't think the OMPAns know that you dropped from their WL — their last OFF TRAILS listed you as a member. Glad you decided to distribute UTGARD through SAPS, anyway. (I've already read the first four Pellucidar books.)

MEANINGLESS PILLAR POLL RESULTS (Norm Metcalf) I didn't list you as disqualified from receiving points, Norm, because you never told me to. (And I might now have done so anyway — the only teller to pull that stunt was Jacobs, and I objected to it at the time.) Now, who wants to run the next one of these things — according to regs?

STUMPING 4 (Jim Webbert) I would like very much to see more artwork by your cover artist Chuck Wowerite, even if he does have an im-probably name. Would he do any stencilled covers if I sent up some stencils? I think his alien on your cover is great, and am especially enthusiastic about the costume and weapons. More!

Large dogs you can keep. Frequent visits to Dian Girard's house have cured me of ever wanting any dog bigger than a pomeranian or some such. Her two Great Danes are about 300 pounds of muttburger, as far as I'm concerned. Now a large cat, on the other hand, such as an ocelot... .

MISTILY MEANDERING 4 (Fred Patten) Thanks for the run-down on the term "86d." I didn't see the Weinstock column, and I'd only heard the term in two other places, and your run-down, copied though it was, was useful. The two places, by the way, were a Laney article which Alan J. reprinted in FANTASY ASPECTS ("Lovecraft is 86,") and the title of a semi-club some of the local idiots got together a couple years ago. The Laney article cited the waitress-source for the meaning.

PLEASURE UNITS 4 (Gordon Eklund) Okay, let's go back to P.U. 2, and your original statement: "I have nothing against childhood fantasy worlds, as you will know having read my article on that subject in IPSO. It is only when they're taken out of childhood, robbed of their privacy, and used as a crutch for a bunch of grownups refusing to accept the fact that childhood is long over, that I must express a bit of disapproval. Coventry fits all three of the above complaints; it fits them very well." (p.17)

My comments in SPELEOBEM 18 were in two parts, the first asking why childhood must necessarily be over for a grownup, the second asking why fantasy worlds should be only legitimately part of childhood. You have acknowledged the second point; they needn't be. It now remains to define the difference between a childhood fantasy world and an adult fantasy world. As far as I can see, this definition would have to be based on the ages of those formulating the fantasy worlds, in which case Coventry was originally a childhood fantasy world and has become (or was becoming) an adult fantasy world. The latter is valid on the basis of the changes being made by the recently added Coventrians, who are evidently adults by your definitions since you are using them as your victims in the above quote from P.U. 2 as well as your statements in P.U. 4.

Let's tackle the P.U. 2 statement first. I will stipulate your first two complaints — Coventry was indeed taken out of childhood and robbed of its privacy. But you seem to change your mind about objecting to the first one when it comes to the P.U. 4 statement: "my original comments in Pleasure Units #2 made no mention of adult fantasy worlds. I don't object to them at all, in fact." I claim that taking a fantasy world out of childhood makes it an adult fantasy world. Your second objection is quite valid. Your third objection, that Coventry was/is being used as a crutch, etc., will take quite a bit more explaining. I'd appreciate some further documentation of it, with specific references to the Coventrians who were active at the time — or any time in the past few years. Then when you're done, you can try answering the question I made in SPELEOBEM 18 that you skipped in P.U. 4: "What makes you so sure that childhood must be over for a grownup?" Until you have done these, I'm afraid that I can give little value to your third objection.

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SIDE PASSAGES

LETTERS

HARRY WARNER

13 May 1963

This is my week for attempting to tidy up complicated and dusty obligations to various California fans who have continued to send me fanzines all during my long silence. You know why nobody heard much from me during the first couple of months in this year. The second couple were mainly devoted to catching up on the most urgent fannish and mundane things. Just since the start of May, I've been able to start on the backlog of fanzines which haven't received comments. The drawer of unanswered mail is only half-full now, a condition that I wondered for a while if I would ever again behold. I could have gotten along much better if I'd stopped work on the fan history until I'd met my major obligations. But I kept going on it and have actually begun the writing on a daily basis.

So thank you very much for being so patient and generous. You can be assured that I've been extracting little nuggets of information on this and that topic from your publications for the history notebooks. Moreover, one batch of Pelzines took on the proportions of a disguised assemblage of angels of mercy. They arrived while I was snowbound in the rest home where I finished recuperation, unable to get more reading matter because relatives couldn't get through the snowdrifts, and I appreciated fanzines then as I've never done before.

To take the most recent items first, I felt that familiar sense of wonder when I came to the third page of Cabal Ladder in the latest SPE-LEOBEM. I'd almost forgotten how I used to save one item out of a group of something I dearly loved so that I could enjoy it as a novelty at some distant future day. Moreover, I used to think that I was the only person on earth who pulled this little trick, and I was ashamed to tell anyone else about it, causing several difficulties in conversations about favorite authors and composers. But I imagine that quite a few young persons adopt this same practice. If you do as I do, one morning you'll wake up and discover that you're getting old and the number of years in which you'll be able to enjoy things is decreasing rapidly, and you'll immediately get acquainted with the things you'd held in reserve, in order to enjoy them while there is still time.

I thought your poem on the same page was exceptionally good, and I'm baffled by the line in German which sounds too perfect to be created by an English-speaking person but isn't familiar to me as a quotation from anything well-known. ~~€~~The line is original. When I am batting out ~~ppp~~ verse, German lines come up every once in a while, so I just keep them in. Your compliments are greatly appreciated, even if not entirely deserved. (bow, scrape, shuffle...)...BEP

I believe the articles on libel and copyright laws that you remember appeared in VOID, just before or just after Ted White began to take charge. This may be a false memory, but I seem to recall feeling rather grim about the irony of Ted's failure to be careful after he'd published my advice on the dangers of libel. It would be nice if my fanzine collection were in good enough order to check up immediately. I started to file away fanzines systematically when I began to go through them for fan history information. But the filing job took so much time that I put it off until after the history is written, and the best I've done is separate most of the fanzines from correspondence and other junk. ~~€~~Your memory is correct. The libel article was in VOID 13, the first of the White-Benford issues, and the copyright article followed a couple issues later. I ran across the former just the other day

SIDE PASSAGES 2 - - -

in sorting through a stack of fanzines the Trimbles gave me. The exact number of the issue with the copyright article I can't check right now -- my collection is in good enough order, but right now there are several huge boxes in front of the filing cabinets, and I'm not in the mood to pull them out of the way. Maybe in another couple weeks I'll get settled in this new place... .BEP

Finding myself mentioned in such flattering terms in "The Distawf Side" was the nicest thing that has happened to me since February 22 (the day that I discovered that my right leg could support me without crutches again). If Madeleine is half as interesting and wise a person in conversation as she is on paper, I'm just as unhappy at the fact that I didn't get to Chicago in September. And to show you how well I'm up on the news and events in the great outside world, I hadn't heard anything about the Greyhound 99-day \$99 ticket deal. I knew that something of the sort is available for foreigners visiting this country and vice-versa, and I assumed when you mentioned it somewhere previously that you'd borrowed someone's passport.

