WARHOON

Warhoon is edited and published by Richard Bergeron at 110 Bank Street, New York City 14, New York. This is issue number 17, dated October 1962. It is being postmailed to the 61st mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society and is available to contributors, writers of letters, in trade for your publication, or for 20¢ per copy or 5 issues for $1. All material is created by the editor, unless otherwise credited, and represents his opinions and viewpoints. Material that is credited expresses the opinions of the author. All letters will be considered for publication unless otherwise specified.

PABLO PICASSO: THE IMPOSSIBLE GENIUS

In a recent issue of DYNATRON, Harry Warner turned one of the nicest compliments I've ever received. In a passage discussing some of the more unwholesome repetitions of fanwriters, Harry remarked that "it's a rare coincidence if another fan possesses exactly the same variety as that of Willis or Bergeron." If this observation had come from anyone other than Harry Warner I probably could have laughed it off easily. But Harry's opinions have proved highly pertinent on other occasions and consideration of this one lead to some remarkably elementary thoughts that might better be preserved for The Anatomy of Fanac but which should also prove serviceable in introducing the furthest-afield-yet article I've ever written for Wrhn. It strikes me that you're probably lucky if you don't possess exactly the same variety of topics as Willis or Bergeron. At least you won't have to live down your anti-climatic articles on Marienbad or Eskimoes. But it also seems to me that since you have eyes, ears, and an inquiring mind and arn't plagued with our peculiar interests that you must have a personal group of obsessions that you can fill your own fanzine with. However, editorial sagacity suggests that it's wise to ignore the interests that have been given extensive treatment in the fanpress: unless you have an especially brilliant slant in mind, this would immediately rule out the details of how you acquired your publishing equipment and what kind of paper you're using. One might think that this process of elimination would leave you right back with Marienbad, but it isn't as bad as that. Even if you publish as frequently as quarterly and are moderately alive you must have found at least one thing, perhaps even two, in the past three months that engaged your attention. If anything in life interests you at all, your best bet for material for your fanzine is to write about it. Material about a subject that interested the writer has already gone several lengths toward interesting the reader because it will be that much easier to write about. Articles about subjects that don't interest you will probably be as interesting for the readers as they were for the writer. Unfortunately this technique, which has filled over a dozen editorial sections in Wrhn, can lead us pretty far away from fandom and one sometimes has to resort to such desperate strategems as claiming that "Last Year In Marienbad" is a movie for telepaths or to using writing tricks (like this paragraph) to remind the reader that he's not reading SIGHT AND SOUND or THE NEW REPUBLIC. Preoccupations being what they have been, this attitude has left me with my most difficult and unapproachable subject. Nevertheless, emboldened by a hazardous plumbing of the mysteries of Marienbad, I make ready for a scaling of the heights of Pablo Picasso.

At the outset I attempt to suppress a natural advantage: fanartists are often assumed to be thereby suited for discussion of art. Notably, Dick Eney recently tentatively deferred to me in the matter. The general reputation seems to rest on little: artists of the fan variety, it is my impression, usually know no more about art than the ordinary Sunday painter. In ten years in fandom the only pronouncements by a fanartist on art that I've seen were some very fragmentary comments by Bill Rotsler in MASQUE and some important fundamental issues on modern art posed by Juanita Coulson

which the YANDRO audience let pass. I doubt that I've written a single word on painting in these pages. Hardly an impressive showing for fandom's artists over the decade and not a likely base for assuming that we know anything about painting or art. (The only other writings on the subject, to the best of my knowledge , were a few comments by Harry Warner, in that MASQUE, and Larry Stark's fine thumbnail history of painting from the Impressionists to Picasso.) My formulations on art are freshly minted and any knowledge of painting that may inadvertantly be displayed is almost as newly acquired. If anything in the following pages strikes you as debateable, it probably is. Wrhn gives me as much opportunity for education as explanation. Particularly open to debate is the tentative definition of art advanced below. I've found that it's easier to pick up mercury with a wool glove than describe what I mean when I'm talking about art. The formulation is the result of entrapment in a veritable quicksand of discussion, but I don't consider it sacred -- I'll feel more confident if it survives inspection by Virginia Blish.

I have described this essay as difficult and its subject unapproachable. The difficulty arises from my decision to explain his art from the standpoint of my opinion that Picasso is the greatest artist of the 20th century. And unapproachable for the fact that I have seen thousands of his pictures and am continually discovering new ones. At the moment, I have 10 books on Picasso, one of which contains a massive illustrated index, and yet, with the exception of several monumental examples, "Guernica," "Le Demoiselles d'Avignon,""Girl Before A Mirror", etc, there is little duplication of examples in these heavily illustrated books. John Canaday, in "Mainstreams of Modern Art", has written,"Picasso is certainly the most fecund painter who has ever lived. In sheer quantity his work is fantastic, which would be meaningless if he were a repetitious painter, but his invention is phenomenal, his range staggering. From his thousands of paintings, prints, and drawings it would be possible to cull several groups of work that would be creditable as the lifeworks of several painters of varying temperaments." My eye has not yet found the horizon-line of his work. One is presented with a vista of paintings, ceramics, etchings, lithographs, watercolors, pastels, ink drawings, and sculpture in the collections and galleries of the world. Not to mention the private horde of Picasso's Picassos and an entire museum devoted to the output of one summer in Antibes. And the vista is further complicated by not merely rising to a single peak but by being a veritable Andes of attainments: Picasso's many styles are as varied as they are unpredictable.*

The vocabulary of painting is miserably impoverished. The use of the word "art" immediately conjures images of pictures in baroque frames in museums, at one extreme, or anything relating to drawing, etc, or even marks on the sidewalk, at the other. A student goes to "art" school, another to music school, and another to dance school;as if music and dance were subjects that one does not associate with art. But it should be clear that art can be created with music, dancing, or literature, and that works produced in an art school are not automatically art. The word is the hermaphroditic fusion of a noun and an adjective. If we can distill a definition of art which embraces all forms of expression, it might be that art is order. The definition can, and will be, expanded and elaborated but it seems to me that art is the result of selecting forms, colors, words or movements, (a process of organization) that express the taste or desires of the artist. "The beauty of mathematics", which Charles Wells articulated in Wrhn 16, is the beauty of order -- in this case the perfect matching of form and expression.

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* October 14th: Within the last few days I've discovered the Christian Servos catalogue of the drawings and paintings of Picasso. The lastest volume #13, presents 328 works of 1943 and 1944. Presumably there are 12 equally ambitious volumes preceding this one in the series and we're only up to 1944. About 10 of the plates in #13 were known to me from the books mentioned above. The mind reels.

I will say that the art of Toulouse-Lautrec is greater than the art of bookbinding or basketweaving simply because the medium he excelled in is capable of a deeper and wider range of expression. In purely abstract terms it can be argued that they are equal if they are examined as merely shapes and designs, but, since art is produced by and usually for human beings it must follow that the greatest artists are those who have the most to say and the ability to say it. However, the work of great bookbinders and basketweavers is greater art than that of mediocre painters. Fine bookbinding and fine baskets convey at least a sense of design and form and broaden our own esthetic life while poor painting exhibits merely the inadequacies of the painter. Ultimately, this argument reduces Piet Mondrian to the ranks of the basket weavers. Well, he was. A highly original one and a very influential one, to be sure, but on the same level of esthetic aspiration. Picasso, on the other hand, works with the forces Mondrian so fridgedly calculated as a component of everything he produces. In Mondrian, harmony and composition exist as an end in themselves; in Picasso they are a means for an expressive range unmatched in this century. All life has been his subject.

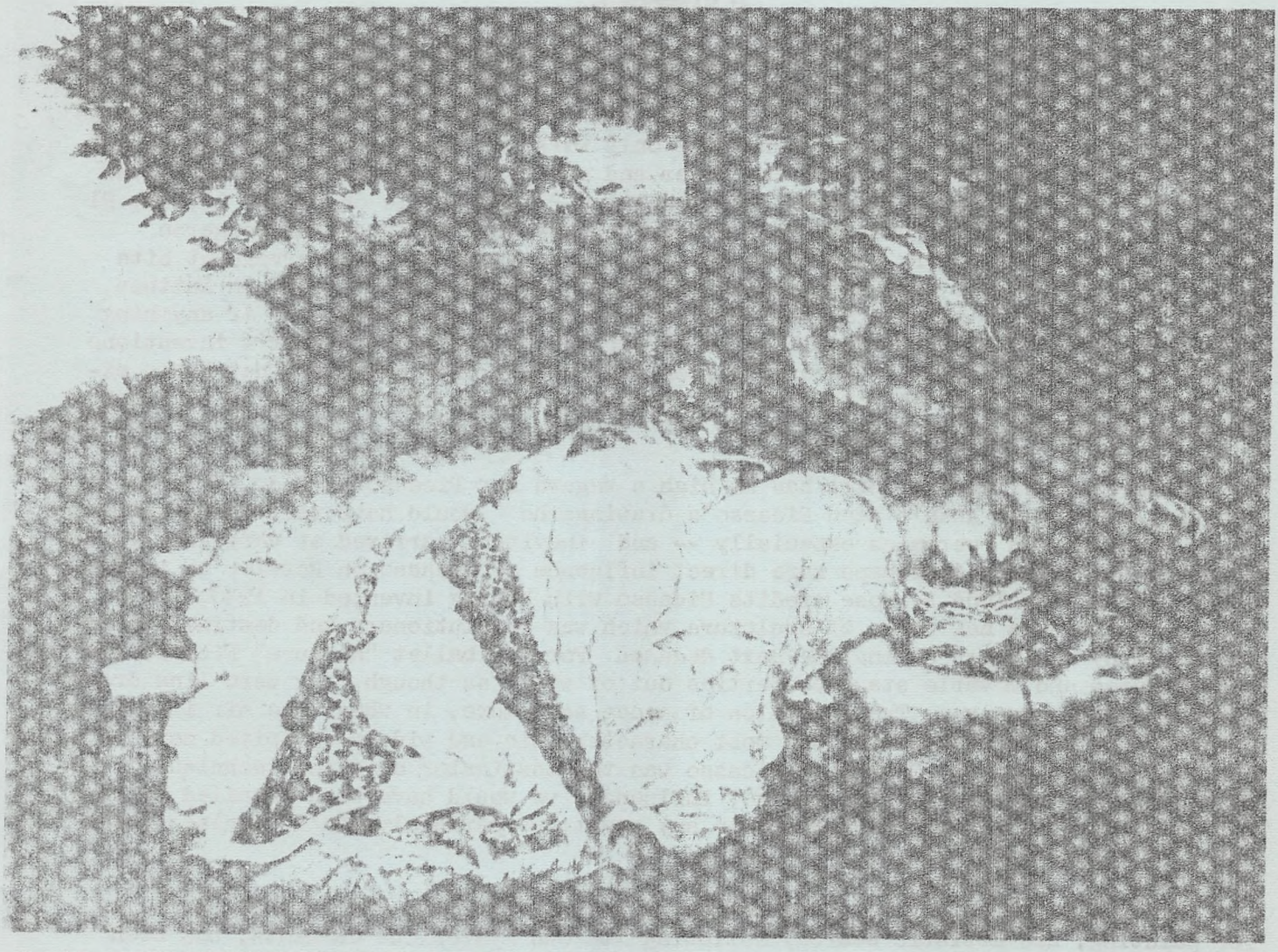
At this point it might be wise to refer to my article on Marienbad in the April issue. At that time, I advanced a property of art that was greeted with no perceptible show of irritation. In the discussion of subjective and objective reality, I wrote: "The physical reality, that to which everyone relates, is more the concern of science than art. But the expression of reality as felt is the province of art." Scientists try to tell us what reality is; artists have tryed to tell us what they feel about it or what they think is beautiful in it. Art, then, is the organization or creation of expressive forms for the communication of human feelings. Or, more purely; objective subjectivity. Great art transcends the subjectivity of the artist and articulates the subjectivity of an era or of humanity. If it doesn't go up in a cloud of radioactive dust, (and it would be an appropriate consumation) Picasso's "Guernica" is the painting of this century whose power is most likely to still be with it a 100 or 500 years from now. As an evocation of the horror of war,its creation immediately dated Goya's monumental etchings, "The Fortunes of War". The Goyas are filled with the atrocities of war but though the drawing is superb the rendering is traditional. The mind is not capable of registering sustained horror; if it were, Goya's bloody stumps and realistically impailed cadavers should have put an end to war long ago, but people become impervious to the depiction of death or their latent sadism is merely titilated. "Guernica", though, by eschewing the conventional trappings of the gruesome and speaking to us with the language of synthetic cubism, conveys an essense better than sentimental renderings of grief ever could. The distortions, as always, are expressive -- in this case they are the epitome of agony. "Guernica" is a strangled scream.

Pablo Picasso was born in Spain in 1881. His father was a painter and encouraged his interest in painting and drawing. Jaime Sabartes, long-time friend of Picasso's, writes of those early years, "Pablo works tenaciously, from morning to night, without rest... The first faltering steps were taken in La Coruna. /Apparently a boarding

school. -- RB/ We shall not speak now of the sketches sent to his family as illustrations to his letters, which he transformed into little newspapers, but rather of a multitude of small paintings, and of the portraits that he still keeps in his studio." During the period April 25 -- May 12, 1962, an unprecedented tribute for an artist was held in Picasso's honor. On the occasion of his 81st birthday, nine galleries in New York devoted their space to a particular period of Picasso's work, dating from the very earliest to the latest. The first painting in the exhibition, a portrait of a man reading by lamplight done in 1898, when the artist was 17, showed all the confident mastery of the medium that one would expect of a long established portrait painter. Here at M. Knoedler's also was a large selection of the work he did a few years later in Paris. It reveals the influence of Lautrec and experiments with the color theories of the Impressionists.It was quickly seen that Picasso is never one to let the fact that a style or form was used by another artist stand in the way of his explorations and assimilation of it. These explorations are characteristic of his entire career and his work is an echo chamber of the history of art. Roland Penrose notes this brazen behavior, "It is not the theft however that is important -- the world of ideas should have no frontiers -- it is what is made of it afterwards. A worse practice which can lead to complete sterility is indicated by Picasso when he says: 'To copy others is necessary but to copy oneself is pathetic." The fact that Picasso borrows from everywhere is less important than what he does with the borrowings. If it were done for the sake of imitation, the merely banal would result, but he has the power to distill, to discover new life in old forms, new possibilities in exhausted styles, and transformations that were to lead to the upheaval of painting. The works of his first arrival in Paris are his richest in color,the canvases are gorgeously saturated with intense hues, his compositions are already unfailingly right and bold. But he soon left this behind, and went in short order through his blue period (the drawing of the young mother on page five is from this time) and rose period with its melancholy clowns and acrobats. In 1907 Picasso began the explorations that were to lead to Cubism and the explosion of 20th century painting.

Cubism has been one of the most influential movements in painting in the last 100 years. The formalizations of UPA and the Bullwinkle Show are only a couple of the popularizations of its principles which can be cited.The latter even slips in a figure with profile and full face view in the same head from time to time -- as a sort of mock acknowledgement of the influence. In its pure form it was an attempt to create a total impression or representation of an object by including several rather angularly broken down views of it in the same painting. Picasso was not interested in usual representational standards. It is as if he were walking around the objects he was analyzing, and then trying to record this total view on his canvas in a sort of recreation. Cubism was based on Cezanne's attempts to arrange nature according to geometric patterns while at the same time preserving the natural and random appearance of the lands ape. Cubism took this development to an extreme and freed the painter from his model entirely. A new power was added: painters were awakened to the possibilities of designing in exteme for more powerful expression rather than copying form from nature. The rigors and intellectualism of Cubism gave way to synthetic cubism, a less formalized version of Cubism. Picasso's inventions and experiments with it still continue and their influences are seen in artists everywhere. But with these continuing experiments, which are really just changing means of expression, are included a multiplicity of works in every style imaginable and inventions in many mediums. John Canaday writes, "Even if the future should make a drastic re-evaluation of his work, it cannot alter the historical fact that Picasso has exerted an influence as wide, apparently as deep, and certainly as revolutionary during his own lifetime as did any painter who ever lived." Fanzines themselves might have been quite differently decorated if Picasso hadn't impregnated the culture of the world with his own peculiar whimsey.

This is good a point as any to reveal that several of the drawings in this



issue were borrowed from books on Picasso for illustrative purposes. It may come as something of a surprise to learn that the drawing from the blue period and the reproduction of the painting based on Courbet's "Two Girls on the Banks of the Seine", which will be discussed below, are not the only works by Picasso in these pages. And it may be equally surprising that the cover and such pieces as those on page 41 and 74 are not the additional examples. The remaining Picasso's are on pages 14, 17, 21 and 31 -- ones you might have very likely thought were instances of Bergeron borrowings from the work of William Rotsler. These marvelously effervescent bits of bubbling humor were produced by a 65 year old man in November, 1946, in Antibes, France. Now, I'm not suggesting that Bill has been imitating Picasso -- if anything Rotsler discovered a world that is only implied by Picasso; Rotsler's inventions are an elaboration, extended discoveries in a corner of Picassoism that Pablo expressed himself in only sketchily. The obvious parallel is that Rotsler is to Picasso as Picasso is to Cezanne.

I have a feeling that Bill has as high a regard for Picasso as I do, but, as I've implied, even if he hadn't seen Picasso's drawings he would have felt their influence -- in Scandinavian ceramics especially -- and inevitably arrived at very similar expressive inventions. A perhaps more direct influence of Picasso on Rotsler is in wire sculpture which Roland Penrose credits Picasso with having invented in 1930, "... Picasso produced a new style of sculpture which was revolutionary and destined to influence many sculptors during the next decades. For the ballet "Mercure" Picasso had made figures and movable stage properties out of wire, as though they were line drawings on a large scale... The invention of space sculpture, in which the air itself becomes a medium has been one of the most characteristic and widely exploited methods of contemporary sculptors. Once more Picasso was the instigator of a new technique." Fandom should be thankful for Picasso's influence: we would have been regailed by some form of entertaining Rotsler madness in any event; we certainly can't complain about the form part of it took.

Picasso's search for forms of whimsey is now finding its way into ceramics. As for painting, his artistic search, following its own mysterious currents, has been flowing into analysis and rethinking in his terms of masterpieces of the past: Velazquez's "The Maids of Honor", "Delacroix's "Women of Algiers", with it's teasing of Matisse (after Matisse's death, his odalisque's began to appear in Picasso's paintings -- Picasso laughed, "Matisse left them to me in his legacy!"), and, most,recently, Manet's "Le Dejeuner sur l'Herbe" -- all explored in an exhaustive series of canvases. In the meantime, Rotsler seems to have changed too. The work is still amusing, but, as the portfolio in HABBAKUK showed, his marvelous new shapes are being used to express a sort of fey wisdom. I don't know which I envy him more for: his originality, his expressiveness,or, simply, his need to express himself. Picasso's influence, out of Rotsler, has shown up in Wrhn, as well, for I never let the fact that I was borrowing from Bill stand in the way of filling up a spot in Wrhn. It can be seen in the heading for the first of the revived Harps (January, 1961) and the postage stamp in number 11. To leave fannish creation, I can cite a really startling example of Picasso's influence in my painting and an example of the type that could have been operating in earlier Rotsler drawings. In 1956 I produced two paintings based on an arbitrary system of cutting the motif up with a structure of lines drawn through it in such a way that it broke down into a sort of scintillating and at times obscure series of planes and facets. The first of them, which I sold for $25, was a large composition of two owls sitting in a tree. The lines which break up the forms are extensions of actual elements of the subject itself. The lines of branchs, leaves, and owls intercepted each other and broke the surface of the picture into a mosiace of shapes until it was as mysterious as the owls themselves. The other painting, a long landscape, went to the Seacon as "Sunrise on Jupiter" and was awarded a prize for astronomical art! At the time I knew Picasso only as the wild man

modern art and had seen little of his work. What I'd seen made me want to see less. I was completely ignorant of Cubism, but lived in a culture that is affected by it, so there I was about to rediscover it for myself and already up to the neck in a branch of synthetic cubism that, I found out only recently, was thoroughly explored by Picasso. Picasso is impossible to escape even when you have an active dislike for his work.

The reader might be wondering what brought about the conversion. Since you may dislike Picassos as much as I once did, thinking them the result of neither technical excellence nor coherent expression, it might help communicate his force to try to present some sort of Key to Picasso. Larry Stark wrote, "It takes a good deal of time and study to properly appreciate the stature of Picasso; not only is his own work staggering in its size and variety, but the more one sees of other modern artists, the more often Picasso is brought to mind.". To even begin to appreciate art, one has to see paintings or, failing that, fine reproductions -- which are almost as rare as fine paintings. To judge a painter on the basis of a bad reproduction is as unfair as it would be to judge, say, Earl Kemp on the basis of gossip. The same can be said of any art form: full enjoyment can only come from exposure to it in its pure form. As Walter Breen said last issue , "What one gets is not the 'Guernica' but simply information about the 'Guernica'." The point reaches its funniest and most pathetic in black and white catalogues of abstract expressionism -- a genre that relies almost entirely for its effect on color and surface textures. But I don't think you should necessarily withhold comment until you can walk into the Museum of Modern Art and confront "Girl Before A Mirror". You'll probably still run screaming if you've been fortifying yourself by contemplating Norman Rockwell originals. You should begin by living with the art you do like and coming to some understanding of why you like it. You should start to notice the way paintings are put together -- they don't grow, they are contrived expressions to a specific end. The artist decides to put a color here and there, sometimes deliberately, sometimes not, and every painting has its own interior logic put into it consciously and unconsciously by its creator. Make a game out of finding it; if you enjoy any paintings at all start with them. This should be, as I have found it, a fascinating and rewarding hunt. In the beginning you will achieve quicker insights if you seek out a body of work by a single painter. One should approach Picasso with some knowledge of the language of painting (as distinct from the personal way he uses it). It's very likely the same language your favorite artist uses: harmony, rhythm, composition. When you can compare one painter to another in these matters, you are almost ready to creep up on Picasso. I would suggest that you start with a good big retrospective, the next five years should bring one to New York, where you can see fine examples from several periods, but failing that, and you're probably just dying to try yourself, I recommend the Boeck-Sabartes "Picasso" published by Abrams. It retails at $20 but the Strand Book Store, I believe, has several new copies at about half that price. It's an excellent analysis of his work and contains at least 100 fine color plates scattered over the various periods as well as hundreds of black and white reproductions. The back of the book has an additional index of 278 pieces shown in sizes that are little more than souveniers, but they present a chronology of his earliest work to the middle 50's. Unless you think you already like Picasso, don't buy "Picasso's Picassos" It's a treasure, but, as one might imagine, his personal favorites are not 'beginner's pieces.'

Hindsight indicates that the above is the process of learning to understand painting, but it took a number of years of fragmentary understanding -- and not an intensive conscious effort, at that -- before I could accept Picasso. However, the capitulation was quite abrupt; one month I closed "Picasso's Picassos" in Doubleday with mingled disguet and bafflement and by the end of the next month was treading my way to Sam Goody's to purchase the volume at a reduced price.

The real Key to Picasso, for me, appeared in the January 1962 SHOW. In that issue

was published Courbet's "Two Girls on the Banks of the Seine with Picasso's version of it. I've taken the liberty of reproducing (I hope) it on page 7 as a reference. When I first saw the Picasso, I didn't notice that it was a copy of the Courbet. As a matter of fact, I didn't notice that it was anything, but I loved it. In color it has the appearance of an intricate tapestry and I was fascinated by its hints of content that I couldn't quite make out. But gradually, like the delicate vibrations a safe-cracker feels in a needle when a combination gently develops, I began to notice the faces and the hands. Everything in the Courbet is in Picasso's painting, with the exception of the upper portions of the trees and a hat, but in greatly abbreviated form. This is a Rosetta stone. Since the artist's intentions are unknowable, we can only criticise a work by what we find in it. In this case, complete expression of the model seems not to have been the intention. The languor of the Courbet shows up only in the hands and faces of the Picasso. Standing by itself Picasso's version is a tour de force of composition and the analysis seems to have been made with that in mind -- Courbet's is an excellent structure, but I think Picasso has snowed it under. The Courbet is superior on its own terms.

And speaking of terms: the artist is under no obligation to make his work intelligible to anyone but himself. No work can communicate unless someone sees it, but what it has to communicate was there before anyone saw it - or even perceived it. It was put there by the artist and would still be in the painting even if the artist buried it in a vault and forgot about it. The artist gives the work independent existence, not the audience, and what he wants to say and how he wants to say it can only be deceided by him (perception of the content is another matter and it should weight in the artist's mind only to the extent that it doesn't interfer with the sincerity of his message -- anything else is hypocrisy). Any creation is hypothetically addressing humanity because it is likely to be seen by anyone: but how many fanwriters feel the need to translate their writings into Japanese so that they will be understood in Japan? Few, I should imagine. We speak for ourselves and anyone who can understand us. So does Picasso.

When one sees a book like the Abrams "Picasso", the truth of the above is readily apparent. Picasso has mastered the mechanics of strictly representational presentation as few other artists have. The sketch on page three is as exquisite a study as one could hope to find, but Picasso wants something more. The essense of that affecting scene of the mother and child is not in the outward reality of it. Just as the Rites of Spring conveys its message without showing us a single tree, Picasso might today paint that mother and child in entirely expressive ways that would have little resemblence to the actual mother and child. "Picasso's Picassos" is filled with such "distortions" but they are not actually distortions. They are abstractions -- by an artist who will not let our conventional way of looking at things stand in the way of his urge to record the forms that express his vision of the subject and his search for its interior essense. If we could all see Picasso's models, there would be no question of this. I had seen many of his portraits of Jacqueline Roquet, his latest wife, before I fully understood them. Should I have assumed that Jacqueline had one eye dripping down the side of her face, or was otherwise twisted and distorted? It hadn't occured to me that he was capturing her personality; not destroying her. I've since seen hundreds of photographs of Jacqueline (in Duncan's "The Private World of Pablo Picasso") and they more than capture her personality: they are also poems of love, composed with the genius in handling space of, well, of Picasso, I can't think of anyone who tops him, the tenderness of Courbet, and the passion, sensitivity, and directness of van Gogh. But they're more than that, of course, for they're Picasso's, who has the power to look at all life with this simple directness and the genius to record it. (Not everything Picasso does it great art. Some of his work is progress toward specific theories or development of an idea. A little of it is pranksterism. And some of his analysis of other paintings is apt to be a completely faithful copy of

(continued on page 54)

OUR FAN IN CHICAGO

a convention report by Walter Breen

I. PreConditioning

Everybody's worldcon seems to begin at a different time. For some fans it begins when they spot Forry at the con hotel; for others only with the first program session; for still others, when they pile into the car which rushes them to the con hotel from Los Angeles or wherever. But Earl Kemp insisted on calling this Chicon III "Homecoming", and my own personal Homecoming -- or gathering of the slans, or what you will -- began well before that. To be exact, it began a couple of weeks earlier when Ruth Berman showed up at Terry Carr's place enroute back to Minneapolis from Over There, and Marion Zimmer Bradley -- who was to drive me to the con and partway back -- turned up in NYC for a couple of days of fangab enroute to her parents' place in Albany. But like many cons, this one began slowly; the next few Big Events started happening early in the last week of August.

About some of these you'll have to read elsewhere, as I wasn't on the scene myself. I mean, among other things, the first couple of hectic and mixed-up days the Willises spent in New York, resulting in their getting conflicting invitations; and the Tuesday night dinner for Walt and Madeleine, thrown by fringefan Ester Davis, at which REALIST editor Paul Krassner (who covered part of the Chicon for PLAYBOY) did himself proud.

My own Homecoming started in earnest on Wednesday 29 August, I had to vacate the NYC apartment I'd been subletting, as the lessees were coming back in a day or so (for a couple of months, before Urban Renewal was scheduled to tear the building down and replace it with one of those outrageously expensive slums-to-be concocted of glass, plaster and tissue paper). Having made arrangements to go by car with Marion Bradley and others to the Chicon that night. I spent most of the day packing and storing everything I wouldn't be needing right away with local friends, and getting acquainted with Marion's younger brother Paul Zimmer (a sword-and-sorcery fan, Tolkienist, bagpipe addict, and a nice guy whose emphatic red beard added both distinction and maturity to his image) and her impish eleven-year-old son Steve. That evening Ester Davis threw a farewell party for me, of which the major details that now stand out in my mind were a lot of clowning around between Ted White, Les Gerber, Paul and Steve, and some improvised dancing to a Dizzy Gillespie record. There was also the beginning of what is apparently becoming a fannish fad -- "wind up dolls": the Les Gerber doll -- wind it up and it makes a noise, the Walter Breen doll grows a beard, the Marion Bradley doll drops everything as soon as the circus comes to town, etc. (This fad grew to enormous proportions at the Chicon.) I left the dinner party early; the kids stayed at Esther's,

Marion went to my now almost bare apartment to get a few hours of desperately needed sleep before beginning the long drive to the con, and I taxied up to the Lupoff Welcome Willis party.

It's almost a cliché to rave over what wonderful people Walt and Madeleine Willis were and are. But clichés are often true and this one is no exception. Unlike many people who make an effort to impress others as being Big Names (fan or pro), the Willises were completely at ease, relaxed and at times even a bit wide-eyed; and even with my magnifying glass I couldn't see any pedestal under either one.

After a few minutes spent meeting old and new friends -- in particular Bill Meyers, whom I'd missed on about a dozen previous trips to New York, and a mustacheless and amiable Jim Blish -- I found myself on the floor beside Ted White, Terry Carr, Ethel Lindsay, Pete Graham (apparently now forgiven for the Willis death hoax), and a slim and vital, radiant and shiny-eyed Lee Hoffman, for whom this was a guiet but unmistakable triumph: Sixth Fandom once again alive with almost all the wonder it had held ten years earlier. And we were all listening to the Willises and wishing that someone would come in with a tape recorder so as not to lose the otherwise immortal lines Walt was coming out with every few seconds. We were joined from time to time by Eney, Ron Ellik and Peggy Rae McKnight, Don Wollheim, Bob Shea and Joyce Hurley, Les Gerber, Larry Ivie, Mike McInerney, Steve Stiles, Larry and Noreen Shaw, Will J. Jenkins, Ken Seagel, Dave van Arnam and others; the rest of the time the femmefans talked woman talk in another room, the Lupoffs played the gracious host role, and those who couldn't crowd into the circle around Willis congregated in the kitchen, from which loud laughter emanated every few seconds. (I later found that Madeleine Willis was responsible for many of the remarks eliciting the laughs; her timing and delivery were at times absolutely professional. She and Walt really deserve each other, which is every bit the compliment it sounds.)

I remember that apropos of little things sometimes counting for a great deal, Walt told the story of how a can of petrol supplied by a passing motorist -- which turned out to be the wrong type for a motorbike -- delayed the arrival of Bert Campbell of the London contingent at the SuperManCon, and killed Operation Armageddon. Apropos of Terry Carr's hunting for an ashtray, Walt recalled the incident at Chicon II where he was sitting on the sill of an open window in the Morrison Hotel, flicking his cigarette ashes out into the street (less dangerous than bottles, anyway) and Jim Webbert offered him an ashtray, only to receive Walt's earnest assurance that he hadn't yet filled that one. Terry and I spent some time afterwards vainly looking for that story in "The Harp Stateside", as Terry was almost certain he'd seen it there, despite Walt's denials. Terry jokingly bet Walt $1841.67 (or whatever was the amount of money finally collected for TAWF) that he would find it. (Walt asked me on the Final Night--the night of the Farewell Willis party in Berkeley, 15 September -- if Terry or I had ever located the story. When I indicated that neither of us had yet succeeded, though almost everyone who heard the story claimed to have seen it somewhere, Walt smiled, "Then we can keep the $1841.67!" to which Madeleine added, a little wistfully, that it was almost all gone now, like their time here in the USA.)

I remember that the Lupoffs passed out special copies of XERO 9, rubberstamped on the contents page SPECIAL EDITION FANOCLASTS PRE-CHICON WELCOME PARTY FOR, with space left for autographs, and then the date AUGUST 29, 1962. We were all getting Walt and Madeleine and Ethel Lindsay to do the honors; Jim Blish and Lee Hoffman signed mine also. Eney sold me a copy of A SENSE OF FAPA; Mike McInerney passed out copies of the latest HKLPLOD ("Speak ye not this title!"), and Gerber promptly produced a unique collector's item by rubberstamping his HKLPLOD like the copies of XERO and getting autographs. Little Lenny Lupoff, age about one year, being restless and unable to sleep, was carried in by proud papa Dick to meet the guests. Released from Dick's

arms, he promptly crawled and walked over to Walt Willis and proceeded to climb up that fannish peak. Someone made a sotto voce comment that Dick and Pat must have trained the kid well in the ways of Trufandom, as he knew exactly where to go even though he'd never seen Willis before.

