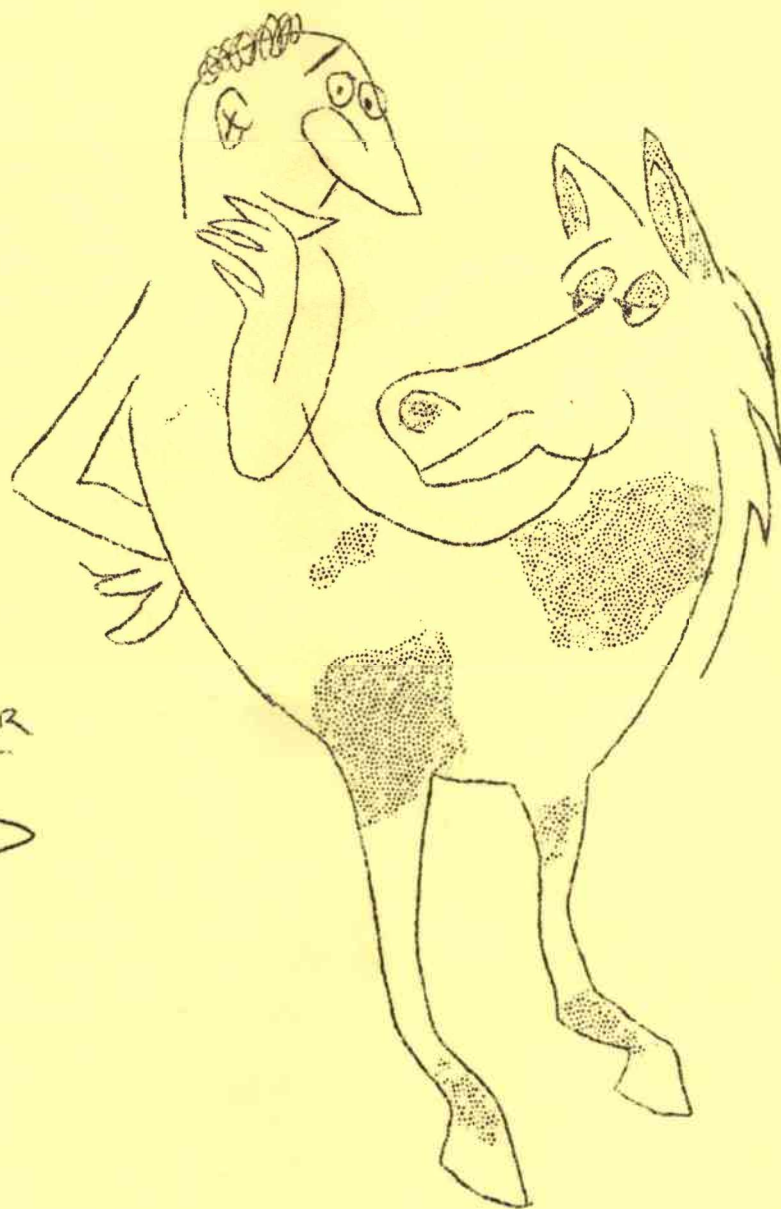
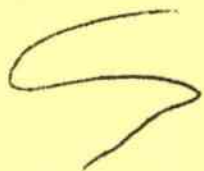


# TARGET:FAPA



CRAZY  
MIXED-UP  
CENTAUR



This is another issue of TARGET:FAPA, a fan magazine. It is published in the odd bits and scraps of time I have left over from work & class, which aren't numerous, chum. Operation Crifanac ~~CLXXX~~. Sociology Research Methods and Advanced Narrative Writing are just superficial explanations, you understand; the real reason for the lack of time is the efforts of the Attackers. As for attracting them,

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It's Eney's Fault  
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NO NOOSE IS GOOD NEWS I was amused and startled to find from Terry Carr, last time, that he didn't know about the Berkeley Bhoys being occasionally by-named "The Adolescent California Crowd" until he read about it in Fancyyclopedia II. (Now on sale, with corrections, for \$1.40; Additons & Corrections leaflet, 20¢. Plug.) Surely some of the other Bay Area fans must have run across the designation, even if it isn't the sort of thing you'd expect people to use as a salutation in letters to FANAC. I mean, the information must have been floating around, and it's just that Terry never happened to pick it up. As well as I remember, all the Bay Area gang were on good terms, so I hope it was pure accident that nobody in the know tipped Terry off. After all, I'd hate to think that they kept the news from him on purpose, because you realize this would mean that being a Berkeley fan is one of those things your best friends won't tell you about.

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Off-the-shoulder baby dresses are really too much  
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I WAS GOING TO SAY...To Caughran, that Hinduism isn't especially a national religion, since India, during history, has so rarely been unified. Zoroastrianism, on the other hand, was, back in the days when Persia was a Great Power. \*\* To Bill Danner that, good lord (if you'll forgive the expression, Bill), the Big Bang cannon isn't off the market. I saw several of them down at Corr's (a DC hobby-shop) when I was last there, about a month back, and Johnson Smith sells them by mail. At least, they're functionally the same as the device you describe, though now the larger model appears in camouflage brown and there's a smaller model on an antiaircraft mount. \*\* To Dan McPhail, that the redo of the primitive FAPA-bundle was particularly fine and deserves special praise.

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When SKYHOOK makes you drool / just like pastafazool / that's Crifanac...  
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SKIRMISHER WITH HELL Bill Evans was telling us last time that the sequel to Conan Doyle's The White Company was Sir Nigel, something that's true only in a limited sense...come to think of it, is there a word correctly describing a story which appears after another, but features the characters of the previous story at a time before the events the first story depicts? At any rate, Sir Nigel came out after The White Company, but its events take place twenty years earlier, when Sir Nigel is a mere tad. (Which, incidentally, occasions an amusing gaffe: Sir Nigel Loring was a real historical character, and served at Poitiers as Conan Doyle's character does...but he was a veteran commander on that occasion, while our hero isn't even a knight yet when he takes part in the brawl.) However...for we eventually get to the point of the title, you see...in Sir Nigel, there's a forecast of a second "sequel", a story covering the time be-



tween the second and first stories. (Are you with me?) It involved, from the hints, Nigel's joining a crusade against the Slavs and, at one point, finding himself in the hands of the Wends, about to be Sacrificed to their seven-headed idol Svantevitz. Does anybody know whether or not this was ever written, or ever appeared? Curiosity killed a cat, but it merely annoys me.

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When an eel is a heel/ with a jaw made of steel/ that's a moray... (as revised)  
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I WAS GOING TO SAY...To Terry Carr, just try getting blood by jabbing yourself in the wrist with a quill pen! I remember in an old Nelson Bond story they used a pretty gimmick: venipuncture with a syringe primed with anticoagulant. Afterward the needle was slipped off and a pen-nib fitted with a Luer Lock base stuck on the end of the syringe full of blood, for use like a fountain pen. I suppose everything must progress. Perhaps now they mix it with surgical lubricant to get a blood-writing ballpoint pen. \*\* To Phyllis Economou, Arv Underman is apparently real -- I've never seen him, but he published magazines that come with California cancellations on the stamps. Of course, so did Carl Brandon. \*\* To Sam Martinez, that the good old Methylene Blue joke was bettered one time by a sorority which had been victimized by it -- a fraternity had fed them Methylene Blue hidden in candy. Next year they reciprocated by feeding the frat men a delicious chocolate cake...iced with Ex-Lax...

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Domitius Caesar legatos FAPA violenter interfecit  
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HOLD YOUR BREATH AND COUNT TEN It gave me a slightly grim laugh to see Buck Coulson and Boyd Raeburn springing to their feet to assail socialism with all arms, especially when Buck trotted out the old gahdamm jazz about the Sheer Unworkability of Socialism being the main objection to it. In Boyd's case, I suppose the only way to undercut his standing as an Authority -- he having Been There and all -- is to ask him to show that every bit of the grief he records traces to the socialism of the Anzac governments. Going by what Churchill says of their WW II activities, their politicians are simply cases of galloping cretinism, and would be expected to louse up any situation they tried to run; the theoretical reasons for their actions being purely windowdressing.

In Buck's case the question is a little more pointed. Sheerly unworkable, my -- er -- foot! No scheme works by itself...and if you mean that it can't be operated as other types of government are, by people getting inside and making the appropriate wheels go around, then what do you think that outfit over on the Volga does to keep going? There are plenty of good arguments against Socialism, but the proposition that it just naturally won't work isn't one of them. Did feudalism "work"? Did laissez-faire? Come to think of it, does the FAPA Constitution?