The 18th SPELEOBEM was the one that was so useful to prevent literary malnutrition. In my condition, I felt both interested and angered when I read about someone having a wonderful time traveling all over the country. I remember trying to figure out an appropriate reply for your side remark about my fan history, which would have something to do with the fact that Rome has been written up repeatedly by historians because it fell, while I've fallen twice and should be writing my autobiography instead of a history of fandom. But I hardly imagine that my work will be anything that the general public would want to read, because of its length. Of course, if there are nibbles from Hollywood for movie rights or from the Book-of-the-Month Club as something to take the place of the Churchill volumes on its premium list, I would consider rewriting on a more elementary level. On this trip eastward you seem to have visited all the fans whom I would most particularly like to spend some time with.

The Leiber narrative made good reading, aside from the exasperation mentioned before about my incapacitation which didn't even have the consolation of memories of how Fritz had delivered these pages in person in Chicago.

There is also an envelope that contains many smaller items, particularly issues of MENACE. I've been thanking Ron Ellick occasionally for my continued receipt of the MENACE since they have arrived most recently along with STARSPINKLES, but I hope you'll consider that the same goes double with you. I must remember to make use of these issues in a scholarly essay to prove that the board of county commissioners for this county is the only group in the nation whose activities and general makeup provide a good parallel for the LASFS. There are a few relationships with the mayor and council for this town, but it would be a libel on the LASFS to press that similarity too far. The fans out there haven't quite reached such situations as the one that occurred Thursday night with the mayor's wife threatened with police eviction from the meeting room if she didn't stop interrupting the councilman who was trying to read his motion.

RACHE the ninth was in that same envelope. I remember suffering puzzlement over the cover which you described as a survivor from VOM days. VOM was legal length. Then I realized that you'd discovered that by cutting off the title you'd have a printless picture of the right size. But I don't remember this cover at all and once again I wish I had everything in nice order to make sure that it did appear in those

SIDE PASSAGES 3 - - - -

ancient days.

Larry McCombs's discovery of familiar tunes in an Ives symphony causes me to point out that Ives liked to quote established melodies and did it in many of his major works, and that anyone who likes Ives had better buy what he needs on Mercury records now, because the discounts being offered on that label hints that many deletions are just ahead, and most of the Ives on Mercury isn't available elsewhere.

With the ninth issue of ANGMAR you sent a computer card, and I intended to return the compliment by enclosing with my next letter the perforated tape on which the AP had sent some news story or other of some kind of fannish interest. But all this was six months ago and I decided that you wouldn't remember the card after all this time nor would you understand the significance of my sending the tape. I haven't dug up anyone who would read the card for me, but you wouldn't have had to ask help with the AP tape if you've ever done any cipher solving: the perforations correspond to a simple substitution cryptogram and some ambitious telegraph editors teach themselves to read the tapes so they needn't glance over to the teletypewriter where the same news is arriving in typed form. (The card said something to the effect that "The Cult is the property of the ARBM. It is an extension of Level 4 of Coventry." You could figure it out from the punches: The uppermost punch is a 12, then they go 11, 0, 1, 2, 3...9. A 12 plus a 1 is A, 12 plus 2 is B...12 plus 9 is I. 11 plus 1 is J...11 plus 9 is R. 0 plus 2 is S...0 plus 9 is Z. (0 plus 1 is a virgule) Three punches in the same column indicates punctuation...BEP)

I liked "The Late, Great Bernie Dukes" in that ANGMAR, although I hadn't read the Ellison thing which it apparently parodies. It reminded me of a brief poem by Dorothy Parker, since I'm not an Ellison enthusiast. (I'm a Parker enthusiast -- which poem did it remind you of? ...BEP)

I also liked the sanity of Fred Patten's attitude toward parental restrictions and the middle-road attitude that they take toward him.

ARCHIE MERCER

14 May

Tower for S'BEM 19.

SAPS'11 blackball you - you're actually identifying the other party in your mailing comments. This makes it a lot easier to follow. Many thanks.

Re AIR MAIL SPECIAL - I haven't seen the issue of Private Eye in question (Private Eye's the satirical magazine that everybody's talking about these days - the banality and/or irrelevance of the covers have never tempted me to look beneath) but I should imagine "Old Jo" would be Mr. Joseph Grimond, the Liberal leader. (I presume you know all about the Liberals?) And why it should be "dredded" I wouldn't know, but of course Oi Loik Oik. (That explains it; I was trying to figure "Oik" as a corruption of something with "erk," not "Ike"...BEP)

I only wish that OMPA's late-lamented "The Wall" had been half as brilliant as "The Fellowship of Nothing" is. (I'm glad you said that, as I'm planning to start an OMPA-slanted pun-serial...BEP)

Madeleine's report has (as is probably being echoed from all sides) but one fault - not nearly enough of it at once. By the way, I notice that the two Willis reports are somehow to date managing to run just about parallel as they're published. This is most effective, and in case nobody else ever thinks of mentioning the point to anyone else, they could, conceivably, stand publications in one volume with alternating Willises.

I've done a rash thing and booked myself a seat for next Saturday's performance of Iolanthe by the Sadler's Wells Opera (I don't remember being previously aware that the Sadler's Wells had an opera, which just goes to show or something.) It'll probably spoil my appreciation of the March of the Peers for good, but I suppose everybody ought to see a G&S opera once in His life. Or something. (Who knows - I might even like it.)

Having read your zine, I found myself automatically reacting by playing my record of "The Wild Colonial Boy" sung by an Ulsterwoman. I'd send you the words if I could understand more than about half - I can never manage to interpret much of what she sings. (Margaret Barry). But that record is obviously the theme-music for S'BEM 19.