A little later on Les Gerber tried his usual party schtick of playing musical Where Are These Froms with me. To the incredulity of some bystanders, I was finally able to identify a very Rimsky-Korsakovish item as Balakirev's "Tamar". Somewhat earlier, Jim Blish and I had been chatting on music -- largely Bartok and the dodecaphonists -- and Blish admitted to me that despite our friendly rivalry in Wrhn (which presumably will continue for the sake of the game, though without the least degree of acrimony or loss of mutual respect) he was enormously impressed with my remarks on Mahler in Wrhn 14 and 16 -- they proved (he said) that I was one of very few people he knew, inside or outside fandom, who really listened thoroughly to a piece of music. This to me was as cream to a cat, and I suggested that he might then enjoy my article on Orff's "Carmina Burana" in LIGHTHOUSE 7. He promised to write Terry for a copy, on my say-so, though he had never paid much attention to Orff, not seeing any depth in the man's work -- but he was willing to listen to reason.

Eventually Les and I tore ourselves away from the party, and about 2 AM Thursday 30 August we got our belongings into the car, picked up the still excited Steve and Paul at Ester Davis's, said our hasty goodbyes, and headed toward the Holland Tunnel and New Jersey Turnpike. Marion drove almost continuously; we kept her awake with fannish chitchat, swapping Windup Dolls (the Scott Meredith doll rips authors' MSS. to shreds; the Walter Breen doll takes every witticism down in a notebook; the Paul Zimmer doll sings offkey; etc.) and speculating about the sex lives of hobbits and orcs -- and much more. During lulls in the conversation, Marion sang, beautifully and movingly -- mostly operatic arias. We saved time and money by Marion's having provided sandwiches and a large thermos of lemonade (later on supplemented by a gallon of A&W rootbeer, as befits a car full of trufans).

At about 5:45 we stopped at a Howard Johnson restaurant somewhere on the Pa. Turnpike, stretching our legs in the yard; and on a sudden whim Marion, Paul , Steve and Les were doing calisthenics in unison, croggling the passersby. Seeing a sign at the edge of this yard, BEWARE OF SNAKES, Steve speculated on whether the warning might not have been put up at the urging of some scared old lady who mistook one of the serpentine-looking tree roots in that area for real snakes. Before and after this, the kids napped intermittently, usually waking up at bursts of laughter from some sally by Marion or whoever else was awake at the time. The atmosphere in that car was just like that of a small fan party except for not being smoky -- Sodacon Jr., perhaps.

With similar kid stuff we whiled away the next fifteen or so hours. Finally, about midnight we reached the Coulsons' place just outside Wabash. Marion was by now exhausted and the kids had been intermittently sleeping for several hours. Juanita, really a friend in need, provided hamburgers, milk and cake, the first and last homemade and all excellent. She and Buck put down for us several mattresses side by side on the living-room floor, and spread blankets on the Young Steve found a couch more to his liking--it was too short for anyone else. At Marion's request, I gave her stiff back and shoulders Swedish massage to relieve the accumulated strain of twenty-two hours of driving, most of it in heavy traffic. As I expected and hoped, she fell asleep under my hands. The next thing I knew, it was about 8 AM, and little Bruce Coulson came in to investigate this strange visitation and wake us up. He greeted me with "You look like a beardnik!" to which I agreed, but told him that my name was really Walter. These formalities over with, we became fast friends and romping companions. The rest of the morning I spent looking through Buck's huge stock of duplicate fanzines for sale (from which I picked out a good-sized stack), and chatting animatedly with Buck and Juanita,

who are Good People. Like Gerber a year or two earlier, I looked at the Coulsons' $35 Tower mimeograph and croggled that YANDRO is produced on such a primitive-looking little machine. Les meanwhile was going through a copy of the 100th FAPA mailing. Buck gave me a copy of the latest YANDRO and drew my attention specifically to the editorial and the final page, in which was his repudiation of the Jennings/D. Bruce Berry "A Trip To Hell." My only comment on this was that Kemp certainly had an airtight alibi: at the time of the alleged robbery, Kemp was at the Solacon making a con bid on behalf of the Chicago SF League or whatever the group called itself; and Ted White had already written Jennings to this effect, as an eyewitness. Later on, at a Wabash gas station, while waiting for the attendant to replace a soft and threadbare tire, Marion got into a brief huddle with Paul and me, once again croggling the passersby: "Who'd ever believe in a quiet friendly little orgy on the main street of Wabash, Indiana?" This sort of thing -- croggling the bystanders, not having orgies, Burb! -- became a favorite pastime after awhile, and the farther we went, the less it took: both Paul and I were repeatedly asked if we were from some centennial celebration, and if not, why did we have those beards...

By now -- it was about 5 PM -- the traffic had gotten dense enough that we had to slow to about 20 mph, through worse was to come. Paul, always one to be playing with words, made up the neologism "haick" (rhyming with fake, I guess) for a hack writer of routine westerns and other hick stuff. This effort inspired me to tell the old story about Talleyrand (I think L.Sprague de Camp dug it up originally, but I don't recall where;I heard it from John Boardman): It seems that when Napoleon became First Consul at the end of 1799, the Second Consul was one Cambaceres, a notorious swish who was also responsible for the Code Napoleon (the same legal code which abolished all penalties against homosexuality), and the Third Consul was an utter nonentity named C.F. Cebrun. Talleyrand, seeing this roster, christened then "Hic, Haec and Hoc." Paul countered this with the claim that the three main driving hazards were Hic, Hike and Hug (otherwise known as hooch, hitchhikers and honeybuns). By now the traffic had slowed down to about 5mph and we were running dangerously high in temperature and low in oil pressure. Les, watching the cause of the slowdown -- two solid lanes of traffic merging under protest -- commented "Merging? It looks more like a rape to me." To avoid a boiled-out radiator, we finally got off the Expressway and headed for the nearest garage for water and a phone to notify the Pick-Congress that we were coming and that they should cancel our reservations after all even though it was a couple of hours after we were supposed to check in. All was OK and we headed for the hotel, a little after 6PM Friday 31 August or almost exactly forty hours after we'd left New York City.

II. The Two Towers

The Chicon, an exception (as it proved) in so many ways, started out with exceptions to tradition. Instead of Forry being the first fan we saw in the con hotel, there were four close together: Walt and Madeleine Willis, Frank Dietz and JoAnn Price. They directed us to the 3rd floor registration line. Somehow enroute there, Marion, Les, Steve and Paul got separated from me, and I had my first taste of the hotel's magnificently loused-up facilities. To wit: the escalator wasn't working, and on the even-numbered side only one elevator was in service (this last remained true throughout the con weekend); a decided worsening since my earlier stay there in 1956 before Mr Albert Pick took the place over. After climbing stairs to the 3rd floor, shocking a bunch of Catholic sodalists on the 2nd (one would have expected them to remember that many of their own saints wore beards), I ended up on the tediously long registration

line. Tradition was, for the moment, temporarily restored: Forry was the first fan I saw there, after him, Jack Harness, Fred Patten, Berkeley neo Roy Frank, Al haLevy, Frederik Pohl, and others. Avram Davidson saw me in line, walked up and asked me to register for him and Grania as his sabbath was about to start. Earl Kemp passed by, and I asked him if he intended to sue either Berry or Jennings because of "A Trip To Hell". Earl smiled and said that he hadn't made up his mind yet. Dick Schultz murmured, on regaining his place in line a place or two behind me, "May I cut in?" Walt Willis showed up in a moment and, referring to Blish's story in the Sept. '62 ASFF, cracked "This is a kish where ignorance is blish." Madeleine added, "I guess everything's just Okie dokie." Walt, shaking his head at this one, told me that he'd just been talking to a couple of neofans in the hall who didn't recognize Madeleine from her passport photos -- "And I was GLAD!" she added. (Physical descriptions of Walt and Madeleine aren't too easy to give, so I sympathize with the photographers: these wonderful people have an obvious charm which becomes elusive when you try to verbalize it. Walt is tall, slender and gentle, giving the impression of concealing a great deal of liveliness and force behind the almost shy facade. Though Broyles's directory indicates that Walt is 42 or 43, he could pass for 32. Madeleine can be summed up in one word: scintillating; after looking at her and then looking away, I could recall an image dominated by curly hair and sparkling eyes -- and little else that I could describe; these eyes are the single feature that remain longest in one's memory of her. She has a very musical voice and gives the impression of being ageless; possibly thirtyish, she probably will look the same way in 1972.

After finally going through the registration line (which was slow because only one person was handing out bundles and taking cash), collecting enough extra packets of Triffids seeds to run through one of the apas, meeting many fans whom I'd known only through correspondence, and collecting a dozen or so FANAC subs, I meandered out into the hall which opened onto all the function rooms, and which seemed to be a major meeting place during the con. There Vic Ryan gave me a couple of BANEs, and beside him Jerry Pournelle was giving out copies of the personality test which we were expected to take in the interest of science. I asked him why the con program booklet had listed him as with "two Ph.D. equivalents". He fumed at copywriters and said that he had one Ph.D. in political science (a contradiction in terms, I thought) and all requirements for a second Ph.D. in psychology save for the dissertation. I accepted a test booklet and answer form and went over to a table to fill it in, but the process took hours as every few seconds newly arrived fans passed by and greeted me, or stopped to talk. Sandy Cutrell claimed that my beard was getting to be a Focal Point -- "75 or 80 people have stopped here in the last hour!", certainly no exaggeration. I heard rumors that some fans were filling in their test forms at random, and that several planned to get zero on their IQ tests. Anyone who did randomize his personality test answers would be spotted immediately by the extremely low consistency score, as I will show in a moment.) Les Gerber spotted Jim Warren, publisher of HELP!, near the infamous elevator and shouted to him "I'm gonna SUE you and Dick Lupoff!", referring to Warren's scurrilous cartoons about Les in a back issue of XERO. I called out, "Jim, Les has so got one pubic hair!" Jock Root asked "Where?" I answered, "On his chest, of course!" Sandy Cutrell, on the subject of hair, told me how SaM had pulled his beard in the registration line, mouthing some unremembered commonplaces: I was suitably croggled. I spiked the then widespread rumor that I had shaved this summer, adding that the real ex-beardnik was Ted White, who had been job hunting. (This con, incidentally, was more full of beards than any previous one in fannish memory; I counted at least thirty. Roy Frank insisted that they divided into two classes, beards -- pointing to Ted White, who had begun to regrow his -- and !BEARDS!, pointing to mine. Ethel Lindsay claimed that Archie Mercer's was longer than mine by a couple of inches, and a photo Archie sent me afterwards proved it.)

The con immediately proved to be full of other things besides beards, as well:

pros, pretty young femmefans, and little neos. Someone said that Forry Ackerman had been telling the little monster-fans of 11 to 14 to come to this hotel and see him and the other Famous Monsters. I replied, "Yeh, and I bet Seth Johnson's fawning acolytes have been recruiting them like mad, too." One of them -- or so he seemed at first glance -- sat down across from me with a personality test booklet and form. He turned out to be Paul Williams, of Belmont, Mass., publisher of WITHIN, and rapidly growing out of the sf reader class into the trufan category; he came to the con in Hal Clement's car, and took a fairly active role. After a vain attempt to find copies, for himself and me, of the Sturgeon issue of F&SF, he reported disgustedly that the hotel's magazine racks carried nothing but ASFF. (It turned out that copies of the coveted Sturgeon issue, autographed, were available at face price in the huckster room.) Sheila Dvorak, a sultry 15-year-old ex-nymphet, wearing an all-but-transparent chemise, was seen chasing Tom Sager full tilt. Flashblubs (as Steve Bradley calls them) made the scene look like a Presidential press conference. Those who didn't get this reverse caveman sequence on their own films wanted to make Sheila run through the performance again. Sheila sat down instead with a personality test. In a few minutes she had caught up to me, and together with Paul Williams and Sandy Cutrell we chortled long over some of the questions we came to.

And they are worth quoting. The test (the Allen L Edwards Personal Preference Schedule, University of Washington, 1953) presented 15 variables cross-tabulated so that each was matched with all fourteen of the rest, plus fifteen redundant questions to check on consistency of replies, total 225 questions. (A test with too few redundant questions answered the same would be thrown out as unreliable.) The questions were put as alternatives; one had to choose A or B on each, and some were really weird. No 66, for instance: A -- I would like to accomplish something of great significance; B -- I like to kiss attractive persons of the opposite sex. (I commented that in some cases doing B is something of great significance.) Some questions, on the other hand, presented no desirable alternative: No. 85 A -- If I do something wrong, I feel I should be punished for it; B -- I like to conform to custom and avoid doing things that people I respect might consider unconventional. No. 71 seemed aimed directly at the Coventry crowd: A -- I would like to write a great novel or play; B -- I like to attack points of view that are contrary to mine. No. 91 might have given Bloch, Willis or Dag trouble: A -- I like to have strong attachments with my friends; B -- I like to say things that are regarded as witty and clever by other people. No. 141 presented almost insuperable difficulties (if one is honest): A -- I like to be loyal to my friends; I like to go out with attractive personsof the opposite sex. At the opposite extreme, perhaps, was No. 150: A -- I feel that I am inferior to others in most respects; B -- I feel like telling other people off when I disagree with them. (I speculated that the number of fans who would answer A to that one would be in the neighborhood of zero.) No. 143 gave Sheila some pause: A -- I like my friends to show a great deal of affection towards me; B -- I like to become sexually excited. "Since when are these opposites?" she shouted. A couple of questions brought hoots, howls an and shouts of "Disclaimer!" These were No. 209: A -- I like to kiss attractive persons of the opposite sex; B -- I like to experiment and try new things; and No. 179: A -- I like to go out with attractive persons of the opposite sex; B -- I like to make as many new friends as I can. Sheila gleefully said, "I'd like to see the person who'd answer B to No. 214!" This was A -- I like to be in love with someone of the opposite sex; B -- I like to complete a single job or task. I looked at her quizzically and said, "I bet you wouldn't be very attracted to the person who'd answer B." Tom Seidman, hearing this interchange and the alternatives, suggested that B might be the preferable alternative if the job were sufficiently enjoyable -- and he gave me one guess what kind of job he had in mind. I came back with, "O, surely that wouldn't be a job -- it'd be a Way of Life!" Paul Williams looked past me and shouted "Huckster!" at someone. Sandy Cutrell asked, "What's he hucking?" It turned out to be Frank Dietz with copies of LUNA, the fanzine that consists of con speeches; the #1 issue he was offering was

especially appropriate as it contained Chicon Guest of Honor Sturgeon's Phillycon speech. We eventually finished our tests and straggled off.

The results were not available until Monday and many not even then. They came back as percentile scores on each of the fifteen variables: Achievement, Deference, Order, Exhibiton, Autonomy, Affiliation, Intraception, Succorance, Dominance, Abasement, Nurturance, Change, Endurance, Heterosexuality and Aggression. The names don't mean quite what they seem to; for instance, Achievement referred to the ambition to do something important or creative, not to actually having done so. Deference means letting others make decisions. Order doesn't mean keeping a neat house, but instead having an orderly set of work habits. Exhibition means being the life of the party, making bright or witty remarks, etc. Autonomy means independence. Affiliation means closeness and loyalty to friends. Intraception means analyzing other people's motives. Succorance means, roughly, the nursing trait -- making a fuss over people in pain or other trouble, and wanting others to do likewise for you. Nurturance means taking care of people or helping them out, being a friend in need. Change means wanting to have new and different experiences, not wanting to change the world or anything like that. Percentile scores mean that, for instance, if one scores "Percentile 75" on a given variable, 75% of the sample on which the test was standardized got the same score or lower, only 25% a higher score. When Jerry Pournelle gave me back my scores, he looked at the profile and said "Just about what I would have expected." I couldn't tell if he was sneering or simply being his usual self...My profile showed a peak 75th percentile, but raw score of zero) in abasement; my other scores were within a few points on either side of 50%. I could have, I suppose, been dishonest and tried to skew the test by preferring every heterosexuality alternative, but in all honesty there are things I prefer to do with girls instead of taking them to the theatre etc., and some questions were worded that way; as it was, I came out about average. (Sheila, it seemed, came out with heterosexuality as her high point -- about 75th percentile.) Rotsler would have been at once amused and disappointed: it is impossible to score more than 69th percentile in heterosexuality if one is a man.

After all this came a little snogging and a late supper in some round-the-corner hashery, curiously devoid of fans. Fred Pohl and Phil Klass left just as I came in (about 2AM), but they didn't see me. I sat at the counter near a couple of people speaking what seemed to be Tagalog, finished my hot beef sandwich (the only thing on the menu that didn't seem to be fried in deepest fat), and took off for room 683 where Bill Mallardi was hosting a party. FMBsuby was one of two centers of attention there (shortly joined by Wrai Ballard), the other being a filksinging group. As usual, the hotel and its facilities came in for some prolonged grotching. The Pick-Congress is easily one of the most confusingly laid-out hotels in the USA; it consists of two entirely separate 14-story buildings, one containing only odd-numbered rooms (this is the older and finer half, the rooms being bigger, better laid-out, and with thick walls and higher ceilings than in the even-numbered section, to the obvious benefit of partygivers) and the other only even-numbered rooms. To get from room 1052 to 1051, for instance, you have to go down to either the 3rd or 1st floor, walk about a quarter of a mile through corridors without any signs indicating where the other elevators are, and after finding the proper elevator, press both up and down buttons to make sure it will stop for you,

and then take your risk of not being able to get in because of the crowd already there, who have been doing the same thing, even at 3 AM. Only one elevator on each side was working; a second on the odd-numbered side was working at the beginning of the convention, but broke down sometime during the weekend. The management, as it developed, had also

scattered fans' rooms randomly through both sections, instead of simplifying everything by assigning us rooms all in one section (the way the Hyatt House management had done), so a great deal of time got wasted by everyone just in traversing the 1st and 3rd floor corridors and waiting for the elevators. After Buz, Wrai and I and the others around us had swapped experiences, Buz came out with "Yeh, and everybody'll be writing a conreport and calling it 'The Two Towers'."

In answer to questions of where were Walt and Madeline, Buz or someone said that they were Down In The Bar, where mankind was slowly being maneuvered by our Cosmic Feghoot into the Ultimate Pun. But, as it developed, mankind might have a brief respite in the person of one Andy K Main, bem, because in Andy's presence not even Willis can pun. Andy must then be an emissary of some hitherto unrecognized Cosmic Anti-Pun Force.

I finally left 683, being by now physically tired but still as excited as though I'd been on benzedrine -- and the quality of the excitement was much more pleasant than I'd ever gotten from the latter. It stayed with me continuously to the present writing, and possibly a little of it shows through here. (Sometime after the "Sense of Wonder" fan panel, to be described below, I speculated that maybe I should have mentioned this continuing excitement as a possible indication of what Sense of Wonder actually does to a person. I've had it, though less prolonged, at concerts, or a couple of times at live jazz performances, and more markedly at the Seacon; for me this kind of excitement does seem to be brought out and intensified and continued by contact with something about which I recognize a Sense of Wonder in myself. I'd like to hear other fans' experiences with this.) As I left, the party was still going on, though much diminished in numbers; the filksingers -- Gerber on guitar, Bill Bowers, Mallardi, B Joe Fekete -- were belting out something specially hacked together for the occasion: "Fandom Is A Way Of Life" to the tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic. But to other words than Burb's quatrain, I must add.

III. Damn the Formalities -- Full Speed Ahead!

The formal program (the adjective was chosen advisedly) began a little after 11:30 AM Saturday 1 Sept. with Jim O'Meara introducing Rosemary Hickey, who nattered for five minutes about nothing in particular. Dean McLaughlin then came on with a story about how just after he'd sold his first story to a prozine, some young femmefan came to him at a con and said "I've seen that name somewhere before -- NFFF maybe?" And so, to avoid similar embarrassments, he and Big Hearted Howard Devore were going to make introductions -- of notables, the program booklet said.

Devore began by introducing Chicon committee members: Kemp, prez, O'Meara, vp, Rosemary Hickey, sec'y, George Price, treasurer, Martha Beck, Ajay Budrys, Lewis J Grant, Nancy Kemp, Martin Moore, George Peterson (applauded though absent), Vic Ryan, Jon Stopa, Ed Wood, Mark Irwin. Dean McLaughlin then took over and introduced pro editors; Devore, overseas guests and various midwest fans; and so forth. I became gradually aware of the pattern: McLaughlin generally introduced pros of various kinds-- editors, writers, publishers, artists, etc.-- and Howard introduced fans, trying (not too successfully) to keep the names in roughly geographical order, LA fans, Berkeleyites, midwesterners, Seattleites, New Yorkers, etc. being introduced with others from their own areas. And, contrary to previous worldcon practice, the greeters were trying to introduce not just notables, but almost everyone above the apprentice level. In all they named close to two hundred individuals, taking well over an hour; but unaccountably they left out Ted White, the Lupoffs, the Kyles, Andy Main and Frank Dietz. Among the introducees were many names I had never heard of -- evidently club fans known mostly in their own area: George Peterson, Hyde, Mallinger, Taylor, etc. There were ovations for Ethel Lindsay, the Willises, Doc Smith and wife, Fritz Leiber, Sturgeon, Hal Clement and Bloch. There were also the usual number of witticisms, inane

and otherwise. Traveling Jiant Jim Caughranwas introduced with the overseas fans. About Peggy Rae McKnight, BHH said "I understand her name will be changed next year." (She'd already started signing it Peggy Rae McEllik, and word got around -- apparently she is definitely engaged to Ronel.) When Dean McLaughlin called out the absent Ted Sturgeon's name, Dave Kyle stood up to see him, got some applause, and hastily sat down, beet-red. On calling for a bunch of pro writers, none of them then present, Dean McL suggested that we might have to move Down To The Bar. BHH introduced Dave McDaniel as "Ted Johnstone and guitar" -- it seems that his reversion to his real name wasn't yet known to the introducers. "CarlJoshua Brandon from Far Rockaway" was introduced but was absent. (Taking the cue, Elliot Shorter, sharp-witted Negro fan from City College of NY, had a name badge made up reading "Carl Joshua Brandon" and wore it instead of his own during the remainder of the con.) Devore introduced Ruth Berman with the comment "She doesn't believe in fairies, but they believe in her" -- which for some reason brought a few titters. Dean introduced Leiber with the announcement that " "Gather, Darkness" will be out in paperback in a couple of months -- bringing more applause. Sturgeon finally showed up, and after beaming to his tremendous ovation he insisted that his wife Marion and his kids Tandy and Robin stand up and share the applause. There were some duplications; Dick Schultz, Jon Stopa and several others were introduced twice. There was applause for many names even though their bearers proved to be absent. A conspicuous exception was the absent Chris Moskowitz: she got dead silence.

While the introductions droned on and on, I got to thinking about the implied social stratification they represented, and came to the conclusion that in our fandom there are four basic social strata, much as in other fandoms and the beat world. The neos scurrying around the con and occasionally showing up in letter columns represent the lowest stratum -- the 'apprentices'. Above them are the 'well-knowns', the BNFs, and the legendary figures. A youth moves up from 'apprentice' to the 'well-known' class partly by just being around in fanzines, cons and clubs, partly by actually doing things that bring him to the attention of others who are already established. Within and above the 'well-known' class one moves up almost entirely by accomplishment. Upward mobility in our fandom is common enough; downward mobility is very rare and usually a fan who would be downward mobile (Higgs, Myers, Corey) gafiates or retires to a limited group instead. In short, our microcosm and its other-fandom parallels are wishfulfillment societies, in which one can Go Places by other and more satisfactory means than in mundane; here, neither riches nor ancestry nor age is really important in upward mobility -- only measurable accomplishment. And here, I think, is one key to the FIAWCL attitude, after all.

At about 12:35 Earl Kemp was installed as chairman by O'Meara and made a few remarks, the most notable being his reading of a telegram from Chicagoan-in-exile Jerry DeMuth. Afterwards all scooted out to get lunch before the next program item should begin. We found that the huckster room would be closed during program seessions -- over the protests of many. (I think this rule was later relaxed.)

The program was for the most part extremely top-heavy, formal and rigidly science-fiction oriented. A typical instance was the Saturday afternoon scheduling: "America's Future in Space",lecture by NASA delegate Jay Holmes; "The Paperback, Hope of the Future?", lecture by Ian Ballantine, president, Ballantine Books; and the Ed Wood moderated panel "SF: Is It Really Literature?". At no time was there any program item so much as acknowledging the existence of fandom, fans or fanzines; even the fan panel centered around the topic of the Sense of Wonder with particular reference to what kind of science-fiction stimulated such a reaction in its readers.

Jay Holmes's lecture had as its predictable burden the usual chest-thumping: Our Space Program owes much to SF, whose authors have been Vanguard Beating the Drums,

etc, etc; you've all heard it before. Verne's "From the Earth to the Moon" launched its spaceship from a point in Florida not far from Cape Canaveral. Engineers in the space program, one and all friends of SF' overwhelmingly prefer hardcore extrapolatory fiction -- Clarke, Clement, Asimov, "intellectual exercises", to anything farther out. And Holmes went on at length about present and proposed spacecraft, USonian and Russian, and tried to convince us that young stfnists should study engineering to get into the new and up&coming Space Occupations.

At about this point I walked out, thinking that the con committee had got rather worse than it had bargained for, as Holmes was a bore. I found that others had preceded me, and that stragglers were continuing to leave every few seconds. Betsy Curtis was saying that JWCjr had rejected a story of hers because it showed (he said) subliminal fear of psi." Jack Harness, hearing this, cracked "I liked Johnny Godlet, but I liked Astounding more." DAG, camera in hand, walked up toward me. I greeted him as "Doug Graves, I presume?" referring to his photo so captioned in GRUE 24. He referred to me as "the youthful Santa Claus" to which I replied, chuckling, that when the local kids call me that I explain that no, Santa's beard is white; whereas when they ask me if I'm Jesus Christ, I say, "No, he's dead." DAG, with a twinkle in his eye, answered, "They should say, "Sorry, I hadn't noticed." I cracked up and said "Touché!" DAG: "...or not touché!" and passed on. Seeing a neofan named Lawrence Kafka, I pointed at his name badge and said, "The obvious question." He answered, "So distant as to be almost nonexistent." Holmes's lecture ended at about 2:25 and we filed back in.

Ian Ballantine, paperback publisher, was announced as speaking on "The Paperback: Hope of the Future?". He opened his mouth and pessimistic, disjointed ramblings came out. He told us among other things that Nikita Khrushchev had threatened to use A-bombs to melt the polar icecaps, whereupon Gerald Kersh complained that "Mister K is stealing my material!" He asked if it didn't give the pros present a sinking feeling to know that the government is now putting taxpayer dollars into projects these same pros had started. He quoted Ego Clarke as saying that inasmuch as Telstar broadcasts can't be jammed, word-wide freedom of speech might become a reality; but on the other hand the Chinese communists intended rot our capitalistic minds by broadcasting Chinese pornographic movies via Telstar. (He didn't give any details about these.) I didn't stay after this, as I wanted to get to the Park View Room for the reception honoring Walt and Madeleine Willis and Ethel Lindsay. There was a great deal of complaining over the committee's having scheduled this reception at such an hour as to overlap two regular program items (the Ballantine speech and the pro panel to follow).

At the reception, Larry Shaw was behind the bar serving complimentary drinks of various kinds, while the honorees were mingling with the fans and pros who had come to see them. The atmosphere of 6th Fandom and goshwow was thicker than a Los Angeles smog, and I loved every moment of it. Lee Hoffman was also enjoying it, I saw; after ten years, she was back in Chicago with Willis, time had come back full circle, Speer's INNUENDO 11 predictions were beginning to come true, and however gray the world might look to mundane types, our microcosm was looking the colors of Rosebud, Bheer, Ghu and Foo-Foo. Marion Zimmer Bradley came in and had a brief and friendly reconciliation with Willis, and I loved her for it. Fred Remus was telling limericks and Little Willies fannish and otherwise, which I forbear to repeat here, except for one fugitive from Belfast: Little Willis laughed and gleed/ While he watched Chuch Harris bleed./ Don't think with meanness he is smitten--/That's the way you play ghoodminton! Reluctantly I left, after most of the othershad already filed back to the Florentine Room to hear what they could of the pro panel, "SF: Is It Really Literature?"

Ed Wood was announced as moderator, with a somewhat different list of pros from

those announced in the program booklet. Jack Williamson, Tony Boucher, Judy Merril, Fritz Leiber, Ted Cogswell, and I forget who else, took part. As I came in, the question period was already going on. Someone brought up "A Canticle for Leibowitz", and Tony Boucher recalled that Pat ("Mr. Adam") Frank had introduced this book as "not science fiction" -- this is supposed to be a compliment to a sf book? Paul Williams whispered to me that Boucher himself had introduced a damon knight book, "Far Out", by saying "It hurts a book to call it sf, therefore it isn't." Footnote: It is.) Tony asked the rhetorical question, "If it isn't sf, what IS it?" I hollared "Propaganda!", eliciting some audience laughter. Red bearded Pat Kennedy, sitting right behind me, added "Yeah, straight from L'Osservatore Romano." Replying to a question about what sf books were likely to survive, Fritz Leiber named "Bring the Jubilee" and "More Than Human." MZB brought up the instance of lost and fragmentary Greek masterpieces as a good argument against the position that literary survival is an automatic selection process weeding out the 90% of crud called for by Sturgeon's law. She then asked if UCLAs fanzine collection was going to count as literature just because it would survive? Leiber: "That answers itself! (laughter and applause). Judy Merril, apropos of the mention of Sturgeon's law, added that "on the level of what Sturgeon CAN write, 99% of his stuff IS crud." Someone asked when Judy had started reading PLAYBOY... Paul Williams, sotto voce: "That's where she gets most of her Best Stf of the Year collections." Another time she shocked much of the audience including me by referring to "stories I liked real real good."

After this came the auction. Albert Lewis and Martin Moore announced that they would try it in shifts (provoking the inevitable wisecrack, "Is that all you're going to wear?") Enough material was on hand for more sessions than could be held during the con; I later found out from Lewis that there would be enough left unsold to make a good-sized auction for the '63 Discon even if nothing else was donated in the interim. The first lot, a large (about 18" by 30") red, black and white cover for the Mistress Flame story in ROGUE, went for 35¢ to bookdealer Ken Krueger. The autographed Sturgeon manuscript for "Some of Your Blood" brought $12.50. Emsh's Castle of Iron color cover fetched $23.50. These prices pretty much set the pattern: artwork went much lower than at the Seacon and Pittcon, manuscripts often went higher. I carried off in triumph (at $12, compared to regular hardcover price of $5) copy Number One of Bloch's "The Eighth Stage of Fandom", a real prize for a bibliophile as well as a fannish first. The flyleaf autograph tells why: "This, Copy Number 1 of the book I am most genuinely fond of, will become the possession of the highest bidder at the Auction of the Chicon III. As the author, I am of course most flattered -- and all I can do is autograph this, my 22nd published book , in a unique fashion. Never before have I signed my full name in a volume under my imprint, and this is the only copy of the only book to be gratefully signed --Robert Albert Bloch."I got thirty-odd of the pros and BNFs mentioned in the book to autograph it where they were mentioned -- e.g. EESmith under the dedication to him, Tony Boucher in "The Tape of Things to Come", Forry (in Esperanto) in "A Way of LIfe" apropos of his beating the drums for that universal language., etc. Most of them were genuinely surprised that Bloch's middle name was so ordinary (save for being, naturally, sacred to Pogophiles).

But back to the auction: Frank R. Prieto bid up to $16 a set of FANAC, nos. 1 to 82 (complete except for nos. 14 and 35). Ron Ellik came up to help sell it, saying

"This fanzine won a Hugo!" Someone in the audience hollered, "Does the Hugo go with it?" Al Lewis: "You can't buy a Hugo!" Ronel: "How do you think we got it?" Ronel promised to autograph it, and seeing me in the audience promised the buyer that I would do likewise. I agreed. Some wags insisted that both Ron and I should sign each of the eighty issues in the package, but Prieto was content with having our autographs on #1. Afterwards, Bill Evans carried off the manuscript of an unpublished JWCjr novel,"Empire", dating from the 1930s -- "when he both read and wrote science fiction". I asked, "Is it about Coventry?" to some laughter. A pair of original Peanuts strips went for $19. One of the rare bottles of Pinot Grand Fenwick (from the movie "The Mouse that Roared") sold at $5.50, I think to Pelz; some young neofan in the audience piped up "Can minors bid on this lot?" but got no answer. The Powers framed oil cover for Arthur C Clarke's "Expedition to Earth sold at $61 -- it had a minimum of $55. This was the highest priced single item.