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Geritol and Ironized Yeast for Tired Blood und Eisen.  
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THE HAGERSTOWN OF PENNSY FANDOM Despite a ruckle of distracting disasters, you may remember that I managed to deliver to the Pittcon a number of fans, including one Nancy Share, Girl Hermit of the Appalachians. (My, that do have a fine ring to it, don't it?) From her experiences there, she finds:



# CHICKEN SALAD AND BEER

## Don't Mix!!



GEE! I've been to a Sfcon!(My, isn't this a clever way to begin a conreport. Tsk, I shall leave all the clever typefans to cleverly begin their conreports. As for me -- I felt like a wild-eyed neofan & I'm afraid my conreport is going to sound like the goshwowboyoboy type report most news issue. Really and truly, this first con was a most goshwow event in my life & all you hardened old conattendees will just have to skip over these pages because I enjoyed my first con ; I thot every hectic, and sometimes frustrating & unbelievable event occurring from 10 am friday, sept 2nd, to 1 a.m. tuesday, sept 6th; the most wildly enjoyable and memorable events in my pallid, hermit life!) So without further ado I'll begin the telling of my tale. And the best place to begin of these 4 fabulous days is the arrival of Eney, the youngs and sarahlee thorp around 10 am friday. Twas a cool, sunny and perfect type autumn morning and after 20 minutes of trying to figure the best way to strap a wheel-chair and luggage on top of the Green Gallant Monster, Eney DID get it secured and after andy young posed us all for a photo, we piled into the Green Gallant Monster and thus began the eventful trip. Made more eventful right off the bat, by me giving wrong directions. We started gaily off towards Harrisburg when Eney had no intention of going thataway. (Gosh, I've only lived in this area for 20 years..how'm I supposed to know the routes etc??) At Northumberland, my mistake was corrected and we were headed for Pittsburgh. With the poor ole GGM valiently wheezing and shaking and struggling to haul 5 adults, one child and about 2600 lbs of luggage, mags, books, chair and my 50 lb purse(full of everything but money, of course) up some of the most mountainous regions of pennsy. It was real exciting...can you imagine the THRILLS one gets, climbing steep twisty mountain roads, going slower and slower and finally having to drift backwards back down the road to level ground so's pore ole GGM could cool off before tackling the mountain again? Once we even stopped in the middle of such a mountain to cool off the engine..and Jean spent this time happily hunting and examining rocks and picking juicy blackberries & me wot loves sunhot berries couldn't eat any due to having a tooth pulled tuesday evening & which the sulfa packing had fallen out of and which ached and throbbed and swelled up my face and made me feel Real Fine. Suuuuure it did!) Finally, at State College, ole GGM stalled right in the midst of town, on a steep street and started trickling away water. Eney drifted back under some shade trees lining the street, and while Sarah Lee slept in the front seat, and andy young slept in the back seat, and Jean and lil Sam walked around, and OEney looked real



indignant and ferocious and scowled at the motor, I sat and held my sore aching jaw and smacked. Heh, after all, little did these fans KNOW what they'd let themselves in for by letting ME come along with 'em! I had a weird effect on anything mechanical, just ask people who've known me any length of time. Lookit the results I got with my mimeo! Look how my writing-typewriter (as opposed to this stenciling-typewriter) always breaks down and loses keys and stuff! (See eney! don't you wish you'd thought of this sooner???). Sooo, knowing how any machine acts when I'm within 90 feet of it, I sat with my aching jaw, empty stomach (I'd gotten up at 6:30 am and had been too nervous and excited to eat and this was around 11 or 12 or 1 pm... somewhere around there) and sat there feeling Evisal and cackling mentally 'cause no one could figure out how come ole GGM was acting up. All the time the Trouble sat right in front of 'em. ME. Wal, to make a long, interesting story short, about 30 minutes later GGM had cooled off enough so that it'd start, and we started on our way again. Outside Ebensburg we ran into another mountain (how very inconsiderate of god to put so many mountains all in one place). Aga in we had to stop. For awhile. Then up the mountain we creaked and groaned and rattled and at Ebensburg old GGM groaned her last groan (everyone kindly bow their fannish heads and silently drop two tears for the sad demise of such a faithful old steed as OEney's GGM). Everyone piled out of the car, and since we were all hungry, decided to eat supper before figuring out a way to get the remaining 70-odd miles to Pitt. So we ate supper at the Dairy Dell, and while Jean, Andy, Sarah Lee & I waited on the sidewalk, Eney phoned for rescue and Sam went round and round us in some maypole game he'd just invented. Eney came back with the Good News that Bob Pavlat was on his way to rescue us and would reach us in about 2 hours. Back to the stranded-at-an-AAA-garage GGM. There, Andy and Samuel Young fell asleep in the front seat; Jean and Sarah Lee disappeared into the west; Eney disappeared into the east, and I sat outside by the back fender, smoking and watching street lights coming to life, cars passing, and people going to and fro and I had a lovely time. Twilight is My Time out of all the 24 hours in a day, and I have some nice twilight-type memories to remember of this particular twilight. Being stranded in a strange town was exciting; being with people I liked was exciting; feeling expectant and yet a little scared over realizing I'd soon be at my very first con... all these factors, added to the quietness of watching people going to and from their homes; cars and trucks passing and twilight approaching... all these add up to some nice type memories.

Then, Andy woke up and went westward; Eney came back and asked where Andy was, and took off up over the hill to the west to wait with Andy at the Dairy Dell for Bob to arrive. And I got tired and sleepy. I'd gone to bed Friday morning at 2 am and gotten up at 6:30 am and I was beginning to get kinda groggy from lack of sleep. So I got into the back seat of GGM to rest a bit, and in the process woke up tired little Samuel Allan. While I was trying to softly talk him back to sleep, and patting his rump (it works with my nieces and nephews, but Sam

X



was resolute! He was awake, and unhappy about it, and he intended to let me know it was all my fault!)..but Jean and Sarah Lee appeared from the west and I was rescued from trying to figure out how to get a tot back to sleep who refused to go back to sleep. Jean, Sarah Lee and I sat in the car, and in the midst of Jean and my comments on ESP, Big Beautiful Bob Pavlat arrived! We were rescued!

After some magical manipulation of luggage (which consisted of piling them on the floor in back, and the Youngs and Sarah Lee sitting like buddas on top) we were on our way to Pitt again. After a few cries of "Look! a car that can climb hills!" from Jean; and lots of talk about the stars that had appeared (yeahhhh, and young, that big bright star-like object is NOT Jupiter. Nyahhhh) we drove in quietness most of the time. The Youngs and Sarah Lee were half asleep in back; eney was nodding and dozing in the front seat (with a gigantic briefcase on his lap); I was half asleep, and Bob was deftly dodging holes in the tornup road. I'd been asking everyone if Harry Warner was really going to be at the Pittcon..I know Harry had told me he was going to try to get to the con, and I felt all sad and disillusioned when eney informed me what a wild idea it was. Then Bob told me Harry wasn't at the con..or hadn't arrived while he'd been there. After questioning Bob about who all had arrived we settled down to drowsy silence. I watched (the times my eyes didn't drift shut against my will) city lights approaching and after a couple hours I saw signs that I was once again in dear old Pittsburgh where I'd spent 4 years of my life during the middle 1940's. After all sorts of confusing streets we came to a tunnel..the longest and ONLY tunnel I'd ever been in and if I may tempt the ghods, the ONLY tunnel I'd EVER be in. Like, I've discovered tunnels bug me. They really do...and in my semiconscious state, the weirdness of being surrounded by almost deafening noise; the monotony of 4 walls, the seemingly endlessness of what I could see ahead, made me feel a bit disorientated (disoriented? foof..YOU spell it!). Anyway, I was glad, glad, GLAD when we finally got out of that tunnel. In a short time, we were pulling up at the Penn-Sheraton, and by 11:30 pm we'd all gotten rooms (I think...). I had, anyway. After washing my face and hands and changing my blouse, and as I was about to change my skirt, there came a soft knocking at my door. With trembling voice I called "Come in" and the door slowly opens and I look, and here is Bjo and E\*D\*CO! Oh joy! Can you imagine how I felt? Here was Bjo..all tired and yet, doll that she is, she came to say hello to a frightened, slightly unnerved-by-a-first-con me. Bjo is a lovely, filled-with-energy person who is absolutely charming. If I'd felt less wideyed and scared I'd have told her what a delightful person I thought she was (& think she is!), but as it is, in MY usual fashion all I could mumble was some idiotic thing or other. I dunno what I said but knowing me, I can be sure it was some dopey thing. Ah weel.

And Edco? Gee, Edco. How can I describe Edco, who is my very favorite, and one of the oldest fanfriends I have, person I met during those fabulous days. Gosh, it was worth the whole trip just to finally meet my kindly Uncle Edco (haw..so shoot me!).



Tho, Ed does have one rather weird habit...he rattles off all sorts of heathen propoganda about some crazy ghod called Yuggoth or Yuogoth or somesuch fake name like tha t. Boyyy, you haven't LIVED till you've spent 12 hours traveling with puns flying thick and fast around you, with a swollen jaw and empty stomach and highstrung nerves, and then be faced in a room alone with Edco as he suddenly begins spinning this wild yarn about yuggoth who is the supreme ghod or creator or wotever he is. Its real Wild to say the least.

For over an hour (or two?) Edco sat and talked and tried to calm my fears over the nonappearance of ole Roscoe's High Priest. A rt's plane was supposed to reach pgh by 10:30 pm that evening, and we'd had it all planned that he'd be there at the con to greet me. And here it was nearly 12:30 am saturday, and still no Arthur H. Rapp, SFC, FB, 1st msl bn, 40th artillery out of fort Bliss Texas. And Worrier Type that I am I chewed my nails and had all sorts of chaotic visions of Art being stranded somewhere hundreds of miles away. Scoo, I sat there, and smoked my way thru my third pack of Camels and mentally condemned all jet airliners and staunchly making up my mind I was gonna talk A rt into going back to Ft. Bliss by mule because I refused to worry like this.