MADELEINE WILLIS

24 June

I must apologise for being so late with this installment of "The Distawf Side." I decided, over Walter's protests, to get out another issue of HYPHEN before we came away on the 15th June. I didn't want to leave HYPHEN half finished for the four weeks we are staying here in the south of Ireland. I brought all my papers with me, but it wasn't till yesterday that I was really able to settle down and prepare the enclosed installment. Yesterday was the worst day of the holiday so far - the wind howled and the rain came down steadily for about 15 hours. Today there is a slight improvement.

I have regretfully decided not to place my name on the SAPS waiting list. I intend to get out HYPHEN more often instead.

I haven't your last letter with me, we left the letter file at home. But I remember that you are a cave buff. The day before yesterday we went looking for the caves mentioned in the guide book as being near to Ballynalagan Castle. We found the Castle all right, and a very fine old Castle it is too, but we couldn't find the entrance to the caves. All we could find was a pot-hole where a stream came out of the ground. There was a hole about two and a half feet across and the sound of water running far below. None of us were intrepid enough to lower ourselves down into it, and besides we had only Bryan's small five-inch long torch.

I would like to comment on the last HOBGOBLIN, so perhaps you could print the following:

I wouldn't for the world come between a fan and his egoboo. If Terry thinks he suggested that I go with him and Ted White I can only feel flattered. However, I distinctly remember thinking how brave I was being in actually suggesting a parting from Walter so soon after arriving. Perhaps we both had the same idea simultaneously? I have this feeling that Terry and I are twin souls or something...

I have perhaps done the Shaws an injustice in describing their cablegram as a "warning"one. The warning was not against Ted White's dinner invitation as such; it was to warn us that there would be other invitations to be considered and not to accept just the first one offered to us.

I was mistaken in saying that the Wollheims were asked to entertain us in the evenings. The only invitation to the Wollheims was on the second night of our stay in New York. The dinner at the Wollheims' on the night of our arrival was a last minute arrangement as Ted has rightly assumed. It follows therefore that Terry's statement about "the schedule of parties at the Wollheims" is no longer relevant. The only open party we attended in New York was that given by the Lupoffs. If Ted and Terry thought we should attend open parties, they had their chance to give one while we were staying in Brooklyn.

I cannot speak for Ethel Lindsay, but I wonder why, if they failed to write to her and arrange a meeting, they didn't phone her at the Lupoffs while she was in New York. I'm sure she could have thrown off those "wraps" for long enough to answer the phone.

W E S T E R C O N F I D E N T I A L

Installment Two: 1963

I have only been to three Westercons, so perhaps my basis of comparison isn't broad enough, but Westercon XVI was the best regional con I've attended. It was very relaxed, in spite of a couple of interpersonal conflicts between some of the attendees (almost all of which seem to have been ironed out to at least temporary truces.) And that relaxation probably made the con as enjoyable as it was.

Pre-con preparations (costume, primarily) had been going on for a couple of months, and continued right up to the last minute, as usual. Shortly before 11 PM on the evening of July 3, Ed Baker called up to find out the room rates at the Hyatt House, and to determine who would be there from L.A. that might want to share a room. The room rates were exorbitant at Hyatt House -- \$10 and up for a single, \$14 and up for a double. I suggested that Ed get together with someone and share a single, since they would probably be exactly the same room as the doubles -- twin beds, plenty of floor space, etc. I also asked him whether he was wearing a costume to the masquerade, and was greeted with utter surprise: "You mean there's a masquerade at the Westercon?" After all the trouble Alva Rogers went to to publicize the thing -- and the LA crew published the fact in its newszines MENACE OF THE LASFS, LASFS NEWSLETTER, STARSPINKIE, SHAGGY -- the LASFS Treasurer still hadn't got the word. Maybe we should have published it in Esperanto instead of English. Anyway, I assured him that there was indeed a masquerade at the Westercon -- the first such event, as far as I know. He muttered something about trying to scrounge up a costume, and hung up.

Around 11, Bernie Zuber showed up, with the rest of his passengers -- Fred Patten and Mike Hinge -- already in tow. We loaded my stuff into the car carefully, having to be very cautious about some huge three-dimensional pieces of Hinge artwork. A few small pieces of equipment had to be carried in the back seat, so Fred and I draped ourselves over and around them as comfortably as possible and we took off up the freeway.

It was an uneventful trip, and as Bernie did almost all the driving and Fred did the rest, I slept. We had to stop once to investigate a repetitive "boing, boing, boing" coming from the trunk. It turned out to be my sword -- a four-foot claymore -- which had been wedged in behind the spare tire at one end and was hitting against the side of the trunk whenever the car bounced a bit. It joined the rest of the junk under our feet in the back seat, and we continued on.

Shortly after 8 AM we pulled into the Hyatt House parking lot and I signed up for a single that Ted Johnstone and I were going to share. Patten wanted to share some of the floor space, so he moved his stuff into the room, too -- sleeping bag and all. I checked the stuff, and found I had, as usual, forgotten something: my checkbook. A call to Dian Girard, who hadn't been able to attend the con, eventually got to Ted Johnstone and the Ellerns, who weren't leaving until the late morning of the fourth, and they stopped by to pick it up. For Thursday's expenses I went around collecting various monies owed me by different people, and subsisted quite well.

One of the first things I did was collect about eight copies of the Chicon III Proceedings from Ed Wood. Two of them were to go to other owners in Los Angeles, but the remainder were the result of my running around just before the deadline for ordering the volume and getting LASFSites who weren't going to order copies even though they had been members of the Chicon to allow me to use their names. I'm stockpiling the things for a few years. (How many copies do you have, Howard?) Ed Wood, who was acting as Earl Kemp's distribution agent, said that Earl wanted to publish the Discon proceedings, and I enthused about the idea even if we have to pay more than \$3.50 less the cost of convention membership. The Proceedings are well worth having.

Around 11:15 I finally got around to having breakfast, and sat talking to Karen Anderson in the coffee shop while I did so -- a most enjoyable way to have breakfast. The food in the coffee shop was fairly good as far as I was concerned -- but then I don't drink coffee, and I seem to have heard some complaints in that department. I asked Karen whether the Dickensheets would be at the convention, as I expected to see Dean stalking around during at least part of the thing, if only to demonstrate how aloof he is from fans. Especially I expected this after seeing his name on the Program Book as being responsible for publicity, but Karen said he wouldn't be there; he'd gotten a grouch on against someone. Situation normal.