Sturgeon came in, donating and autographing many of his old manuscriptis, and touting them up for the bidders. I talked with him for awhile, and found him every bit as warm and wonderful as one could have expected from his stories. He asked me to be sure to send him a copy of FANAC 82 because of the writeup of his speech therein. (Evidently the copy I'd sent him got lost in the mail though the address was correct -- Theodore Sturgeon, Woodstock, New York.) He also wanted me to get him onto the steady mailing list for Wrhn, as he very much liked that fanzine even though he was rarely able to write letters of comment. He spoke favorably of my own contributions to Wrhn. I asked him if I'd been way off the track about the "contrary motion" between his own "Venus Plus X" and Heinlein's "Stranger in a Strange Land." He told me that he and Heinlein wrote the books simultaneously and that a letter from him crossed one from Heinlein, each informing the other about his projected book; that it was an "uncanny, incredible" more-than-coincidence; that the ideas just seemed to be "in the air" at the same time, and he and Heinlein reacted to them each in his own individual manner, accounting for the parallels and contrary motions I'd pointed out. He added, with a note of pride in his voice, that his review of the Heinlein book in .NATIONAL REVIEW induced Buckley himself to go out and buy a copy; he did not say, however, whether it influenced Buckley's subsequent thought. I left him, with a warm glow inside me, and a sneaking urge to move to Woodstock.

The enormous oil cover for Sturgeon's "It,"donated by Jerome Walker, nevertheless brought only "$16, inspiring a disgusted comment, "You bunch of cheapskates!" from Al Lewis. Paul Williams, in a goshwow-tinged tone, asked me if they were going to auction off Sturgeon (at the Auction Bloch), promising, "I'll buy him for $100 and chain him to a typer!" He had been listening to Sturgeon's conversation with me, I think. Later on, the 'uncensored' "Fire in the Night" manuscript went for $12.50; Poul Anderson's manuscript for "Guardians of Time", $7; Gerber, I think, bought for $1 Hal Shapiro's original pen ("the one that led to the federal pen"). An original Pogo panel, "Olympics", sold for $6.50. Paul Williams, buying for a friend (Williams College senior Dave Hartwell), grabbed the Budrys "False Night"," Some Will Not Die" package at $9.50; Hartwell would have gone to $25 for it if necessary. Eight Twilight Zone stills, donated by someone at CBS, managed to bring $5.50, inspiring me to quote the Dean Dickensheet line, "And the Eye is seen each night on CBS.", from "The Orcs' Marching Song." A pair of Bradbury hardcover books, "Dark Carnival" and "Fahrenheit 451", the latter #115 of a limited numbered edition of (I think) 250, went at $8.50. A pair of unpublished versions of Hal Clement stories, "Close to Critical" and "Snuffer", went to Paul Williams at $13.50, again on a $25 limit. Marion Bradley's "Door Through Space" manuscript brought only $5. A surprise package, bought by some young neo for 50¢ turned out to be an excellent Kelly Freas drawing. Paul Williams snapped up for $10.75 the manuscript of damon knight's "To Serve Man." Someone else picked up for "$6 Sprague de Camp's "Elephant for Aristotle" manuscript. A white-covered pb version of Doc Smith's "Vortex Blaster" (only six printed of this edition) went to Steve Schultheis

for $3.75; whether for UCLA library or his personal collection, I didn't find out. Some strong-armed type, heaving and puffing, lugged off the 557pg manuscript of deCamp's "Bronze God of Rhodes" for $5 -- the same price as his manuscript of "Dragon of the Ishtar Gate."

Outside the auction room, I saw Grania Davidson for the first time during the con, the first time in fact since she'd left NYC with Avram; we greeted each other enthusiastically. I found that pinned to her dress, somewhere around her -- er -- midsection, was an additional name badge: "Embryo Homunculus Davidson, In Utero, Committee Member." I pointed to it and asked Grania "Which committee?" She smiled: Committee on Engrams, of course!"

During the previous night someone had gone into the Art Show room and gutted the cashbox of some $40 in cash and $12 in cheques. A . box was left out on the table for contributions to make it up. Bjo later figured out that it must have been an inside job. There was no evidence that the door had been forced, and the hotel management admitted that five porters had master keys to the Art Show room.

IV. The Night Eney Blushed

At 8:15 the fan panel organized itself -- not in the big Florentine Room as planned (we'd been bumped by a con of Seabees, but then we got back at them by running them out of the Avenue West room for the costume ball). That Good Man Dean A Grennell was moderator, and the panelists included Walt Willis, Ethel Lindsay, Phyllis Economou , Ruth Berman, Vic Ryan, and Dick Eney. Eney replaced Harry Warner, who had intended to take part but who was kicked upstairs to the managing editorship or something of his Hagerstown newspaper and couldn't get away over the con weekend.

DAG opened the proceedings by citing various definitions of the Sense of Wonder (that being after all the title and announced topic): the capacity to be favorably impressed, the desire to experience a sense of novelty or enjoyment (especially for stfsy), etc. He asked the panelists which definition, if any, each of them accepted, and whether their own Sense of Wonder remained intact.

Eney said that he was substituting for Harry Warner, which was "about like Ray Palmer substituting for Avram Davidson". He distinguished between genuine Sense of Wonder and the pseudo-Sense of Wonder resulting from sheer novelty; his criteria for the former were roughly equivalent (I noticed) to those Terry Carr enumerated in HOBGOBLIN 7, amounting to the requirement that authors should "really know their stuff" (for verisimilitude and extrapolation, as Terry had put it); he named as especially good instances Leiber, Asimov, Blish (in the Okie series), Robert E. Howard (!) "In reading the writings of authors like these," he added, "we participate in the act of creation " He contrasted this with the depthless, superficial .productions of modern "flashy" or "arty" writers, whatever this last means -- he did not elaborate or name names. "The change is not within us, but instead consists in that the real Sense of Wonder gloss never was in the modern crud."

Walt Willis equated the Sense of Wonder with whatever provided stimulus to the imagination; he found it in history, astronomy, even in fandom. He said that we can enjoy science fiction of the 1940s more than that of the 30s or of the 60s, because in the 1930s they were trying to write stf, whereas in the 1940s they were succeeding. And today we see in stf the wonder of cents rather than the Sense of Wonder. (Applause.)

Phyllis Economou: "My Sense of Wonder is stimulated by people like Robert Bloch, whom you might have heard of...but such people have been lured off to Hollywood and as a result I never did find out How To Be Vampire. So I later on shifted from science

fiction to fandom; there is not nothing on earth like fandom to create in me a Sense of Wonder."

Ethel Lindsay maintained that trying to define the Sense of Wonder is like trying to define happiness; trying to pin down either destroys it. But to her the Sense of wonder manifested itself as a certain sudden unmistakable emotional reaction on reading a book. Her latest occasion for it was when she reread "Agent of Vega." It seemed to go with unlimited imagination on the part of an author.

Ruth Berman -- a little more formal than I've been used to seeing her -- agreed, adding that her own reactions were much the same, and that Eney's "pseudo- Sense of Wonder" is merely that kind which does not last.

Vic Ryan insisted that people with a certain degree of acquaintance with literature develop discrimination; and that the Sense of Wonder was nothing more than a temporary literary anesthetic to discrimintion, bound to wear off in time. "But unlike the (chemical) anesthetic, it involves feeling...I would like to believe that what once produced this effect will continue to."

Ruth suggested that a 30-year test of this might be appropriate. She quoted an Ogden Nash poem, "Each June I make a promise sober / That I'll be literate by October", citing it as Sense of Wonder in action -- noting especially that Nash mentioned the books he curled up with each summer were, inevitably, Conan Doyle and "The Three Musketeers," rather than the Great Masterpieces he intended each time to read and never got around to. (DAG: "We'll be looking forward to your report in 1992.") In short, said she, whatever story has the maximum of entertainment-plus-artistic merit-plus-good writing stimulates a Sense of Wonder.

(I would contrast this to the Terry Carr criteria: verisimilitude, through appealing to several senses in recreating for us an alien world or situation, together with a rigorously logical extrapolation technique. In this latter, an author sets himself a problem and takes us with him step by step in solving it. Bloch summarized it well in "The Lomokome Papers" in SIGBO 3: "You simply cannot have a good SF story without credibility." And once again, I would recall to your attention Ajay Budrys's calling Ruesch's Sense of Wonder-filled novel of Eskimo life, "Top of the World", a "Hal Clement type of book", at the Seacon panel, precisely because of this beautifully worked-out verisimilitude, remarkable in a non-stfnal context, and comparable to Robert Graves's and Mary Renault's remarkable reconstructions of antiquity in their own quasi-novels. I would also like to recall to you the Marion Bradley phrase "One Touch of Gosh-wow" for the Sense of Wonder distinguishing the fan, of whatever sort, from the mundane clod, and the Rollo May description of it as "the opposite of cynicism and boredom...heightened aliveness, interested, expectant, responsive, aware...that there is more to life than one has yet fathomed..."; cf. "The Admirable Crycon", ;pg 14.)

DAG, opening the question period, admitted that he had shocked Horace L Gold by admitting that he read only the synopsis and the final installment in most of the Galaxy serials. Someone, Alderson Fry I think, asked Walt Willis to make another 4-minute sppech. Walt, somewhat shaken, weakly said "Tomorrow." (No, Walt, I'm sure he really did want to hear you, despite your published aversion to making con speeches.) Phyllis Economou characterized DAGs remark as simply another way of saying that entertainment without art is shallow -- and added, "fandom often makes an art of being entertaining" (a neat compliment to both Willis and DAG).

Someone else wondered if the shift in stf, 1940-60, wasn't merely a shift in theme from high adventure to sociological speculation. DAG suggested instead that it was something much more fundamental: one could compare the construction of a story

with that of a piece of sculpture. A sculptor starts with an armature, a kind of skeleton; the quality of design of this determined in large measure the quality of the finished work. So too with fiction, and much of the more recent stuff simply didn't have the inner quality of the classics. Ruth Berman insisted that the change in stf did also consist in a shift from preoccupation with characterization (which really isn't too far from a shift "from high adventure to sociological speculation" at that). Ethel passionately declared that stf is much, much more than the story of the interactions among four or five humans! Walt Willis pointed out that sociological stf dated back at least as far as Stapledon's "Last and First Men," to which Grennell added that Clement's "Ice-world" was sociological stf dealing with an entirely alien, non-human society. Jerry Pournelle scoffed at the Ruth Berman notion, claiming that characters in much stf were often so vapid that you didn't really care if they lived or died, and so the author must needs resort to basically magical thinking -- having the future of civilization depend on one or another of them, so that you would somehow have to become involved. (It sounds as though he was thinking of Edmond Hamilton, though he named no names.)

Fourteen-year-old neo Louis Crane, of Chicago, took issue with Eney's concept of true vs. false Sense of Wonder, by suggesting that what was instead involved is psychological vs. philosophical Sense of Wonder, the former manifesting itself when the book outruns the level of the latter, ie transcends the level of good mental exercise. He then suggested that psychological Sense of Wonder was especially good for "weary old writers like you" (laughter, and Eney blushed) -- "or, I mean, writers of your generation" (more laughter, and Eney blushed an even deeper red). I wondered momentarily if there were not some reason after all behind Eney's forgetting to include his birthyear in his sketch the Broyles Fandirectory.

Elinor Busby, in a voice which sounded to me as though she were still shaking a bit from laughter, commented on Willis's remark by saying that in "Last and First Men" and similar Stapledonian items, a major contribution to the Sense of Wonder is the actual feeling of time in vast stretches. Someone else complained. "Why is it always stories in the past which are supposed to have Sense of Wonder? Why nothing recent like some of Poul Anderson's work?" DAG replied that this is subjective; some people indeed find Sense of Wonder in recent stories, others only in the past. "We deal mostly with stories of the past because, by and large, these are the stories we've read." Stu Hoffman made noises like a First Fandomite: "The big trouble is that there's too much science now and not enough fiction!" A curious reversal of Gernsback.

Dick Lupoff put the anonymous complainer's question to an immediate test by challenging anyone present to name six stories of the past year or so with a Sense of Wonder; he began by citing Poul's "Day After Doomsday." DAG: Sturgeon's "Comedians Children." (But this was in VENTURE, May 1958!) Paul Williams named Cogswell's "Test". I mentioned Sturgeon's "Venus Plus X" and Hersey's "The Child Buyer". (And if Lupoff hadn't made the time limitation, I would also have named Sturgeon's "More Than Human," Aldiss's "Starship," and every Hal Clement book "I've read, among others.) Someone else named Leiber's "Big Time" -- another 1958 product. Still another fan claimed that "by the time you've read your 500th story, you're jaded." Paul Williams muttered to me that in this case we ought to be hearing more from the neos. DAG told the bewhiskered old story about the man who welcomed beans for supper on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday , but who complained to his wife when she served them again the next night, only to get the rejoiner "..and now it's Thursday night and you're tired of beans already?" Some femmefan named H. Bean Piper's "Little Fuzzy" and loud applause followed. Lewis J Grant followed this with "I still find a Sense of Wonder in things like POPULAR

MECHANICS fact articles of the 1940's." Ted White nominated a couple of recent Keith Laumer stories. Dick Schultz sought to locate the Sense of Wonder catalyst in a combination of ideas and talent for expressing them. DAG suggested that even if the really great ideas have mostly been used already, it was probably just as much a challenge in the 1940's to find good new ones (and to present them effectively; it might also be worthwhile to go back to the older ideas and give them new slants, as Heinlein, Aldiss and Sturgeon could testify --wb). He then cited the old story of the two women who came out of a performance of "Hamlet" complaining, "Why, this play is full of cliches!" And the fresh new twist in the tired old cliche, said he, is in some quarters beginning to become a cliche technique itself.

Young neofan Steve Hodes echoed Kingsley Amis by naming "Gravy Planet." B Joe Fekete theorized that older fans' Sense of Wonder was developed in their own era, and new fans' in theirs; the Sense of Wonder was a feeling originating in something having novelty to the individual, not something characteristic of one epoch as against another. DAG gave another alternative: referring to Hal Clement and his criteria, he said that if a SF story did not contain some element of surprise (not necessarily an OHenry ending), if it was entirely predictable, then there would be no Sense of Wonder in it. J Ben Stark made a splendid profession of faith by saying that the next Hal Clement story he read, he would expect to find full of Sense of Wonder. He then asked DAG "Did you just read the synopsis and last chapter in "Iceworld?" DAG, emphatically and earnestly: "No! I read it word by word, period by period, comma by comma. -- any comment, Sam?" SaM said that though he'd invented the term Sense of Wonder (to mean the feeling that there's more to the universe than one has yet observed), he'd always felt that modern SF was written for jaded old fans like himself, not neos. (He did not say what period he meant by modern.) This ended the panel, but not the talking about it; some fans left to put on their costumes (Lee Hoffman was heard to say "I think I'll go as a terrestrial!"), while others strayed around the room and indulged in fangab. I asked Ajay Budrys what exactly was the function of the Committee on Morals which he was supposed to be chairmaning. Ajay: "The Committee on Morals is to make sure no morals slip into the con." And to judge by subsequent developments, he was successful.

V. Monster Rally

The Avenue West room, where the costume ball was to take place, was a fair to middling size banquet hall, with the orchestra at one end, a lot of tables squeezed together at the other, occupying more than half the total area, and a much-too-small space in between for the costume judging There had been some talk of requiring everyone to come in costume or be excluded -- in one of the Progress Reports -- but this was fortunately not even mentioned. I brought no costume, intending to say, if asked, that I was "Kuttner in whiskers" (phrase supplied by Marion Bradley).

By 10:15, when Sturgeon, Cogswell and Juanita Coulson began their folksong session (mostly old tunes fitted with words mostly written out, it seems in one of the Merril anthologies), the place was packed. Unfortuantely, the PA system was so poor as to obscure almost all the words, and the high level of audience noise made audibility even poorer. I shared a table near the front, with Avram, Grania and Embryo Homunculus Davidson, chortlying at their remarks and at a copy of a little one-shot they'd put out, named HOMUNCULUS (sorry, no copies are left). During the singing, I suddenly discovered that I'd mislaid my #1 copy of the Bloch book. I immediately rushed back to the third floor, searching where I might have dropped it. A neofan named Randy Reynolds, from Columbus, watched me in my near desperation, and asked me if this was what I was looking for. It was, and I thanked him profusely, putting him on the FANAC mailing list in gratitude for returning it. I told him I had to return to the costume ball, and suggested he come along as it looked as though it might prove interesting.

By the time I regained my seat with the Davidsons, many costumes were already visible among the standing-room-only contingent. Eney, in his facet as Bloody-Handed Warmonger , was passing out little blue slips with slogans on them like "How can we expect Khruschev to behave decently when all the pacifist pinkos make all this fuss about his atmospheric tests?" And yes, his hands were blood red. A telegram to Boyd Raeburn turned out to be regrets from John Koning, who couldn't get to the con. At a table next to us was one of several HGWells Invisible Men, this one (unidentified) exceptionally convincing. A couple of LIFE Magazine photographers showed up and immediately and repeatedly photographed him both there and dancing with Sheila Dvorak. They photographed her, too, from almost all imaginable angles -- not surprisingly. The band played at first with an Ellingtonian sound, then later on with a more strident and commercial sound, often loud enough to drown conversation. Only a few couples were dancing at any particular moment.

When the "Grand March" was announced -- nearer to 11 PM than to the scheduled 10:30 -- the crowding was almost unbearable, and the nearly one hundred contestants barely had room to move in the ring prescribed by the judges (cover artists Margaret Brundage, Ed Emsh and Richard Powers); one can only imagine the chaos that would have resulted had everyone in the room shown up in costume, as the committee wished! There was no dais on which each could have presented himself to the judges, as at Pittcon and many other cons. This worked to the detriment of the contestants as well as the judges and the audience. For instance, the judges were later overheard to say that they noticed the fairy queen with beads in her hair (this was Marion Zimmer Bradley as Galadriel, costume maganificently done by Bjo) but they never got a good look at her! Some contestants simply walked out in disguest. The prizewinners:

Most Beautiful--Karen Anderson as "Miss Bem of 2419 , a stunning moth creature with delicately feathered body and gossamer wings many feet long; for the compound eyes she had some kind of reflecting plates several inches across.

Most Gruesome -- Harriett Kolchak, led by acolyte Don Studebaker, as "Lady Ardral and Drrreesh", from Don's own story "Mask of Milquar" (sp?); costumes by Studebaker. Harriett partly concealed a hideous made-up face behind a nearly as hideous mask on a handle; Don was a startlingly convincing green-skinned humanoid. Don is showing up as the East Coast's answer to Blake Maxam.

Most Primal (Adam) -- Dr A. W. Miller, as a gladiator -- from the cover painting to Keith Laumer's "Worlds of Imperium." This was his first attempt -- and in fact his first con.

Most Primal (Rib) -- Sheila Dvorak, as a nymph.

Best Group -- The Flash Gordon characters: Dave Kyle as Ming the Merciless (he had won a first prize with a similar costume at Chicon I in 1940, and the repeat performance again brought to mind Speer's time-come-full-circle prophecies in INNUENDO 11), Ruth Kyle as the Witch Queen of Mongo, Ginny Schultheis as Princess Aura, Steve Schultheis as the son-in-law King Baren, and Jock Root as Dr. Zarkov.

Most Authentic -- Fritz Leiber, as Eric von Hohenwald (from one of his own stories); pet spiders, or something looking like them, were perched on various parts of his uniform. This seemed inappropriate, and it looked as though the judges might have understandably wanted to give some kind of accolade to Leiber just for being himself, rather than for his costume.

Best Bem -- Stu Hoffman, as always, this time as Karduk, High Priest of Tau Ceti. In his gigantic mask this time were tiny electric bulbs as ocelli flashing at random.

Best Fantasy Character -- Diree Archer, as a bird girl. (I thought MZB as Galadriel should have gotten the prize in this category.)

Best in Show -- Stu Hoffman. (This was felt by many as preposterious. Karen Anderson would have been a far better choice.)

The prizes were phonograph records and Bjo handpainted mugs. The records were of things like Roddy MacDowall's reading of Lovecraft stories, Burgess Meredith's reading of Bradbury, etc.

Some of the other notable costumes -- this is not intended as a complete listing-- included Paul and Ellie Turner as Ted Sturgeon (complete with horns, as in the F&SF cover) and a wyvern; Bill Evans as Independent Testing Laboratory (in white lab smock, complete with a pocket microscope provided by yhos); an almost complete Justice Society of America group from LASFS, consisting of Pelz as Spectre, Trimble as Sandman, Jack Harness as Hawkman, Fred Patten as Flash (there was another Flash running around -- Charles Wells, I think , Ernie Wheatley as Capt. Midnight, Dave McDaniel as Green Lantern, Dian Girard as Wonder Woman, and Adrienne Martine as the Black Canary. Comic fandom inspired other contestants as well: Don and Maggie Thompson came as Ibis and Tia from Whiz Comics. The Lupoffs carried off a tour de force as the "Lovebirds" from Sturgeon's "World Well Lost". Nancy Kemp brought gusts of laughter as the notorious Prosser-Willick Trophy (originally swiped from Emsh's cover painting to Harlan Ellison's Silver Corridor). The Shaws came as Salome and John the Baptist. Sylvia was gorgeous as Polychrome, daughter of Rainbow (from the Oz books). I never did find out who the 2 or 3 Invisible Men were. Larry Ivie and Les Gerber satirized Dr Frederic Wertham and his minions by appearing as Batman and Robin, even getting into a burlesque clinch (complete with sheep's eyes) for photographers. Neofan Bill Gibson, apparently no relative of the G2 crowd, came as Bro. Francis Gerard of Utah, from Miller's "A Canticle for Leibowitz -- getting across the exactly right degree of nai'vete for the role. Marion's son Steve Bradley came as haughty, swashbuckling Dyan Ardais from several of MZB's Al-Merdin stories. Bjo dazzled everyone as the Firebird, but admitted to me that she had spent so much time and care on MZB's awesome characterization that she had too little time to spend on her own. Such devotion deserves an accolade here even though it got no recognition by the judges. (Dick Schultz deserves thanks too for helping me get identifications of some of the more obscure costume characters.)

The LIFE photographers continued to take pictures every few seconds, getting many dozens of poses especially of Sylvia and Sheila Dvorak. Hearing a childish voice piping up above the orchestra, the photographers turned their attention to Sheila's kid sister Devi, age about four -- a beautiful little blonde, reminiscent of Poopsie Ellington but if anything even more photogenic. They photographed her dancing, examining a shrunken head on Don Studebaker's costume, sitting on my lap, etc. They asked hundreds of questions, took down names and occupations in their notebooks, etc. I heard later that LIFE has covered nearly every wordcon but hasn't yet run a feature on one of them.

Jack Harness or someone began passing out cards (printed by Don Fitch, most likely) reading "MING THE MERCILESS SAYS YOU CAN'T SIT HERE -- which cracked up everyone who saw them, including Dave "Ming" Kyle himself.

True to the con committee's promise, the orchestra began to blare out twist music afterwards. Two or three couples even danced, but the rest -- true to fannish tradition -- sat it out and either retired to the bar or went to parties upstairs. Nothing the con committee did, it seems, could change established fannish habits... Mundane types at the bar (from one or other of the various cons being held at the Pick Congress this same weekend) were mostly startled witless by the costumes -- principally the Justice

Society of America group. The older fans congregated in 868 for a First Fandom gathering; I poked my head in, but the meeting seemed on the dull and smoky side. Of it DAG was heard to say, "It is a close and suffocating thing to be a member of First Fandom." MZB and I ended up at the DC in '63 party in 781-783. One room was devoted to filksinging, another to fangab and drinking, a third (reachable only past Al haLevy who turned aside many) contained most of the BNFs -- this was quiet though crowded, and I liked the sheer intimacy of its atmosphere. Various groups were holding Interventions out in the hall. I still don't know how late this party kept up.

VI. Fans Are Slans...?

The con committee was roundly and bitterly congratulated on holding the business session at 9 AM Sunday when it was practically certain that nobody but the most vitally interested parties (if even these) would be up, and objections or unexpected proposals could be held to a minimum. Martin Moore was chairman, and only two items of business actually got voted on. Ben Jason reported that he could no longer make Hugos after the 1963 con. It was voted therefore, 31 to 2, that the 1963 con form a committee to get an alternate manufacturer. The floor was then thrown open for bids for the next worldcon. There was only one: George Scithers ambled up and drawled softly, "The WSFA has formed a small committee to hold a convention, which solicits your vote. We promise to do our best." I didn't see who seconded this bid; there were no objections, and Washington got the con by acclamation. (Bill Evans, following Seacon tradition, passed out initial Progress Reports and took membership applications. I got #69 as usual.) A third matter, reputed to deal with the ancient, hallowed and unrationalized tradition of holding details of the Hugo voting secret, was held up until John R Isaac should arrive, and the business meeting was recessed until he should arrive. (He never did, and the matter never came to discussion.) I have already voiced my own objections to the practice of secrecy anent the Hugo votes; even as with the FANAC poll and similar competitions, the interest in results goes well beyond the mere tabulation of firstplace winners. Exactly as in political elections, it is of both interest and actual concern whether a winner was elected by a three vote margin or a landslide, and what were the actual standings of the top five in any particular category, and (if possible) whether the ballots can be analyzed according to sources: geographical concentrations, fanzine fans generally, con fans, the NFFF, etc. I have never heard any argument for secrecy which made really good sense to me, but I am open to reason. Possibly this will be settled once and for all at the DisCon.

At 10AM the IQ testing began, under supervision of Jim O'Meara and Vic Ryan, with a couple of local psychologists -- the con program booklet identified them as Jules Karlin and Dr Wm. Kosinar, both of Wilson Jr. College, Chicago. The test was the absurd, stupidly chosen and entirely inadequate Otis Quick-Scoring, Test Gamma, Form EM. Eighty questions, time limit 30 minutes. I finished in eight minutes, checked over my answers twice (retaining dissatisfaction with four of them because of the ambiguities in language of the questions), and left just after Tom Seidman, who was too disgusted even to bother to check his own answers. Among numerous complaints heard about the test: the ridiculous hour of 10AM Sunday, when many fans wouldn't even be up, and those were were up would hardly be at their best; the fans who did get up to take it probably don't constitute a representative sample of either con- or fanzine-fans; the ambiguities of language, which for the most part favored those who looked only at the most superficial meanings, and slowed up those who (from greater mental acuity) saw the several levels of meaning actually there and wondered which ones were intended; and and the whole dreary catalogue of objections mustered against such tests by Banesh

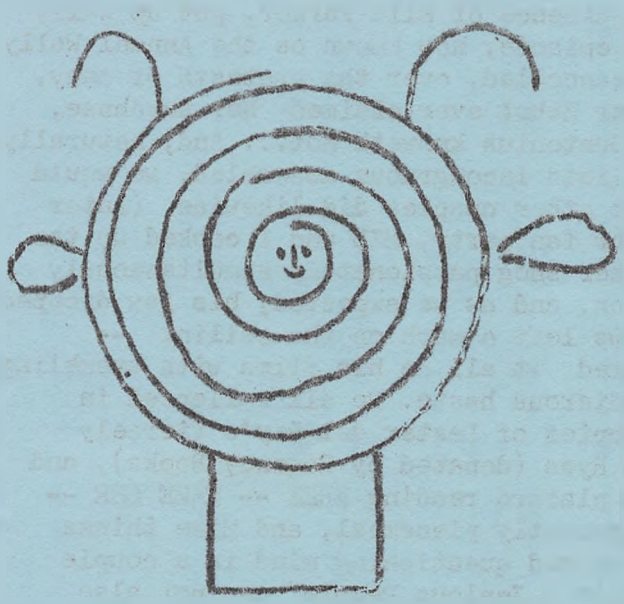
Hoffman a couple of years back in AMERICAN SCHOLAR and HARPERS, and by Lester del Rey in the Mensa speech (see FANAC 87).

And when the results came in the next day, they gave rise to still other complaints, equally justified. The original idea behind giving the IQ test to Chicon attendees was to check on the frequent claims that fans are, on the average, well above mundanes in intellectual ability. The numerical evidence, from this Otis test at least, is inconclusive but very suggestive. Number of testees, 79; range 104 (2) to 139 (2); mean 127 (average for the general population, 100); median 131 (ie, there were as many scores above 131 as below it); mode 136 (ie, the most frequent score, obtained by 8 or 10% of the total number taking the test!); standard deviation 9.3, which is low. The curve described by these figures is highly skewed, unlike most IQ curves. In a normal distribution we would expect 68% of the score to fall within one standard deviation of the mean, ie, here between 117.7 and 136.3; in fact, almost 76% do. These results show that the test was grossly unsatisfactory having much too low a top. The piling up at 136, only a few points below the theoretical maximum for adults, is highly significant, and it is entirely possible that the ambiguities of language would have accounted for the scattered scores above this, or else that the higher scores were obtained by very young fans, the tables available allowing for higher scores only at lower ages, as commonly. The test certainly does not compare in degree of challenge with that used by Mensa (the Cattell III). And, knowing that there are fans in and out of MENSA who have scored in the 160's to 180's or higher on the Cattell, it follows that when these same fans scored in thel30's on the Otis, the scores are pretty meaningless. In a word: The test situation, which might have been of considerable value, was bungled. I hope the DisCon committee does not fall into a similar trap.

Speaking of the DisCon committee, Bill Evans (in CELEPHAIS 32, FAPA 100th mailing) had a very wise comment on this kind of test scene: "This matter of the bright person doing poorer on questions/ tests because of imagination is causing some educators and professional test-makers serious trouble. Especially in these tests for wide use among many schools. The person who makes up the test just doesn't see the questions from the same point of view, and misses the 'second level' implications in some of the answers. I can remember cases, years ago, of exactly this thing -- both as a tester and a testee. Often, no one on the staff would spot it until after the exam, and then sometimes the question would have to be thrown out. Recently, in Physics Today I saw an exchange of letters on this matter, being very specific about the implications on just two 'simple' questions with mimultiple-choice answers. It ran for about 10 pages." I think Bill has pretty accurately fingered the problem.

Results on the personality test aren't in even yet, but Jerry Pournelle told me that they will probably appear in BANE. Those fans who didn't take it Friday night were taking it later Sunday morning, individual returns were available for some of them, but the group profiles still have to be made up. The general idea is that, conceivably, fans could differ from the general population in some few among the 15 variables of the Edwards test, eg, exhibitionism being higher, absasement lower, etc. I suspect that this too is going to be bungled because there is no breakdown of tests as between primarily fanzine fans and primarily con fans -- who are likely to be entirely different.

Meanwhile, back at the con: I dropped into the two Art Show rooms, and was quite favorably impressed even after the Seacon's superb exhibit under Bjo & Co. One of the two rooms was devoted entirely to a glittering exhibit of Richard Powers originals used for SF book covers: "A Mile Beyond the Moon," "Thirty Day Wonder," "The Case Against Tomorrow," "Earthlight" (2nd edition), "Tales From the White Hart", "More Than Human," "Invisible Man', Kuttner's "Ahead of Time" and various



anthologies. The other, the Fan Art Show proper, was smaller than its Seacon counterpart but of high quality indeed. The photo section contained only three entries: a Ronel abstract, Pelz's "Essence of the Pittcon" (showing a filk-singing session attended by Les Gerber, Ted White and Dave McDaniel with guitar), and I forget what the third was. A unique Clark Ashton Smith tempera, "Earth Dragon", was up for bidding; Evans was high at $20. The real find of this year's show was Don Simpson, even as was Luan Meatheringham of last year's. Simpson contributed paintings in various media, together with a fantastic helmet ornamented with dragons, and three goblets etched with a wyvern, a pegasos and a griffin.

There were other remarkable items. I particularly remember Bjo's scintillating "Rima", Don Simpson's ethereal "Flying City" (which was being bid up vigoriously between Pelz and MZB), a little hobbit figurine by Ed Curtis (casts of this will be available later, I believe: write Bjo, Juanita Coulson or Ed Curtis for details, or watch for the next SIILME), Cawthorn's stark "Field of Pelennor", Fritz Leiber's atmospheric spatter-work, another lovely group of Cynthia Goldstone paintings (the ones I liked best were already sold), and many more. The amount of Tolkien-mythos artwork this time was quite large and many of the entries in this category were of excellent quality; heroic fantasy was likewise a popular entry field. Larry Ivie's "Legolas and the Eagle" (as will be seen below) won a prize for its startlingly original frame, but its title was a ludicrious afterthought. This painting remained in the hall outside the Art Show and drew plenty of comment, favorable (for its techniques) and unfavorable (for the Tolkienists). Ryotaro Mizuno, a dark horse like Meatherinham last year, also drew favorable comments for his professional-quality cartoons, but they were in a pastiche of various more or less identifiable styles. Conspicuously absent this year, and much missed: Bergeron.