Finally around 1 a.m. I felt positively pooped, and Edco tried to convince me it was stupid to try to stay awake till A rt did arrive. He convinced me. So I laid down, Edco threw a blanket over me, picked up the key and said he'd lock it (the door, ...oog, wot english!) from outside and toss the key back into the room, via the transom. Fine. The key came sailing over the transom, plunked onto the floor inside, and I started to doze off. Five minutes later the phone rings. Oh Joy! I thot It's Art come at last! It was Edco...seems Hal Shapiro had informed him that these hotel doors can't be unlocked from the inside if they've been locked from the outside and I'm to toss the key back over the transom and gallant Edco will unlock the door and let me relock it from inside. Egads, this was unbelievable! My first 2-3 hours at a con and already Wild Things were beginning to happen! I felt kinda hysterical and when Ed arrived outside my door and I tried to throw the key up over the transom, the dumb key wouldn't go over! I found out transoms aren't built for throwing stuff over them from inside a room. I tried and tried to toss that key over and it stubbornly refused to clear the edge of the transom ..maybe because I was laughing hysterically all the while. Who wouldn't laugh hysterically if they had visions of spending a con behind a locked door??? Wal, finally on the 7th toss, the key sailed majestically over the transom and plonked on the hallfloor outside and edco unlocked me from my prison. I felt so silly over the whole thing I wasn't sleepy anymore, so edco said he give me a copy of the SHAGGYs that had just arrived, to read. Off he went to collect the package, and before he returned in came OEncy, Jean, sarah lee, Bob Pavlat, Phyllis Economou, Buz and Elinor! What a joy it was to met Buz and Elinor and Phyllis for the first time!



Elinor is a very pretty blond, with a warm personality which isn't at all like the sometimes-ferocious one in Fenden..at least I think so anyway. Buz is....wal, Buz is Buz! A very nice person with the nicest, sexiest beard I've ever seen! Phyllis is a pretty brunette with a pleasant personality and charming voice. Jean is a doll...gee, I LIKE Jean Young. Bob Pavlat is a slender, dark, energetic type who looks like Robert Q Lewis. Eney? Gosh(in tones of awe..) Eney's 18 feet tall, red bearded, smokes little cigars and is built like a marine. He is also a real nice guy. Even if he did call Ignatz a RAT. I'm overlooking such a nasty remark because Eney can't help it..after all he's a heathen who hasn't yet seen the Ways of the true religion. Poor fellow: Whilst everyone sat around on the chairs and bed and floor, gabbing, and I sat and listened with unbelieving ears and eyes(like: my gosh, here I was..at the conhotel, sitting in a room with favorite type fans, listening to fan gab. It was unbelievable! All I could do was sit numbly, in unbelieving joy, and impress the scene on my fannish eyeballs and memory. Gee, it was nice!). Sometime during all the talk, Edco came back with the package of Shaggys and after opening it, gave us all one with stern demands that we were all to write letters of comment on the issue.

Around 2 am everyone left and I got ready for bed. Just before turning off the light, another knock on the door. This time it was sarah lee. Previously we'd decided to be real un-legal and since sarah lee had registered, we were going to cheat and save money by splitting the cost of the 8-dollar-a-day room I'd reserved. So, sarah lee somehow managed to get past the desk and we got away with it! Soooo, thusly ended my first couple hours at my first convention. To bed and to sleep, finally, at 4 am.

Only, by 7 am I was awake again, feeling all excited and anxious for the day to begin. Soo, I got up, bathed and dressed, ate a hardboiled egg( which I found in the soggy bag of sandwiches and eggs and bahanas I'd packed for the trip and which got carted all the way to pitt, untouched, tho the bananas were black from being ripened in the hot sun on the back window ledge of eney's car) and sat by the window overlooking mellon sq. park. People were coming and going, and I think I even detected some fan groups going out for an early breakfast. I called the desk to find out if Art had arrived. He had! Sooo, my day was beginning beautifully and I was all happy and eager and I waited. And waited. Geewhiz I waited till 9 am, and finally the phone rang! Art hadn't wanted to wake me any earlier since I'd gone to bed so late. Tsk, if I'd known Art was gonna be so darn considerate of me, I'd have phoned him when I got up at 7 am! Anyway, my husband-to-be had arrived so fely early(real early!) that morning, and was on his way up(oops..down! I forgot I was on the 7th floor and Art was on the 11th)& sure enuff, in a couple minutes Art came(while Sarah Lee, who was still sleepy, huddled under the blankets) & I got my special engagement ring, and we talked and talked and ate breakfast etcetc(don't get nosey!)& then we went up to the 17th floor to see who-all was about this early..and because I wanted to see the fanart exhibit soon as possible.



Hardly any fans were about when we reached the con floor & tho my memory's a bit hazy this evening (tis sept 24th now and I didn't keep any notes at all during the con, and the few notes I'm using for this report were written down during the week after I got home from pgh sooooo, events are gonna be a bit mixed up from hereon...)..anyway, sometime and somewhere between the time Art and I got out of the elevator and made our way to the Monongahela room where the fanart exhibit was held, we met Walter Breen( who was a delightful surprise since I expected some kind of Wild Nut, and Water is, instead, a very fascinating person); Jean Bogert, Wally Weber( who is real tall & rather quiet, and always working. Gee, Wally Weber, didn't you do anything besides WORK at the con!? ?), Janie Lamb, Alma Hill, Ralph Holland, Norm Metcalf(who is another real nice type person, with a quiet voice, and the sleepest, sexiest, downward slanting eyes!); and Big Hearted Howard himself! Gollies; what a surprise BHH is...instead of being 2 ft tall, 8 ft wide, with hooves and horns and green speckled skin, BHH turns out to be a good-looking, normal type person who's always trying to sell you stuff. I KNOW I met other fans during this time, but I'll be hanged if I can recall who-all I did meet at this particular time. Anyway, on to the fanart exhibit, which was tremendous. In my opinion this first fanart exhibit was a resounding success and Bjo and the artists and behind-the-scenes-workers are to be heartily congratulated for the splendid showing. I spent over an hour in the exhibit room..and enjoyed it so much I also spent another hour or so looking at the exhibits again that evening. During our tour around the room, I met Hal Shapiro DB & not once did Hal utter his favorite 4-letter word! Hal, I like. He's real nice too, and he gave me a FREE copy of the Misfits Song book! Geeeeece....

After the exhibit-tour, Art and I sat in the hall outside the Monongahela room waiting for the con to come alive. Fans were beginning to slowly trickle onto the con floor from elevators and Norm Metcalf reappeared, sat down with us and chatted about all sorts of things. Walter Breen reappeared and we all had to sign the stencil full of signatures he was collecting for the next issue of Tesseract.

Then on to the display room, which was filled with all sorts of zines and mags and pocketbooks and books and illos. Come to think of it, I think it was here that I met BHH for the first time. Let's see...what happened next? I think we went back out in the hall again and waited for the con to begin, and while sitting in the hall near the registration desk who should appear in bermuda shorts but ole Teddybear himself! Yes..truly I met teddybear Sims and we shook hands and told each other we weren't really maaaad. Let's see...here's when/where I met most of the michifon present...Fred Prophet and one of the Brodericks and Mable Sims and I forget who-all else. Nice people; All! It was sometime during this hour that I met Earl Kemp, and discovered what a perfectly charming..and shy!...person he is. Tsk, Earl....how can I feud with you over the Frigid Faction when you insist on being such a fine type person and one of my favorite type people? It's not fair!

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I disremember what time the con opened, but we were there and I saw all kinds of famous type faans. Buz and elinor sat next to Art and me; Edco sat behind us and around the room I could see the Youngs and sarah Lee, joy clark, Phyllis Economou and others; bought tickets to the Lord of the Ring raffle, listened to the fan introductions etc, and then we left because I was getting hungry. Art, Edco and I went down to Art's room for a gab fest and some beer, and Art showed us some of the stencils for the october SPACEWARP; then unrolled a 25 ft roll of paper (telemetry? SOMEkind of word like that, anyway) which he'd brought along to raise money for TAFF(I think..) by making it a LOOOONG letter to London fen from the Pittcon, by seeling inches and feet of it for messages, but when he unpacked it he'd lost all the eagerbeaverness and decided it was too much trouble, so he gave it to me to scribble on. Sitting by the window, drinking icy cold beer, feeling the afternoon heat coming thru the open window, I sat sideways by the window; had the 25ft rool of paper on the window ledge, and with Magic Markers tried to draw nudes. You ever tried drawing nudes, sitting sideways, with an empty stomach that's slowly being filled with bheer? No wonder those two nudes I tried to draw looked odd. Real odd. Its a good thing I didn't carry thru the wild plan I was half-serious about...drawing a 25 ft nude and draping it out the window. Owell... Things To Do At a future con...if I can remember, and if I can get beerfilled enuff so I don't lose my courage. (I'm kidding!! Honest, Buz and Elinor..I won't do any such thing at the seattlecon! Honest...) Let's see...afterwards Ed, Art and I went down to 756(I think) to sit in on the Misfits gleeclub practice. After 20 minutes or so we had to leave 'cause I was getting lightheaded from the beer and no food and the sardine-like packed togetherness. While Ed was still practicing with the gleeclub, and while Art went to change, I dressed for the Masquarade Ball & movies & saps pa rty which were to be held later that evening. By the time I was dressed, Art and Ed came back and began phoneing beer distributors in an effort to get a case or two of beer. Only none were open. And after dialing a couple bars and taverns in a futile attempt to locate cases of beer, Art and Edco decided to go get a bunch of 6packs. While all this was going on there occured the weirdest thing...in thru my opened window softly drifts heavenly voices...a choir! At a stfcon! Is anything more unbelievable? For awhile there I thot I'd really gone Waaay Out and was in some kind of fannish heaven..but when Art and Ed assured me they heard it too, I got calmer. Gee, tho..that was really weird. Finally we were ready and so on to the Ball where costumed fans were milling and talking and I sat by wally weber next to the stage while Ed and Art went for the beer and a couple sandwiches for me(I was HUNGRY! I'm always hungry!) Here, I met one of the old HodgePodge contributors and friends, Jim Harmon. What a delight it was to talk to Jim Harmon face to face after knowing him only thru letters and zines and articles all those years. Gosh, it was lovely. Let's see...during this part of the evening I met Ted Johnstone & Ron Ellik(or was it later??) & Ed Wood(I think..) and others(only I forget who-all! Grrr, wot a memory!) & watched the judging of the costumes; thot Bjo's green unicorn costume with the unicorn tail that matched her pony tail real chic; saw OEney eagerly grab his tapemeasure once or twice; then Art and