The menagerie was gathering in several places -- the Starlite room where Ben Stark and Norm Metcalf were running the huxter service, and the poolside. I joined the latter group, talking to Alva Rogers and Ron Ellik about the auctions that were to be held. I was supposed to auction the fan stuff, but Walt Daugherty, who was to have auctioned the pro stuff, couldn't attend, and Bushy had been dragooned into the job. He objected a bit, but his name was on the program as auctioneer, so he was stuck with the job. I asked Alva about the illustrations for Vance's "Dragon Masters" by Gaughan, which were supposed to be part of the auction, and was informed that Fred Pohl hadn't been able to find all the illos -- the cover was among those missing -- and was still looking for them; therefore the Gaughans would be held for next year's worldcon. I had set my sights on those illos, and I felt somewhat gypped that they would not be offered at the Westercon, though I realized they would bring more at a worldcon. Or maybe because I realized this. Anyway, during the course of the con, Alva was off again and on again about whether the illos would be put up anyway, and Sunday, before the final auction he decided to "clear everything out." The problem was to get the illos: they were back in Berkeley, at Ben Stark's place. Ben didn't want to go after them, and I got the impression that even had I found someone else to make the trip, via bribery or whatever, Ben would not have okayed the deal. The committee were in evident disagreement on the matter, and by means of Occam's Razor it was decided to carry them over to Pacificon. I still want them, but I'll have to wait a year or so.

Part of the poolside crew went swimming; others just sat around in the sun. The squirrel jumped into the pool and quickly swam out of the way as Bill Donaho followed him on the diving board, threatening to cannonball. I met Betty Kujawa, who was passing around oversized postcards to be sent overseas to Colin Freeman and Ella Parker. Betty refused to acknowledge that I was Bruce Pelz until Don Franson identified me, as she had made several mistaken identifications at Chi. Don wasn't around at the time, but Betty and I were able to talk for a while even if she hadn't acknowledged me. She and Gene had flown to the con, landing in the almost-adjacent airport behind the Hyatt House.

I spent some time helping hang the artshow entries, and spent quite a bit of time in the artshow room during the con, mostly watching the other people wander through and look at the show. I was agenting for three artists -- Dian Girard, Don Simpson, and Hugh Grean -- and kept an eye on their entries to see what happened to them.

Around 2 I met Karen again and we were heading for her room to look at some illos she had offered to stencil for me when Al Halvey cornered us and wanted to know if we were going to listen to the panel, which was on "Who Cares What Happens Tomorrow?" -- i.e., "Whither SF?" We weren't interested.

"The program starts at 2:30," said Al.

"What program" we asked.

"There's a panel."

"Oh, what panel?"

"Who Cares What Happens Tomorrow?" said Al.

"Not us," we both said, and exited, laughing.

When we got to Karen's room, she realized she couldn't invite me in, as her costume was spread out and she didn't want anyone to know what it was to be. I couldn't invite her to my room for the same reason (although almost all the LAreans knew what my costume was), so we sat on the corridor floor by Karen's room to look through the pictures, being disturbed only once: Don Fitch, in full Japanese regalia, flustered by to get into his room, next door to Karen's. I selected six out of the ten or so illos that Karen had, and with luck I'll be able to have some of them in my next SAPSzine.

I then made the mistake of going back to my room and lying down to look at my copy of the Proceedings. I slept until seven, when I thought I'd better go see if the Ellerns and Johnstone had arrived with my checkbook and the rest of Dian's artwork. They hadn't, so I wandered around some more. I cornered Paul Moslander, who publishes a comiczine called JEDDAK and subbed for another issue (using money just collected for copies of the MENACE OF THE LASFS.) I told him I'd send him a manila envelope to send the issue in -- otherwise he charges an extra dime for the thing! Living in LA, where one can get 500 manila clasp envelopes for \$8.32 or thereabouts, I consider it highway robbery to pay 10¢ apiece for them, even when the editor is paying 5¢ to 7¢ apiece for them himself. Double robbery.

Around quarter of eleven, having nothing better to do, I wandered up to the LASFS meeting being held in the Turners' room. Had there been much else going on, I wouldn't have attended, having expressed myself quite clearly about the value of these rump meetings last year at Chi (and repeated the expressions this year.) But I went, anyway. As a meeting, it was more boring than most, but it later turned into a party, and that was pretty good, even if it did come right on the heels of Perry's announcement that Frank R. Paul had died a few days earlier. Actually, the meeting broke up into two parties -- some of the attendees headed for the First Fandom party while others stayed in the Turner room and sent out for booze and mix.

Around 11:15 or so the Ellern contingent arrived -- or at least Johnstone and Harness, who had come up with them, appeared at the Party. Harness wanted in on the share-the-room plan, and since he'd brought a sleeping bag, we let him. Ted took this opportunity to announce his engagement to Joyce Potter, and was greeted with mixed reactions -- mostly incredulity ("Who's the girl we're supposed to pretend to congratulate?") -- but Ron Ellik agreed to give the announcement part of the front page of the special Westercon issue of STARSPIKLE to be published Friday morning.

The party broke up about 1:00 as the participants pooped out early. Bjo had spent part of the time cornering all the FAPA members and asking how they liked the "Supersquirrel" cartoon in the last mailing. All but one thought it was great: Ellik. So maybe we'll get that Squirrel Anthology after all, once the Trimblees get settled in Garden Grove. It pays to let people know their work is appreciated, I guess, and it pays more when the appreciators are people other than the locals who are constantly saying how much they appreciate.

The Schultheisen were at the party, so with four librarians present the talk went to the Fantasy Foundation, the projected tour of duty for Steve and Virginia at the University of the Seven Seas, and the desirability to get Fred Patten (who graduates from Library School this month) out of the state to someplace like the Library of Congress.

About the only other thing that I remember from the party was that Donaho managed to con me into appearing on a panel about whether or not today's SF mags interest today's fans. He was trying to find someone to argue that fans are interested in fandom rather than SF, and although I am more or less of that persuasion, I was probably not definite enough about the idea.

Friday morning was spent on a trip over to Burlingame to get a check cashed, transportation courtesy Bill Ellern. Much to my surprise the Bank of America cashed my Security First National Bank check with no bother at all, and Billern dropped me

back at the Hyatt House before continuing down to San Francisco with Jane, Ted and Blake Maxam. I went to lunch, then started heckling the Squirrel about stencilling STARSPINKIE, until he finally got it done about 1:45.