The Art Show room was the scene of much amusing byplay. It was here that Avram Davidson distributed hot bagels (two of them made a full meal for anyone but a giant; it was here that Tom Seidman (or was it John Boardman?) and I traded windup dolls... the Walt Willis doll -- wind it up and it crosses the Atlantic; the Cultist doll trades insults with you; the Sam Moskowitz doll sings a solo in the key of I; the Andy Main doll learns another language; the Jerry Pournelle doll shoots you from ambush for research purposes... It was here that a lot of clowning and parody singing went on, and that Bjo decorated name badges with hilarious cartoons. (Mine figured later on in some byplay with Heinlein.) It was in here, and later on just outside during the judging, that Ken Krueger's mischievous little daughters were holding some kind of competition, trying to outdo each other in the number of signatures they could get in their program booklets, duplications and pseudonyms counted. Among the pseudonyms I spotted Humbert Humbert and Luke Warmbeer, but make no guess who signed these names.

Nor was amusing byplay a monopoly of the Art Show area: there was the occasion when Jim Warren was in the infamous elevator, conspicuous in his organge sweater and carrying an equally conspicuous bottle of Haig & Haig. In the elevator with him, and unable to avoid noticing him and his bottle, were two nuns and a priest, from the MASLA convention (Midwest Assembly of Sodalists Lay Apostolate or something like that). Jim made various, partly embarrassed, partly clowning, efforts to conceal the bottle, and ended up -- if memory serves -- offering a drink to the priest. In vain. And then

there was the report that Doreen Webbert, in the absence of Ella Parker, put up Wally Weber for auction for repetition of the Room 224 episode, now known as the Annual Wally Weber Kissing Contest. As the Auction Bloch was cancelled, over the protests of many, Doreen sold Wally to Ethel Lindsay for 2¢. Whether EtheL ever claimed her purchase, and if so how she disposed of Wally, your Gaius Suetonius knoweth not... And, naturally, every time MZB and I passed by the Catholic sodalists incongruous assembled, we would snog like mad for their benefit; and I know that other couples did likewise. (Later on, when Jay Kay Klein barged into a closed-door fan party, MZB and I cooked up the ploy of croggling him out of his wits by having her snog passionately simultaneously with Kevin Langdon and myself. JKK saw it going on, and as we expected, his jaw dropped to about the level of his beltbuckle, his eyebrows left a mark on the ceiling -- making him look ludicrous indeed -- and he captured it all on his films with trembling hands, leaving a moment afterwards in equally ludicrous haste. We all collapsed in laughter.) Mike Deckinger collected a bunch of copies of Lester del Rey's fiercely anticlerical "The Eleventh Commandment" from Vic Ryan (donated by Regency Books), and left them on the sodalists' exhibit table with a placard reading FREE -- TAKE ONE -- MASLA. They were gone in twenty minutes, apparently piecemeal, and Mike thinks that possibly his action sowed the seeds of a free and questioning mind in a couple of dozen sodalists. (I am only sorry that "For I Am A Jealous People" was not also available for this purpose.) And a disgruntled Bjo left a sign on one of the elevators (text by DAG, I believe) reading THIS ELEVATOR EATS PEOPLE.

Back in the Art Show room, during a lull, I met Hal Clement over the Leiber spatterwork, and brought him regards from his old Milton Academy pupil Josh Brackett (the same one who had some verses in TESSERACT 2, and whose wife is a member of the Fellowship of the Ring). Hal recalled Josh with a good deal of warmth, and was pleased to learn that the boy had come full circle: from being just a stf reader and admirer of Hal Clements's work, he had followed in Hal's own footsteps, becoming a teacher at a boys' school and now making up a stf booklist for his pupils, consisting entirely of items with some thought content rather than merely adventure and alien romantic allure -- "philosophical SF", Josh called them: Stapledon, Sturgeon, Hersey's "The Child Buyer", Stewart's "Earth Abides", several Clement stories, Heinlein's "Starship Troopers" for the controversy angle, and so forth. Josh hoped this was to get the kids to start thinking in other categories, "many of them a hundred times closer to reality" (as Art Castillo put it in HABAKKUK) "than those of the culture in which they were brought up."

VII. ...and Above Sex?

At 11:30 that morning MZB, as President, convened a FAPA brunch gathering in her room -- probably the only fannish party outside a Sodacon at which only coffee, orange juice and cookies were consumed. About 25 members attended; not enough for a quorum, but enough to swing considerable influence in any ensuing vote. They censured Bill Evans up and down, for the likes of barratry, mopery on the high seas, and so forth -- nothing but good clean fun, of course. Two major issues were up for debate: the FANTASY AMATEUR acknowledgment rule, which is a quarterly source of anxiety for the waitlisters and a pain in the writing hand for the Sec-Tres. and the problem of dual memberships split by divorce or separation. Jack Harness later quoted to me the proposal more or less officially put to FAPA (but of course not passed for lack of a quorum): "Proposed -- In the event that a married couple holding a FAPA membership shall (a) institute divorce proceedings, and or (b) institute separation without divorce proceedings, and/or (c) get ticked off at each other, then both shall be boiled in oil and their membership dissolved." It got about fifteen signatures, including Lee Hoffman, who commented "only if not retroactive!" More seriously, it was the consensus of the meeting that the acknowledgment of the FA by waitlisters should be officially replaced by requiring yearly $1 subs, and that a dual membership could be

split into two individual memberships by divorce or separation if and only if both members had actually contributed to the mailings; otherwise the noncontributing party would not retain membership.

At 1:30 PM Earl Kemp reconvened the program, read a telegram of congrats and regrets from Harlan Ellison, and brought on Marvin W. Mindes, Chicon III's legal offier on the subject of "SF, Mental Illness and the Law." This was not nearly so sercon as one might have expected. We learned,among other things that for some strange reason very little stf relates to laws; despite changes of planet, alien civilizations, galactic federations, etc,, laws and mores all too often remain pretty firmly rooted in XX Century USA. (Another instance confirming Castillo's comment to Joy Clarke in HABAKKUK: "...the average faan is no more capable than the average sharecropper of thinking, feeling or experiencing in a context outside the culture in which he was raised... If sf taught anything, it was that the culture in which (one was) brought up did not necessarily reflect the Ultimate Laws of the Cosmos.") Superficial treatment of laws and legal issues was the usual rule. In science fiction, freedom of the aberrant, the deviant, the oddball is a problem near and dear to the hearts of us all. (Chuckles.) Bradbury's "The Pedestrian" is an example not soon forgotten. In this and related areas is, nevertheless, one of stf's biggest deficiencies of attention, and we hope to see stories in the near future in which a more penetrating and well-thought-out treatment is given to them. Mindes echoed my old insight that in this culture we already have the "Erewhon" reversal between crime and illness: lunatics, known or suspected, are treated far worse than criminals, in all to many jurisdictions; sanity hearings are notorious for their unconstitutionality, and they would be farcial if they were not also so agonizing for their victims. Urbanization and population pressure have spawned a plague of busybodies; harmless eccentrics are now molested and packed off to asylums, which are also a convenient dumping ground for unwanted relatives. There is no substitute for a humane society anent sympathetic treatment of the deviate and sf can provide any number of models of . how this can be done. In the question period that followed, nobody so much as mentioned D. Bruce Berry, though this individual and his relationship to SF, Mental Illness and the Law were obviously in the minds of many (to judge by comments later overheard).

After a somewhat belated dinner with MZB, I came back with her to the Florentine Room to find that the Sex in SF panel was already in progress; I had evidently overestimated the time Frank Robinson (of "The Power" and ROGUE) would take with his "SF and the Men's Magazines" lecture. Instead of the personnel announced in the program booklet, the pros debating whether there is too much sex in stf comprised Katy MacLean as moderator (and she was brilliant in that role), with Ajay Budrys for the Committee on Morals, Avram Davidson for the Committee on Engrams, Don Wollheim, Ted Sturgeon, Charles Beaumont, Lloyd Biggle, Fred Pohl and Philip Jose Farmer. As I got in, Beaumont was persuasively arguing that to ask if there is too much sex in stf is much like asking if there is too much breathing in stf. Ajay made the excellent but unsurprising point that anything in stf must work, must have possible functions other than the merely decorative. "Therefore," said he, "I'm not likely ever to write a story with a sex scene dropped into it. I try to hit all the basic human drives. Whether there is 'too much' sex or not depends on the writer." Avram announced that he and Grania needed a ride to NY; Eney immediately offered one. Avram then quoted Phil Klass as sometime F&SF editor: "Avram, I never thought sex could be dull before!", alluding to the slushpile full of PLAYBOY rejects: seduction and hi-fi. There are, Avram said, very few taboos unbroken in sf; so far he has not seen any stories on lesbianism or boot-fetishism, but "I'd buy them if they were good." Much book sex, he averred, "belongs rather to the realm of fantasy than to that of realism!" (laughter). "Were life like that, nobody would get out of bed!... But please, don't send me any manuscripts of the 'kiss the blood off my bosom'type. God bless you."(Sustained applause.)

Lloyd Biggle suggested that what might seem OK in one story might seem ridiculous in another. Phil Farmer took exception to Wollheim's "SF should appeal to the brain, not the glands" rule, on the grounds that the brain is a gland. Sturgeon referred us to the Kronhausen's "Sex Histories of American College Men", and said that his experience indicated the existence of an old rule of thumb never questioned: whatever causes sexual excitation is evil (this answers Rick Sneary's incredulity in the latest GAUL). This was being slowly replaced in more 'enlightened' circles by a new rule of thumb; whatever excited and doesn't satisfy is unhealthy. He recommended to us G. Rattray Taylor's "Sex In History" -- the very book he quoted in "Venus Plus X".

Moderator Katy MacLean commented that to the mass media, sexual stimulation is OK only if the sex urge stimulates one to go out and buy a little red car. Fred Pohl recalled to many minds a couple of passages in "Venus Plus X" by mentioning that little girls are now furnished with bras (and two-piece bathing suits) long before they have breasts to put into them: a really obscene exploitation. He also referred to a Pillsbury jingle (constructed on the specific recommendations of the MR people) blatantly equating the oven with the womb -- a direct result of the discovery that baking a cake is, in some female subconsciouses, equated with pregnancy and childbirth.

The moderator, introducing the question period, invited 'really spectacular statements', saying that they didn't have to be phrased as questions. Ajay started off by suggesting that not only the deliberate omission of sex, but almost everything else, worsens a story; through exigencies, 90% of everything is cr--ippled writing. Latecomer Doc Smith made a few desultory remarks, saying that he'd been reticent as a storyteller because his audience was known to consist largely of Boy Scouts and innocent virgins. Judy Merril told us in resounding tones that mental problems were formerly not discussed in stf, but now anything goes if it's thoughtfully presented; the no-sex-in-stf taboos are moribund. Anything goes without four letter words, said she, in the prozines; with four letter words, in books. She defended Heinlein's 'what if?' approach (that of classic stf) in Stranger... even as in "Starship Troopers", legitimate whether or not Heinlein actually believed in the ideas in either book.

Phil Farmer commented that to Sturgeon, our culture is evil because wrong in attitude. "I think," said he, "we must discover what is a healthy attitude to sex, and that this will lead to the greatest happiness and the last trouble. In the meantime, we should start a NAAHS -- National Association for the Advancement of Healthy Sexuality -- somewhat on the lines of the NAACP!"

John Boardman, of the AMRA staff, cited as an example of stf into which sex scenes had been thrown, A E van Vogt's "Mating Cry". Avram told the oft-repeated anecdote about the three things guaranteed to make a story sell--profanity, royalty, sex-- and the story submitted as a result, opening: "My God!", shouted the Duchess, "Take your hand off my knee!" Boardman said that he and some of his friends had actually written a 20-chapter roundrobin story with exactly this opening line.

This pretty much ended it. Ron Ellik got up to announce that the Auction Bloch had been cancelled, since the program was running so far behind schedule. (Groans) The regular auction resumed. I bought vellum copy #41 of FANCYCLOPEDIA II for $750. (There were only 45 vellum copies made and most of those went to contributors.) The original manuscript of PJFarmer's "The Lovers" went for $15. A pair of Emsh oil covers, to be autographed to the buyer, failed to bring their minimum bids of $35 and $40 -- a shame, as they were excellent and would have gone far above those figures at the Seacon. The manuscript of Piper's "Little Fuzzy" sold for $8.50; the identical galleys of Heinlein's Stranger (from which Blish reviewed the book for Wrhn) brought only $4. Vellum copy #44 of FANCY II went for only $3 to Jim Caughran; Ed Meskys, who was the underbidder on the other one, had slipped out of the room not knowing that this one

was to be offered so soon afterwards -- and he hasn't stopped kicking himself since. Al Lewis held up the Blish "Star Dwellers" package: first draft, final draft manuscript, proofs, etc., all autographed. A young neofan bid 25¢; Al refused it. Another bid 50¢.Al refused this too, and called both the bidders up to the table, exhibiting them to all as a pair of cheap-skates, not letting them resume their seats until someone else opened the package at $1 and others bid it up to a respectable $12.

Not seeing anything else I wanted in the piles of auction material behind the screen (it wasn't on display, and there was no way of knowing whether any particular items would come up at all -- something I thought decidedly poor management, especially compared to the way the Seacon auction items had been displayed), I turned to leave, and saw an old friend from coin fandom, Harry X Boosel. "Harry! What in hell are you doing here?' He shouted back, "Walter! What in hell are you doing here?" I said I was an sf fan and had been in organized fandom for a couple of years. He pointed to the bound volumes of Amz v.2, Science Wonder Quarterly v.1, and Science Wonder Stories, v.1, all 1929-30, together with an all-but-complete run of FANTASY MAGAZINE and SF DIGEST, which he had brought for sale; he said he had known of the con only through a brief writeup in a local paper. (The same clipping turned out to be tacked up in the huckster room, but I didn't see it till the next day; it showed covers of several of the ancient prozines.) He said he had once been active as a fan, and some of his letterhack activity was in these same old prozines. I said, "My ghod, Harry, you're a First Fandomite!" and got him in touch with Big Hearted Howard, Tucker, Doc Barrett, Stu Hoffman and several other First Fandomite collectors (the help of Dean and Jean Grennell in locating these people is much appreciated). I finally left him in a circle with them, bargaining and reminiscing. I don't know if he's been drawn back into active fandom, or joined First Fandom, but I hope so; he is lively enough to be a worthy addition to any fan group.

VII. The Night Avram Blushed

The rumor was going around that Don Ford and the others who insisted in the Progress Report brochures that men at the banquet would have to wear coats and ties, and women would have to wear skirts "were mainly trying to see if they could get shoes on a certain fan and a dress on a certain femmefan". Regardless of the credibility of the rumors, if any, counterploys were planned, and two of them actually came off at the banquet. I borrowed a necktie from Andy Main, wore it into the banquet hall, and after being served dinner (which was a disappointment with the dry white meant turkey and recolored canned string beans), ostentatiously removed the hated thing and put it into my pocket. Unfortunately, my tieless state didn't get captured on the banquet photo; the SAPS table, where I sat, was the end table in the row next to the dais, and in the column next to the table occupied by Robin and Tandy Sturgeon and some other kids, and because of the camera angle, most of the occupants of our table were off the film.

The program booklet had announced that the banquet would have background music consisting of selections from the Swedish sf opera "Aniara", brought to fannish attention in AXE by Blish and nominated for a Hugo, but this music (which would have been very distracting) did not materialize. Instead, Ted Sturgeon enthusiastically announced that he had obtained, and donated to this world con and its successors, a taping of the original HGWells/Orson Wells "War of the Worlds" radio broadcast. The tape was started, but from the combination of its own noisy quality (apparently inherent to the master disks from which it was recorded, as the same problem existed in the famous

Knight and Demmon "Brimstone Productions" tape of the same thing played at GGFS a couple of years back), and audience banquet chatter, and waiters' clattering of dishes, nobody could understand much of it, and someone finally had the good sense to turn it off.

Bob Tucker, as master of ceremonies, began the afterdinner part by telling us that "you've been underfed and overcharged and now I'm going to bore the hell out of you." (Applause for this 2/3 truth.) He claimed that he had stolen his best jokes from Bloch and his best (but unrepeatable) lines from HYPHEN bacovers. But he promptly gave the lie to that claim by assuring us that the committee's line"'The gentlemen will be comfortable in their coats and ties' will be remembered in years to come, side by side with that other immortal remark, 'Dave Kyle Says You Can't Sit Here!'"

Bob then introduced the other guests on the dais. EtheL, asked to make a speech, simply thanked us for bringing her over, and quoted the familiar "From ghosties and goblins...and things that go boomp in the night, and long con speeches, ghood lhord deliver us." Walt Willis breathed, "If this is a dream, I'd rather stay asleep!" Madeleine said only "Thanks." Ron Ellik announced that TAFF nominations were now open, and gave a list of the Art Show winners (Hal Clement, Ronel, Bill Evans, Silverberg and Jock Root having been judges). I quote this, adding the 2nd and 3rd place winners and the honorable mentions:

Astronomical Art, sponsored by LASFS: (1) Eiichi Kojima's "Planet X", (2) ATom's "Fantasy Planet".

SF Illos, sponsored by Forry: (1) Barr's "Genocide"; (2) ATom's "Village Scene"; (3) ATom's "Landfall", honorable mention, Karen Anderson's "Starmaker's J_oy".

Fantasy, sponsored by Eney: (1) Metzger's woodcut, "Priests from the Idol", (2) Don Simpson's "Flying Planet"; (3) ATom's "Fantasy Planet", honorable mentions, Cynthia Goldsone's "Sermons" and "They Bite", Simpson's "Enchantation at Carce".

Fellowship of the Ring, sponsored by that group: (1) Cawthorn's "Field of Pelennor , (2) Ivie's "Gandalf", honorable mention, Simpson's "Bridge at Kaszad-Dum", (The prize was a framed sampler made by Dean Dickensheet.)

Children's Fantasy, sponsored by the GAUL crew: (1) Judith Ann Lawrence's " "Dragon", honorable mention, Louis Listra's "Inventive One" and Barbi Johnson's "Circus".

Outre, sponsored by Famous Monsters of Filmland magazine: (1) Leiber's five paintings, collectively known as the "Yuggoth Group", (2) Judith Ann Lawrence's "Hexensabat", (3) Cynthia Goldstone's "Moondog", honorable mention, Meatheringham's"Nightwatch".

Heroic Fantasy, sponsored by the Hyborian Legion: (1) Jerry Gurge's "Home from the Hunt", (2) Ivie's "Princess of Mars", (3) Ivie's "Tarzan of the Apes", honorable mention, Martha Fischer's "Conference at Kuarch Nar."

Cartooning: ATom's "Welcoming Committee", (2) a group of cartoons by RyutaroMizuno.

Experimental, sponsored by Ted White: (1) Eiichi Kojima's "Man in Topological Space"; (2) Juanita Coulson's "Dragon Master", (3) Bjo's "High Crusade", honorable mention, Bjo's "Rima".

Open (offbeat), sponsored by Walter Breen: (1) A pair of the Don Simpson goblets.

Judge's Choice, sponsored by the Kyles" (1) Larry Iveie's framing on the "Legolas and Eagle" painting, (2) Don Simpson. No single painting -- just Don Simpson.

Most Promising (the Ralph M Holland Memorial Award), sponsored by the NFFF: (1) Juanita Coulson, (2) Joe Lee Sanders.

Popular: (1) Barr's "Hecate", (2) Cawthorn's "Field of Pelennor", (3) Bjo's"Rima." "And who's watching the cashbox?" someone added.

Forry then came up and described the E Everett Evans Memorial or "Big Heart" award, previously given to Blish, SaM and Rick Sneary -- and the fourth one was now to go to no less than Bob Tucker! Prolonged standing ovation -- after which BT called out that "That's a putup job if ever I saw one!" Poul Anderson, fulfilling a Westercon

promise, presented the Little Men's "Invisible Little Man" award to Hal Clement in person, after having accepted it originally as Hal's proxy. The next award was a plaque to, of all imaginable recipients, the Advertising Dept. of Hoffman Electronics Co., for "the first intelligent use of Science Fiction as a pure art form" -- in their series of advertisements in SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN and FORTUNE, which have been including new stf short stories especially commissioned for the occasion. Les Gerber cracked, "They'll probably put it up in the men's room."

After this came a plaque to Fritz Leiber, as president emeritus of the Chicago SFL -- one guesses just for being Fritz Leiber, which to any femmefan or femmepro in the audience would be self-explanatory. There were also three special committee awards, the first to Cele Goldsmith, "for assistance to fandom and committees and for the improvement of Science Fiction"; her acceptance speech was short and to the point: "Thank you very much." The second was to Donald Tuck for his tour-de-force Handbook of SF. Big Hearted Howard accepted it as Tuck's stateside agent, saying, "For Donald Tuck, thank you." BT then handed an award to "Theodore Sturgeon, Guest of Honor, Chicoh III, 1962." There was also a congratulatory telegram from Lester del Rey to Sturgeon. (I caught a glimpse of Avram at this point; he was blowing some kind of party favor, the sort often found at New Years Eve parties, which when blown unrolls from a spiral to a straight tube and emits raucous noises.) Ted Sturgeon finally got up to speak; what he said, though perhaps not as tightly organized as were the Blish and Heinlein speeches at Pittcon and Seacon, made up with compound interest for this in its warmth and genuine affection.

He first introduced his ten-year-old son Robin, "youngest SF author" (the boy's "Martian Mouse" appeared in the Sturgeon Issue of F&SF, and just for fun I had him autograph my program booklet right under his daddy's signature), then his daughter Tandy, "the only character in a SF story ever to attend a con" ("Tandy's Story" appeared in GALAXY, April '61), Referring to his 1939 UNKNOWN story "A God in the Garden", he said he had finally found the "trans-" word he had been groping for in that story: "Why, Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, of course!" He went on, apropos of people having begun to consider him some sort of Authority on Love, about how his former wife had bitterly resented his making even the minor editorial changes of correcting the use of commas, etc., in a story she submitted. And so he vowed never to do that again. But now that his present wife Marion had begun a story -- well, he said, he used to have a license for public humiliation of his wife, but he'd sold it to Isaac Asimov. So this was now a solemn moment...and he whipped out a small piece of paper, inscribed with the opening sentences of her story, called up Bloch and showed it to him on a stern oath of secrecy. Bloch doubled over in laughter and somehow found his way back to his seat.

Sturgeon than told us that each con is actually three cons: a con for fans, a con for pros, and a con for SF readers, and so his speech similarly would consist of three speeches. "A speech for fans" began with "I never was a fan, and never understood quite why till I read that remark. I've been a reader." He then repeated the complaint in his letter in the last Wrhn., and compared fanzine fans to acrobats -- both categories possessing a skill that he, Ted Sturgeon, averred he lacked. "Science fiction long been an area of free speech; but the fans have far more lattitude than even the pros. Were SF killed by a despotism, it would hurt; but it would hurt far less were fanzines able to continue." Ted praised Walt Willis, Bergeron and Redd Boggs especially among the fans, and AMRA among the fanzines, as well as the MIRAGE memorial to Clark Ashton Smith. "Fanzines," said he, "interest me as a proving ground for future pros." He cited the "remarkable improvement in the fanzines themselves over the years" (by this I suppose he meant Ted White's "ruining fandom" by showing just what excellent repro and artistic effects could be achieved with mimeowork) and described faneds as "constantly learning and growing." With warmest congratulations to our microcosm, he ended his speech about fandom.

And now back to Marion's book and the solemn moment: and this time it was Tony Boucher who read the couple of sentences under oath of secrecy, and cracked up. Ted then punned a little, though not nearly as outrageously as in "Maturity" or "To Here and The Easel"; he solemnly told us of some recently seen advertisements, particularly one informing us that "Robert Hall Throughout NY and NJ", to which his incredulous reply on first sight of it was "He did?", and another that "Mogen David Concord Grape Wine," to which he said "Good for him!"; and finally, referring to the abominable hotel facilities, "Is Progress the opposite of Congress?" And then he announced his speech for pros.

"We now have," he said, "a convention of pros. I have also a warm feeling for these people. The really good author takes his work seriously, not himself; the latter leads to pontification." He went on to express gratitude to JWCjr, who in 1938 taught him a great deal; in particular, for ASF John wanted "science fiction, which was good, logical, and possible; and for UNKNOWN, he wanted fantasy, which had to be good, and logical." He next expressed his gratitude to Tony Boucher, Horace L Gold, Will F Jenkins (who, he said, had enormous writing experience, hardly realized by most), and in excelsis Bob Heinlein. Heinlein "had really done something remarkable in 'Stranger in a Strange Land'; it'll make you mad no matter WHO you are." Heinlein helped Sturgeon out of a dry spell once with no less than twenty-six story ideas, powerful ideas for which many writers would give their left ear. "Fear Is A Business" (F&SF, August 1956) and "The Other Man" (GALAXY, Sept, 1956) came from just two of those ideas. He also praised another underrated great in SF: Clifford Simak. Simak, instead of falling into the common practice of generating reader excitement through "zowie" pacing, concentrated on bringing to us the over whelming joys and sorrows of spectators --like Edgar Pangborn and nobody else in sf. (I think Bradbury and Sturgeon have both succeeded in doing this.) Simak's stories, said he, are more full of love than almost anyone else's. Ted concluded his speech to fellow pros by lauding Edd Cartier and Avram Davidson, the latter especially for the Sturgeon Issue of F&SF.

And once again came the solemn moment of showing the sentences opening his wife's story -- this time to Avram, whose reaction was even more extreme than Bloch's or Boucher's had been; five minutes later he was still beet-red and still shaking with laughter! I fear that under the circumstances he must have missed quite a bit of Sturgeon's speech for SF readers...

This made the point that SF readers are kind, loyal and patient, and that they included a high percentage of genuinely living people, unlike many mundane magazine readers. He quoted Graham Greene in explanation of what he meant by the "genuinely living" phrase: "You cannot exist unless you have the power to alter the future." Most people do not realize this, nor that they have such power. Many stfnists do (presumably from reading science fiction?). Millions buy mediocre SF when it is not so labeled, eg, "On The Beach", but they aren't getting this awareness thereby. "Living people," as he used the term, means those who are more awake, more aware, who can think in unconventional categories. "I've sought participating awareness (ie, the capacity to dig). It's rare. But without it, we can't really,consciously, alter the future." (This may have been a reference to his wishfulfillment novel "The Cosmic Rape.") Ted told the true story of a village trial where the judge got the nod from the prosecuting attorney on whether to sustain or overrule defense objections."'The price of liberty is eternal vigilance' -- but it has to begin at even the village level." This vigilance can be one way to participating awareness -- one way among many. He then went on at length on this idea, quoting and amplifying many of the ideas from his Phillycon speech. The precept to love your neighbor as yourself, he said, implies that you can love yourself; whereas a fear of solitude, so common in mundanes, implies unlove of self. Love of self means among other things not caring who's looking; it means knowing, and accepting, who and what one is. Lack of genuine self esteem often

comes from lack of this accepting capacity, and it is responsible for so many small and even large disasters. The pseudo-love characterizing so many marriages comes often from this -- beginning, for instance, in an exchange of compliments, eagerly drunk in by the two people involved, egoboo substituting for their own absent selfesteem. Ted concluded his speech to SF readers by quoting the Anglo-Irish poet Thomas Parnell (1679-1718): "Let those love now who never loved before;/ Let those who always loved love all the more."

And at the end, instead of revealing the contents of the slip of paper, he announced that it was the only extant copy, and ceremoniously burned it. To find out its contents, said he, we'll have to wait until the next time he is Guest of Honor at a convention (he did not say a worldcon!)(Avram, in the NFFF room later on, would reveal only that the family name involved was Ball.)There were audience groans as the fire consumed the mysterious sentences, and then tumultuous applause -- another standing ovation. I fear that even Frank Dietz's tape transcription will not get across the genuine affection that breathed its way to us in every syllable.

After this, the proceedings should have been anticlimatic; but they proved otherwise. BT announced that Hugh Hefner of PLAYBOY had just shown up. And amidst indescribable clowning he began awarding the Hugos, or "Annual Science Fiction Achievement Awards".

Best Fanzine -- Wrhn. Tucker sent Les Gerber out to mail Bergeron a letter of congratulation consisting of "You won -- Tucker." /The typesetter blushes./ Larry Shaw took the Hugo to deliver to Bergeron. RB's acceptance letter, already in Tucker's hands, read "Thank you. And thanks especially to Willis, Blish, Boggs and Berry, who made it possible."

Best Prozine -- Analog. (Groans, and little or no applause; it is possible that those who voted for it were all among the absentees? or did fans feel guilty for voting it over F&SF?) SaM accepted it on behalf of JWGhod, saying that John had asked him to do so "since I'm going to win the Hugo." JWCjr couldn't be there to pick it up in person since he was attending some kind of engineering or scientific con in Southern California over this same weekend. (Pelz, aside: "We just got out in time!") There were rumors that JWCjr was unwilling ever again to attend a worldcon, but these were doubted.

Best Artist -- Emsh. An ovation followed, as Emsh rose to claim his umpteenth well-deserved award.

Best Dramatic Presentation -- Rod Serlings's Twilight Zone. Accepted by Martin Moore for Serling (whom he described as resident writer at Antioch College), to mixed reactions. Donaho quoted someone later on as questioning the legality of this award on the grounds that some earlier worldcon had made a ruling against giving the Hugo to the same serial three years in a row; I haven't been able to verify this. Individual stories are supposedly eligible; series, no.

Best Short Fiction -- Brian Aldiss's "Hothouse" series. Accepted by Walt Willis for Aldiss, again to mixed reactions. (Donaho and many others claimed that these would fit better into the novel category, than into the short story category, particularly since they had been collected into a book, "The Long Afternoon of Earth" labeled a novel on page 4. After the reaction to my piece in DISCORD about "A Canticle for Leibowitz", I think I'll stay outside this particular controversy, except to say that the committee emphasized that many votes came in for individual items or for "any item" among the five in the series.) At this point Paul Krassner, of THE REALIST and PLAYBOY, showed up; I had been expecting him since the opening of the con.

Best Novel -- to nobody's surprise -- Heinlein's "Stranger in a Strange Land." Betsy Curtis had just got through accepting the Hugo on Heinlein's behalf, when Heinlein appeared at the door, in white, and looking for all the world like Jubal Harshaw except for not being accompanied by three sexretaries. I spotted him immediately and notified others at the SAPS table. Others saw him simultaneously; Earl Kemp interrupted Tucker to say "I think we should give Heinlein's Hugo to him in person!" Before Earl's words were out of his mouth, almost all the audience was on its feet, cheering! Heinlein strode up to the dais, and greeted Sturgeon warmly. Sturgeon proffered water in a ceremony straight out of Stranger...and Heinlein shared it with him, kissed him on both cheeks, and turned to acknowledge the continuing applause. In his acceptance speech, Heinlein cracked, "My wife is complaining about dusting these things." To laughter and applause, he said, "Just call me the late Robert A Heinlein!" and went on to explain that Operation Skyshield (which grounded all planes that afternoon) had delayed him enroute from Texas where he'd been at a space-flight center to see hardware on a project he'd been working on. He announced that his wife Ginny had intended to come too, but she was too ill; and that he would be staying till the end of the con, holding open house in room 801. Another ovation followed.

The door prize drawing followed. First prize: a complete set of IMAGINATION, won by Ray Beam (to some speculation on whether he would be able to carry it back with him). Second prize: same, but lacking one issue; won by Bill Evans. Third: same as second; won by some con fan whose name I didn't get. Fourth: identical to preceding; won by, of all people, Willy Ley. Fifth prize was the mimeo which Ed Wood had won in the Willis Fund raffle; won by Tandy Sturgeon. (Steve Bradley and a couple of other kids told me that they were going to try to trade her out of it to put out their own fanzine. I don't know if they've done so.) Sixth: a year's sub to each of F&SF, GALAXY, IF, AMAZING, FANTASTIC, NEW WORLDS, SCIENCE FANTASY, and SF ADVENTURES. ("I don't see Analog...") Won by Edmond Hamilton, to much laughter. Seventh and eighth prizes were the same as last, won by Mary June Wolf and Ann Held.;

BT then ended the proceedings by calling for applause for the committee. The scene broke up into chaotic socializing; Sturgeon and Heinlein were both mobbed, and more or less dragged their admirers with them by slowly moving towards one exit or another. I greeted Krassner but got no chance to talk with him at any length; he told me he planned to interview pros later on, but I have no details on this. Sturgeon received my affectionate appreciation for him and his speech, and gave me the correct wording of the Parnell quote. Heinlein spotted me while talking to others, and greeted me warmly, remembering me from the Seacon. SaM was overheard (across the hall) telling some croney "We'd better get upstairs and hear Bloch. He can be funny sometimes, you know."

After the banquet, Hugh Hefner lured a group of pros off to his palatial Chicago home, plied them with liquor and interviewed them in this now uninhibited state for PLAYBOY, with (I think) a tape recorder. The reports about Hefner's swimming pool, lined with color pictures of his various Playmates, are no exaggeration.