Ed returned and I gobbled down a chickensalad sandwich(I offered wally some but he was a member of the gleeclub and said it'd spoil his singing voice) and felt more socially-secure 'cause I didn't have to wonder if anyone could hear the odd growling noises my empty stomach had been making up till then. After the judging, the misfits (and assorted honorary members) gave forth with their renditions and Art and I sat out in the hall outside the Ballroom listening. Sounded pretty good..tho one guy got louder and louder and eventually drowned out all the other voices. Here,I met more fans for the first time..Bruce Pelz! He handed me a..wot? plonker?? and fool that I am,I took it. Only I aimed it in a dangerous manner and Bruce told me about it and I gave him back his dumb old thing. Round about this time I also met Harlan Ellison. This was one of the big shocks of the convention,for me.All these years I'd read and heard tales about Harlan and I expected to see some kind of loud,nasty ogre. Harlan Ellison,instead, turned out to be a very charming person.Rather short, dark,handsome,and extremely fascinating. I LIKE HARLAN ELLISON!(Come to think of it,with the possible exception of one or two really obnoxious types,I liked every fan I met during those 4 days.fans are the nicest type people,ever.) Then, we went on to the movies..the crowd wasn't all there,so we were entertained by Harlan and garrett&some of the audience till the movies were ready. The first one was okay ..rather like the stf fare on tv. But the Mesquite Kid was like tremendous! Real crazy and good and Ted Johnstone's cowboy-movie-type rendition of the theme song was real zorch. After the movie we went down to the fifth floor and the SAPS party. Tsk,don't ask me to relate most of the events and talk and scenes that covered this part of the evening,'Cause I can't remember! I dunno who-all was there,but besides Jim Harmon and the youngs and sarah lee and others, SAPS present were: Art,Ed, Jim O'Neara,Earl ,BHH, Wally,O'Neay,A L Lewis,Robert Lee and me. And others,only I disremember exactly who! I did see walter breen come in ,and LesGerber too I believe. And who was the fellow sitting on the floor by you EdCo, who was talking about PSYCHO?? Beer was flowing;talk was pouring all around me,and tho I did talk a bit,I mostly listened. It is thee most wildeyed thing in the world for a neoconattende like I was,to sit and listen to SAPS talk and drink roscoe's brew and tryto prop my eyes open. This lasted till around 4:30 a.m. sunday morning,when I got so sleepy I couldn't stay awake any longer,so I left. I hear tell,tho, that the party went on till close to 5:30 or 6 a.m.

Sunday,sept 4th was a BLACK DAY. I was so sick and miserable I coulda turned over and died without blinking an eyelid.Oooog,what a horrible thing it was to wake up feeling so miserable. I dunno if it was the pittsburgh water I'd consumed saturday evening before the Ball(I'm not used to city water..we have well water here at home and I get deathly ill every time I drink chemicled water) or drinking so much beer on an empty stomach.Wal,almost empty stomach. I'd been too excited to eat much all day,and after eating that chickensalad sandwich around 11:30 pm and drinking beer from then till nearly 4:30 am,is enuff to make anyone not used to so much excitement,feel kida weird. Anyway,I wouldn't get up at all on

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sunday morning, even tho Art phoned and said I was missing part of the program and all. Ooog, who felt like even breathing? Not me, that's for certain. Around noon Art tried to waken me again. This time I woke up enuff to insist I was dead or very near it. He insisted it was from lack of food (I'm on a diet and was on a strict one during the con) and said he was gonna make me eat. Sooo, about 15 minutes later he appeared with a milk shake and made me drink it. It tasted good..and I felt a bit better, only I stubbornly insisted I wasn't awake yet and wouldn't be till I had more sleep. And I won! I went right back to sleep and next thing I knew it was about 4 pm. I felt better..tho still groggy and shaky and in no mood to face anyone, but Art Rapp is as stubborn as me (Boy, are WE gonna have fun next year seeing which one is the MOST stubborn!) and he insisted I'd feel better as soon as I got up and around and back on the convention floor. Wal, I gave in; got bathed and dressed and soon Art came and we went to the 17th floor again, and if I could've dragged my unwilling feet I would've drug loooong furrows into that inch thick carpet on the floors. Boy, I was in a mean mood! Only it didn't last long...Art was right. Soon as I got out of the elevator I met Phil Castora and started talking and gabbed and gabbed and we all went to the fanart exhibit again. Edco appeared too, and while Phil and I made the rounds of the artwork, and compared favorites and Phil told me why the woman's face on the one entry (I forget which painting and which artist's work it was) looked so familiar; Ed and Art were perched up on the high double window ledges getting photos thru the windows of Pgh at night...with lightning bouncing across the hills (was a thunder and lightning and rain storm earlier that evening) and I was admiring a mask of gmc on one of the display tables & Art took photos of our favorites paintings & my headache and nausea slowly disappeared. Phil, Ed, Art and I went past the Ballroom to see if the banquet was over yet so's we could watch the hugo awards and listen to James Blish and eric bentcliff speak. The banquet was still on, so we all went into the Skyroom and sat by the big broad windows and looked at pittsburgh ablaze at night and Phil brought me up to date on pgh and showed me where squirrel hill was and all the old familiar places I'd been so happy and sad in years and years ago. This is another very nice memory of the con. Then, on to the banquet room and the awards and speeches and we sat..WOW..right behind a table filled round about with proauthors...like silverberg, garrett, heinlein (haw..if you think I forget fan names..I also forget what other pros were present at the table! ) By 11:30 I was feeling half ill again and groggy, so I took a couple aspirins and went to bed early. Fell asleep while listening to music from the radio and was awakened a couple hours later by someone knocking on the door and a voice beseechingly asking "joanie? Joanie honey let me in...". After deciding I very definately was NOT joanie I let him knock at the door and wail out his woe till he got tired and left, and I turned off the radio and the bed lamp and went back to sleep.

Monday dawned bright and sunny and I woke up feeling f\*i\*n\*e again. Hungry, too! By the time I'd gotten dressed, Art came and



we had breakfast together, then on to the 17th floor again to see if we could find a ride home for me since GGM was looong gone. First place we stopped was in the NFFF rooms:.. and I met J. Art Hayes again, and Ralph Holland and Belle Dietz, and others. Edco and Phil appeared too and boyyyy, did edco balk when I asked him to do one simple tiny favor for me. Just a simple little thing. like letting me pin one of the n3f blue ribbons on him and have Art take a photo of the event. Gee, how can such a gentle voiced nice person like edco get so NASTY! It was just a simple little request. He refused. And refused. And refused. And Phil? Haw, Art and I now have a photo of one Phil Castora wearing a huge white sign with blue letters proudly proclaiming him to be a NFFF MEMBER (tho Alma, who'd written it and pinned it on Phil's sleeve, did stick a tiny X in between NFFFaand MEMBER)..and some day when I feel especially nasty I'm going to have that photo blown up and used as a cover and I'll circulate it thruout SAPSdom! Er..unless you hurry up and bribe me real quick like, Phil. Hurry! Let's see..then what happened? Oh yeah..Phil and Ed ran for their lives when it was announced a business meeting of n3f was called, but Art and I attended it. Was very interesting, and n3fers are nice type peoples. Especially Janie Lamb and Ralph Holland. Ralph was nearly as concerned as we were over trying to find me a way back home, and he suggested possibilities and then said that if nothing worked out to let him know and he'd make a special extra trip and get me home. Is this pretty wonderful or is it!