We had planned to publish a daily Westercon edition of STARSPINKIE, running it off each day on the Trimble's mimeo, with a previously-run heading. But the Trimbles forgot to bring the mimeo, and the other two or three that were supposed to be at the con didn't materialize either. We wound up running STARSPINKIE on the machine belonging to the motel. For all it was a liquid-ink, hand-cranked machine, it did very well, and gave almost no offset.

The panel on whether SF mags interest fans today went on at 2:30, with Bill Donaho as moderator, John Trimble, Ed Wood, Fred Pohl, Wally Weber and myself as the panelists. As you can imagine; little was decided; the general conclusion was that the mags do interest the fans, but not as much as they did back in the 40's. Ed Wood did what was expected of him and put on a show for the audience, but even that wasn't as much as was expected.

When I ran off STARSPINKIE, I also ran off a list of auction material, and the days on which it was to be offered. These were the highlights -- and from them you could tell how bad the rest of the stuff was. There were a few good items: an autographed set of The Lord of the Rings and an autographed copy of The Hobbit. The rest was fair at best: manuscripts, galley proofs, a few mediocre covers, a stack of b&w interior illos, etc. The committee did what they could to get material -- and got a good deal from Pohl and Galaxy (along with a few others) -- but generally it was a bad time for auction material. Ron and I got what we could -- I'm far from the world's best auctioneer, I'm afraid -- and the committee seemed happy with the take, so I guess the material made up in volume what it lacked in "quality."

Friday afternoon, Christian Brothers held a wine-tasting for the convention attendees in the main auditorium. Though I am not much of a winesman, I went along for the ride, and found that at least one of the five wines they offered I liked. If my memory serves me right, it was the Pinot Chardonnay. The Riesling was far too bland -- I'm used to Yugoslavian Riesling, since Chuck Hansen gave me a bottle of it after Seacon. The two red wines were cloying, and the third white wine tasted like a fruit salad made into syrup. But it was fun -- and all of the wines tasted better with some French bread that Eph Konigsberg had brought along.

During the winetasting, everyone stopped to watch a TV newscast on which the Westercon got a free plug. Alva Rogers was featured, and the newscaster hadn't tried to make the SF fans look like a bunch of nuts. In fact, those who had heard the original interview between the newscaster, Alva, and Al Halevy, were congratulating the 'caster for eliminating halevy's rather stupid remarks from the film.

Also during the winetasting, I noticed Ellie Turner was already in costume, and when I asked if she weren't a bit early she said that she was going to put on a different costume for the evening, so pictures of the current one should be taken soon. I got out the camera.

The masquerade was to start at 7:30, so I started to get ready around 6:30, but I had overestimated the amount of time it would take me to get into the costume. I had done the hardest part a couple hours previous: put in contact lenses. I don't usually wear contacts because I'm too lazy to get used to them, but for something like a masquerade, contacts are invaluable, and I can last about eight hours without too much bother.

With some help from Ted, the rest of the costume went on fairly quickly: I could probably have reached the leotard zipper with a small struggle; but someone else was needed to attach the snap-on cape. It was quite a rig: tights, leotard, gloves, boots, and breastplates all covered with blue and black scales cut out of

naugahyde and either sewed or glued on. A helmet of buckram and sculptmetal with five stegosaurus-like spikes on the top. A three-inch wide belt of leather with a brass plate and hooks for the buckle, and, attached to the belt, a leather scabbard full of four feet of steel broadsword. Credit for the costume goes to Dian Girard, and for the sword to her father; all I did was wear the thing.

In any case, I was the first on the floor in costume, and by the time Fred Patten showed up in his Lankhmarian toga I was posted in back of Jack Vance and Fred Pohl, neither of whom recognized the costume until it was identified: a Heavy Trooper, from "Dragon Masters," by Vance, copied from the Gaughan illos in Galaxy. Once the costume was identified, however, there was all sorts of fun: Vance wanted to try the broadsword, and stood there swinging it side to side with both hands in great enjoyment. I had a difficult time trying to convince anyone that it was supposed to be handled with one hand -- very few of them could do it. (One of the few: Pat Ellington!)

I wandered around the floor slowly, as too much walking friction would loosen some of the scales on the legs. There were other costumes that looked like sure prize-winners: Karen Anderson as the leader of the Phoenix Giard of the Matriarchy in one of Poul's Time Patrol stories; Astrid Anderson as Meriadoc Brandybuck in the service of Rohan; an Oz group with Bjo as Ozma, Blake Maxam as the Wizard, John Trimble as the Scarecrow, and Felice Rolfe as Patches; Paul and Ellie Turner as Pluto and Persephone -- Ellie's earlier green costume had been replaced with a black one, matching that of Paul. After letting a dozen or more people try the sword, I took up a position in the front of the room and stared wooden-faced at the audience while waiting for the judging to start. Jim Benford came running by me and slapped my face lightly as he passed; he almost lost a heel -- I'd taken two steps after him with the drawn sword raised slightly off the ground before I caught myself and went back to the wooden pose. There were quite a few photographers there, and if anyone has some slides of the costumes -- most any of the costumes -- I'd like to get copies.

When the judging got started, they used a form of the system DC has been advertising: everyone has a card with his name and the title of the costume, which is read to the judges as the costumed individual or group struts his stuff on the stage. I had little enough of an act: the almost mechanical walk of a bred fighting unit, and a slash with the drawn sword. But when the finalists were called, I was one of the nine or ten -- and when the prizes were announced, I had received the first prize. As soon as possible I left and went to call Dian to tell her that the tremendous amount of work which had gone into the costume hadn't been wasted.

Second prize went to Bjo as Ozma, third to a character who came as the Mummy, but didn't even stay for the finalist judging; fourth to Karen. All in all it was an excellent masquerade, and I hope it can be repeated at future Westercons -- there are all too few opportunities for costumery these days.

The party which followed the masquerade was given by the Westercon Committee itself, but I had been asked to a folk/filksing in Ruth Berman's room, so I didn't get to the party for a while. When I did, after a couple hours of filksinging, it turned out to be rather a stupid party -- at least around 12:30, when I stopped in. Demmon was sitting in the middle of the floor being drunk and infantile, and a bunch of others were copying him. I went back to the folksing, stayed through the G&S-sing that it turned into, and finally left around 3:30. The Westercon party was still going, but it had become two smaller parties: the pros were in one corner with a few of the old-time fans, and Kris Neville was complaining that most of the fans were being too polite to enjoy the convention. The other corner was occupied by a couple of Berkeley femmes, a LASFS Director, and one or two others, engaged in the usual fannish games. When Poul Anderson began to sing "Patriarchs of Learning," I left, as I had already heard Karen sing it that night, and one Anderson per night is the lim-

it my music appreciation sense will take.