IX. The Visual Gamut

In the Florentine Room, Fritz Leiber gave atmospheric reminiscences -- his experience in the 1929-33 depression, how Fafhrd & Grey Mouser came to be, etc. -- hardly possible even to summarize,. I spotted Emsh sitting with Richard Powers, got their autographs and congratulated Powers on the quality of his paintings on exhibit, as they showed up as much more impressive than one would have guessed from the printing jobs on the paperback covers. He admitted willingly to the conscious influence of Yves Tanguy and Pavel Tchelitchev, specifically the latter's extraordinary "Cache-Cache" ("Hide & Seek"-- popularly known as "The Tree of Life".) in the Museum of Modern

Art, for his "More than Human" cover. "After I read the book, I felt that the cover could be handled in no other way." I can do no more here than quote damon knight's Microtome, in HYPHEN 11 (Nov. 1954): "A word about Richard Powers, the man responsible for all the gorgeous sf book jackets we've been seeing lately, is long overdue. For the first time the problem of interpreting modern sf in line and colour has been successfully solved, not by illustrating the stories, but by matching them to their nearest graphic-art equivalents. Powers has borrowed creatively from all directions -- the frighteningly enigmatic forms of Yves Tanguy (Ballantine's "Expedition To Earth," Permabook's "City", and others), Siqueiros' metallic faces (Ballantine's "The Secret Masters" and "Ahead of Time"), even Albright's silvery necrophilic liquescence (Ballantine's "Search The Sky"). His range, even considering the variety of his sources, is enormous, and yet his work is so distinctive that it signals "science fiction" from a crowded display rack and halfway across a room. I only wish he were twins." I could hardly agree more.

Leiber began late and ran even later, and the tight programming here as earlier spelled trouble. Bloch had been scheduled to come on at 10:45, but he was not announced till 11:40. His slide talk, "Monsters I Have Known", was full of the most incredible (from anyone but Bloch or DAG) and all-but-indescribable verbal clowning; but I could not take notes on it in the dark, so we will have to hope that Dietz or someone got it down on tape. A few examples I do recall: "The management is not responsible for lawsuits or Dean Grennell." "In the ten years since the 1952 con there have been one hundred and twenty JWCjr editorials. Then, the world had the communist menace, high taxes, the threat of war, etc., etc. But now, because of those editorials, everything is different..."We were all weak with laughter by the time the talk ended.

The Emsh films were scheduled to come next. Unfortunately, because of the late and tight programming, they conflicted with the WBKB-TV "Off the Cuff" presentation of "Science No Longer Fiction", with Sturgeon, Bloch, Willy Ley, Tony Boucher, Ajay Budrys and -- for some reason -- Jay Holmes. I found out what the Emsh films were, and decided that they would almost certainly be shown again at other cons (and after all I had seen four of the five already), whereas the TV program would almost certainly not be repeated at any time when I'd ever be near a boob tube.

As I tuned in, Boucher was saying that "whatever the missile gap, we're still infinitely ahead of the Russians in science fiction!" Willy Ley described how the Russian experiment of orbiting two men could only have been an attempt at rendezvous in space that flopped. (And it is significant that after the con, there were several newspaper stories about other Russian space failures, apparently officially admitted by Tass.) Jay Holmes contented himself with repeating a large part of his con speech. Sturgeon was the absolute gem, though much of what he said did duplicate things he'd told us in his Phillycon and Chicon speeches -- but then on TV he was speaking to a larger audience of nonfans. Bloch got punny in the manner of "Every Man His Own Psychiatrist" (NEW PURPOSES 12, June 1949), ending by quoting the "Credo for Fantasy Writers" from a copy of his Advent boo, "The Eighth Stage of Fandom", which he plugged much more mildly than it deserved; his whole presentation was a soft-sell advertisement for fandom.

During one of the too-frequent breaks for commercials, young Paul Williams (who had followed me up to watch the broadcast, as his own room had no TV set) suddenly cooked up the idea of bringing Donald Tuck to a worldcon, for his unprecedented contribution to SF and fandom, namely the Handbook. The more I thought about it, the better the idea sounded, and I suggested that he contact Forry and Big Hearted Howard.

(I got him together with each of these the next day, and they too thought the Tuck Fund a worthwhile project; the next step is to sound out Tuck and ascertain if he can make it to a worldcon, supposing that enough money can be raised in the meantime. Any further details will appear in FANAC, and most likely also in AXE and elsewhere. Tentative goal: the '64 con, whether in LA or the Bay Area.)

When we got back to the room where the films were showing, the audience was laughing in the wrong places at a pretentious and overdone experiment obviously not by Emsh. They also retched at an episode showing the protagonist (having fallen from a height) impaled on a picket fence, bleeding and struggling to get off. This and other scenes accompanied, as visual counterpart, some very selfconscious and portentious pseudo-beat poetry being recited as though in internal monologue. This turned out to be a UCLA graduate project "Ride the Yellow Ladder". The films shown included the five by Emsh: the internationally renowned "Dance Chromatic", "Transformations", "Paintings by Ed Emshwiller", "Lifelines" (painting around stills of a live nude), and his latest effort, "Thanatopsis", utilizing musique concrete emphasizing buzzsaw-like tones and the enormously amplified sounds of a heartbeat, with a strangely vibrating female face; this was apparently much influenced by the late Maya Deren. All five, but especially "Thanatopsis", carried immense impact; "Thanatopsis" shook up many viewers even to the point of terror. One very young fan found he could not sleep and dared not have the light off in his bedroom, and his mother had to sing him to sleep--but even then nightmares ensued. The other three films were supplied by UCLA: "On the Bench" (man takes apart robot, and then finds that another robot takes him apart in turn); "Signs of the Times" (on contemporary advertising pressures, and excellent by all reports; if this is the film I think it is, I saw it at a Unicorn Productions party and can confirm its high quality); and finally the above mentioned"Ride the Yellow Ladder", about which there was the usual quota of bad puns -- "it should have been called "Empty the Yellow Bladder" and so forth.

The impact of "Thanatopsis" on the viewers, as described to me by several of them, gives rise to speculation on how and why it produced these particular effects. I suspect that the amplified heartbeat sound had a great deal to do with it, by reinforcing and forcibly stimulating the viewers' own heartrate to match that on the soundtrack, utilizing (like any good musician) what Willy Helpach calls the "Carpenter effect". According to this, in the present context, one's body is almost irresistibly impelled to match whatever rhythms or gestures are being presented to it, and the effect is stronger when the presentation monopolizes several senses at once. The "Carpenter effect" is behind the power exerted by some pornography, the stimulating effect of one's partner's motions and sounds in sex play, the excitement generated by dance and by strongly rhythmic music, the convulsions elicited by feeding back into the brain its own enormously amplified alpha rhythms via the electroencephalograph, and the immense emotional charge of some musique conrete and other experimental music, eg, "Veil of Orpheus" and Harry Partch's "Oedipus". Here, Emsh seems to have been feeding back to the viewers visual scenes affecting the subconscious, and heartbeat rhythms of about the tempo and subjective intensity found in terror; and they reacted accordingly.

The Heinlein open-house party lasted all night long. He held court for his admirers, who thronged in by the hundreds; he got no sleep until late Monday morning or early afternoon. I could not even get in during that first session, but from all reports Heinlein was magnificent. He excited goshwow comments even from fans I had expected to find old and tired.

X. Tucker Joins the N3F

About the first thing I did on Monday morning after breakfast was to look up the huckster room and the con writeup in the Friday or Saturday Chicago Sun-Times which

someone had tacked up on a wall. This, as I mentioned earlier, illustrated covers of an old Amazing and Science Wonder Quarterly together with Paul's 1939 "The Man From Mars" and a picture of Isaac Asimov, who for once didn't have name trouble. The accompanying article referred to Ed Wood, Asimov, and Earl Kemp ("editor of the Regency Press, Evanston"), quoting Earl as saying "Our problem now is to keep ahead of science." At least, though on the stuffy side, it was a little better than the usual buckrogersy writeup.

Then to the Florentine Room, where red-bearded Pieter Romaine Clark and his puppeteers presented a (taped) hand puppet show on behalf of something called, honest to Seth Johnson, "The Committee for Interstellar Friendship of the All Worlds' and All Peoples' International Club". This was plotless, topical and nothing special--the emphasis was, just as one might expect, on equality propaganda not only among human races but between humans and sapient extraterrestrials. (Thank you, H. Beam Piper, for this adjective.) The script was by someone named Winifred McGill. Actual no-kidding and goshwow application forms for membership in the Committee for Interstellar Friendship of the etc. were available after the show. The narrator explained that this was the Clark puppeteers' first presentation anywhere; there were no serious goofs, though.

There being no Auction Bloch, the next program item was a Willy Ley lecture on "Changing Concepts of the Planets." Kemp described this, in introducing Ley, as "The one speech Willy Ley had always wanted to give but never had the chance to." Ley alluded to his own originally intended-to-be-brief History of Astronomy, which has turned out to be over 140,000 words so far, with four chapters still left to go. He said, to some laughter, that this was probably the last time a speech entitled "Changing Concepts of the Planets" would be possible; by the '64 Con, Vostok XVL and Project Surveyor would have brought us back so much data that thereafter there'd be no more concepts about the planets -- we'd know instead.

Mercury's misleading reputation for being hard to see originated in the 5th chapter of Copernicus's "De Revolutionibus" and Copernicus's difficulties were understandable since he lived in northern Poland, a region not exactly famous for its climate. After 1880, Antoniadi and Schiaparelli (whose granddaughter, as femmefans might like to know, is Else Schiaparelli) began systematic observations of the planet. The latest opinion is that the twilight Zone might conceivably hold life, though certainly no other region is likely to.

Venus is "a horrible nuisance", being permanently concealed by-- apparently -- several cloud layers. At various times they were thought to consist of water vapor, formaldehyde, water vapor again, other gases and even chalky dust. At last a spectroscope in a skyhook balloon finally detected water vapor in one of the cloud layers, "proving only that people make mistakes -- something," he said, "I think we know already." There have been two rival theories about Venus's unseen surface: the "wet Venus", a shoreless ocean, and the "dry Venus", an unrelieved desert. Radar contact indicated what seemed to be a surface temperature of 620 degrees F. This could have been a surface temperature (indicating the "dry Venus" hypothesis) or possibly a reflection from someupper atmospheric layer; or, according to the Aeolian concept, a reflection from a permanent sandstorm some 18 miles above the surface: right now nobody knows which.

The moon has been a subject for speculation from antiquity to recent years too. In 1608 Galileo discovered the craters, which he called "new spots"; he called the maria "ancient spots", correctly recognizing that they were evidently older than the craters because they were punctuated by craters large and small, some of them overlapping. The concept of an entirely dry moon, however, dates from the 1655 "Almagestum"

of Riccioli. Ca. 1850-60 a pair of German astronomers speculated on the advantages of a lunar observatory -- but evidently they thought that the moon possessed an atmosphere, as they recommended that the lunar observatory be on the far side of the moon, because forsooth "earthlight might disturb observations". "The concept of an atmosphereless moon dates from about 1870. From then till about 1905 a debate raged among astronomers whether the moon's craters were from meteorite impact or volcanic action. Opponents of the former concept pointed to the apparent lack of any such metorite craters on earth. They were silenced when the well-known Arizona crater proved unequivocally to have been of meteoritic origin. Not long afterwards, a crater near Odessa, Texas, also proved to have similar origin, and to date at least 23 major impact craters have been identified, many others being speculatively assigned to such causes but not yet proved, and still others doubtless remain unidentified. The largest crater known to be the product of meteorite impact is 75 miles in diameter, but it's pre-Cambrian in age and so nothing got hurt except some jellyfish, trilobites and other life-forms for which it's hard to feel much sympathy. (The reason why there are fewer meteorite craters here than on the moon is, of course, because many meteorites burn out in the atmosphere, and doubtless others have fallen into the oceans.) The moon is now established to have an exceedingly thin atmosphere of noble gases (and some believe, of sulfurdioxide and other heavy gases). There are observations of local changes in some craters raising the quesstion of primitive mossy plant life here and there, perhaps extracting oxygen from the rocks."

Mars: About 1960 Reverend Dawson (sp?),known as "Eagle-Eye" because everything he drew from observations with his 3-inch telescope has since been confirmed by photos taken with the 82-inch instrument , reported seeing what he interpreted as water. The dark areas certainly exist and change, but they are now believed to be vegetation (with one notable exception) and the total free water on Mars is of about the total mass of Lake Erie -- not Lake Superior or anything bigger, but Lake Erie. "The canali are not imaginary; I've seen them." (Ley didn't bother to go into too many additional details about Mars, as this is already familiar enough. I recommend Gerard de Vaucouleurs' little book, "The Planet Mars", as a good survey of knowledge available up to the mid nineteen fifties; I haven't seen anything as good about it since then between a single pair of covers.) Ley speculated that we'd reach Mars by 1975, and that our present ideas about the planet would be confirmed.

Jupiter was long thought to be a dying sun, its moons temperate or even tropical. Since 1920 the modern theory that it has a small solid core and an immense atmosphere cold enough to contain liquid methane and liquid ammonia has been pretty much accepted. But is the surface cold? The greenhouse effect has to be considered, and it's entirely possible that the surface may be much warmer than anyone thinks. On earth the greenhouse effect warms the surface by an average of 30 degrees; with Jupiter's much heavier atmosphere, it's entirely possible that the effect would be so much more intense as to produce a surface consisting of a boundless ocean -- a water ocean.

Earth still isn't nearly as well known as it ought to be; we don't even know the complete mapping of the Indian Ocean.And new discoveries are being made all the time, some of them upsetting earlier theories. Much of the Miocene flora and fauna of Southwestern Europe were originally described from a Steinheim excavation, where a University of Vienna professor (c. 1910) interpreted the findings as indicating a landscape dominated by a large volcano. In 1928 this "volcano" turned out to be another meteorite crater, and the whole landscape has had to be reinterpreted as not volcano dominated. (I might add that the now well-established though still controversial Hapgood theory which interprets the history of the earth's crust in terms of successive displacements from the centrifugal thrust exerted by growing polar ice-caps -- confirmed by Antarctic core studies -- also makes mincemeat out of many other interpretations of the paleontological record; eg, Pleistocene "ice-ages" were local

and circumpolar, never generalized over the whole earth, and the modified ionium dating method indicates that fossils of supposedly disparate geologic epochs may have been contemporaneous, and that all are much less old than formerly estimated. And we are still making geographic discoveries: Greenland turned out to be three islands under its glaciers, a fact indicated on some ancient maps but never confirmed before the IGY; and the Antarctic is also split under its sixty-odd feet of ice.)

There was time for only one question: someone asked if the satellites of Mars might be artificial, as saucerians and some SF writers have claimed at various times. Ley's reply was one loud Pooh! In the first place, they are much too big; in the second place, and far more importantly, their orbital periods are such that for any voyage to either of them, trajectories would have to be inconveniently recalculated each time. A people advanced enough to orbit a pair of satellites of this size would also have been advanced enough to plan their orbits accordingly to avert such a necessity. (A more likely theory is that one or both might have been captured from the asteroid belt.)

Early that afternoon I met Walt Willis and DAG checking out of the hotel, next scheduled stop Fond du Lac and glowing footprints on the postoffice floor. DAG mentioned a con fan (Don Munson, of Indiana, Pa.), unconscious on the floor; seemingly drunk, he had fallen backward , knocking his head on the floor and suffering concussion. Doc Barrett attended him, and later reported that the man was not drunk at all but had instead suffered an epileptic seizure. A priest from the MASLA con passed nearby, and Dr Barrett asked him, somewhat bitterly: "Are we our brother's keeper?" The priest hastily departed without answering or even investigating to see if the patient might have been a Catholic. Ron Ellik, hearing of this, quoted from the Good Samaritan story, "And a certain priest passed by..."

In the huckster room, to pick up some rare old fanzines I had heard were for sale, I learned from the popular bookdealer Ken Krueger that someone had lifted a box full of manuscripts, including an unpublished 10-page story by Betsy Curtis, "Kiss and Tele". "Anyone finding this should please return it to Betsy Curtis at Fountain House, RR 2 Saegertown, Pa., no questions asked; and I will give the finder a reward of $5 worth of books of his choice from my stock," Ken told me. To me this kind of generosity is far beyond the call of duty and deserves praise; in fact, it deserves more than that: his offer deserves to be taken up. Ken's address is 332 S. Abbott Road, Hamburg, NY. When I heard this address, I asked Ken if he knew "E-Square", Eugene Eagan of the same town, an old penpal of mine and a contributor to TESSERACT 2. Ken's eyes lit up and he told me that he'd known Eagan since tthe latter was a small boy; we commisserated over E^2s recent shotgun wedding, and he promised to give E^2 my best wishes and urge him to write me . Ken was a liberal buyer at the auction, and he indicated to me during the final auction session that afternoon that he digs fanzines and will sub to them -- stf-oriented and New Trend alike -- but that he would rarely have time to write letters, his business and family taking up much of his free time. I also met and appreciated his pretty wife and their two little daughters (earlier mentioned) whom they've trained to mind the bookselling counter, and their quiet but affectionate son.

An unscheduled program item that afternoon was a speech by one Curtis Fuller of FATE magazine, self-admitted space-opera fan and former co-editor with Ray Palmer of OTHER WORLDS and UNIVERSE, and president of the Illinois Society for Psychical Research. He claimed to publish "true" stories of the strange and the unknown, "the same kind SF should deal with in fiction" These, he said, came in three categories: first, Forteana, by which term is meant facts of a kind which would tend to break up the established orthodox system, or at least force its practitioners to revise their thinking -- the kind of thing collected by the thousand in the Books of

Charles Fort. He said that the facts of Forteana are there only for those who have a mental affinity for them (!), an openess of mind. (And, I suspect, a Will to Believe.) He did make one good point about these: the orthodox attempts to explain away such facts are often sillier than the natural "acceptances" (Fort's term for his own phenomenological explanations). The second category is that of psychic phenomena. These subdivide into "respectable" sorts like hypnosis and something he called "psychosomatic medicine" (faith healing and the like?), eg, whereby warts, known to be of viral origin, can often be disposed of by suggestion, strong wishes or even placebos; "semi-respectable" kinds like J.B. Rhine's findings, and "less respectable" forms such as astral projection, poltergeists, apparitions (suggesting survival after death), dowsing, etc. He claimed, without offering a shred of rebuttal to the refuters, that Rhine's techniques were impeccable and that we must therefore accept his conclusions: telepathy, clairvoyance, psychokinetc force, precognition. (Must we then also accept Rhine's ultimate conclusion -- that these prove the existence of Jehovah and the immortality of the soul?) He pointed, in defense of dowsing, to Henry Gross's having dowsed a map of Bermuda, leading to the discovery of the first three freshwater wells ever to have been found on that island. Returning to Rhine, he insisted that if JBR is right, the mind operates without reference to time (precognition) or space (telepathy and clairvoyance are supposedly independent of distance). He cited the researches of a Professor Vasiliev, of the ParaPsychology Dept., University of Leningrad; he claims that this man did faraday-cage experiments which were kept secret for 25 years until a political climate more favorable to such researches allowed them to be published and developed further. He claimed that the faraday-cage experiments prove that telepathy is not the result of any kind of body-to-body (particularly brain-to-brain) radiation, but rather something of an entirely different order. He concluded that physical reality is altogether different from what scientists have told us, and that most humans have some traces of psi ability. (He never did get around to mentioning his third category of facts published in FATE.) There was, at the end, the usual complaint about scientific nonrecognition, no university chair of parapsychology outside the Soviet Union, only two physicists (both in England) and only one physiologist (not located) known to be investigating quasi-sensory mechanisms of ESP.

No question period was allowed, allegedly for lack of time but more likely because (I suspect) Fuller was uneasy about the questions that would have been directed at him. I took notes in even this degree of detail only because I expected to demolish his claims during the question period. Not that I'm closed-minded -- I've read most of the better writings on ESP and have taken part in experiments described by the American Society for Psychical Research as "impeccable", which will be written up elsewhere -- but instead that Mr Fuller proved himself to be a Grade AAA fugghead in the classic tradition. Alert readers will already have spotted a whole mess of unwarranted conclusions, beggings of the question, disregard of contrary findings, sloppy thinking, material and logical fallacies, methodological and substantive error, etc.

Kemp closed the program later that afternoon with what was billed as "Presentation of the Gavel" but proved to be a little more than that. "On my right," said he, "are five tired people" (O'Meara and the rest of the Chicon committee); "on my left are the bright-eyed people" (Scithers, Pavlat, Eney and others of the DisCon committee). He presented the gavel to Scithers to accompany a standing ovation. George W Price handed over to the DC committee a cheque for $300, fulfilling one of Kemp's aims: he had wanted to outdo the Seacon and all previous cons in this respect. There was also an envelope from Sky Miller labeled "Don't Tell Dirce", proving to contain a few late-coming Pittcon membership moneys.

The rest of the afternoon and evening was divided between a final auction session,

and Jerry Pournelle's lecture on "Warfare in the Future, 1962-2000", and his panel on "Politics in SF" (participants announced as GWPrice, Ajay Budrys, Ted Cogswell, Poul Anderson, Prof. Norman DeWitt, Dean McLaughlin, and Pournelle himself). The lecture topic did not interest me, and the panel eventually coalesced into a bull session lasting until late in the evening. I poked my head in several times, but what I heard did not interest me enough to make me want to listen longer.

But the auction was as always the scene of some interesting and amusing byplay. young Steve Bradley asked Forrest J Ackerman what the J stood for, and Forry solemnly told him "Jehovah -- and you're a Witness to that." The chorus of groans was deafening. (Forry later admitted that it stood for James.) Kevin Langdon was passing out, deadpan, little bookmarks collected form the MASLA exhibit table, entitled "A College Student's Code": "I will live EACH DAY GOD's WAY...then no fears about tomorrow; I will Measure Pleasure; I will Think Before I Drink; I won't Go Steady until Ready; I will choose a Date fit for a Mate; I (a man) will reverence All Women as I wish others to reverence My Mother; I (a lady) will dress modestly...clothing should Protect Not Provoke; etc, etc." As expected, some of these lines inspired puns,mostly too ghodawful even to repeat here. Steve Stiles and a few others began wondering if Kevin was serious, but they were gently put on the right path. (Mainly, when Steve showed me one of the things -- I hadn't seen it before --, I threw back my head and roared with laughter.) Paul Williams asked Al Lewis "How's your voice?" Al replied "Good." Paul: "Gonna auction it off too?" Al: "Fraid it's already gone." While the auctioneer was trying to sell the group of 35mm slides from the Bloch lecture, without the text, DAG was snapping photos from many different angles. (The slides managed to bring $5.50.) I had noticed DAG many times before with camera in hand, and knowing the quality of his work, I suspect he could give Jay Kay Klein's "Memory Book" some pretty fierce competition -- but I have no information of his plans, if any. Some of the contortions DAG went through in getting the precise camera angle he wanted were amusing enough to be worth capturing on film, but I didn't see anyone wield a flashbulb at any such occasion; maybe Klein or someone did in my absence.

And as a sort of climax, sometime that day while Tucker was preoccupied with something or other, Vic Ryan handed him a slip of paper and asked him to sign it. Trusting Vic, BT scrawled his name on it. Someone else put up the $2, and the paper, minimally filled out, went to Don Franson. Only later on BT learned that what he had signed was a N3F membership application form! He roared and howled, but said he'd go along with the gag anyway. Several fans, on hearing this, wanted to know how they could get into the N3F Welcommittee so that they could write Tucker "Welcome to Fandom!" letters. I told them to see Franson; maybe something could be arranged after all.

XI. The Night Heinlein Bleshed

That evening, while waiting for Heinlein to wake up and reopen his 801 open house party, I amused myself by playing the piano, using some sheet music brought by Ted Wagner (he of SINUS FICTION PUS, "the magazine of infectious enjoyment"). Wagner told me he was seriously thinking of reviving the Sheep Dip Award, which he had originated some years back: ten pounds of sheep dip to be presented to the man who had done most to sf in the preceding year; the first recipient was Harlan Ellison. I forget Ted's proposed recipient this time--possibly JWGhodJr? In the meantime the excitment, which had never left me during waking hourse, continued to build up with goshwow overtones.

Word finally came via phone that Heinlein would reopen 801 at 11 PM. About that time, I took the elevator up, encountering Bloch. Phyllis Economou, on the elevator at the same time, pulled up Bloch's pants leg to reveal Ghod in bright blue pajamas.; I forget whether it was on this elevator trip or an earlier one where Clifford Simak told me that he'd wanted to meet me, having heard many things about me, almost all

favorable. (I never did find out where he'd heard them; he said it was in a science fiction context, not a coin fandom context.)

Heinlein's room was extremely crowded; one had practically to fight one's way in. Heinlein, in a dark bathrobe, finally got through a call to his wife, who seemed to be resting better; the trouble was kidney stones and something else (not malignant, but then as yet undiagnosed, and I hope she's better now).He was still literally holding court; graciously and magnanimously accepting -- even drinking in, grokking -- the admiration of his friends young and old, longtime and recent, pro and fan. He proved a master of the courtly compliment: to Betty (Mrs Philip Jose) Farmer he said, "Do you realize that when you kissed me goodnight you raised my metabolism so much that I couldn't sleep for four hours?" He greeted me warmly again, exchanged pleasantries, caught sight of the Bjo cartoon on my name badge ("Sorry, but the hotel rules you're a fire hazard"), and guffawed, remembering his old Seacon standing joke; and he guffawed again when I showed him the passage in the Bloch book (from "Left at the Post", originally in SLANT 7) beginning "Clunk! It (ie, a copy of SLANT) hits the basket as I pick up a letter from a prominent editor, begging me to do another novel under one of my pseudonyms -- Robert A Heinlein or A E van Vogt. I laugh heartily until the tears come to my eyes; then wipe them with a $1000 bill from my fine collection of Japanese war currency. A brief pencilled notation, advising the editor that from now on I will use only one pseudonym, Ray Bradbury, and the letter is filed away until the afternoon, at which time I shall write the novel." Heinlein picked up the book and autographed it "Clarence Budington Kelland." I asked him for his side of the strange parallelism or "contrary motion" between his own Stranger...and Sturgeon's "Venus Plus X." He told me substantially the same thing as Sturgeon had earlier described: the uncanny more-than-coincidence, the letters crossing, the ideas being in the air and individually dealt with. He recalled, and dug, my Wrhn article, but did not then comment further on it. However, he wanted a copy of my Seacon report as well as a copy of the Ed Clinton speech in FANAC 79. I would have stayed a good deal longer, but Tony Boucher was looking for me and beckoned me outside. Tony understood my unwillingness to leave...as who wouldn't?

Tony wanted to take me up to another pro party in 1425, to meet one P.K.Brown, who needed my help in compiling a study of puns and limericks, and Tony knew from long before that I had access to collections of both. He referred, apropos of puns, to Willis's column in Wrhn 16, saying that this one piece alone would justify the existence of fanzines. Pelz, in the elevator, overheard this and interposed, "But not their margins." We compared our experiences in writing for the Encyclopedia Britannica and other publishers -- mostly shoptalk, of no consequence there -- and in the ceaseless quest for restaurants not merely Fancy and Expensive but good (the classes don't come anywhere near coinciding).

Room 1425 turned out to be the scene of the most unusual party of the con, beyond question. Given by longtime LA fringefan Niessen (sp?) S. Himmel, it contained many pros and few fans, though it had not been specifically limited to pros. P.K.Brown had left much earlier, but promised to get in touch with me in Berkeley; but instead of returning to 801, Tony and I enjoyed ourselves at this party. I met Katy MacLean for the first time, though I had of course known of her from "Origin of the Species" and "Unhuman Sacrifice", and I had hoped to meet her at one of the NY Futurian meetings where Tom Condit used to bring along her little Christopher Robin. Avram and Grania Davidson were there for awhile, Avram getting off many good lines which infortuantely I didn't get a chance to take down, and Grania trying to demonstrate to my hand how little Embryo Homunculus was kicking. Grania has a beautiful Sense of Wonder about Embryo Homunculus; I wished MZB were there to talk with her about it. Marion has often remarked about her own Sense of Wonder about pregnancy; both fondly remembering her own, and having known other women in that condition. A girl is rarely if ever more healthy, more radiant, or with a more attractive complexion, than when she is pregnant.

Boucher was in rare form that night as well; in fact, pros and fans alike somehow managed to put aside their old grievances, jealousies and rivalries, and to bask in the affectionate atmosphere which was generating itself in 1425. Heinlein showed up around 2AM, and Sid Coleman greeted him with "You're missing a fine party in 801!" which brought general laughter. Standing outside the door with Tony Boucher for a breath of fresh air, we swapped stories, being joined shortly by Bloch. Tony told me, apropos of protestantism or something, that "RPMillis is the protestant editor in about the same sense as Phyllis was when, at the maternity hospital, she answered the religion question(on the admission form) with "none", and they marked down "Protestant". I suggested that she should have done like one of my old girlfriends and written down "Druid". Bloch cracked, "Then they would have sent in a tree surgeon!"

Later on I showed up briefly at a Boyd Raeburn party with Wrai, Phyllis Economou, the Busbies, Ted White, Ethel Lindsay, and a few other old friends. Don and Maggie Tompson showed up and looked at my book. Don commented referring to Bloch's autograph: "It's a perfectly ordinary middle name. I'd thought it might be something horrible like Anastasia. Just imagine: Bloch, Anastasia..." I countered, before I could stop myself, with "Now if it were Spinal Bloch Anastasia, at least he wouldn't feel it..." at which Don cringed. About 3 AM I sent out for late supper with the Lupoffs and Don & Maggie Thompson; trying to get back into the 1425 party, I found it was still just about impossible to get into the room, and by then (say 3:45 AM) I was exhausted, but still imbued (thanks to Heinlein) with the earlier excitement. Later on, the party dwindled to Heinlein, Buz and a dozen or so others, mostly pros; the affectionate atmosphere -- really bleshing -- doubled and redoubled; and it did not break up until well after they'd watched the dawn come in, and then most did not go to bed at all,but (still in their own goshwow state) walked around the Loop and the lakeside district. Some few attended a late breakfast about 10:30AM in a Michigan Ave. cafeteria. We speculated that we would not forget this occasion for years to come...particularly those who had found new depths of affection within ourselves. But then, Heinlein would be hard to forget in decades, and he was never more marvelous. I learned later on that he resumed his open house party in 801 and did not close up until fifteen minutes before hotel checkout time.

XII. The Afterglow

Sometime after noon Tuesday I finally checked out and said my reluctant goodbyes. I had an arrangement with Ray Nelson's old friend Marcia Frendel to leave my less urgent belongings with her for transportation to Berkeley, and a ride down as far as I wanted on Route 66 with Marion Bradley, Steve, and Kevin Langdon. I was still excited even as before, but began to sort out my impressions of the con only later as we got enroute.

I can now say, anyway, that the con was a success, but -- like the SuperManCon -- a success in spite of the committee, the program and the con hotel. There was some resentment that nothing in the program, and nothing provided by the committee, so much as acknowledged the existence of fandom or fans. Even the so-called fan panel was rigidly stfnal. It was also without doubt the most messed-up con since Nycon II: the mixup on tests, and the stupid scheduling, prevented many people from taking the IQ test who wanted to, and prevented any kind of meaningful results from being obtained; the personality tests never did get analyzed in full; the programming was altogether too tight, allowing little or no breathing space between successive events, and insuring that with any normal amount of question time, any program item could and probably would run overtime, and in two cases (the Willis reception and the Emsh films) forcing an actual conflict so that a fan could not attend both events. The hotel was a poor choice for its intended purpose. The management could and should have arranged room scheduling so that most, if not all, the fans were in one or the other wing

(identifying them would have provided no difficulty because of the reservation cards mentioning the Chicon). The elevator scene was absolutely inexcusable; in any decent NYC hotel, crews would have worked night and day to put those elevators back into service. Whoever arranged the Avenue West room for the costume party should have checked with people experienced in handling these; by removing about one third of the tables and providing a dais they would have made the judging easier and fairer to all concerned. I have already mentioned some criticisms of the judging -- and the fault was not that of the judges; they were working under difficulties beyond reasonable expectation. Those committee members who insisted on coats and ties for the banquet were proving their own essential stuffiness; Buz's insistence on permitting informality at the Seacon banquet (consistent, after all, with the weather) represented a far more sensible and realistic approach. Whoever put that Wells tape on during the banquet was simply thoughtless, but praise goes to whoever decided to take it off. Those committee members who were so insistent on forcing fans to dance (vide the progress reports) were simply unrealistic. The special awards to Sturgeon, Cele and Tuck were cheap-looking affairs on plastic bases. A con which could pass on $300 profit to its successor, despite over three hundred absentees -- registrants who didn't show up at the con --, certainly could have afforded more impressive awards. I have already mentioned the matter of holding the business session at 9 AM Sunday; there is no doubt in my mind that instances of poor management could be multiplied. But this conreport has other purposes, and the con other sides.