Afterwards, Art and I went to hear the fanzine panel. Ed Wood, bless his heart was also concerned over our plight and suggested that maybe the best way to get me a ride would be to make an announcement after the fanzine panel as over and the auction about to begin. Which is exactly what he did. And whilst Art was out madly telephoning for a rented chair for me (Mine is like patched together and loveabobble ole Eney had generously offered months ago to save me extra dough by borrowing a chair from the hospital for me so I wouldn't have to rent one to use at the con; and since eney had to leave for home by bus early monday afternoon, and had to take the chair back with him, we were madly trying to do two things at once: get a ride home and also a chair to use after eney had to depart. Boyyyy, wot a hectic time!) So, while Art was trying to find a place open on the holiday that's rent me a chair for the day, I sat by the auction room waiting for results from the announcement, and talked with Phil and Bruce and others..said hi to Ron Ellik as he passed; said hello to Joni Corelli(sp?); and then Jeannie Young came and asked if I'd gotten a ride home, and if not, she'd give up her place in one of the cars and catch a ride with another friend. She called the friend (I forget who); he/she wasn't in, and so Jean went in search of him or her to see if I could go in her place. No sooner had Jean left then Ed Wood appeared and said someone had offered me a ride right after the announcement and I met Joe Green; made arrangements for the ride and then went in search of Jean to tell her All Was Right. Only I couldn't find her! Sooo, as I sat talking in the hall to edco and Bruce and Sylvia (white? A lovely little blond...I disremember her last name, tho I think it was white), Jeannie reappeared with some fellow and I told her of the ride I'd made arrangements for and we all



sat and talked some more; Bruce sang some song, and I dunno what it was or what the conversation was about because I was as nervous and distracted as I could be. The Greens were leaving for Virginia and home right after the auction; I had all my packing yet to do; I had to find Art and tell him to never mind renting the chair; pay my hotel bill and be ready to leave in about an hour. I couldn't find Art; I went to my room and threw everything into my bags helter-skelter, and then Eney arrived to pick up the chair; Art arrived and had managed to find a chair I could use to get to the car (the hotel keeps one for emergencies) and then Joe Green called and said he and Juanita were ready to leave. So, feeling terribly sad and not really wanting to go home and wishing the con were just beginning instead of ending, I went down to the desk with Art; checked out and waited with Art and Juanita while Joe went to the garage to get the car. A group of fans passed by around this time, and Art tells me that Les Gerber stopped and spoke to me for awhile but honestly, I don't recall it! I don't recall anyone talking to me during this time and all I can remember is feeling like I was going to make a darn fool of myself by bawling. It was a terrible feeling of sheer sadness...sadness because I hadn't been able to talk more with Buz and Elinor; Walter Breen; Ted Johnstone; Bruce; Phyllis and all the other wonderful people I'd met; And the greatest sadness of all was realizing these were the last moments Art and I would have together until that eternity of 8 months ahead when our wedding will take place. It is a horrible feeling of sadness.

Tsk, and to get real unromantic and flippant (and I'm not being flippant, really)...I was hungry! I hadn't eaten anything since breakfast, and I had the prospect of a long, tiring trip ahead of me, and I didn't know if the Greens had eaten supper or not. So it turns out they hadn't and we could stop at a diner along the way home. Joe's car wasn't available right away...the battery had run down after being unused for so many days. So, a wait of an hour. Art, Juanita and I stood out near the hotel delivery entrance and talked and waited, and finally Joe arrived; I got into the car, and after farewells, we were on our way.

Or so we thought. Egads, I'm sure I'm a hex on cars NOW, 'Cause about 10 minutes out of pgh Joe's radiator began steaming; the motor got hot, and we had to stop and cool it off. At a diner where we all were grotched over the high prices and lousiest food ever imagined. Then, after eating, we started out again. Joe stopped and got the radiator filled. Only by the time we reached Blairsville Joe decided we'd never get home unless he had the radiator checked. And on Labor Day there aren't many...if any...garages open or willing to accept rush repair work. However, at the first garage we stopped at, the mechanics were real friendly and told Joe that they couldn't fix it, but gave him the name and directions-to-get-to a man who specializes in radiator repair. We found the man's home and his workshop (under a hill-type garage, and godbless nice radiator repair men! The fellow had company but after finding out we needed help he looked at the radiator; said it had to be fixed by being replaced, and sold Joe a reconditioned one. At a very inexpensive price too. And during the hour and half-two hours spent fixing and installing and checking the radiator, Joe and the



fellow discovered they both had lived in the same town..the Greens still live there(Hampton,Va) and the repairman had lived their while he was in the service. Juanita, who looks like Liz Taylor..only more lovely,I think,because of her warm,delightful personality,kept me entertained by telling me about her life and son and daughter and of Shelby and Suzy Vick..and of all the beautiful places and things she'd seen during the years while she and Joe traveled in the course of his job(He works for Boeing and is an engineer)..one fact I'd never known,that Juanita told me about was that the sculpture of The Hand of God has(which is never shown in photos of this masterpiece that I've seen), nestled within its palm, the figures of 2 lovers. Someday I'm going to visit the NY museum and see this masterpiece..I've made a promise to myself! We'd left pgh at 6:20 pm;and by the time the car was fixed and we were headed for home,it was totally dark.What really croggled me was that we took the same route home that Eney had taken to Pitt! I thot those couple stretches of dug-up highways were familiar..and by the time we reached ebensburg I knew what lay ahead...MOUNTAINS,mountains,mountains! As we passed thru ebensburg I saw the pore ole Green Gallant Monster ...there,at the AAA garage,in all its dimmed gh glory was the green gallant monster and I bowed my head and said a silent fannish prayer as it passed from my sight for the last time.

And,except for a very delightful time listening to Juanita tell me about Shelby(gee. do you know that shelby once bought 14¢ worth of gas for his car?);all of us mentioning oldtime fan na mes and remembering such people as Max Keasler and Ian MacCauley(Joe used to do poetry for Confusion) and Vernon McCain and LeeH and Hank Burwell;and Joe and me agreeing that we don't particularly like Heinlein works because there's no emotion in the stories..only the cold intellect; remembering the old movie with Lionel Barrymore called Voodoo Doll(or somesuch) which was ma de of Merritt's Burn Witch Burn...all these lovely memories added up and are forever locked within my memory banks. By 1:15 am. sept 6th we pulled up at my front door; I got out,and Joe and Juanita had to hurry home because Joe had to be at work by 8 am and Juanita had to enroll Merritt and Rosemarie in school that morning.

Thus began and ended my very first convention.A most exciting and happy and memorable time in my whole life. I met fans I'd heard about for years; fans I'd written to and grown to love as good friends;fans and pros who had been my idols for all my fannish years. These were 4 fabulous,joyful and always-to-be-remembered days of my life thus far. I wouldn't have missed them for anything in this world. The frustrations and hectic activities and grogginess and loss of sleep and even the sadness of leaving were worth every penny,every plan,and every hour ...and if it hadn't been for Art(who talked me into going) and Eney(who kindly offered to get me to pitt,and who is a doll and a friend indeed, and Joe and Juanita Green(who cured all my worries by offering to detour out of their way to get me home..bless them!) and Ed Wood and EdCo and Phil and bruce and Bjo&Earl and Jim O'Neara and Jim Harmon and Phyllis and Buz and Elinor..and all the other fine wonderful fans who made those 4 days such a memorable event in my heretofore less exciting life. I had a lovely time! And

next year, Art and I hope to see you all at Seattle. Perhaps then I'll have a chance to talk longer with all the people I'd have liked to have spent more time with this year.

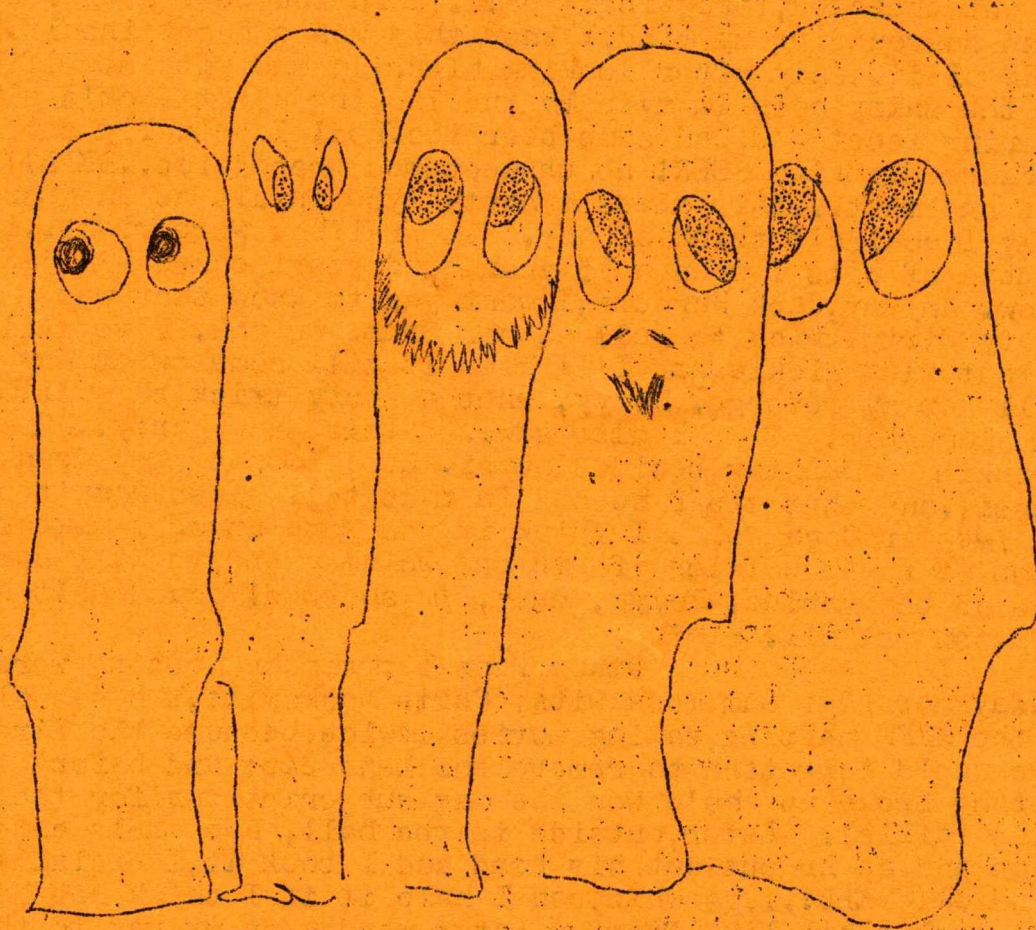
Gee, I had a lovely time!