I headed for the Con suite, where there was a large poker game and a few scattered others, including Buz; Gretchen Schwenn, and Karen Anderson. I ignored the poker game -- Boucher was there, and I can't afford to lose that much -- I sat and talked to Karen for a while, then walked her back to her room around 5:30. I tried going back to the Con suite again, but everything was dead so I quit for the night. Harness and Patten were occupying the two beds, so I got the sleeping bag; that's the price of staying up later than one's room-mates, I guess.

When I got up Saturday, the poker game was still going, though it was down to four players. Boucher had won about \$30, Ellik was about even -- and they were all going to try again Saturday night.

Eventually I roused the squirrel into stencilling the second STARSPINKIE, but when I went to run it I found that the mimeo was locked up and wouldn't be available until the manager arrived around 5 or so. Pfui, said I.

A bunch of comics fans improved the Saturday auction by paying about \$1 each for original comics panels. This is nowhere near what Thailing was charging at Chicon, but it's better than selling an entire story for \$5 like last year. After the auction, the Committee said they'd pay for the auctioneers' banquet tickets, and for that I thank them profusely. Otherwise, I wouldn't have attended the banquet, as the price was far too high.

And I'm really glad I did attend the banquet. Kris Neville's G-o-H speech was quite good, even though I'm not at all sure he said anything. I understand Lee Sapiro has the reprint rights on the speech for INSIDE -- I'll be interested in seeing just what he did say. In any case, he sure did like saying it, and the audience liked hearing it. The Invisible Little Man Award was presented in absentia to Andre Norton, and I volunteered to deliver it to her on the way to Discon; haLevy has agreed to send it down here when the final plate has been added to the top.

After the banquet, there was a party thrown by the Morcon Committee as their victory party -- that is, in celebration of the fact that the 1964 con has been dumped on Berkeley. I had objected to throwing such a party with the Morcon funds, preferring to donate them to TAFF, but I was outvoted by the only other two Morcon Committee members at the con -- Ellik and Johnstone, so I gave in and we went out to buy booze. When we got it back to the Hyatt House and set it up in the Flight Lounge, I suddenly found myself in back of the jury-rigged bar, pouring the drinks. I was still there several hours later, and enjoying myself. As I was drinking only cola, I did fairly well as bartender, and may even serve as such at the Morcon Victory party at Discon, if there is one. When the booze finally ran out, I gave up my post and wandered through the crowd for a while, dropped an ice cube down Ardis Waters's front (she liked it), listened to Kris Neville talk to Ed Clinton about the various ways to weigh a girl's breasts, had him congratulate me on his speech (as he congratulated everyone that night), and finally sacked out.

Sunday was the day of departure, and once it was definitely established that the Gaughan illos were not to go up for the auction, I made arrangements to leave with Bernie Zuber at 3 or thereabouts. I picked up the unpurchased artwork belonging to my three "clients" from the artshow, got my junk all packed -- including the six scales that I moulted Friday night -- and then wandered around taking care of last minute items until Bernie finally did leave. We got back to LA around 12:30 Sunday night. It was a very enjoyable Westercon, and, as I said to Buz Sunday morning, "It puts me in the mood for a convention."

Questions for the artshow people: What is the policy on professionals like Hinge and Barr and Ivie competing in an amateur show? What is the policy on "gag awards" like Elmer Perdue's tie getting all three places and four honorable mentions?

The DisTAWF Side

Part 3

After a nice relaxing interval having dinner with the Grennells, the Lu-poffs, and Ethel, the tension began to mount again. Walter had to appear on the "Sense of Wonder" Panel, and I was suffering through the waiting period as well as he.

Sometimes I think we introverts should rebel and not do what is expected of us. Many people are literate and expansive on paper but suffer acutely if they have to stand up in public and address a crowd of people. It doesn't help even if they know all the people present. One very active young fan confided to me that he could never stand for TAFF as he couldn't possibly make a speech. People may make polite noises about it, but I am sure that when a person is very nervous it builds up a reaction in the audience and they begin to feel uneasy too. All it gains is embarrassment all round. The Convention Committee have filled a spot in their program; the delegate has "done his bit"; but those who came to listen have been cheated.

The "Reception" organized by the Shaws and the Washington group was the antithesis of that kind of thing, and therein lay its triumph. We were both very grateful to have that opportunity of speaking informally to so many people, and I think it's an idea future Convention Committees should copy. It probably was also a help to people who might be a little shy of approaching us at other times. Let the speeches and panel appearances be done by those who have the self-confidence to make a good job of it. There are some fans who can — Dick Eney volunteered to take Harry Warner's place on the "Sense of Wonder" panel. This rather surprised me; I had the impression that Dick was rather shy, but he tackled this project with the same dogged determination which he brought to those two mammoth publishing projects of his — the FANCYCLOPEDIA and A SENSE OF FAPA. Dick earned further admiration from me and from many others.

I didn't want to have to watch Walter, knowing the state he was in, yet I couldn't stay away. I sat down at the side of the small Lincoln Room twisting my hands together. The microphones were not connected to any speaker system, merely to Frank Dietz's tape recorders, and this had an unfortunate effect: the speakers spoke into the mikes and the audience couldn't hear. The doors leading to the hall wouldn't shut, and the noise of the people talking outside was another distraction. A middle-aged man near to me spoke up loudly and asked for Mr. Willis to make another three or four minute speech. I admired the way Walter replied simply "Tomorrow" (at the banquet). This man interrupted again to say that the microphones at his side of the room weren't working. I was furious. I wanted to know who he was, so I took my program booklet over to get his autograph. It was Alderson Fry. I was sitting next to Sylvia White and she tried to comfort me by saying that she thought he was being complimentary — he merely wanted to hear more from Walter. I doubted this was his intention; it had the opposite effect.

The panel was broken up by Kemp not a moment too soon for my taste, and we made our way with the Grennells to the costume ball. I was overwhelmed by the sight of so many beautiful costumes. They were fabulous flights of fancy and made a wonderful sight as they joined the line to pass before the judges. The judging arrangements weren't as good as the costumes, and it soon degenerated into a shambles.