It was,in particular, the parties and the whole atmosphere (largely contributed to by the Willises, Sturgeon and Heinlein, I think) that gave this con, for me, an atmosphere of goshwow and such as the Pittcon altogether lacked and the Seacon had on only in smaller measure. True, all was not rosy even in the party scene: many fan parties were closed-door affairs,and not only young neos but many well known fans and even a few BNFs found it difficult to locate parties they could get into. Many of the neos, unable to get into fan parties, found their way to pro parties; and of course Heinlein's open house in 801 made up for a great deal. But on looking beyond the parties, I find myself in difficulties trying to put my finger on the specific sources of the goshwow atmosphere, so as either to give credit where it is due, or to point to such Sense of Wonder generators for the benefit of future cons. (For, to my mind, much of the fun of this con was in the goshwow atmosphere.)

With such speculations I amused myself while Marion and Kevin alternated in driving us from Chicago to Oklahoma City; meanwhile the feeling of goshwow continued in me, and I found that my personal worldcon did not end with leaving the hotel -- and was not to end for many days after that. The experiences we had on that trip, "getting our kicks on Route 66", would, if told in full detail, probably double the length of this conreport, but probably not double its interest. I particularly remember and want to set down, nevertheless, the strange out of the way motel in Alexander, Illinois, with weirdly contradictory tokens of antiquity and modernity: to wit, a chamberpot in each room -- and an airconditioner; the smorgasbord place just off the intersection of Routes 66 and 51, with some name that sounded like a fanzine title, and which compared favorably with any I've had anywhere (even at five times the price) -- it was so good that we carried out almost enough with us to make both a late-night snack and next morning's breakfast, after going up for fifth helpings; the continuing verbal japery, perhaps a trifle less than on the trip from NYC to the con (for after all Les had returned to NYC, and Paul to Albany), but still immense fun; young Steve's game of scrawling THOU ART GOD! on restroom walls and similar places; and our getting lost in Oklahoma City, which was promptly compared to the con hotel for confusing layout.

Oklahoma City itself was remarkable for a number of things. Several buildings looked very Frank Lloyd Wrightish, and completely out of place in that most mundane

of all cities. Another was a geodesic dome, visible for miles with its gold paint; close up it turned out to be a bank. (I speculated that for poetic appropriateness it ought at least to be a temple of some far-out religious cult; but no such luck.) Marion complained that on every one of the dozen or twenty times she had been in Oklahoma City, something had gone wrong; this was her jinx town. This time it was the transmission, making the car very reluctant to back up; and mechanics told her that if she was lucky, they might find time a couple of weeks later to look at it; she decided to go on to Rochester, Texas, without bothering. I also found remarkable the strange compulsion that drew Steve and myself back to the parking lot during supper, where we found to our surprise that Marion had left on the lights when she parked for supper; and the sheer fun and hokum of the local counterpart of Knott's Berry Farm, "Frontiertown USA", complete with miniature train and flying saucer (and a battered-up USAF jet on which thousands of kids had carved their initials) and "mystery spot" where a small gravity anomaly was built up into something vertiginous by adroit placement of slanting floors and walls. And finally there was the airport (which had its entrance well concealed, forcing a great deal of driving and getting lost), with goodbyes at which I suspect a few tears were shed.

Only three acts of the drama still remain to be described. One began the next Monday night, 10 Sept., when Bill Donaho called me and told me that Karen Anderson would be taking EtheL to see the sights of San Francisco the next day, and would welcome another passenger or two. (I had spent the intervening weekend at the Jack Tar Hotel in SF, attending a coin-fandom regional con.) As a result, I called Karen back, and she agreed to pick up Andy Main and me at nine a.m. enroute to meet the Greyhound bus in Oakland on which EtheL would be arriving. (She and the Willises were junketing on some plan whereby for $99 foreigners could have unlimited bus travel over a 99-day period.) Everything came off without a hitch, and at 10 AM Tuesday Karen brought us around to the Embarcadero from which we saw ships, ships and ships as well as unfamiliar details of the famous skyline.We stopped at one old ship, permanently moored and open to the public, known originally and once again as the "Balclutha" (an old Scottish name, as EtheL informed us) and in between us the "Star of Alaska" or somesuch. This ship had been made into a veritable maritime museum, and on her and in her were things that kicked my Sense of Wonder up a few more degrees: quaint 19th century architectural details especially of the saloon, old bells, fo'c'sle crew quarters -- I could imagine myself in them on some hot night in the Pacific as heavy seas pounded, raged and vainly tried to swallow all up in a amoeboid embrace (and, curiously, my imagining was with full somatics, almost like memories even to the smells and tastes!), galley, slopchest with the old bottles and cartons, disused fittings, framed literature about the infamous Hell Ships, ancient figureheads, cannon, etc., etc. Though I knew full well this was no grey elvenship of Cirdan's manufacture, I still kept wishing MZB and Steve could have been here, for her love of the sea and his sheer imagination and adventurousness...

After what seemed only a few minutes later, but turned out to be an hour or more, Andy Main extracted me from the Balclutha, and we slowly went over towards Fishermen's Wharf in SF's counterpart of Coney Island--cum-42nd St., but it does understandably boast several good seafood houses. After EtheL had bought postcards and a little abalone-shell ring in which the pearly fragment produced interesting color patterns, we ended up at a Japanese restaurant and ordered a house specialty -- the seafood counterpart of sukiyaki; it was excellent, and over it and afterwards we swapped our impressions of the con. (I thank Karen for setting me straight on a few details I had imperfectly recalled.) Next on the agenda was a guided tour of SF's sightseeing attractions on the so-called 49 Mile Drive, which lived up to its promise: fantastic old houses on Nob Hill and in the marina district opposite the yacht harbor, through the Presidio (which is a lovely old park occupied by army personnel, who keep it in acceptable condition and effectively exclude the housing-development builders), near

Cliff House with its fantastic collection of antique nickelodeons, along the seaside where the surf smashed into the rocks as though to dislodge them from the shore, and through more parks. We stopped at a favorite spot of Karen's, the permanently moored ship Sjoa in which the explorer Stefanson had made many of his expeditions north of the Arctic Circle -- and in which he had, for the first time in history, actually crossed via the fabled Northwest Passage. We stopped again in Lincoln Park at the Palace of the Legion of Honor. And in case you're asking what all this has to do with science fiction, the answer comes in a moment:here is one of the largest collections of Rodin sculptures anywhere, including (to our utter crogglement) the Caryatid, the very sculpture that Heinlein had mentioned at length in "Stranger in a Strange Land"; and its impact on me, at least, was very much like that which it had on Jubal Harshaw. I was shaken up, even deeply moved. And a much smaller sculpture by Rodin, "The Mighty Hand", had Andy Main staring wide-eyed and open-mouthed -- and then when I looked at it, my own reaction was similar: its counterpart in sound would be nothing less than a shout of trumpets -- but on a dominant seventh: the thrust and unresolved tension were almost unbearable. I could have spent a month in that place digging the Rodins alone, and I saw that it was full of medieval and Renaissance masterworks as well...but we had to leave. EtheL had us climb up on one of the stone lions outside the Palace so that she could take pictures. I kept thinking, how great it was to be alive and to be here...and so far as I was concerned, the Chicon was still going on, albeit on a smaller scale. After more traveling on SF hills we ended up at Ered Luin, the Andersons' scenic home, for tea and conversation and leg-stretching... and I was highly amused to see a sheaf of the original Buck Rogers comic strip from the beginning on through (I think) the end of the first year or so, given to Karen by one of the Little Men. If I remember aright,Ethel had a dinner date with Donaho for that evening, and had to leave the next day; but since I wasn't with her for those last hours, I'll let her tell it instead.

The penultimate act was an all-too-brief meeting (actually a party) of the Little Men, again at Ered Luin. The program was supposed to consist of joint Chicon reminiscences by whatever members were there. But though this took place, incidentally affording me yet another opportunity to check up on some details for the present report, my real enjoyment came in renewing acquaintance with Adrienne Martine and with Poul Anderson's mother (with whom I'd become friends at the Little Men party the preceding Hallowe'en); both are fascinating in different ways, and both still have considerable Sense of Wonder. Adrienne is another language buff; Mrs. Anderson is an incredibly well preserved lady -- a genuine aristocrat -- with antiquarian tastes, with considerable knowledge of music and almost as wide a range of interests as Poul (which is saying a great deal), and a world traveler on top of everything else; all adding up to a fascinating conversationalist. We were all awaiting the possible arrival of Walt and Madeleine Willis. The question had arisen of their attending a drive-in movie, this being one of the few things they still wanted to do in the USA that they hadn't already done, and apparently at the last moment they decided to skip the Little Men party and treat themselves to that great American institution blessed by millions of young couples. Nevertheless, despite the lack of the climax · the Willises' arrival would have provided, this whole party had much of the air of a con party, and some of hthe warmth I found at those.

The final act, and for me the final event of the Chicon, occupied all evening and night of Saturday, 15 September, when Big Bill Donaho threw a party (due to be legendary in years to come, I suspect) for Walt and Madeleine Willis. By 9 PM, when I arrived, the place was already packed; nearly the entire active membership of the Little Men and GGFS were crowded in, probably 50 or 60 in all. Homebrew and various other refreshments were in plentiful supply, and the story went around that Big Bill had accumulated homebrew for two months for this particular party. One could find almost any imaginable subject being discussed in some small knot of people or other. The Willises circulated and scintillated; they seemed at once more relaxed and

more at home here than at many Chicon scenes. Walt, as always, got off a few good lines. Describing the con hotel's vertical division into two towers, and its horizontal division whereby one could cross over only on the 1st or 3rd floor, he referred to the Pick-Congress as "hanged, drawn and quartered." He also described the coat he was wearing as part of a con-attending suit, designed for him by James White. It was remarkable for its inside pockets: one enormous one was intended for "American fanzines" (it seemed a little large for British quarto zines); above it was a pocket intended for tickets, and above that a pocket for notebooks for writing conreports and the like. I wished that I'd had something of the kind for the Chicon. Later on, Walt mentioned that the Harrogate con (Eastercon) had used Ron Bennett as a figurehead organizer--someone intended to walk around, looking official and unworried; his confident attitude conveyed to all concerned the feeling that "everything is OK" and the con was a success as a result.

Tony Boucher mentioned that he had placed a Chicon report into the New York Herald Tribune Book Review section for 16 Sept 62, and that another one might possibly appear in the New York Times. He was mellow and unusually relaxed and friendly that night, even as he had been on the night when I was with him in 801 and 1425. Later on, Vince Hickey came to him (with some encouragement by me) with a genuine discovery in the field of American native opera: an opera written entirely in the ragtime idiom, complete with a plot appropriate to such treatment, and arias, choruses and other set pieces. Tony became enthusiastic, and suggested to Vince several names of people to whom he should communicate this, for possible production in the SF Spring Opera festival next May or the one after that.

There were also footnotes to fanhistory. In a recent G2, Tucker claimed that Walt Liebscher originated "poctsarcd"; Walt Willis, being informed of this claim, said that it was evidently independent discovery, and that the traditional account in FANCY II was correct. Leeh probably still has some of the Willis-printed POCTSARCD cards. As I surmised, Walt pronounced the word to rhyme with "pockmarked". And I think it was during what Alva Rogers styled the "Canclave" -- so called because held right outside the john -- that Walt told us that Dr Ian MaAulay has joined Mensa and dropped out of HYPHEN, moving to Dublin's Trinity College to do teaching and research; Madeleine Willis is now '-' coeditor. Walt also told us about how pro author George O. Smith unintentionally joined the N3F at a con (the Seacon, I think he said, but I don't recall Smith's having been there) by giving some fan $1. Eva Firestone and others promptly wrote him Welcommittee letters.He replied to Eva, "Sorry I can't engage in fan activities owing to my pro commitments." Eva immediately wrote him back congratulating him on having broken into the pro field while still a neofan! I then croggled Walt -- who literally rolled on the floor with laughter -- with the story of how Bob Tucker had been tricked into joining the N3F at the Chicon, and how various fans wanted to join the Welcommittee in order to write Tucker "Welcome to Fandom!" letters. Walt recalled how he and Lee Hoffman had learned that according to loopholes in the constitution, one did not have to be a member of the N3F in order to become an officer; and as a result they cooked up a plot to get Ian McAulay into the presidency so that he could dissolve the organization. Nothing came of it, though.

It's hard to keep events at this party in any kind of order in the retelling. I recall someone's saying that Avram Davidoon refused to divulge those lines from the Marion Sturgeon story -- the sentences Ted had cremoniously burned at the end of his speech -- even after DAG had taken a 'blackmailing' picture of him. I recall Tony Boucher gleefully telling us about the blooper he had noted on the boob tube the Thursday before the Chicon: it seems that White Sox pitcher Bauman said "Because of the way my balls react, I get into trouble sometimes." I recall mentioning to Madeleine Willis one other experience I'd like to have them share, supposing that they could stay around the Bay Area for a few more days -- namely kite-flying in a

certain spot on the Cal campus; she mentioned that she and Walt had long been kite fans, and described how they had once climbed 200-ft. Mt. Slieve Croob for such a purpose. I recall Walt Willis describing himself as "an old fan and tired -- older than Bob Madle, and tired at 1:40 AM". I recall the party becoming more intimate and even more animated as it thinned out. The Willises left some time after 3 AM, and I suddenly realized that for me the con was approaching its end, as that would be the last time I'd see our Guests of Honor until the 1965 con. I recall a mild echo of the 1425 party afterwards, as Karen Anderson -- relaxed and later on a little sleepy -- got into a close and even tender discussion with me and Tony Boucher. Heinlein and his philosophies -- through personal contact as well as through his books -- had been for Karen a major formative influence, and she regarded his attitude to nonpossessive, nonjealous affection as detailed in Stranger...as a great breakthrough in human relations was well as a personal ideal.I recall the warm glow of 1425 revisited persisting in me even after I left the dying party for home.

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Everybody's worldcon seems to end at a different time. For some fans it ends after the banquet; for others only after the final presentation of the gavel and adjournment; for still others, only when they check out of the hotel and pile into the car which rushes them back to Los Angeles or wherever. But for me, the continuous excitement and onrush of goshwow began to fade only as the dawn came up on the 16th of September, and I realized I was once again back in Berkeley, the parties over with and the guests departed. And once again, even as after the Admirable Crycon, I found myself with a big bundle of memories that somehow I had to arrange into some sort of logical sequence for publication -- reversing the usual order, even as before, "to grok and savor and cherish the scene, in order to praise it." I found myself reliving this thirty-day con as I described it on paper, and hoping that I could get across to my readers some fragmentary taste of the excitement and goshwow (those indispensable ingredients, for me, of the Sense of Wonder) which so strongly marked this con. And I hoped then and now that in reading this you will feel with me that you too can, however dimly, relive it with me. -- Walter Breen.

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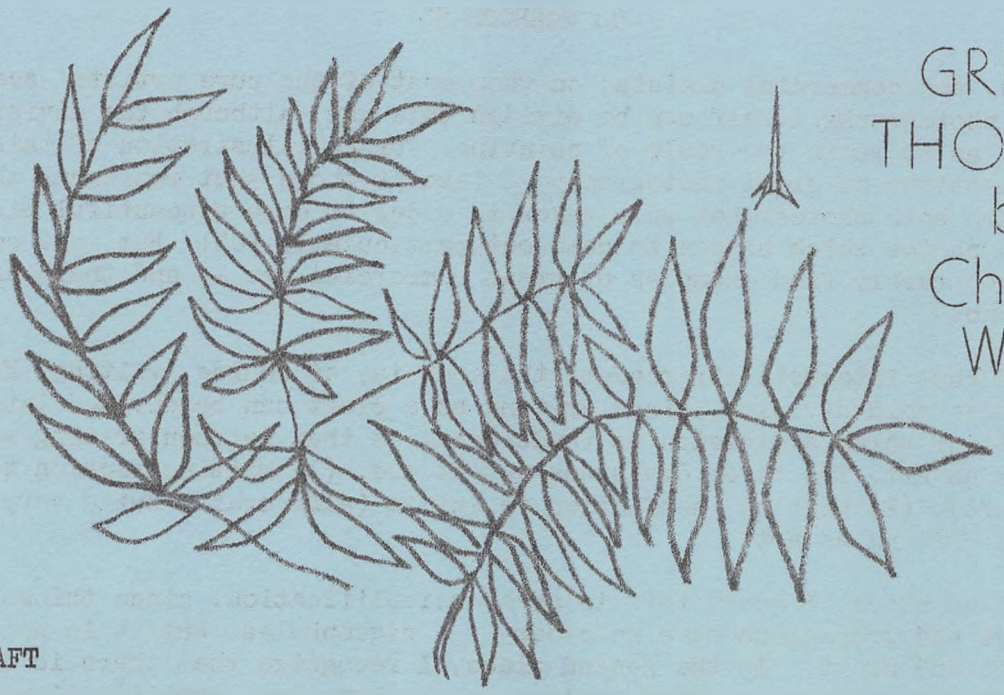
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8: the original. Just because it's by Picasso doesn't make it automatically great, but it does make it automatically fantastically valuable -- the art market being what it is today. Picasso is the highest priced living artist. Drawings are available for around $3000 to $9000. Paintings usually start at $10,000, for something very small, and go up to about $250,000.)

Picasso usually does dozens of drawings or paintings of the same subject until he is satisfied that he has extracted its meaning. The Boeck-Sabartes "Picasso" contains a fine demonstration of his method. A series of lithographs of a bull, some done days apart and perhaps as rest from a larger project, start with a fairly accurate (in Saturday Evening Post terms) and proceed through stages of abstraction until the final version is a powerfully evocative handling of dark masses that are strongly reminscent of stone age cave paintings. (Perhaps they said the last word, after all.)

I think I've said about all I have to say as an introduction to Picasso. I did want to go into personal investigations on a practicing level of his forms and what this has told me about myself as an artist, and I wanted to discuss some of the 400 or so drawings I've done since May 14, 1962. But this might cover more space than I've already taken up. Perhaps this activity will be discussed next issue in "The Editor as Pablo Picasso", unless there is a tremendous protest. In the meantime, as s on as this issue is completed, I will start attending a class in etching -- a medium I've never worked in but one I've admired and which seems to have the ability

(Concluded on page 63.)



GREEN THOUGHTS

by Charles Wells

ART AND CRAFT

For some years Paul Hindemith has advocated the composition of what he calls "music for use": pieces of music designed for a specific occasion or purpose. Since the time of Beethoven, this type of composition has fallen into disuse in the field we know as classical or "serious" music (as if Charlie Mingus were not serious about his playing!); the Romantic ideal, which still dominates most musicians' thought, is the composer who is true only to his "art" (or to himself, in the view of some of the more psychologically-oriented types) and who never allows his work to be affected by crass commercial interests or the opinion of the mob.

Let us call this sort of thing "music as art", using the word "art" in a neutral way, neither running down this theory nor advocating it.

Now, Haydn, Bach, and Handel, to name only three, composed a great deal of music for use, including a good many of their most famous pieces. Examples are Bach's "Art of the Fugue" (a collection of fugues ranging from the extremely simple to the most ocomplex) and Handel's "Water Music." Music for use is therefore certainly not a new idea; indeed, that's how music originated. The concept of sitting still and listening to music for its own sake and not doing something else at the same time is relatively new in human history; dancing to music, on the other hand, and worshipping to music are as old as recorded history.

Hindemith is going about his mission by actually writing such music. For example, in Cleveland in 1961 I attended a concert of the Cleveland Orchestra under Szell in which was played the world premiere of a Hindemith work which was written specifically for that concert and specifically to be played just before Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which was the feature of the program. Not all music for use is that specifically directed, of course, but this illustrates the type of music being referred to.

Let us call this sort of writing music for an occasion or purpose "music as a craft", taking "craft" also in a neutral sense. Note, by the way, that the word "craft" nowadays has the connotations the word "art" once had -- but has lost because of the spread of the Romantic concept of art as self-justifying.

Obviously a similar division into "art" and"craft" can be made in other fields. Painting as a craft is nowadays in disrepute amongst "serious artists"; it includes portrait painters, who are less numerous and usually worse than before in these days

of photography, and commercial artists, on whom most of the pure artists' scorn falls. And of course photography itself can be divided this way, although the division is not so fundamental as it is in the realm of painting. For an illustration of this, note that most collections of great photography (except those that represent the work of one man) contain both photos that were taken in order to make a beautiful picture (art) and news photos which happen to come out particularly well. But in a collection of paintings you rarely find examples of great commercial art -- and there are some, believe it or not.

The field that interests stf readers the most is, of course, writing. Here there is really a three-fold division, since writing as a craft can be divided into two very different sorts of work, a division as fundamental as that between writing as a craft and writing as an art. The three divisions we get are: (1) Writing fiction to entertain (craft), (2) Writing nonfiction to inform (also craft, but a very different sort), and (3) Writing as art.

In the first place, I admit this is an oversimplification, since things like humorous essays and propaganda have no clear pigeonholes. But it is not my purpose to go into this end of it. In the second place, I recognize that there is considerable overlap between the categories. Nevertheless, with these two qualifications, I think that this classification system is a first approximation of a rather decent sort to describing the various schools of writing in existence today.

Writing for art probably needs some examples. I am including in this category things like the short stories that appear in PARIS REVIEW (does anyone remember the one about the man who climbed skyscrapers?) and other little magazines, and the perhaps more substantial novels of people various as Jack Kerouac and James Joyce. But "Peyton Place" and its ilk must be categorized under writing as a craft -- and I do not say that because it is bad, which it is, but because its primary purpose is not artistic in the sense I am using the word. Writing as a craft contains good things, too, like Eleazar Lipsky's "The Scientists" (or most good science fiction!), but then when it gets very good it tends to become borderline between art and craft. And this provides us with a clue to the significance of this craft-art division.

I think it is quite clear in all three examples -- music, painting, and writing-- that the kind done for the sake of art does usually have a purpose in mind. Beethoven's Ninth was written for no abstraction, and it was no inspiration from the gods (as a glance at Beethoven's workbooks will show). Nor did Van Gogh paint only for the muse, nor Joyce -- even Joyce -- write without a reader in mind. All of these people had a purpose: to move the audience (reader, viewer, or listener).

Since the parallels between the different modes of expression begin to break down at this point (and since I'm tired of writing three sentences to prove everything I say), from here on out the subject had better be restricted to writing. Writing for art, then, is done for a purpose: to move the reader. By "move" I mean to affect him strongly, to call up emotions in him which he cannot ignore. Only when the author becomes self-consciously arty does the writing degenerate into impenetrable verbalizing meaningful only to the writer, if to him. This comes from forgetting that there is to be a reader -- always a mistake. I'm not saying the writer must not make great demands of the reader; if what he wants to say is tortuous and difficult to comprehend then the reader must be prepared to work: no writer can be honest and make the subject simpler than it really is at the same time. (That doesn't mean he has to say everything, but the understanding reader who reads great literature knows that everything is implied, even if he does not comprehend it all). This is true of the person who would read James Joyce, for example. But Joyce didn't forget the reader -- not nearly!

Harlan Ellison is a good example (in his non-stf short stories) of a writer who writes in order to move the reader to the exclusion of any other goal. His short story about the ugly woman who lived alone in her room and watched people through the window was not written to entertain, to edify, to uplift, or to titillate. It was written to kick you in your emotional teeth. (Or at least, in order to avoid seeming to psychoanalyze Harlan, let us say that if he had any other purpose in mind,he failed.

But this is not true of all writers. In general, Shakespeare takes care in his plays to provide entertainment for all sorts of people: he includes puns, dirty cracks, horseplay, and sometimes abstruse jokes that only scholars would have understood then,much less now. And this is instructive: Shakespeare wrote before the distinction between writing as an art and writing as a craft became manifest. He had important and deep things to say, but he never forgot the people in the pit. And the fact that he wrote for all levels does not make his plays disorganized and scattered, either.

What is entertainment, after all, but a mild form of being kicked in the emotional teeth? A comedy may show the poor benighted office slave getting one-up on his boss and tickle a million people into laughter. Ellison shows the world getting one-up on the ugly girl who thought she could forever remain an observer, and moves maybe a few thousand readers in the direction of tears. Isn't the difference one of degree?

If this is all that there is to it, the great dichotomy (a word which I had up until now avoided using!) between art writing and craft writing becomes a continuum with television commercials at one end and Archibald Macleish at the other. Some writers, like Shakespeare, try to hit everyone with everything they write; others concentrate their fire on one segment of the public, whether it is that small segment that is capable of being moved deeply and has the intellectual equipment to understand what it is that moves them, or whether it is the overwhelming mass who can only be moved elementally and on the surface intellectually. But those who concentrate their fire, at whichever end, are not to be downgraded because they are not like Shakespeare. Specialization is unavoidable and with most writers to broaden the aim would be inefficient. Perhaps specialization is not necessary, but because its presence changes taste at both ends of the continum , it is becoming impossible to write one work that will affect all types. -- Charles Wells.

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"Do not hide your modesty!"

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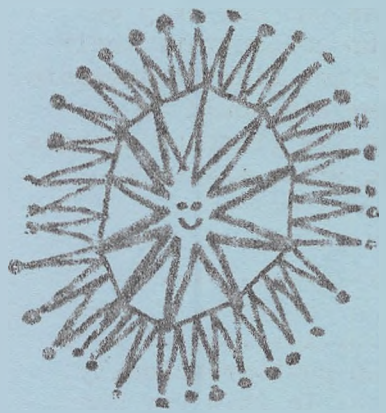
"'It would be highly interesting', Picasso commented, 'to fix photographically, not the successive stages of a painting but its successive changes. In this way one might perhaps understand the mental process leading to the embodiment of the artist's dream.'" --Picasso, April, 1937

"To the delight of all, his drawings spread across the screen as if by magic. Clouzot had devised a technique by which the drawings could be filmed from the back of an absorbent paper through which the coloured inks penetrated immediately, with the advantage that the artist's hand did not hide his work. Each line was it appeared seemed right and inevitable once it was made, and there was a feeling that it was predestined, in fact that it had already been there, but invisible to all but the artist. I have had this sensation before when watching him make a drawing, though in the film it is accentuated because he is hidden. The movement of his crayon in obedience to an unseen presence and the lack of hesitation give proof of complete accord between the inner eye of the artist and the realisation of the vision on the paper. Picasso had overcome his misgivings and was enjoying the wonderful display that he could give of his creative process." Roland Penrose on the making of "Le Mystere Picasso", 1954.

JOHN BAXTER



THE VIEW FROM DOWN UNDER

Like the Saturday Evening Post, NEW WORLDS, Nova's monthly magazine, is what you point to when you say it. During the last year or two, there have been a dozen shifts in layout, balance of material, departments, art and practically every other feature of the magazine. This flexibility is a big factor in the success of NEW WORLDS. If a reader doesn't fancy the mag, he waits a while and then buys another copy. It's almost certain to have changed in the interim, and the new product may very well be exactly what he is after. At the other end of the scale, regular readers who buy out of habit or to collect are also glad of the continual changes if only because it stops them from getting bored. The material maintains a constant level of quality, and the new layouts, cover designs and departments make NEW WORLDS seem always fresh, new, inventive.

The cover of NEW WORLDS 120 (July '62) provides a good example of editor Ted Carnell's flair for the unusual. It's an advertisement! Not the usual kind of ad, of course -- it's a still from the new British tv series "Out Of This World", 13 one-hour sf plays hosted by (would you believe it?) Boris Karloff. Admittedly such a cover illustration might leave something to be desired from an aesthetic point of view, but its value as a sf drawcard is vast enough to make this a minor quibble. The plays to be shown in this series are so good that, for a change, the people drawn to magazine science fiction by them will be mature adults rather than kids looking for bems and ray-guns. Some of the stories adapted for "Out Of This World" have often been mentioned in discussions of sf in film -- Asimov's "Little Lost Robot", Tom Godwin's "The Cold Equations" and John Wyndham's "Dumb Martian", plus stories by J.T.McIntosh, Philip K. Dick and Rog Phillips. This sort of meaty material is a far cry from Rod Serling's cocktail sausage fantasy that has been tv's only concerted attempt at science fiction programming to date. It proves that, if original work towards the intelligent publicizing of science fiction is being done anywhere, it is in England. There is no scope in American or European entertainment for anything even half as ambitious as "Out Of This World", and it seems to me that Ted Carnell isn't selling out to anybody when he features a plug for the show on his cover.

In line with his policy of featuring a Guest Editorial each month. Ted this time hands over the leader to expatriate American writer Harry Harrison, who writes on "What is Wrong With Science Fiction?" Harrison's theory that the whole trouble is disapproval on the part of The Establishment is tenable, but I feel he is too inclined to ignore certain other factors, such as the low quality of the average sf writer's technique. Admittedly the Establishment is an inert mass of intellect that stolidly opposes any advance in imaginative writing, but I'm inclined to think that, if sf writers could produce craftsman-like work, the Establishment would accept it gladly. However, Harrison's piece is a well-written and sensible essay that a number of writers, British and otherwise, might well study to their advantage. It might have been even more valuable if he

had extended the comments to include American sf, but apart from a couple of references to "transatlantic trash" and the intelligence of American editors he does nothing but suggest that his opinions might be worth hearing.

The fiction in this issue is made up of five short stories plus part 2 of Brian Aldiss's 3-part serial "Minor Operation", an abridged version of "The Primal Urge," recently released in Ballantine pb. Of the shorts, Steve Hall's "Paradox Lost" is probably best of the lot, a surprisingly original time twist on the creaky old "go back and kill your father" theme. This is sf that asks "What would really happen if...", with reasonably logical characterization and a nice taut style. Hall is one of the better young British writers, and, along with Lee Harding, a promisingly imaginative creator. "Yorick" by Donald Malcolm is a minor piece about the effects of free ions on human mental processes. It's just dull enough to be scientifically feasible so, despite the fact that it sounds rather odd to me, I didn't check Malcolm's science. J.G. Ballard's "The Man On The 99th Floor" is another craftsmanlike story by the most promising writer of short sf in the field today. Jim Ballard is in the process of perfecting his talent and, despite some appalling lapses ("13 To Centaurus" in the April '62 AMAZING and "Passport To Eternity" in the June issue), he continues to improve. He has an introspective style that echoes Kafka and Nabokov in its preoccupation with the workings of the mind when observing simple everyday things and events. Science fiction needs this kind of originality. And speaking of originality, Francis G. Rayer's "Sixth Veil" is a story that has little, if any, of that particular quality. It is perilously close to Bester's "Tiger! Tiger!" in theme, and if Rayer thinks that his readers have forgotten about this particular yarn, he may be in for a surprise. The last short is P.F.Wood's "Double Time," a poor time paradox story far inferior to Hall's "Paradox Lost". In general, the short fiction in NEW WORLDS 120 falls in the B-C range, with one F and one Z minus. However, this still puts it about five points in writing style and presentation above the average FANTASTIC and AMAZING, so there's no point in complaining.

The Brian Aldiss story is, of course, the best item in the issue. Aldiss is a sufficiently good craftsman to out-write almost every short-story sf writer in the field today, and in most cases he dominates any magazine in which he appears. Unfortunately, "Minor Operation" is not Brian's best work. It's an old yarn, written three or four years ago and abandoned at that time for reasons Brian declines to mention. It comes from the same period as "The Male Response" and "The Canopy of Time" ("Galaxies Like Grains Of Sand" in the US), that time when Aldiss apparently aspired to be a kind of science-fictional Kingsley Amis, carrying out his campaign with a succession of bitterly satiric attacks on the Establishment designed to show up the general stupidity of mankind. "Minor Operation" is probably the best of his work from this period (excluding the powerful "Basis For Negotiation" in NEW WORLDS for January '62 which I haven't been able to place chronologically yet). The whine has mellowed a little in storage, but it still has a bitter tang and lots of spritzig.

Like "The Primal Urge," "Minor Operation" revolves around the invention of the Emotional Register, a small metal plate which is fixed to the forehead and connected to the frontal lobes of the brain with a couple of tiny wires. Whenever one feels sexual desire for another, one's Emotional Register glows a bright pink, and if the other persons reciprocate, their Registers glow in sympathy. Installation of Emotional Registers is made compulsory for every adult in the British Isles, on the theory that this will finally break down the traditional British reserve, thus improving the national image and incidentally solving the ancient problems of love and marriage. Most of the story is given over to a description of the chaos caused by the sudden publicising of everybody's sexual urges, with a continuous barrage of satiric shots at contemporary British intellectual opinion, sexual and social mores, politics, literature, amusements and other well-scarred targets. As science fiction, the story's status is

precarious; as social satire, it stands examination a little better, although it sometimes seems that Aldiss can't make up his mind what he is writing. He has put too little work into the plot to make it a good satire in the tradition of Swift, Sheridan, Orwell and other major British social critics, but it is far too academic and mannered to qualify as good light fiction. This is contemporary sf-satire as somebody like Aldous Huxley might have written in his declining years or in an off month. In fact, the occasional references to Huxley in the acknowledgments and text seem to indicate that Brian might have been attempting a Huxley-type satire. While I have nothing but respect for Aldiss's skill, I think he bit off more than he could chew.