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Sept 25th;; OYI, wot a memory I have! I've noticed that I 'd forgotten to mention that I met Lynn Hickman and also Jack H arness! Jack was at the SAPS party and did a very ungentlemanly thing. Curse you blackhearted Jack! He came up to me, at the party, held out his hand and handed me a toy coin ..a silvery toy nickle and said something like: "I always thot Ignatz wasn't worth a plug nickle. I've changed my mind..Ignatz IS worth a plug nickle. Here." and dropped this toy nickle into my outstretched, (trusting!) palm. Thru the beer beclouded haze surrounding my mind, I knew this was a nasty insult. I was SURE of it..only after looking blearily and with stupification at the shiny coin in my palm and looking up at Jack's slyly leering face (He'd had some beer too. Yes! I actually saw Jack Harness drinking BEER! no unsweetened grapejuice..BEER!) I sat and thot...this needs a nasty type insult as an answer. Only I couldn't think of any. See Wrai? You were right..in a battle of wits I need a 35 year head start cause I'm REA L slow. Anyway, Jack Harness, I want you to know that was a mean nasty dirty trick to pull on me. Shame on you. I've still got that plug nickle and I'll keep it till some sweet day when I'll get my revenge. Boyyy, what a nasty trick to pull! Mumble mumble. \*\*\* I also saw..at this same party..Oney drinking something besides pepsi. Gee, I thot Eney drank only pepsi..and that stuff he had in that tall glass wasn't pepsi. Or 7-Up or Coca Cola. I think it was some ungodly mixture of some of those bottles of gin and whiskey and vodka I saw on one of the tables. Boyyy, eney, I'm shocked! You didn't have a pepsi at all. \* \*\*

Other fans I remember meeting were:  
Monday morning: Sam Moskowitz; Chris Moskowitz, who was also at the NFFF meeting, taking movies..twice, because the first time she'd forgotten to remove the lens cap; and before the meeting broke up she'd won the mag subscriptions (for the door prize raffle). Later, outside in the hall, Bob Madle came up to me and as he put out his hand and I took it, I exclaimed "DEAN GRENNELL!...geewhiz, can I help it if I think Bob Madle does look a bit like DEan? # Later monday, on my way to the elevator to go pack my belongings, Bob Pavlat appeared to say goodbye, and the shame of me life!..I couldn't recall for sure if he was Bob Pavlat and I had to look at his name card. Oyi, such shame on me! I'd been meeting so many fans since friday I'd been getting less positive all the time that I'd be able to recollect each and every face. Wal, I thot it was Bob, but just to be certain, I sneaked a look at his name card.





# IMPRESSIONS

SOME FANS ARE TALL + THIN... SOME FANS  
ARE TALL AND ...

Magnus, Steward, Caughran, Ency, Donaho



A BLOODY WAR OR A SICKLY SEIZIN' (2) I was, you understand, relying on Phyllis Economou's ladylike instincts when I assumed that she must be indignant to exclaim "Oh, Foosh, Eney!" right out in the public prints...indeed, despite her reassurances, I'm still uneasily sure that deep down inside, where it counts, she is Irritated At Me. Well, there's not much point in pursuing this particular rabbit -- having just tried to run a similar one down in The Cult, where we were kicking around Dirty Militarism and the ethics of Ted White Dodging the Draft (rumble of thunder offstage), I can't see trying to argue with Phyllis about wars being somehow "crimes". I merely point out that the fact that (as you mention, Phyllis) nobody's ever been able to satisfactorily pin down the guilt for these events is possibly because there is no guilt. People bear guilt for crimes; they only bear responsibility for actions. If both sides are willing to put matters to a decision of blood -- and isn't the fundamental objection, still, to shedding one's own precious gore? -- or if one side has cause and the other, by implication, provides it, I wouldn't buy the idea that responsibility for any given part of the bloodshed equals guilt. Wars are started, fought, and profited from by humanity; as Churchill remarks, the least they can do is play out the hand and accept the consequences just as they accept the preliminaries and the event.

That's just general grotching, I guess, directed not at Phyllis (I wouldn't dare!) but humanity in general; I don't think it subtends any disagreement as basic as my rejection of Caughran's notion that motive does not suffice to distinguish murder from other forms of killing. Or, indeed, the idea that GIs kill GIs because they "feel loyalty to their country, and think shooting the opposing soldier will advance its cause". Of course, if it comes to him getting all dewy-eyed and proclaiming that All Killing is Murder while I get all flinty-eyed and proclaim that All Murder is Killing, we talk in a vacuum; but in FAPA one assumes that words have their proper meanings, to be played with only within limits and for cause. Barring the occasional chap with an overdose of war movies, soldiers shoot at the enemy to keep themselves and friends from being shot/ back at; a motive which is self-preservation or esprit de corps (next cousin to self-preservation) at worst, certainly nothing so abstract as patriotism. And avoiding some positive evil is hardly what most people have in mind when they talk about "acting for personal advantage", Jim. Death is an evil than which almost nothing is more positive; and even if you think it's sinful to inflict it, what if the alternative (as I remarked originally) is to allow somebody else to use you as the means of getting himself into mortal sin? After all, we must avoid putting others in temptation. Yes, Eney, and we must avoid this sort of silly quibbling, no matter if we are provoked, mustn't we? Indeed we must. So knock it off, Dick, before you ask in snarly tones what the hell else but motive would distinguish between murder and other forms of killing, indeed and forsooth?

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An aereation of fans.  
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I WAS GOING TO SAY...to Bill Danner, that you can't draw and quarter somebody and then hang them up by the. Quartering means just that -- hacking the corpse in four pieces -- and there aren't four of those others, after all. \*\* To Ron Ellik, that I'll gladly list the cons if he'll volunteer his services in tracking them down... \*\* To Marion, that Druid-treoubles would probably place Norma in Central Gaul...tsk, I guess Paris was the spot for wimmen-treoubles even then!...what with the Teutons in Belgica and Aquitanians in Iberia.



It is the First Law (for those of you who remember my saying this before, I should explain that the First Law has a vary large number of clauses and amendments) that every convention shall be followed by a conreport. After losing my car & having to get a new one and otherwise hitting myself in the head for somewhere t'other side of \$800, (~~4~~300, I should say, for the British audience), I somehow-found myself unable to write light merry squibs about the joys of convention-going, though I enjoyed the Pittcon -- as distinguished from its grisly prelude & aftermath -- uncommonly well.

However, just before the convention there arrived in Washington no less a wight -- if Doc Smith will forgive my cribbing his line -- than George Scithers, the invincibly numerous editor of AMRA. And here he is, with additions by friend Larry Breed, to tell the story of...

## *A Conaniac at the* PITTCON

We -- Larry Breed, the Packard, a trunk full of AMRAs, and I -- set out for Pittsburgh at about 5:00 AM the morning of the Saturday before Labor Day weekend. All in all, we had quite a trip.

Our first excitement was about 30 miles from Pittsburgh, when the Packard started to click at us. We decided that it was a rod bearing, and continued on our way at a maximum of 40 miles per (faster whilst coasting ~~/in neutral/~~ down hills, slower when we were forced to go up hills in a lower gear than high.) When we got to the convention, we found that Dick Eney had suffered the same catastrophe...or rather his car had. ~~/Not exactly; I had burned out the main bearing & got the crankshaft bent./~~ On the way back, we joined forces; Dick, Jean Young, and baby Sam Young rode back with us in the Packard -- all 250 miles, with me worrying about that dratted rod every revolution the motor turned. As a matter of fact, things finally did get worst -- the car suddenly got to clanking, instead of clicking, and we stopped the motor and arranged for a tow the rest of the way home. However, since this happened about two miles inside the District ~~/of Columbia/~~ line, and since I was able to coast the rest of the way into Georgetown ~~/west end of Washington,~~ strangers ~~/the tow wasn't far -- just across the river into Arlington.~~ The Packard is still sitting in the driveway -- I'm having to wait a month or so to get it fixed, and am depending on the good old Jeepster in the meantime.

But we're way ahead of the story.

At Pittsburgh we arrived in time to miss the Auction Bloch (or most of it), got registered, and set up the display for AMRA on a table in the huckstering room. The display itself was very effective: three panels, each with a selection of original artwork for past AMRAs pasted up on it (actually three boards, about 10 by 30 inches each, set up vertically in an open trunk.) ~~/But the artwork FANAC recognizes as "some of the finest published in fandom" doesn't need a very pre-~~tentious background...~~/~~ We, Larry and I, manned the table whenever the huckstering room was open, which was roughly an hour or so at lunch, a couple of hours at supper, and a few long breaks in the program. We (mostly Larry) collected the ~~about~~ analoging total of \$40.20 for AMRAs and memberships ~~/in the Hyborian Legion,~~ the organization of Conan Fandom~~/~~, 40¢ for YANDROs, and \$9.75 for illos from the display board that we really didn't try to sell at all. Even got a subscription



from Larry Shaw of the late, lamented Infinity Science Fiction. Whee! And, to make matters even better, one of the Pittcommittee told us -- unofficially, very unofficially -- that AMRA didn't do at all badly in the nomination balloting.

Hal Clement gave a talk on "Interstellar Stage-Setting", as sound as one expects his work to be; it's covered by the pamphlet SOME NOTES ON XI BOOTIS, which Earl Kemp (Advent: Publishers...this is a genuine p\*1\*u\*g) has printed.