The dance band took over and I watched Boyd Raeburn teaching Phyllis Economou and Elinor Busby the twist. I was glad to see that Elinor didn't comport

herself like a "Woman of Advanced Years." For a few minutes I wished I had Pete Graham there with me.

We sought a quiet place to talk and made our way to the back of the hall. We met Jock Root again, and he had on a stunning costume; the raygun looked authentic enough to produce that effect by itself. Two fans in costume came up to us; one was Dian Girard, a pretty brunette and a promising young fan; the other was a stranger. He took off his headgear and mask, watching me all the while with an expectant expression. I thought I should know him. I stared at his face again. "I recognise the expression in those eyes!" I exclaimed. "Maybe if you took off your shirt..." Walter looked at me a little quizzically. "It's Bruce Pelz," he said. Bruce had shaved off his beard, cut his hair, wasn't wearing glasses, and had changed to a light-coloured shirt. The only thing unchanged was the gap between his front teeth. It was a long time before I could realise that this was indeed Bruce.

We met several other fans and talked until we began to feel a bit hungry. We found Ted White, who was also hungry, and went out to eat.

We had two invitations to parties that evening, one from Marcia Almost-Brown and one from Don Ford. We went to the Browns' party first and listened to H. Beam Piper and Jerry (I.Q.) Pournelle singing several verses of "Bonnie Dundee." You simply couldn't do anything else if you were within a fifty-foot radius. This was a new angle on the formidable Ph.D.; he really was inhuman. The Browns were nice couple, and so in fact were all present, but they weren't fanzine fans and we didn't have much in common with them, so we decided to go on to Don Ford's suite, especially since this was the second evening we had been invited there.

When we got to Ford's room the party had broken up, and we wondered what had happened to the evening, but we had a nice chat with Don and Doc Barrett. Alderson Fry appeared after a while, and tried to get Walter to expand on the Sense of Wonder. Walter looked tired, and I think he couldn't make up his mind whether he wanted to argue with Fry or not, or on what level. But Fry persisted, like a heckler at a political rally. "Good God man," he said, "I admire your fanzine articles, but what's holding you back from speaking in public?" Walter looked doubtful, and I suspected he was thinking of saying "Good God man, I admire your loud speaking, but what's holding you back from writing fanzine articles?" However before he had made up his mind, Don Ford looked half apologetically at him and said something about Fry being rather gruff but a good fellow at heart. We were willing to take his word for it. We made our excuses and Don repeated his warm invitation to stay at his place on our way back from the West Coast. I hoped it would be possible. Amiable old Doc Barrett also issued us an invitation to call by at his place and see his "collection." There was a sly twinkle in his eye as he said this and Walter nodded comprehendingly and made a careful note of how to get in touch with him.

We went to bed then, at about 4 a.m., a little sadly because we hadn't been to any fanzine fan's party, yet with a sense of accomplishment. We had met with the "other fandom" and had been on very friendly terms with them all.

Sunday. 2nd September. The Chimax.

Walter woke me up with the news that the next convention had been voted to Belfast. I didn't believe him, though it would have been nice to look forward to seeing all our new friends again so soon.

We went down to the hotel drugstore and breakfasted with Lee Hoffman, Ruth Kyle, and Sid Coleman. I got on wonderfully with Lee. She had changed a lot from the girl, uncommunicative to the point of rudeness, who had visited us in 1956 after the Kettering Convention. I hadn't liked her one little bit then, and wondered what all the fuss was about this supposedly witty editor of QUANDRY.

She was now smiling and friendly and relaxed. She had the wonderful gift of making me feel witty.

We next visited the Fan Art Show. The exhibits were all of a very high quality, but my favorite was "Rima," by Bjo. It is wonderful to find such a fabulous personality to be a very talented artist as well. I was glad to see that all of ATom's drawings had "Sold" on them already, but thought that perhaps the prices quoted for them could have been higher. Some of the other drawings which I didn't like half so well were priced at double or treble those of ATom.

That lovely man Avram Davidson was distributing bagels, which look almost like doughnuts. He gave me three. He had Grania with him this time, and I was able to admire in the flesh the lovely complexion which I had admired in the photographs he had shown me. Grania's pride in her pregnant state could only be compared to the Sense of Wonder.

We were invited to lunch at the hotel coffee shop by A.J. Budrys. He is a quiet-spoken, almost shy-seeming young man. I didn't have much appetite as I had been told that I was expected to say something at the banquet that evening. What I really wanted was a butterfly net, but it wasn't on the menu. What happened next was so exciting as to make me forget all about the banquet: A.J. suggested that Walter submit a book to Regency. I went around feeling a bit dazed for quite a while after that.

I have been making no mention of the program, since other fans have covered it already. I didn't sit through much of it, as the most important thing about the convention from my point of view was the fact that under one roof were gathered most of the active fans of North America, and I would have an unrivalled opportunity of meeting and talking with them. This I threw myself into doing with the utmost enthusiasm. I felt wonderfully exhilarated most of the time, the only bad times were when I was expected to act like a celebrity.

I sat with Walter and Lee Hoffman through part of "Science Fiction, Mental Illness, and the Law" -- a curiously apposite topic, though Walter told me later that Marvin Mindes didn't mention D. Bruce Berry even once. I whispered to Walter that I would go outside for a while.

For the past five days I had only been outside for a very short time. Most of the time I had been sitting in people's houses, in a Greyhound Bus, or in the Pick Congress. Now Chicago beckoned. I decided to visit the Lakefront and see the Buckingham Fountain. I met Ted Johnstone and Owen Hannifen, and we went out together.

Chicago was bright and sunlit, and the slight breeze off the water prevented us from being too warm. That sunlit effect is the strongest impression I have of America. It gave a lively air to everything: the cars glittered, and the buildings looked bright and clean. The "Celtic Twilight" is not just a colourful phrase -- it is a perfect description of the slight mistiness and dreamy quality of our muted Irish sunlight.

We went to the tree-lined park which separated the imposing line of tall buildings from the lake shore, and sat on the grass. I lay back and enjoyed the sunshine and admired the trees, colourful with little red crabapples. Ted and Owen were gay companions, and time flew. We sauntered round the fountain and watched the small boats which seemed almost to fill the harbour. I had never seen so many small craft together in my life, and it seemed a very enticing way of spending an afternoon. As we walked along, enjoying the cool breeze, we came upon a sign pasted on the concrete path. "Air-Conditioned by Westinghouse" it proclaimed proudly. They were doing a better job of it out here than in the public rooms of the hotel. Suddenly, it seemed, it was time to go back to dress for the banquet.