Stylistically, the book is a grab-bag of cliches, gems and odd objects that don't seem to be anything in particular. There are further examples of the Aldiss flair for dialogue and acid character observation, the thumb-nail portraits that in five words and an apt simile nail down persons so firmly in your memory that it is hard to get them out of your mind. Occasionally he lashes out with a sample of that tightly-constructed make-every-word-count writing that to my mind is his most underestimated talent. Aldiss is one of the few writers in sf who has a truly poetic appreciation of the English language, a knowledge of rhythm and the proper function of words as music. One example stands out - the first appearance of Rose English, inventor of the Emotional Register and eventual bedmate of the hero Jimmy Solent. "As Rose English glanced round the company, she was making no attempt, as most of the others present would have done upon introduction, to conceal the engagement of her mind and feelings in her surroundings. In consequence the unconventional face, less a mask than an instrument, drew to itself the regard of all men and most of the women. Her countenance was at once intelligent and naked; invulnerable perhaps, but highly impressionable." The relevance of this passage, and indeed its true meaning, is dubious, but it has a fine cadence, a sound that harks back to Henry James or, in poetry, Dylan Thomas, On the other hand, there are some astonishing pieces of bad taste and sheer literary codswallop, of which the worst by a hair is the incredible "Silence burst over them like an exploding muffin."

There seem to be two sides to Brian Aldiss. One is the bright young man of letters, the intellight reviewer/critic and man about literature who is on first-name terms with elder gods like Kingsley Amis and William Golding, a politically conscious journalist and writer who will probably make his mark in the world of British fiction. On the other side of the coin is an imaginative and emotional fantasy author responsible for "Poor Little Warrior!", "Hothouse," "Have Your Hatreds Ready" and so on, the Brian Aldiss in whose work satiric and critical function is subordinated to technical facility and emotional appeal. I unreservedly prefer the latter, but it's to be hoped that, in time, the two halves of the Aldiss personality will merge to form a talent sufficiently great to stand us all on our ear. -- John Baxter.

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Burn, Bruce Burn!

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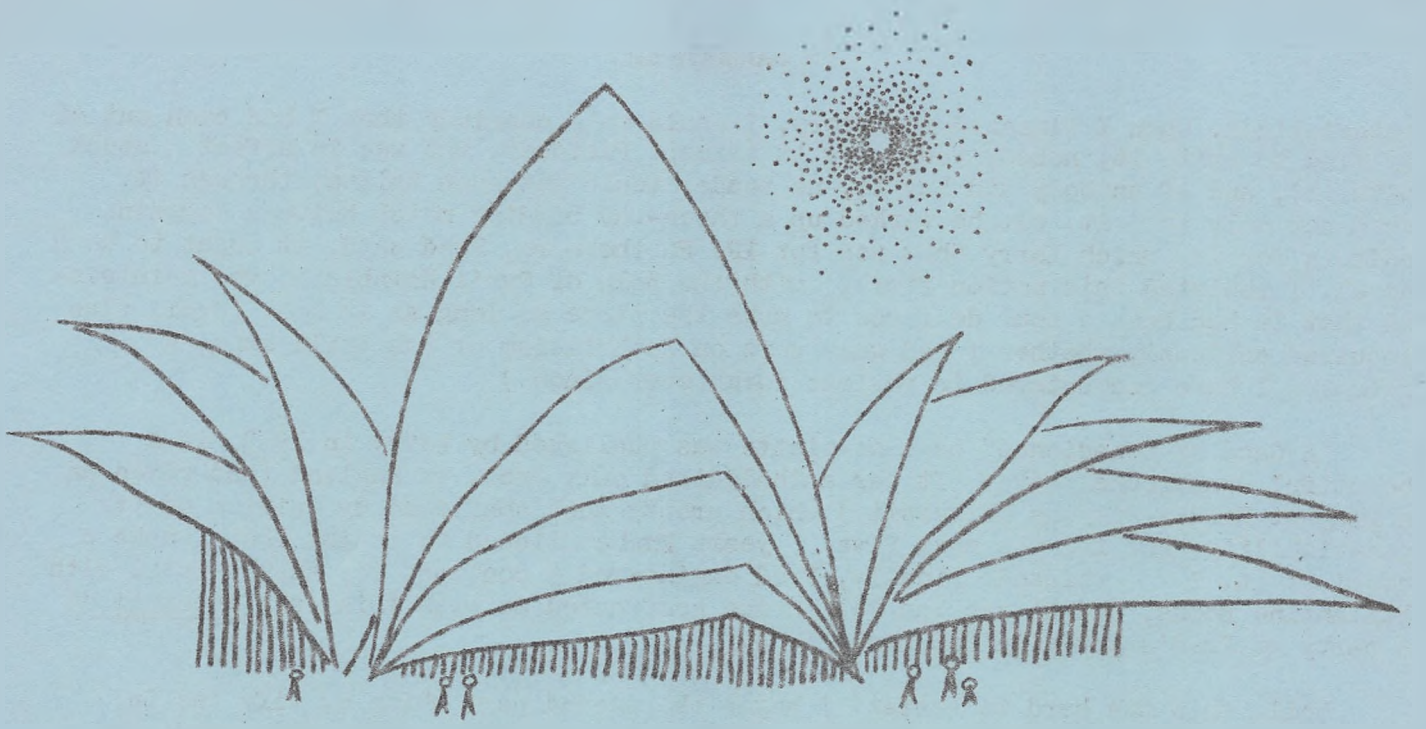
YOU WERE WONDERING ABOUT FILE 13, MAYBE?

"You will regret to learn that Mr Redd Boggs committed suicide yesterday after reading the carbon copy of 'File 13', which I understand he wrote for you, and discovering an error on the first page: 'biological warfare' instead of 'bacteriological warfare.' At this, he rushed downstairs, filled the bathtub, and drowned himself. I thought you would like to know. He passed on without making a will, but I am trying to disentangle his affairs for him. He left behind a lot of old pulp magazines like 'Astounding' and 'Unknown' and a lot of old books I never heard of like 'The Outsider & Others' and a lot of old mimeod matter like "'Who Killed Science Fiction' and 'Cosmic Circle Commentator.' I've given all this to the Salvation Army."

(Miss) Lolita Bongflap.



ACCIDENTALS AND NOMICS by JAMES BLISH

FREDERIK POHL HAS OBJECTED, in the firmest possible terms, to my having called him a liar in the public prints, and he is quite right to do so. This was not in fact my intention, but if even one reader has gotten the impression that I did, I am in the wrong.

Since at least one reader -- Fred himself -- did get that impression, I stand convicted of clumsy writing at the very least. I apologize to Fred wholeheartedly and completely; and I retract the implication, lock, stock and barrel, and testify that I intended no such thing.

Since Fred has challenged me publicly (see the letter column) to examine GALAXY's letter file, I accept the challenge (and the courtesy). I will report what I find as soon as possible....

This would be, I think, a useful time to get into print a few stories about Fred -- partly because his succeeding Horace Gold has put him in an enormously vulnerable position, and partly because a lot of people, including me, seem to have been taking pot-shots at him lately.

I first met ∅ when I was 15 years old. I had the impression then that he was immensely older than I was, and I think that he is perhaps two or three years up on me (I am 41). When he became an editor for Popular Publications, he bought the first two stories I sold, for the first two issues of SUPER SCIENCE STORIES, though he had to rewrite the second one almost from scratch to make it even marginally printable. He gave the credit for the rewrite to Dirk Wylie, later his associate in a literary agency that, while it lasted, represented most of the major science fiction writers, and was the making of some of them.

I was a Wylie client from first to last -- seven years -- and was sorry to see the agency dissolve. The relationship was sometimes a little stormy, but always profitable to me. It took me quite a few years to find another agent who could satisfy my peculiar requirements.

It was while I was a Wylie client that I wrote the first part of "A Case of Conscience", on a commission from Fletcher Pratt for a Twayne Triplet which never

materialized. When I finished the story, I could only conclude that I had been out of my mind to write it; nobody would buy it (except Fletcher, who was in effect stuck with it), and if anybody did buy it, no reader would get even halfway through it. Fred not only sold it, but he worked up a three-way bidding match between magazine editors for it, which Larry Shaw won for IF. Furthermore, Fred said, it ought to be a novel. I resisted this notion firmly, with the help of Cyril Kornbluth, who maintained that it had been a tour de force to make the piece as long as it was. (Cyril also inquired anxiously whether I had gone soft on Catholicism or was still sane, a reaction I have encountered in various forms ever since.)

"A Case of Conscience" as a novelette was published by Larry in 1953, in a beautiful wraparound cover. It was anthologized only once, in England (and given as a play at Hardin-Simmons University) which pretty much confirmed my opinion of its non-viability; but for the next five years Fred continued to insist that I make a novel of it. I refused. Finally, Fred engineered a contract for such a novel with Ballantine Books, and he and Ian Ballantine confronted me with this fait accompli at a party at Fred's house in Red Bank, N. J.

Well, this was hard to resist. I began the second part while my wife was in hospital incubating a daughter (Bethie, now 7). Fred plied me with advice and reference books. When I reached the end, about four days before the contract deadline, he told me that the last chapter would not do at all, and why; and he was right. I wrote the last chapter as it now stands in his house, on his typewriter, on the afternoon before another Red Bank party, and showed it to him about 10:00 p.m., surrounded by some of the most thoroughly afloat people I have ever seen at any party. "That", he said, balancing his 19th cup of coffee, "is more like it;" and that's the way it appeared.

The advice involved really belongs in an Atheling column,but I can see no way to foist it off on Sour Bill, so I had better cite some of it here. I was stuck at one point for a way to show an extremely complicated event (the party in the car-barn) chronologically and without creating more confusion than light. Fred said: "Cyril and I drop into a minor character for this, like the state assemblyman in 'A Town is Drowning'. He can be involved, but not important. Try it and see how it goes." It went like magic. I certainly would not have tried it on my own initiative: First of all, I already had three viewpoint characters, which I thought was too many; Second, I would never have seen that there could be a justification for using a spear-carrier as a point of view.

At the very end, when Lithia blows up, Fred said: "We need a list of the things that are being lost here -- the pottery houses, the jungles, the Lithians themselves and so on. They're nice things; the reader ought to be reminded of them." Of course; forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit; but it hadn't occurred me. It was the making of the chapter, and, I think, the making of the book; its whole emotional impact is concentrated there.

The book is dedicated to Larry Shaw for good and sufficient reasons; but there would never have been such a book without Fred Pohl, to whom I dedicated "They Shall Have Stars" ("Year 2018!" in the U.S.) for this and many other reasons. In the cracks, we fight like wombats.

And sometime soon, I hope to devote a couple of hundred pages to an essay tentatively entitled, The Utter Impossibility of Lester de Rey. Compared to Les, Fred and I are only moderately impossible.

MY REQUEST FOR CORRESPONDENCE -- by which I meant criticism -- has thus far resulted

in only one authentic piece of criticism, from Vic Ryan. I'm damned glad to have it; it's the first that I've had in years from anyone but old friends. It's also brought me in a spate of fan magazines, some good, some awful, but all so specialized that I begin to wonder all over again if the English language is as contemptible and doomed a piece of coding as the new Webster's and John R. Pierce believe. The final indignity (to date) was a smuggled Cultzine (see, I'm beginning to become equally unintelligible)' which made me feel so square that I still creep silently away from moderately round objects, like women and elliptical sentences, for fear of bumping one and being cut to the quick. (And to think, it used to be the corners of things I blundered against.) And then, just before the Convention, I met Walter Breen at the Lupoff's and talked to him long enough to discover that I liked him; this so unnerved me that I sought out Don Wollheim and apologized to him for something or other. Luckily, he responded like the DAW I had once known and loved, and that steadied the world a little for me. Some people are real and dependable.

I also received a classical letter from a young writer (the adjective is his). The burden of it was that he wants to write, but can't finish what he starts; the next morning, he says, what is in his typewriter seems weary, flat, stale, unprofitable, etc. Do these symptoms sound familiar? How did I begin? How did I keep going?

If there is anybody else who would like to ask me such questions, I can only give the classical answer. I DON'T KNOW. Practice helps; it builds technique. If you're blocked on a story, file it; you may find that it will open up for you later -- maybe years later. Good advice? No: for trying to force a stale old story to an unfelt end will not only kill the story, but may kill you off as a writer for months or years, unless you are the kind of writer who can view a story as almost wholly a technical problem, and have the experience to handle it that way. And the outcome of this kind of cold-bloodedness, though it may win some admiration, is seldom much loved by anyone but other writers, mostly writers of this same cast of mind.

In the meantime, it's helpful, I suppose, to be dissatisfied with what one finds in the typewriter in the morning. To be stopped cold by it may well mean that you have no vocation. -- James Blish.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54: to satisfy my seemingly contradictory desires to sell or give away my work and at the same time be able to keep it. Perhaps some of the femmefen would like to come over and see them sometime?

The appreciation of Picasso, as Larry Stark says, presents great problems, not the least of which is the natural tendency to see his "distortions" as realistic suggestions of flesh and thus as "monsters." But the rewards are great and it's a journey through what Breen would call the Sense of Wonder and what I call the Sense of Discovery. It behooves us to comprehend Picasso not only as one of the great influences on our time but as the last of the old giants. Joyce, Einstein, Shaw, and Wright are no longer with us. Picasso will live on in his work, as they do, but we should seek the opportunity to cherish and "grow to know" him while he's still a contemporary, while he still fills the sky of art with dazzeling fireworks.

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THE ABOVE ARTICLE did get rather out of hand, didn't it? You'd have thought I was writing about Bob Leman or Terry Carr, to judge from the length. This leaves me with very little space to thank everyone who saw to it that I won the Hugo and to Larry Shaw for bringing it back alive. As I did at the convention, I must acknowledge the great part Willis, Blish, Boggs, and Berry played. Many thanks. RB

MAIL WARP

POUL ANDERSON: I am not now nor have I ever been Mark Phillips. It is my understanding that Mark Phillips is a combination of Randall Garrett and Larry Harris. This may be incorrect. Whoever he is, though, Mark Phillips has quite a different concept of science fiction writing from mine, and I don't think either side wishes to be confused with the other. :: On the whole, I agree with Bob Leman. Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. But then, so is all life; we need not invoke any doctrine of original sin to account for the fact. Personally, I think that all things considered, the human race has done a remarkably good job so far. It's a piece of bad luck that nuclear energy happened to become available precisely in an era of ideological warfare, which is always the nastiest kind. But we'll probably survive -- enough of us. Give natural selection (which technology has modified but not at all abolished) a few score millennia to work on us, and you'll doubtless get a breed of human able to stand the emotional gaff of being civilized and not under our periodic compulsion to kick the house down if we don't simply let termites eat it. Read Ardrey's "African Genesis"; you need't agree with it entirely (I don't myself) to get a general idea of why civilizations to date have all been so fragile. :: If you think, along with Ardrey, the late Lord Raglan, and me, that the natural condition of man-as-he-is-today is a state of low savagery, it follows that anything more elaborate must involve some highly unsatisfactory compromises. Including the utopias based on loving kindness, sexual sharing, and so forth, which Walter Breen touches on in his piece. Even the gentle and unpossessive Eskimos committed murder now and then, and Peter Freuchen has described what a fine art they made of one-upmanship. The fact that interhuman conflict rarely went any further than this among them is, I suspect, due to the fact that most of their energies were used up in simply staying alive. The Polynesians lived under more bountiful conditions, and were likewise not very possessive either materially or personally. But they carried on lively warfare and, on some islands, develope elaborate systems of caste, taboo, and compulsive ritual that must have taken a lot of fun out of life for them, too. :: Bertrand Russell remarked once that happiness is simply the normal state of a human being. It may be so. But I've begun to doubt it. More likely we need a certain minimum of misery, and if the physical environment doesn't provide this for us, we'll find other ways of getting it. :: Including such devious ways as becoming writers. :: But that brings up the argument of whether or not writers do enjoy their work. I don't believe there is any general answer to that.I've never found any two writers yet with similar attitudes, work habits, or professional attributes. Speaking for myself, I find that I enjoy very much doing some things, and have to drag others out word by word. (Which seems to have no relation to the quality, or lack thereof, of the finished product. E.g., of two strongly similar books, "The High Crusade" was a chore to do and "Three Hearts and Three Lions" a joy.) On the whole, writing is about the least unpleasant way I've found to earn my living. :: If somebody bequeathed me a few million dollars, though, I could find my true vocation -- racing for the America's Cup, and maybe doing one short story or a couple of sonnets per year. :: I suggest this as the touchstone for your inmost desire. If you became independently wealthy, how would you spend the rest of your life? (3 Las Palomas, Orinda, California)

L M JANIFER: Regarding the Papago love song, yes, it appeals to me. So does John Donne, and I am not British: so does Francois Villon and I am not French: so does Catullus and I have not one traceable drop of Roman blood. Why the appeal of a piece of poetry should be a test of patriotism I cannot imagine. In any case, I do not love part of the alphabet: I love the country. Any name is part of the alphabet, and a

man does not love his wife less when he sees her monogram. Well, the USA is a monogram of the country: it has nothing to do with the country: it is the reduction of a name to a set of letters: I love it not, I have nothing to do with it. The country, big as it is, careless as it is, spendthrift and unmeasurable as it is, mixed in heritage and loose in debate, this entire cat-clawing hill-climbing highly preposterous actual country, its people and its places, is what I have something to do with: it is what I love and what in my workown work I attempt to celebrate. If a given Papago love song did not appeal to me I should not be distressed. I am not fond of Thomas Wolfe, either, or Vachel Lindsay. To return to the earlier analogy, I may, as any man may, love my wife without being uncritical of her choice of adornments: as a matter of fact an uncritical attitude usually means that the emotion being felt is not love but a self-hypnosis which the man finds it necessary to pass off to himself as love. I am not critical of what I do not love: I do not care enough to be critical. I do not mind if a woman to whom I am not attracted wears ugly jewelery. If the woman I love does so I do care. I dislike Wolfe and Lindsay first because they seem to me loose and uncertain writers, and second because they celebrate this country poorly. Though I am fond of them for wanting at all to celebrate this country: we are in love with the same woman: there is a common bond. :: Willis' clip from the London TIMES may actually be true, in which case life copies fiction: I have heard this story perhaps fifty times over the past fifteen years, credited at one time or another to most of the famous orchestras and conductors back to Damrosch.

Blish, as usual, works harder at getting things backward than most of us are wil ing to do to get things right-side-foremost: I admire his fortitude and deplore only his viewpoint. Regarding the letter hassle I have only this to say: I write a story and it drops into a vacuum. I am trying to communicate, and should like to know more definitely with whom I am communicating, and with what degree of success. Anybody who wants to write to me about a story of mine will receive a reply and will receive the gratitude of the undersigned: I know few writers who do not feel this way. Letters printed in magazines are in any case too few and too far between. Regarding the Heinlein controversy everything is now backward. Let us examine the Writer and see what makes him tick. :: The writer writes because he cannot talk. It seems to me more and more clear as I examine myself and other writers I know that writing is a form of substitute communication. Some of us can play brilliant verbal games (Phil Klass, for instance -- or many others) but actual speech about matters vital to us is to varying degrees impossible. This handicap, reasons for which are not at the moment germane, is made up for by the substitute form of writing. (Or composing, or drawing, or sculpting.) Jim is right: the stuff need not give any special kick. It is a necessity of life, not a luxury. But it isn't a drug: it's a substitute. The oxygen in a deep-sea diver's kit doesn't give a special kick either: when he is undersea, it sustains life: normal processes of obtaining that necessity are barred. Jim says "I never feel more than half alive except when I'm writing..." He's right. He isn't. Other people can communicate in person: he cannot, nor can I, nor can any writer. But communication is a necessity of life: he writes. So do I. :: The "dedicated craftsman" is simply a man more careful of communication, more in need of it. He must make surer than the non-craftsman that he's getting through to you. (Too, he may be playing artificial games even with that method of communication, which points to a further block...and you will find him communicating somewhere else. Fred Brown plays the flute.)

Breen's notion that the Heinlein "Thou art God" and the Hindu "Thou art That" are identical is partly right: both are silly, and in that way they share an important quality. But I don't think Heinlein means to go as far as the Hindus and abrogate true individuality: he is not quite that silly yet. "You have within you a spark of the Divine" may mean no more than "You are made in the image of the Creator": it may mean "We are all one soul and one being", and it may mean anything in between. I hold to the first statement: the Hindus hold to the second: Heinlein seems to me to hold a

diffuse and not entirely certain position somewhere in the middle. :: We are never, in performance, given more than "information about" the Eroica or any other piece of music: ask any musician who can read score, ask any composer. The degree of "information differs according to the performer as well as the range of dynamics, timbres, etc. available. Here in New York I can hear classical music of a high degree of sophistication twenty-four hours a day on radio if I like, by switching stations now and again. I prefer a phonograph in any case, and so does any sensible man: I am enabled to hear what I want when I want it. A radio will not do this for me, cannot do it and should not be asked to do it: it is not part of the radio's function.

Now Avram, quoted at the bottom of page 23, ought to know better. "Christopher Anvil" is not Pauline Ashwell, as far as I know: I have heard so many rumors re Anvil I am tired of them, but the best appears to be that he is himself -- a pen-name for a Midwestern scientist, not otherwise writing sf. "Mark Phillips" is Randall Garrett and the undersigned, working as a duo. "David Gordon" has matured -- he is Gandall Garrett. :: Only one more thing to be added. "Larry M Harris" does not exist any more. The name is now "Laurence M Janifer." Reason: "Harris" was given to my father's father when he came over on the boat by a tired Immigration inspector. I'd rather be named for where I spring from than for an Immigration inspector's laziness: I've spent some time hunting down the original name, and have now found and resumed it. In September or early October Pyramid will be issuing the first "Mark Phillips" novel, revised and expanded, under the title of "Brain-Twister". A biographical page will state that the book is written by Garrett and Janifer. It is. (5 W 8th St NYC)

ISAAC ASIMOV: I have a vaguely photographic memory and nearly thirty years ago someone told me (I seem very vaguely to remember) that letter columns counted as advertisements and that this somehow was reflected in the costs (income tax?) of the magazine. I can't drag anything more out of my vaguely photographic memory than that. :: However, we can ask a question, can't we? Instead of arguing merits and logic and deep creative urges and so on, why don't we do the American thing and ask if money is involved. It's simple. After all, if a lot of letters are published, pages are being filled with material that the editor doesn't have to pay for. The amount of money to spend on an issue of given size therefore decreases. Any magazine that is on the borderline of solvency should therefore take immediate steps to increase the letter column, both in number of letters and size of print. If one argues that readers will be offended at being short-changed, one can reply that readers will be much more offended by cutting the size of the magazine without cutting the price, or raising the price without increasing the pages, and both alternatives are freely indulged in when profit becomes marginal. Surely, increasing the letter column is the gentler move and should be tried first. :: Yet the fact of the matter is that it is not tried first or even at all. From this I conclude that increasing the letter column does not represent a financial saving. I even strongly suspect in view of my vague memory (and of the quite sharp memory of the microscopic print in which the older magazines used to print their letters) that publishing letters costs money. And if it costs money, Blish can holler from today till tomorrow, he will get nowhere. So let's settle the economics and the deep philosophy will settle itself. :: On the other hand, Blish can ask the question about Wrhn itself. I presume he doesn't care where a Dean-MacLaughlin-type letter appears as long as it is visible to him and certainly anything in Wrhn would be visible to him. Why, then, does not Wrhn print science fiction criticism? It prints criticism no end, for god's sake. It prints reams and reams of criticism on "La Dolce Vita" and "Last Year At Marienbad." It prints reams and reams of letters from guys who nit-pick other letters. It will even make the concession of printing material that talks about the latest Heinlein book (leading me to the suspicion that the average high-level-fan-magazine-contributor feels that any indication that he reads any science fiction but Heinlein will blunt his highly-intellectual image.) :: Mind you, I don't say that Wrhn should print letters criticizing the passing scene in sf (not in

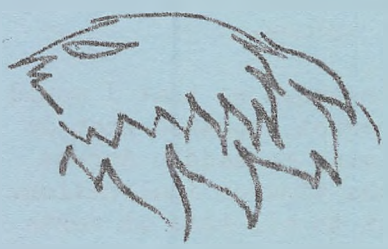
the movies, not in main-stream literature, not in fan-personalities, not among the one or two most intellectually acceptable authors, but in the ordinary passing scene in science fiction). Maybe Wrhn should not. After all, I have no personal axe to grind. I have not written any science fiction to speak of in four years and will probably continue not to do so for an indefinite period longer. And even if I were writing science fiction I have my own private fan mail which does the job as far as I am concerned. :: Nevertheless, it is important to find out why Wrhn doesn't print the kind of fan letters Blish needs -- because once the answer to that is reached, one may discover an answer to the larger problem of why the professional magazines don't. :: This is not inevitable, of course, It may be that the professional magazines and Wrhn have two different reasons. For instances, the professional magazines may, as aforesaid, be considering the economic factor. Wrhn, on the other hand, may conceive itself as serving as an outlet for writer-intellectualism. and this is an important function indeed. A writer who cannot exude intellect on paper in some fashion is liable to find it bottled up inside, where it will fester and turn to pus. And if Wrhn is involving itself in a gigantic attempt to prevent a serious epidemic of such festering, it can scarcely be expected to publish the "I-didn't-like-Blish's-Oyster-Men-of-Xztcglu-because-I-don't-think-rockets-will-work-in-a-vacuum" type of letter. One last word: The last three paragraphs of Blish's letter are sound stuff. He says what I tried to say in my letter in the same issue and says it much better. (Massachusetts)

RB: Not counting the issue at hand, Wrhn has published approximately 18 pages on Marienbad and "La Dolce Vita" and about 40 pages on various Heinlein works in the past four issues. This does not take into account Blish on Lowndes, everybody on letter columns, or myself on Burroughs or the comment on these topics, or Baxter on British sf prozines, or my repeated invitations for qualified sf criticism in these pages. And yet Wrhn is characterized as printing "reams and reams of criticism" on the films mentioned. This is almost as cogent as Burnett Toskey quaking at the sight of Wrhn #15 because he "dreaded the thought of plowing through 72 pages of politidal arguments again". To each his own eclipse, I suppose. :: I never thought of Wrhn as a bleeding ground for intellectual abscesses, but it might very well be. It's informally set up as a publishing ground for anything I find of interest or for anything a few readers like yourself might find of interest even if it's about science fiction. Wrhn will print "the kind of fan letters Blish needs", ie, perceptive criticism, when it receives them. I solicit comment on science fiction, but I can hardly blame the vast prozine audience for not knowing this. In the meantime, I'm quite satisfied with the contributions my columnists have been submitting and am delighted at having the opportunity to publish exceptional items like "Reflections From A Silver Screen." I'll even continue to print interesting letters like the one from Mr Asimov.

FREDERIK POHL: Last year you sent me a copy of Wrhn -- I presumed so that I would comment on it. I did comment on it, a fact which I now deeply regret, because what is to you a hobby, giving you pleasure, is to me an occupation, giving me saddle sores: I simply cannot match you in argumentation, for I do not have the time or inclination. :: I think it is fair to say that if there is one central point to all this it rests on whether or not I am telling the truth when I say GALAXY's readers show no signs of wanting a letter column. As Jim Blish puts it in his column: "I do not believe for a minute Fred Pohl's contention that most of his readers never mention a letter column... I will be convinced only by an opportunity to examine the letter file of GALAXY." :: I will call that bluff. Every GALAXY file I possess is from this moment open to Jim's inspection, barring financial records. (Which are on cards in a separate file anyway. :: Why this should seem to Jim to settle anything I cannot imagine, for if I am villain enough to tell a pointless lie (pointless because I really have full authority to decide questions like letter columns without consulting you) I would surely be villain enough to destroy the Incriminating Evidence too. But I didn't set the conditions. Jim did. He has them; and I think he should put up or shut up. I know

which I would prefer. :: P.S. By the way, one of your reader letters was acute enough to find a contradiction between what I said in one place and what an IF editorial said in another. As it happens, I don't write IF editorials; Ted Sturgeon does. I apologize for that confusion -- to your reader; it can't account for your own since, as you said, you've never read a copy of IF. :: P.P.S. I can think of no reason why I should do you any favors, but I suppose there is some chance that all this shrillness results from honest error instead of malice. If you would like to come out of cloud-cuckoo land, where the objective data are what your intuition leads you to think they ought to be, instead of what the measurable facts prove, you can easily do so. There is a way of checking the truth of what I have said re GALAXY's mail which is totally tamper-proof, at least from my end. :: Simply, this is it: Find some of those (mythical) hordes of letter writers you are so sure must exist. :: If there are any such, would it not stand to reason that a largish proportion of them would be active fans, and thus within sound of Warhoon's voice? So call for a show of hands. Ask for every person who wrote a letter to GALAXY asking for a readers' letter column in a recent period -- let us say the full year just past, from July 1961 through June 1962 -- to identify himself. :: To make it easy for you, I will stipulate that there were no more than ten such letters. (Actually I think there were four.) :: If I can make any sense of your delusion, you must feel that there are at least some hundreds. You don't have to find hundreds to prove me wrong. You only need to find eleven. :: But if you do find eleven, I advise you to beware of some of them in futue because some of them will not be telling the truth. :: Of course, I don't think you will do this -- I think you like it better in cloud-cuckoo land -- any more than I think Jim will actually care to inspect the records. He will find some way of proving that he didn't say what he said -- "I occupy both grounds" -- or once again move on to irrelevant issues. :: I wonder what it is in both of you that makes your intuitions appear so much more substantial than facts. (386 West Front St., Red Bank, New Jersey)

RB: I regret that you don't have "the time or inclination" to support your arguments. In the last issue, after divining a thesis from Jim's column and denouncing it you offered "If anyone doubts this, I will gladly supply arguments". Apparently your taste in debate lies in refuting positions you ascribe to others. Since you weren't complaining about saddle sores then, I can only leave it to our readers to guess where you got them. :: Your final P.S. is based on your intuitions of what you think I must think (here we go again) rather than on anything I said. Your intuition led you afoul when it informed you that I think GALAXY has "hordes of letter writers". I don't know that it has any, but you've implied that it does have a few. As a matter of fact, can you find any place where I supported the idea of a letter column in GALAXY? If you'd like to argue with some things that were said, I invite you to offer Harry Warner a "semblence of logic for the belief that the preferences of the letter writing readers differs from those of the non-letter writing readers." :: Your maneuvering becomes a trifle questionable when you employ such intellectual fakery as charging that Jim will "find some way of proving that he didn't say what he said -- 'I occupy both grounds' -- or once again move on to irrelevant issues." Finding additional arguments for a case does not necessarily invalidate the ones that went before. Irrelevant issues? The charge is meaningless if not explained: I hate to suggest that you "put up or shut up"; this is the type of shrillness I wanted to avoid. :: Earlier in this department Isaac Asimov makes the totally reasonable assumption that Jim Blish would be as interested in finding criticism in Wrhn as in prozine letter columns. This doesn't strike me as an unlikely attitude for reasonable writers. Editors are another matter, it seems. You may recall that Mr Pohl writes in GALAXY that he appreciates hearing from his readers but writes in Wrhn that its conjectured decision to ignore the prozines "is right". As I wrote in #15, presumably from this we can infer that any comment on GALAXY should be



sent directly to the magazine, where it will be appreciated, rather than allowing it to be published in a fanzine where it must lose something in the translation. Fans of whirling dervishes might now turn to DISCORD #16, Jan 1962, where we find Mr Pohl in Redd's letter column saying, "I am grateful for the chance to listen in on what the readers think of what we have been publishing in GALAXY and IF, especially when the letters are articulate and astute ones." Perhaps Mr Pohl is now ready to tell our chef how he likes his crow prepared, unless he proposes to present a case that Wrhn's letter writers are neither astute nor articulate. :: After some ten years of a magazine without a letter column, I'm staggered to learn that 4 people may have written asking for one. Some fans never learn -- but maybe they were new readers. If Mr Pohl really cares what the fans think, he might have inquired how many people write to Wrhn suggesting that it might be nice if GALAXY had a letter column. How many of you would like a letter column edited by Mr Pohl in GALAXY? How many would like a letter column edited by Walt Willis in GALAXY?