The costume ball was, of course, superb, though I had a disturbing feeling that there were fewer costumes than in the past. Among the best was Ed Curtis' family, the "Five Senses of Science Fiction", who added a witty touch by passing out prophecies and geasa ("Uncle Wiggly meets Bertha Bouncer and has to go back three spaces"). Bjo, George Heap, and others won prizes, all well deserved. Larry says it wasn't the same without Karen, however.

The judges wanted to give Sylvia White an irregular award for what costume she wore, but when I suggested to Doc Barrett that we recognize hers as The Costume Most Deserving of Fuller Coverage he gave me a pained look. Fandom is paved with lost wisecracks.

After the ball, various fannish variety acts were put on in one room; Garrett, Ellison, and Asimov put on an impromptu show in another, and later on some films were shown, including Ron Ellick in the Musquite Kid. I didn't see the films, since I was guarding Project Art Show for the Ron, who wanted to see himself in the movie.

Larry Breed writing here: Ron, I think, carried off the honors for the best (or at least straight-facedest) acting in the Kid. He makes an excellent hero. The story itself, if you haven't seen it, is a faannish lampoon of the stock good-guy-rides-into-town-and-shoots-bad-guy-with-help-of-local-inhabitants type horse-opera. All very well done, but the high point of the movies was Bill Rotsler's very short stop-motion color piece, Rock Fight. That was magnificent and well worth getting a copy of. There was also a showing of a near-pro stfilm by Raven Productions. This was OK, except for the shattering distorted-sinewave musical background; the plot was certainly better than most. No Mad Scientists or Beautiful Daughters, thank ghod.

Sunday morning Crafty Lynn Hickman worked a neat ploy on the attendees by setting up to collate his Tenth Annish of JD-Argassy in the hall between the elevators and the convention meeting-rooms, and corralled a batch of innocent bypassers to help assemble it. Down the way a piece Ted Johnstone, with Bruce Pelz assisting, was holding a meeting at which the Fellowship of the Ring actually did get off the ground with interested members and a fine first issue of the OO, I PALANTIR. This was the day for successful program-features.

The panel, "Who Killed Science Fiction?" was a bit of a disappointment as far as its supposed purpose went, though Avram Davidson spoke very well and the others were lively. Trouble was, when Bruce Pelz came to speak, he made a dig at the Dean space(?) drive; Campbell promptly seized the mike and the Death of Science Fiction was discussed no more that day. However, a letter was read (by someone vaguely connected with the Pittcommittee) from the National Aeronautics and Space Agency, saying that they did so investigate Dean's mathematical claims and found nothing to them, and that they did so investigate the device itself (after the aSF article came out, Campbell remarked) at which time they put it on a beam balance and found (surprise, surprise!) that there was no indication



whatsoever of any change in weight. Campbell complained that the proper device to use is a strain guage (to which I say nonsense) and complained that the patent office apparently gave Dean a hard time. He asked deCamp in deCamp's capacity as a patent law expert about this and that. De Camp explained that the patent office did not generally demand working models; that they would patent anything, whether or not it violated any natural laws, and that the patent office for its own convenience generally demanded a working model of a patent they didn't think would work. "Then used to demand working models of everything, but they got crowded out of two successive office buildings and..." Anyway, de Camp wouldn't support whatever point Campbell was trying to make, and Campbell seemed to think he was supporting it.

As far as I am concerned, the admission by Campbell that the Dean drive shows no change in weight when hung from a beam balance of the simplest type "No Springs -- Honest Weight" closes the matter of the Dean drive. Now, if Campbell is honest enough to admit it in aSF...

Harlan Ellison filled in between panels with a speech, which I thought a fine performance, on stf in the men's magazines -- nothing remarkably scholarly, but well presented in Harlan's most entertaining and least grotching style. I (Eney) congratulated him on it afterward; he faunched backward and did the overwhelmed-with-surprise bit. Harlan did nobly at this con, by the way; I'm glad to admit that his friends were right about a Good Man living under the brass and bull.

Back came Campbell and others for an excellent panel: "Changing Trends in Science Fiction Art", with JWC, Emshwiller, and Sam Moskowitz to moderate and illustrate with historical and contemporary slides. Campbell discussed the problem of art from the editor's point of view, Emsh from the artists'; and it went well, even with time for some questions. Campbell showed less tendency to dominate the panel than he usually does, even though he had the most of interest to say. He mentioned in particular that there are some artists who want to work for magazines, are good illustrators, but who won't do their work on time -- a drawback which all by itself makes them completely useless for a magazine with a schedule to meet. Emsh indicated that magazines must pay more to hold onto the really good artists; and later, privately (discussing the Bretnor article "One Man's BEM") said that bad writing can ruin a good illo much more completely than can a bad illo ruin good writing.

Time out for The Purple Pastures, a fan-play far better done than last year's though still a trifle under-rehearsed. Our very own Bruce Pelz played the part of God (in a dirty bathrobe); as Official Editor of SAPS I was about to spring up and challenge him, but desisted lest an exchange of thunderbolts annoy the audience...

"Existence Doubtful" was a lecture by Papa Villy Ley at his very best. He discussed various animals found in unlikely places (not living there, but first discovered by science) such as the African bird whose existence was discovered in an American museum. He also mentioned some critturs whose existence is doubtful -- ones which people aren't sure really exist yet. And finally he mentioned the sad case of the Baltic Lion. Consider, gentlemen, the Baltic Lion -- undoubtedly a magnificent beast -- you can picture it roaming the hills and vales of Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia; gazing (nobly, of course) across the sand dunes, watching the moon rise -- whoops! -- set over the Baltic Sea -- alas, the Baltic Lion is no more. The Baltic Lion was swept away, and became as if it had



never been, with a stroke of President Truman's pen in 1947, when the Fur Marking Act became law...and furriers were forbidden to label as "Baltic Lion" the lowly muskrat.

There were meetings. The Fellowship of the Ring had had an organization meet before; Monday morning the Hyborian Legion had a muster. At the Muster we acknowledged that the Legion operated more or less as an anarchistic monarchy. Björn Nyberg and P Schuyler Miller were elected to be Royal Aesirian Skald and Royal Keeper of the Antiquities, while I was elected to the post of Royal Executioner in recognition of the fact that I have been of late the most active executive of the Legion.

There was also a business meeting. Sprague de Camp was chairman and parliamentarian. It was quite an interesting meeting, as such things go; folk wrangled for almost an hour over raising the dues to \$3 -- some Angelenoes speaking of how cheaply they ran the Solacon; other folk speaking of how the poor penniless fans would have so little money left to enjoy the con after spending that \$3; still other folk bemoaning the plight of the poor concommittee. At one point there was an amendment to an amendment to an amendment to an original motion; only Sprague's careful explanations kept things from utter confusion. Standardization on Ben Jason's design for the Hugos took almost as long. So did a proposal to standardize the categories. That one dept on till someone forced a vote to call the question to an immediate vote. I then moved that all future motions have debate limited to five minutes -- a move that got a very strong vote. Somewhere during the action on the last few proposals, various people independently remembered the fast way to dispose of unwanted resolutions: Proposal was made, seconded, motion was made to table the proposal, motion to table was seconded, and the latter motion was voted upon. (A motion to table takes a 2/3 majority, but has the distinct advantage of being undebatable, so that if practically everybody is against a motion, they can dispose of it without arguing about it.) Seattle was chosen more or less by acclamation -- nobody wanted to get involved in any more debate, and that was that. Seattle didn't even get a chance to put a formal speech before the group.

And then there was a banquet -- my but there was a banquet. Asimov joked, TAFfolk thanked each other and everybody else in sight, and Blish (very nervous at first) spoke on "A Question of Content". He repeated Poul's feat of last year -- somehow shifting from Asimov's jokes into his own, more serious speech, without any abrupt change of pace. His argument was that sf is excluded from Literature by most critics because it is not written about anything; because it is concerned almost exclusively with the microcosm. He urged fans to vote next year's Hugos to writers of stories with serious thought underlying the gadgetry, regardless of whether we agreed or disagreed with the writer; he mentioned Starship Troopers as an example of this. But more of this anon.

Then Hugos were given out. (There was even one for Hugo Gernsback.) CRY got one, as did F&SF. Emsh finally got one. The story "Flowers for Algernon" got one. And "Twilight Zone" got one -- the first drama award in some time. (There was an exceptionally long and flowery acceptance speech read to the assembled multitude -- Serling wasn't present, but sent the speech.) And finally, for me, the high point of the whole convention -- the award for best novel. Asimov read it: it was Starship Troopers, by Robert A Heinlein.