A pathetic sight awaited me when I got to our room. Walter was fast

asleep in bed; even in sleep his face bore a worried look. The dressing table was littered with sheets of paper with most of the words crossed out. He had been composing a speech and had finally given up and taken a tranquilliser tablet. I woke him up and showered and changed. We had fifteen minutes to get ready. Ethel came in to accompany us as previously arranged, and I envied her air of calm efficiency.

I, on the other hand, had about three sentences written down, and I kept wondering if I could manage to deliver them without a quaver coming into my voice. I was going to thank the Convention Committee for going to such a lot of trouble to make us feel at home by putting out of order the escalator which now only went up on the left-hand side; mention collecting the autographs on a sheet; and run the three wheel-shaped bagels from Avram up the rostrum and say that it was now a free-wheeling convention. When I actually got up there I was petrified and took Walter's advice, merely thanking everyone for giving me such a nice time. When I spoke to Bloch afterwards, he chided me for throwing away a golden opportunity: I could have spilled the dope on Walter. Or on him, I thought.

We next saw what was for me the highlight of the official program, maybe even of the entire four days — Bloch's lantern slides. There were two factions in the audience, monster fans and humour fans, and Bloch scored a triumph by being equally interesting to both parties.

We had been urged by Leslie Gerber not to miss the next item — Emsh's "Danse Chromatique" — so although we wanted to go up to the Shaw-Lupoff party we stayed, and found it worthwhile. Les has very good taste in many things, and though I'm glad to see that he is maturing into a fine young man, I am sorry that that peppy, bouncing personality is gradually mellowing. We will all lose something when Les finally grows up.

The Shaw-Lupoff party was our first opportunity of the convention to be in the company of most of our favourite people, all at once. We met Buck Coulson again, and as I know he doesn't read Convention or Trip Reports I can be as rude as I like about him. He and Juanita weren't at their best when we first met them — they were both sick — but now Buck had recovered somewhat, and, in spite of his views on fan writings, he turned out to be quite affable. I met Wrai Ballard and found him to be very charming. There were so many people to talk to, and I enjoyed myself so much, that I am annoyed with myself to find that I cannot remember much of it. It all resolved into a rosy blur — I got the gin but not the gen. I remember that Danny Curran attended the party in bare feet —

probably in the hope of making Walter and me feel at home. He spoiled the effect by kissing my hand as we were leaving, but it was a nice gesture all the same.

It was about five in the morning when we made our way back to our room and saw a very sad sight: there in the deserted lobby were three fans sitting with cups of tea. They brightened up when they saw us. Could we tell them where to find a party, they asked. We were sorry to have to tell them that the Shaw-Lupoff Party had broken up and we didn't know of any other. As we were talking, Betty Kujawa came through the lobby with Ethel, walking in a suspiciously purposeful manner. But they said they were going to bed. Don Studebaker and his two friends sank back into their former gloom as we said good-night.

Monday. 3rd September.

I think this was the morning I had a long conversation with Tucker, and found that behind the facade of the charming and witty pro and fan was...a charming and witty person. He confided that the one facet of his life that was perhaps less than perfect was the fact that his wife didn't understand fans.

We met Bloch again, and he invited us to lunch — our lunch, his breakfast. He told us that he had been at a dull meeting of tired old pros the previous night — he was getting too old to participate in the high-jinks of a fan-

nish party.

As we passed through the lobby, Bjo stopped us and kindly told us that this would be a good time to see Heinlein - the crowd in his room had thinned out. As Bjo's slightest word is a law unto all good fans, we obediently went on up to Heinlein's room. At the door, I backed away nervously; Heinlein was attired in his dressinggown, and we wondered if we were interrupting his rest. But he bade us welcome, gave us cigarettes, and apologised for not having got as far as Belfast on his trip to Ireland. He was altogether very charming. We were introduced to Jack Williamson - an awesome moment, and one which we treasured to relate to James White on our return to Belfast.

As Bloch really needed his first coffee of the day, we regretfully tore ourselves away, accompanied, for some reason, by Michael McQuown. Michael immediately assumed command of our party and stalked ahead of us into the coffee shop and asked masterfully for a table for four. Bloch turned his charm on me after I had forgotten myself for a moment and paid him a compliment. Fortunately, before I could succumb, Michael stepped boldly into the breach and enquired what Bloch thought of television. Bloch replied he never watched it, and turned again to me. But the spell was broken, and I was safe from his wiles. Before we left we arranged to visit Bloch at his home in Hollywood.

We had plans to see Chicago with Rosemary and Richard Hickey after the Convention, and then go on to Fond du Lac to visit the Grennells before making our way to Seattle, but unfortunately the company for which Dean worked changed his day off to Tuesday, so in order to visit the Grennells we had to leave for Fond du Lac today and come back to Chicago on Wednesday. So during the next few hours I tried to see as many people as I could, in order to say good-bye.

I asked as many people to sign autographs as I could, and later I found that I had asked Tucker to sign twice. He didn't say a word, but he must have wondered about it. I was flattered by being asked to sign for other people. Two young neofans, on seeing me sign some, approached diffidently. Was I an author? they asked. I tried to explain who I was, but they looked blank when I mentioned Walter Willis and fandom. Seeking to allay their disappointment, and pleased to find myself, a stranger and the recipient of so much kindness from American fans, in a position to render them a service, I told them I would find an author for them. Bob Silverberg came by and I asked him to come and sign some autographs. The two boys looked dubiously at this other young fellow. A look of delighted incredulity came over their faces as they read aloud the signature "Robert Silverberg." "Not the Robert Silverberg?!" they chorussed. "Heinlein is here as well," I said, "Would you like to get his autograph too?" They looked at each other and nodded vehemently. I told them the room number and they sped away, talking excitedly. It was one of the nicest moments of the Convention for me.

The Convention was still going on, and I watched enviously as people settled into little groups, with another evening ahead of them. My badge "London in '65" became a sort of talisman against despondency. To those whom I wouldn't be seeing again in America I said "See you in '65." But all wasn't gloom and despondency - we were now to visit one of the nicest couples in fandom.

TO BE CONTINUED

--- Madeleine Willis

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