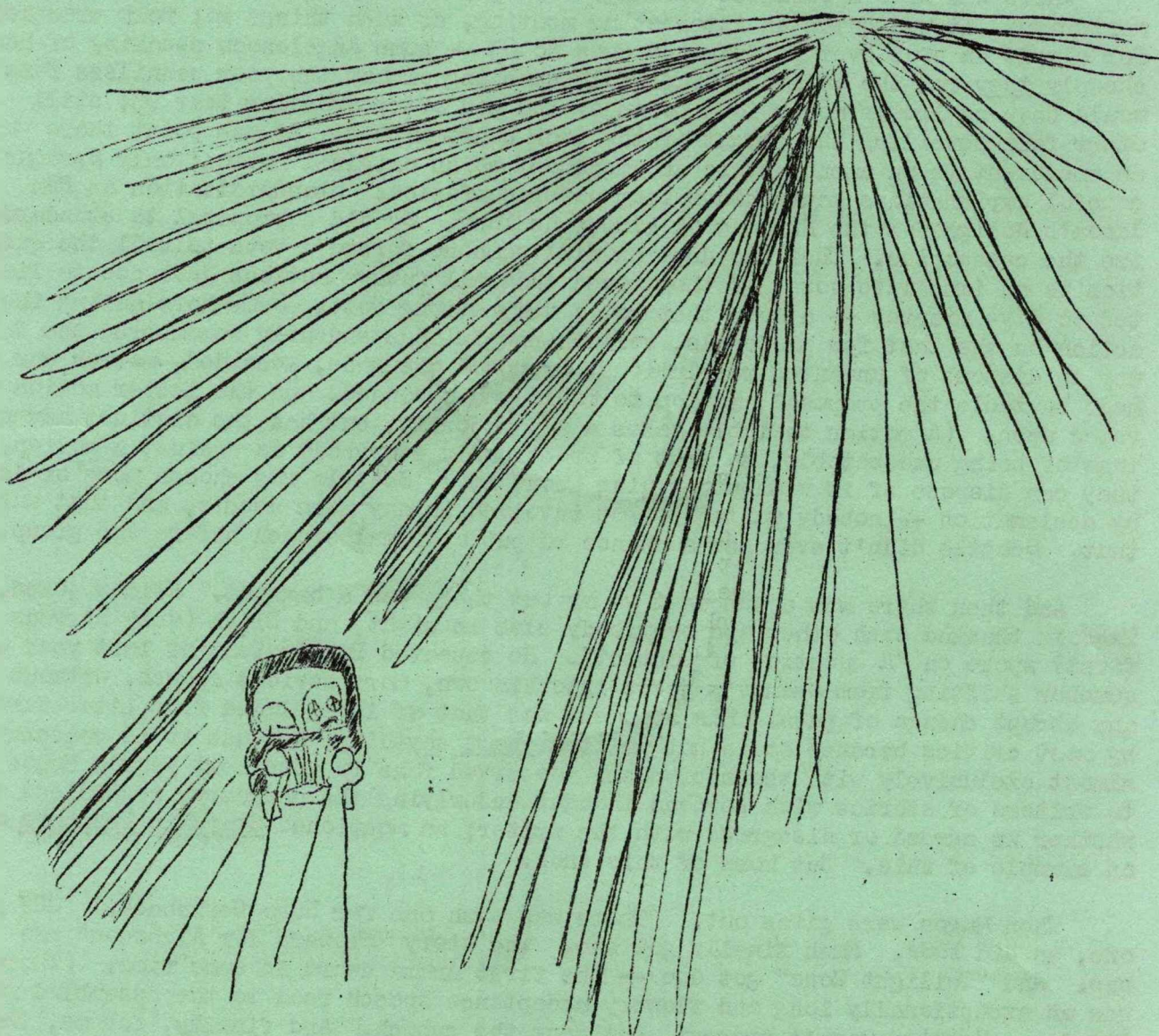
Everybody was dutifully applauding when Jim Blish, at the speaker's table, jumped to his feet, clapping wildly. More started to their feet -- as a man, grey haired, dressed in evening dress -- the same man who had, during the banquet,



walked over behind the speaker's table to say a word to Dirce Archer, the Pittcon chairwoman -- unbelievably -- it was Heinlein himself. The clapping lasted a long time, and was slow to die down. As he accepted the Hugo, Heinlein (deeply moved, as his somewhat quavering voice indicated) said that of all his books, this was the one he was sure didn't have a chance. With this we would disagree.

The rest is but a blur of parties, banjos, folk, filk, and golk singers, Randy Garrett reciting poems like *THAIS* and others yet more bawdy, and a deep baritone leading some of us in song: "WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR..."

Heinlein was in fine voice that night.



(Report by George Scithers with an identified interpolation by Larry Breed, and parenthetical inserts by Dick Eney bracketed in crossed virgules like this. A publication of the *Terminus, Trantor, and Ft Mudge Electric Sreet Tramway Gazette* and reprinted from that journal by permission.)



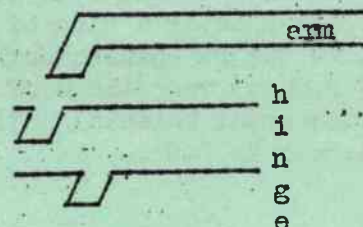
I WAS GOING TO SAY...To Terry Carr, that silkscreen sets aren't really hard to make or come by. Surely one of us could print some black wallpaper with grinning octopi on it. Why don't we suggest it as an N3F project? \*\* To Buck Coulson, that 'tain't neither up to the people of this country to decide what they want to spend tax money on; it's up to the administration. Maybe I've been missing something, but blessed if I recollect being invited to prepare any federal budgets lately. \*\* To Bill Danner, that the reason Cities of the Plain is "obviously" concerned with homosexuality is because the Cities of the Plain were Sodom and Gomorrah...although Walter Breen tells me that the real sin of the Sodomites was lack of hospitality, not pederasty. \*To Elinor Busby, that Robert Graves thinks it's a Good Thing that Coleridge got interrupted by the Person from Porlock just when he did; "I wish your burly fist on the front door / Had banged yet oftener in Literature!" \*\* To Pete Graham, that he misses a point in the pitch for blood vengeance: the punishment of criminals effects social catharsis. Millions of Americans sleep sweeter now they know Chessman is frying in hell, I have no doubt.

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Wait'll you see the Index I'M working on!  
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SHUNNING THE BRIDGE OF MODERATION isn't something Harry Warner often does, and I can't help wondering idly what provoked him to ask last time whether there were such things as mechanical slipsheeters in existence.

I recall Ted White had one of these things on his old AB Dick...the big green one on a stand, for those of you who remember it...though he seldom used the thing. It was essentially a thick sheaf of pasteboards with

staggered notches in them, arranged alternately, as in the -- er -- is "sketch" the right word? -- to the right. The "arm" was coupled to the mimeo drum and moved back or forth, alternately, with each rotation, dropping a card from the sheaf on the freshly-mimeoed page; the stuff wasn't absorbent, but since it had no couple of horizontal movement there was no smearing. After all was over, the slipsheet -- which was attached to the back of the paper tray for use -- was picked up by the end marked "hinge", given a shake, and thereby de-slipped. Now there's a real challenge for Bill Danner, I think...



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To do good and to illuminate forget not  
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I WAS GOING TO SAY...so you "feel" a person has a right to life from the moment of conception, Elinor Busby? Well, OK, but how do you think about it? \*\* Bathtub gin, Phyllis Economou? Pour in raw hooch, add juniper berries (sorry, John!) to taste, mash & stir, and qs to desired volume or potency with tap water straight from the pipe. Then borrow a couple of typers and a ream of stencils and call everybody in for a one-shot session. \*\* Opining that the Communist Empire could maintain itself once it took over whereas we couldn't isn't "admitting Communism is basically stronger than Capitalism", Buck Coulson. It just means that a group which takes pains to squash the opposition is less likely to be overthrown than one that doesn't. \*\* Sure, "Prisoners are certainly capable of working at productive tasks", Pete Graham, but remember that when they're given anything but busywork the free people who have to make a living that way bitch to beat all. And since they have votes...



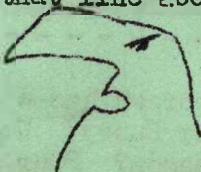
REFURBISHING CHARACTER AND ALL I giv a snort of indignity at Terry Carr's unqualified pronouncement that Ron Ellick has never killed a Communist in his, Ellick's, life. This cocksure declaration made me review the history in question, whereat I snorted even more indignantly. Hah, Terry Carr! How do you KNOW Ron Ellick has never killed a Communist in his life? He didn't tell you about being in Alaska that time, did he? Or about making a little trip to Key West as part of his Marine basic training? Or about his activities in Nicaragua last time the government ~~there~~ was overthrown? I thought as much. You better find out about these things, and maybe you won't feel so eager to put down SuperSquirrel. Rowr bazzle in very truth, chum.

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The bottom line was stolen from George Heap  
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I WAS GOING TO SAY...to a nauseated FAPate, that the goop Bob Leman mentions isn't at all pure imagination. John Hitchcock, Baltimore fringe-fan and vegetarian, was fond of a decoction of turnip tops, celery, raw carrots, nuts, a dash of wheat germ, potatoes, bits of okra and herbs, and water enough to make it liquid when introduced into a Waring Blendor and thus pulped. I have actually seen with my two eyes him groaning with headache, then beaming with restored good feeling after a slug of this grey-green Elixer of Something. \*\* To the Ellises, that the LN Gainsborough piece was delightful tho we should have a special name for these recastings of mundane anecdotes. \*\* To Dave Rike, that the only really successful colonial policy has been the American/Canadian one, as I previously remarked to DAG...

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9 September 1943: You Are There  
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VILE HUCKSTER DEPT: I have a lot of newszines I'll sell to the first comer. Odd numbers of SF Weekly, SF News, and PSFS News thrown in free with the main bundle of stuff: FANTASY TIMES 4, 85-106, 122, 151, 154, 177, 178, 244, 255, 256, 268-286. The total is 432 pages, practically all of historic interest. If you want them, \$1.66 (1/3¢ a page) takes the lot.

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"Don't give me that line about a pillar of fire....  


...you get those men out of Sinai before I call the UN!!"  
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