JOHN BOARDMAN: Many Europeans over-estimate the effect of the American Indian and his culture and traditions in American life. It has been estimated that, at the time of Columbus, there were only 10 million Indians in the whole western hemisphere. The biggest concentrations of population were in Mexico, Central America , and Peru; the population of the present USA could not have been much more than a third of a million. The Indians were simply swamped by the European immigration. This is why distinctively Indian as opposed to European elements in American culture are very few and far between. "Can one love a mountain as it should be loved when you don't know what its name means?" Sure, or, if you like, the name can be changed. St. Anthony means little to Protestants, so the southern Californian mountain San Antionio is now generally called "Old Baldy". And, around the turn of the century, there was almost a civil war in the state of Washington over whether the state's highest mountain should have the Indian name Tacoma or the French name Rainier. Mt Rainier won...though on retrospect the name itself may mean as little to most Americans as does Tacoma. And the only Indian in Congress bears the solidly German name Reifel. :: Aldiss: The Great American anti-novel has already been written. It's Gregory Corso's "American Express".(New York)

L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP: George Price's remarks in Wrhn 16 on the Communist Party are well taken. However, when he tees off on "liberals," he engages in a kind of semantic obfuscation that may be called a straw-man hunt. :: What is the difference between his remarks about Communists and his remarks about liberals? The Communist Party is a definite organization, with strict membership requirements and a definite creed. As in many religious sects, you cannot deny the creed and remain a member in good standing. Hence one can say that Communists believe thus-and-so and test the statement against the canonical writings of Lenin and other Communist Fathers. Such statements may be true or false but are certainly meaningful. :: But there is no such fixed, controlled, and sharply bounded party of liberals. Some call themselves liberals and are not gainsaid; some claim the title but are denied it by others; some are accused of being liberals but deny the charge. My late colleague Pratt called himself a "conservative", but most of his actual opinions had a decided "liberal" tinge. Writers who deem themselves or are deemed conservative use the terms "pseudo-liberal" and "so-called liberal" to show that the policies advocated by a self-styled liberal are not what the writers think a "true" liberal ought to advocate. So no general statements about such a vague, undefinable, amorphous mass of human beings can mean much if anything. :: So, when Price accuses liberals of moral realtivism, economic collectivism, and a "contempt for human intelligence," anybody is entitled to say: "I'm a liberal but I don't believe in those things." Likewise any self-styled liberal can just as cogently say: "Conservatives, having by luck or chicanery profited from the workings of capitalism, care for nothing but hanging on to their ill-gotten gains. Hence they are willfully blind to the injustices and instabilities of capitalism, care nothing for the miseries of the deserving poor, want to return to the monopolistic conditions of the

nineteenth century, &c. &c." No doubt George would indignantly reply: What, me?" But the statement would be as true as the one about liberals. :: The recent affectation of an aggressive conservatism among the young amuses those who, like me, remember the 1930s, when hordes of young people became aggressively radical - not because they knew anything about history or political economy, but to keep up with the crowd and to annoy their elders. The present conservative wave is a fad of the same kind. :: Note that I don't claim to be a liberal or anything else. I try to choose my opinions on the basis of reason and expediency and let others pin labels. (Pennsylvania)

JAMES BLISH: For some reason, Wrhn 16 didn't interest me as much as preceding issues, but I'll readily grant that part of the fault must be mine. This time I liked the John Baxter letter best -- not "The View From Down Under", but the letter. The stories he describes in the first instalment of his column sound like things I would run miles to escape, and I am a determinedly sedentary type. If the impression of them Baxter conveys is accurate, it would seem that our British cousins are still up to their old trick of pirating yarns from early UNKNOWNs, diluting them, and slapping on a one-punch ending. (Needless to say, I don't mean that to be a blanket indictment.)

The opening Breen column is, I'm afraid, rather a shambles, but I welcome it nonetheless. My current impression of Walter is that he's as widely read as he is articulate, and in fields in which I am also greatly interested; I'd like to know more about him, but up to now that's been difficult because so much of his output appears in journals I seldom see. I look to the column for a remedy. I should add, too, that my jeer in Wrhn 15 about old ESQUIRE articles by Huxley was unfair, and Breen quite properly -- and adroitly -- turns it back on me. I think his erudition is real, not for show, and it was petty of me to imply otherwise.

The first instalment of "The Fifth Column" advances a little further my tentative assessment that what fails Walter is not knowledge or facility, but the knack of connecting one thought with another. I am not talking about formal logic entirely; I mean to cover the broader subject of simply sticking to the point. The discussion is cloudy and discursive, and I think only part of the confusion is in the mind of the reader (meaning me).

If it will clear the air a little, I'll happily agree with Walter -- who seems confused on the subject himself -- that "The Stranger and the Critic" wasn't "even primarily" intended as a rebuttal to my review of "Stranger." Probably the confusion wouldn't have arisen in the first place if Walter hadn't opened his piece by remarking that he seemed foredoomed to tangle with me over Hugo winners. I will assume that the Blish mentioned elsewhere in the article is my religious uncle, Goetterdaemmerung Blish.

Let it be restated, too, that I never intended to discuss the sexual aspects of Heinlein's novel, don't intend to do so now, and don't give a half a kopek whether Walter regards this as "square" or not. I operate my opinions-of-the-moment to suit my own sense of values, not Breen's; in fact, it seems to me that the kind of man who could care whether other people thought his opinions hip or square must have a weathercock for a head. (I think it was archdeacon Ginsberg who declared: "Some of the best minds I know have given up thinking entirely." It shows.) One very minor aspect of my views on sexual experience is that it is vastly enhanced by being personal and intimate; so I'm not going to violate my own privacy just for the sake of an argument, however lively. There was, of course, nothing in the least apodictic about my denial that the abandonment of sexual possessiveness is an index of maturity; I just said that I didn't agree with it. "Maturity" is not the kind of concept a sensible man waxes apodictic about, since every man has his own definition of it and nobody has any objective grounds for saying him nay.

However, since I have already spoken on this subject, I think Breen's request for supporting arguments is fair. I will stay away from what I take to be the intrinsic arguments, as being relevant only to me. As for the extrinsic arguments, they are standard and I'm sure Breen has encountered them before. The Western world -- and a good many other societies -- has generally considered it equitable that the sire of the family not be asked to nurture, support and train a child not his own, except by his own choice in each individual case (i.e., by adoption). Genetically, this is sensible conservatism; procreation is such a game of Russian roulette as it is that the introduction of a whole new half-set of chromosomes into the family shouldn't be undertaken at random, or for kicks. Secondly, there is the problem of venereal disease, the incidence of which is still increasing markedly even in the most medically advanced country in the world (New Zealand) as well as everywhere else. Both these arguments are basically economic; the others (those I have called "intrinsic") are matters of preference, toward which I doff my hat and shet mah mouf.

On the question of the merits of opera libretti, I begin to suspect that we are debating a shadow. Breen agrees with me that the book for Wozzeck (and the one for Pelleas et Melisande) is a work of independent literary merit; I agree with him that the book for The Magic Flute is not. All of the books for Richard Strauss' operas have literary merit except the two he wrote himself and the two by Georg Gregor (and, perhaps, the Strauss-von Wolzogen collaboration, which is great fun but pretty specialized, like LASFS humor). I am more on Breen's side than on Harry Warner's on the merits of the book for Boris Goudonov, that is, I think it's damn good of itself. Boito's Shakespeare and Goethe adaptations are certainly marvelous; and Breen will remember that The Barber of Seville was a successful play long before a whole clutch of composers took turns making an opera of it (only one of which survives regardless of the merits of the book). On the other side, the books for most middle-period Verdi operas are encompassed by a narrow spectrum between trash and tosh; Wagner created his multiple miracles sitting atop a groaning mountain of his own fourth-to-ninth-rate poetry; the book for what my wife calls "The Abduction from Hunter College" is equalled in preposterousness only by the book for Cosi fan Tutte; and any man who takes seriously the books for The Girl of the Golden West or Madame Butterfly deserves to spend the rest of his life in an orgone box with L. Ron Hubbard. Hence it seems to me that the quality of the libretto has no demonstrable or consistent effect upon the success, either musical or public, of an opera. What the composer does with the book is the only thing that counts. Given the same book, what might hinder one composer might well help another. This is what I was maintaining in the first place. Let me ask Walter this: which of the many treatments of Faust does he prefer, and why?

I am grateful to Breen for citing the Adorno study, of which I hadn't heard; the remark (is it perhaps Breen's own?) that what one gets from the radio is not the Eroica but simply information about the Eroica is brilliant.

In the SAPS copy you sent me, Breen remarks that some beat families are(are there such? It seems a contradiction in terms) are trying "to expose the kids to Bach,Mozart, Beethoven, Bartók, Berg and Webern just as though the undeniable harmonic difficulties of the last two did not exist -- letting them find out for themselves later on about rock&roll (etc) in distressing contrast to the challenging stuff they've become used to." Perhaps a report on one such experiment, now in its 18th year, would be pertinant, though I suppose somewhat suspect in that our family is about the least beat such assemblage anywhere outside of East Texas. We have almost no atonal music in our library, but we found that our children seem to make no special distinction between Baroque music and 12-tone music. We surmise that this is because they can hear the essential logic in both, or at least that both need to be listened to horizontally, not

chordally. The smaller ones (5 and 7) like Villa-Lobos best, which is not surprising. At their age, the oldest one (now 18) was fondest of Ravel and Prokofieff.

On the basis of one experience, we can testify that childhood exposure to what Walter calls "challenging" music provides no noticeable protection against the onset of the hormones. Elvis Presley and company promptly took over, and even memory seems to fail. A few weekends ago our teen-ager deposed and said: "I didn't like that thing you were playing this afternoon. It depressed me. I mean that piece with the vibraphone and all the descords." The piece so characterized was the 1st Brandenburg concerto. Of course the fact that she still can't carry a tune may have some bearing on the outcome.

Agree with Breen on the nature of the difficulty with Mozart. Possibly the most profound composer in Western music, but mostly he seemed to consider it bad manners to let it show. By comparison, a man like Bach, who perhaps felt that it would be an act of sacrilege not to show that God had made him a Titan, is much more accessible.

Letters: RB: "If it was good enough for my father it's good enough for me" is a critical comment. Any evaluative comment is criticism; it doesn't have to be caustic or contentious or condemnatory, but only to express a value judgment. The myth that there are two separable kinds of criticism, "constructive" and "destructive , seems to have evolved as a shield behind which the tender-minded can hide from criticism of any sort. ("Of course I would have welcomed constructive criticism, but Mr. X's purely destructive attack, etc.") :: You are quite right, the alterations in Vanguard I's orbit were eventually attributed to variations in the Earth's gravitational field. I must have looked in on the discussion at an intermediate stage. However, since you've granted me light-pressure in principle, I rest my case.

Ieman announces that the perfectability of man is basic to liberalism, whereas men are really dolts, etc.; while George Price says liberals believe the common man to be too stupid to take care of himself. It would be interesting to see these two staunch rightist philosophers attempting to reconcile these dicta. My own feeling is that the operation of a high-energy culture is so complex that an increasing degree of state control is inevitable, with the concomitant gradual disappearance of democracy; it then becomes important to determine what kind of control is practicable and yet at the same time involves the least loss of freedom. Failure to do so now is very likely to wind us up with the worst possible system. I don't think the common man is too stupid to take care of himself, but it does seem evident to me that highly technical questions can't safely be decided by majority vote. Maybe Price doesn't think the high-energy culture worth the cost, either-- I confess to being in some doubt myself -- but if so, let me ask him: How do you propose to undo it?

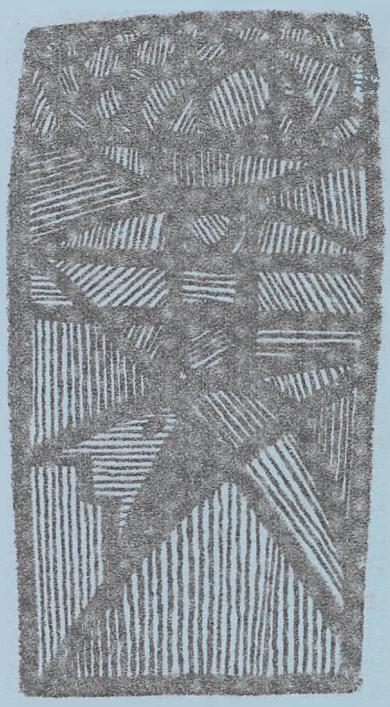
Vic Ryan: I didn't object to the word "promiscuity"; Walter Breen did. I defended it... I'm not so sure that the philosophical thinness of science fiction can be excused on the grounds that philosophy requires explanation. This assumes that philosophy is only words; I don't take so dim a view of it; it involves fundamental assumptions, which s-f writers very seldom call into question. This can be done with virtually no explanation, and I can cite some examples: (1) Heinlein's "They", from UNKNOWN, which explored the philosophical position called solipsism -- the assumption that only a single observer is real, and the rest of the world set up as an illusion to deceive that one observer. Heinlein's story achieved a considerable shock by taking as given that solipsism is true. (2) A Charles Harness story, whose title alas I do not remember -- it was published by one of the magazines in the Thrilling Group-- which began with the historical fact that the Babylonians set the value of pi at 3.0, and went on to question the true constancy of any physical constant; Harness' plot hinged upon the destruction of one photon by a deliberate experiment, out of which began the unravelling of our whole rationale of metaphysics. The climax of the story,

and it was highly dramatic, showed how the experiment was undone and the rationale re-established -- but the story left behind a certain doubt that the universe of physical constants is as dependable as most s-f authors assume. The Heinlein story poses one of the great philosophical questions -- "How do we know what we know?" The Harness poses another --"What is the real nature of the real world?" I have written one to explore ontology, the problem of being -- "How do I know what I am?" And there are several stories which explore the problem of morals -- "What constitutes right action" -- and the problem of aesthetics -- "What is the essential nature of beauty." But all these questions are rarely raised in s-f, not because they take a lot of explanation -- in fact, they are so basic that the writer can readily trust the reader's intuition of their importance -- but because very few s-f writers ever ask them of themselves, let alone of their readers.

Bill Donaho: I believe you have to be awarded the Yiprock Memorial Plaque for the most dizzying statement I have ever seen in Wrhn: "As far as the reader is concerned, you know before reading the review (or the book itself) that a science fiction book is not serious literature..." By tea leaves? I hope you will tell me what graduate department of English hands out this kind of dictum, so I can add it to my list of places not to send my children. Sleep well, Bill. (Box 278, Milford, Pike Co. Penna.)

WILLIAM F TEMPLE: The Walt Willis puns are too good to be true. The genuinely spontaneous pun is rarely bang on: it fits only approximately, like a roundish square peg in a squarish round hole. It's the aural maladmustment which makes the listener groan. :: A bang on pun just stuns the listener into silence. Which becomes a thoughtful silence. Was it naked genius -- or was it something forced on one by a verbal card-sharp? :: Willis is, of course, a genius. In the way that Machiavelli was a genius. He almost becomes Destiny itself, unobstrusively manipulating events and laying powder trains of association to lead up to the big bang. :: I once attempted that technique on him myself at a Con. I guided the talk onto the characters of Dickens and the way they were labelled by their catch phrases. "Barkis, in 'Copperfield', for instance," I said, "and his 'Barkis is willin'." :: All this time I was puffing cigarette smoke hard at Walt, trying to make him cough. I was poised ready to rap out smartly: "Ah -- Willis is barkin'." :: But Walt was too much of the Irish gentleman. He swallowed my smoke until he visibly distended. His face empurpled but still retained its expression of polite attention. His eyes dripped tears. He blinked them back. :: But, blast him, he would not cough. :: Later, he excused himself and was sick in a fire-bucket. I hesitated. "Willis is sickin'...?" No -- it wouldn't fit. :: I passed. Which shows I'm an amateur compared with Walt. He would have prepared for this contingency and six others, and hit the target with a well-rehearsed extempore whizz-bang. (7 Elm Road, Wembley, Middx., England)

VIRGINIA BLISH: I quote Bob Lowndes. "Typo of the quarter: 'craven image.'" Happily, the alert reader surely saw the inversion. Much more distressing for me is the slip on page 16 where "her" sustituted itself for "his" when you weren't going where you were looking. "How ineffectively has Steiner communicated his terror and despair?" There was a third moment when the ineffective floored me and what floored me was that it was too late to do anything about it. On page 15, my "legal tender" metaphor -- which may or may not be overlong, and may through sheer extendedness have seemed ripe to some -- lent itself to mis-reading. I discovered this only after publication, and may it be a lesson to me not be be lyrical about the lira! As all numismatists among your readership may know, the code sign BU means "brilliant, uncirculated", and I meant it to mean originality. I was trying to evaluate many of the materials Fellini had chosen to illustrate his points as (1) just barely allowable, (2) NOT BU for one of two reasons -- unoriginal or counterfeit, and (3) downright dull. The phrase "not only not" may have obscured my meaning entirely. That whole parenthesis went to the point that Fellini primarily manipulates cliches, cliches of story-telling,



cliches of film technique; and the further point that it would have been foolish to strive for originality in order to exemplify the seven deadly sins.

The above paragraph was only the first of the "one or two" things. A second deals with Mike Deckinger's "regret...that no mention is given of superlative musical score by Nino Rota, ... one of the rare instances where the musical quality has been blended to match the emotional quality of the characters on screen." I would like him to know that I have among my notes from the first or second viewing of the film a mention of the"superb score" and I would also like him to know that I acquired the album and delight in listening to it, but that I no longer rank it so high. I was, and remain, grateful to Rota for knowing when to silence the orchestra entirely, instead of hiring on extra violins. But so much of the score is popular music, ranging from "Arrivederci Roma" to "Jingle Bells" -- and properly so, with all that night-clubbing to orchestrate -- and of the rest, the lovely jangling little masks theme turns out to be warmed- over Respighi, frinstance. I was finally forced to the conclusion that the reason the score sounds so good is that is is a tasteful and seductive montage of cliches. Superlative as sound track for this specific film, yes, and it sends me every time; but a super score it is not. A damned thing, incidentally: the album does not include the Prez Prado "Patricia" that figures on two occasions (the meeting with Paola and Nadia's strip); and Victor's album "Big Hits by Prado" (which I bought thinking I had outwitted Victor International's bad taste in editing the sound track) turned out to have an inconspicuous phrase on its face: "new arrangements." I am still looking for the old 45 rpm record; perhaps -- appropriately -- in a stack of jukebox discards somewhere?

There are other things I would like to say, but shall not. I am grateful for every word of comment that greeted my essay. Buried somewhere in the text is an answer to every point that the readers raise, I think, and it would be wearisome for me to quote myself. I'd rather, this once, suggest that they look again -- with this much specific reply to two readers only.

Harry Warner: I said almost all I had to say about the title just below midpoint on page 20. Rather than simply remarking on my inability to decide whether the dolce of the title meant good or sweet or, perhaps, the life of Riley, I used the shifting aspects of Steiner's good life, the high life of the Via Veneto, and the good-sweet-soft life of Rome's aristocracy and cafe' society under the slug: butter slide. I think, on a secondary level, the direction the story line takes at the end signifies that if you're going to lead the high life, you must lead it with style, or it will destroy you. On a primary level, I think I have, finally, decided (see the foot of page 18) that the title means to say that Life is Good, while Wrong resides in Man. (This strikes me as both true in a way and also typical lapsed-Catholic philosophical imprecision.) Harry himself explicates the film perfectly and precisely: "everyone... blessed with...health...money...talent...looks...deliberately messes up his chances for enjoying this splendid life through an obsession with some individual or object." I too have wondered if "la dolce vita" is a literary reference, but if so I don't know it.

Sam Youd: The seven Churches, lamps, stars, seals, angels and trumpets are brought by you to the film; but not by the film to me. The scattering of feathers may be one of the established symbols for the Holy Ghost (thi nk you for informing me; I didn't

know) but I still can't see Fregena as communion -- anything but. The film's religious and political significances strike me as other than they strike you, I will grant that much. I will stand on my stated views that Fellini is no thinker, and that the religiosity of the film derives from the man's birthplace and background more than from his beliefs. As for his "blistering satirical attack on capitalist values" all I can say is, come off it, Sam! If ever I saw a nose pressed against the party window, it is Fellini's; and mine is there right alongside. Do you seriously mean to say that Fellini believes that hope for the future lies in peasants, representatives of the working masses, such as the mother of the two children? The grandfather of the two children (how many Hail Mary's for one cigar?)? The superstition-besotted women who trampled one another for a branch of the miraculous tree??? Fellini may so believe; he may be known to travel in radical left-wing circles -- I wouldn't know -- but I'd be willing to bet that the amount of political thinking behind this film covers less ground than does a G-string. Steiner says a few words against fascism, true, but his solution does not seem a political one to me. I do not see either kind of orthodoxy, religious or political, in this film, and I cannot fathom why you think you do, unless you are looking through special glasses. ... There is no need for us to fight, actually, There is a wealth of good discerned by both of us in the under- and overtones, without your bouncing rocks off my head; just pay no attention while I mumble, "It can't be a religous and/or political film, or I wouldn't have liked it." In fact, I would have hated it.

John Baxter: It is not that you missed the point of the film. If ever there was a film with something for everybody, this is that film. I'd hate to think I had driven you back to SCREEN NEWS -- better LDV again than that, I should think. About that postal from Heinlein, which I just happen to have right here in my hand, it actually reads as follows:" 13 April 1950 Dear Virginia Blish, William Rotsler sent me a copy of the article you did about 'Gulf'. I want to thank you; it warmed my heart. Personally, I think that ending was one of the best things I've ever done, but the reception of it was very mixed, to say the least. It makes me happy that at least one person saw what I was driving at. Sincerely, Robert A Heinlein." Now this doesn't infer that he wasn't able to make his point in a way that was intelligible to the average reader. The ending in question involved the marriage service, if you remember, ritual question and answer exchanged between telepaths knowing that death was imminent, if I remember correctly. RAH certainly made his point, and intelligibly. All he thanks me for is seeing why he did it just that way, and, of course, my being sufficiently moved by it to write that article and thus letting him know that "at least one person" dug him the most. Since the reception was mixed before my article saw publication, there must have been others, yes? ... In answer to your question regarding the artist's function "to make /his/ thesis intelligible to as many people as possible" (which I'm sure you meant purely as rhetorical question) I'd say hell, no. Generally speaking, I don't bother to address myself to an art work unless I am paid the compliment and given the pleasure of being allowed to do at least some part of the work. The story or poem or painting that lays itself supinely open to you on one inspection is a job of work that wasn't worth doing. However, with regard to Heinlein, he is almost always so explicit that it is impossible to miss his point. What I grasped was an artistic extra, not the point of the story. And with regard to Fellini, it was very difficult for me to convince myself, with so many tangible goodies in front of me, that there was actually NO point underlying the film; he was not grinding any intellectual axe, he was pushing beautiful buttons. ... Nor do I infer that the uncomprehending viewer is inferior to the super-sensitive artist (I passionately believe it, but I don't think I anywhere inferred it) in this instance. The man who is hunting converts, the man who proselytizes, is not in the same league with a super-sensitive artist, or even a workaday moderately sensitive artist. Propaganda is not art. It seems to me that neither Fellini nor Heinlein is tarrable with this brush (in spite of "Stranger in a Strange Land," which I will <u>not</u> discuss beyond saying I liked it even better than

"Starship Troopers" and that I don't feel propagandized toward either promiscuity or militarism). Heinlein as artist hardly ever gets off the ground; when he does, I feel obliged to cheer, as I did "Gulf." Fellini as artist is all eyes -- he renders experience like an angel, and all one needs to do is respond and hardly think at all.

JOHN BAXTER: I'll be glad when you get somebody to fill the US prozine-review spot. It's awfully lonely out there without anybody to back you up. The function of the British review column should be that of an auxiliary, I think the British prozines don't enjoy much of a circulation in America, and even if they did, I doubt that the response would be especially good. British sf and fantasy is often too bland for US palates, probably because of your consistently rich literary diet - strong on spice but weak on roughage. As a foil, a compliment to the American column, my reviews would probably read better than they do as a separate item. If damon knight hasn't emerged from that mist yet, I suggest you light a lamp and go looking for him.

The contents listing is very neatly done and I'm glad to see it up there. That's a very skilful way you've built it into the colophon without breaking the unity of your layout, but I suppose technical problems like this are your stock in trade. Looking down the list of contributors, I notice a singular fact - Bergeron, Blish, Baxter, Breen, Boggs and Willis. Your compassionate failure to list contributors surnames in the contents is one way of hiding from Walt his horrible transgression, but it might be easier in the long run if you dropped him a private note suggesting that, in the interests of uniformity, he change his name to something like Berry.

Congratulations on winning the FANAC poll, although I think you'd have to admit that it was something of a foregone conclusion. WARHOON is probably the best fanzine of all time, inasmuch as it seems to combine all the attributes of an ideal fanzine such as have been suggested since before the war. Remember in the original Fy&Sf version of "A For Anything" by damon knight? (It later came out as "The People Maker", but the episode I'm talking about was deleted.) A fan editor gets his hands on a prototype Gizmo, which can make a completely exact copy of any object. His first thought is to produce the best fanzine of all time, containing the finest humour, reviews, articles and letters from all over. He failed, but even without a Gizmo -- electronic dupers and a secretary /Which I don't have. - RB/ are apparently just as good -- I think you've succeeded. Anything better than WARHOON would ipso facto be too good for fandom. A little less simplicity in your format and slightly better material would put Wrhn on a par with most professional journals devoted to a particular area of literature -- and commerce and technology too, I suppose. The reader of Wrhn is getting more value for his time and money than any reader of magazines like BOOKS AND BOOKMEN, PRISM or WELDING JOURNAL, INDUSTRIAL WORLD et al. Your destiny is fulfilled - now you can die in peace.

How can you separate "personal expression" and "personal agrandizement"? I should have thought that one could not exist without the other. To be satisfying, expression must be well put and understandable to those who read it, and because it is well put and understandable those who read it will admire you. We all want to be understood, and to be understood is to be accepted and admired by those who agree with you, or at least feel that your opinions are worthy of their respect. :: Success need not necessarily be self-destroying. What destroys the ambitious man is his inability to be satisfied with a set goal, and it's worth noting, I think, that most of the really important achievements in history were made by men who set goals, reached them and didn't set out again until they had another goal firmly fixed in their minds.

Yes, I share your surprise at the interest some fans have in foreign films, though "La Dolce Vita" and "L'AnneeDerniere A Marienbad" are pretty special movies and it's likely that more fans saw them than any other recently-made film. Notice there

hasn't been much discussion of "L'Avventura," "Hiroshima Mon Amour," "Shadows", "The Connection", "Guns Of The Trees", "Viridiana," "Moderato Cantabile", "The Snobs" usw, which enjoyed quite a mixed critical reception from critics both inside and outside the film scene, and were released fairly widely in America and England. Most fans just don't have the time or inclination to see all the good films that come out, for which reason they are perhaps overly enthusiastic when they eventually do catch a well-produced foreign film. Even the discussion of LDV and Marienbad in HUDSON REVIEW, FILMS AND FILMING and the other reviews was nowhere near as hectic and vehement as that in Wrhn, probably because in the art film field one gets used to surprises. When Bunuel's "Viridiana" hits the US (if it ever does, which is doubtful, Spanish-American relations being how they are), a discussion will presumably spring up around this director's violent condemnation of religion, but outside of fandom the reaction will probably be less spectacular because there is a current trend towards anti-religious films. It's subtle, but it's there. I wonder if anybody saw the British films "The Singer Not The Song" and "Whistle Down The Wind." Both of them put the knife rather brutally into the tripes of contemporary religious thinking.

Sorry if my use of the original French title for"L'Annee...that is, "Last Year In Marienbad", sounded arty. It's just a habit brought on by the odd methods of naming films that are extant these days. Claude Chabrol's thriller "A Double Tour" was issued with the original French credits, but when too many people read the French words as English and went along to see a travelogue of two people on a sightseeing trip around Paris, the distributors changed it to "Leda". However, when another print was made for British distribution, they decided "Leda" was not juicy enough and substituted "Web Of Passion". The same with Rene Clement's "Plein Soleil," translated more or less literally as "Full Sun" for local release. This title was used on advertising in papers and posters, but the credits on the film read "The Talented Mr Ripley," and when it was released with a dubbed track for American distribution, the name was given as "Purple Noon." Truffaut's "Les Quatre Cent Coups" was subtitled "Wild Oats" on the British versinn, but, despite the fact that the idiom has no meaning to English-speaking audiences, the title was translated as "The Four Hundred Blows" and that's how it's been known ever since. Brian Aldiss mentions the Polish "Matka Joanna Od Aniolow," which he saw as "The Devil And The Nun". If you see that in America, it will be under the title "Mother Joan Of The Angels?" (The question-mark is right -- apparently the US distributors felt the rather bitter irony of the original title had to be tempered for American release.) Do you wonder that I stick with the original French or Italian title whenever possible? :: APropos of this title business, I saw a dilly the other day. Antonio Pietrangeli made a film called "Adua E Le Compagne")approximately "Adua And Her Sisters or Friends"), which concerned the troubles of four retired prostitutes who used their savings to open a restaurant. When it got into the hands of the English distributors, they put their heads together and came up with a new title -- "Hungry For Love"! Anybody who went along to see that looking for a sexy piece about nymphomaniacs or a study of the Italian restaurant business would be in for a surprise.

Your comment on evaluative criticism (the kind that finds all sorts of symbolism in even the simplest films and books) is well taken. This continual searching for a meaning in every phrase and image can become irritating, although I have to admit that occasionally an evaluative critic sees connections and patterns that others miss. I recently read a very fine critique of Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby" which quite lucidly explained the whole book as a kind of satire on the American Ideal with overtones of time suspension such as the found in Marienbad and other Resnais films or Robbe-Grillet books. Gatsby had never struck me that way before, but after re-reading it in the light of what the critic had said, I'm inclined to believe that he has something. It's often a mistake to assume that all a book can give you is what you see

in the two top layers. There's a story, and there's usually a symbolism, satire or something of that sort, but what about the writer's less conscious purpose, his ingrained ideas and attitudes that necessarily pervade everything he creates? One can hardly understand a book fully without appreciating these. Take Marienbad. The story - what there is of it - is clear enough, as is the intent of the film. But what about the reflections this gives of the personality of Resnais and his collaborator. Isn't it intriguing to speculate about the possible development of a mind as startlingly original as Resnais'.

Speaking of evaluative film criticism, you might be interested in a review of MGMs "Forbidden Planet" by Raymond Durgnat, until recently the white-haired boy of CAHIERS DU CINEMA but banished to London's FILMS AND FILMING for failing to ride the nouvelle vague and make his own film like Malle, Truffaut and the rest of his colleagues. Of ye olde "Forbidden Planet", as unassuming and simple a film as you will find in a day's march, he says "its pessimistic weltanschuang will not come unexpectedly to those who delight in the sturn-und-drang of Tom and Jerry cartoons, but it provides for the more sentimental variety of liberal a new and disquieting formulation of the presistence throughout all cultural and intellectual levels of the dialectic between original sin and human decency. 'Forbidden Planet' says the same thing: nice friendly Robbie-the-Robot technology (ie. conscious intelligence) cannot supress the Monster From The Id because intelligence takes its basic directives from human desires in the first place." Maybe, but are we supposed to believe that this was what MGM had in mind? If so, nobody will be more surprised than the people who made the film.

Your remarks about the urge to produce something substantial hit home here, buddy. Right now, I'm labouring through the last sections of a sf prozine checklist for 1961/62, covering all stories by title and author. Talk about Hercules! I'll take the Augean stables anyday. As a matter of fact, the index could have been worse, inasmuch as I originally intended to give a capsule description of each story according to the Speer system of classification, but when I found myself listing Randy Garrett's "Hepcats of Venus" as "A socio-astronautical extrapolation on musical and entertainment themes", I quit.

Walt Willis, as usual, provided one of the biggest kicks of the issue. Lately I find myself dreading each new edition of the Harp, wondering whether this will be his first clinker. Surely the man can't keep producing perfect copy year after year -- sooner or later he has to crack. Despite my morbid curiousity, however, I found the latest episode well up to standard. A bit light perhaps, but I guess he can't write about Eskimos all the time. :: That's a very provocative idea Walt has there. Why didn't the Amerind culture ever leave a lasting impression on the imported colonists? Personally, I'm inclined to think that it has something to do with the vastness of America when it was first discovered by Europeans. There's a very apposite phrase in Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby" about this. Speaking of the way America must have appeared to the old Dutch sailors, he says "For a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commeasurate to his capacity for wonder." Ever since those days, the American people seems to have devoted most of its time and energy to making the country over into an improved imitation of older and better understood nations. There has hardly been one man who could appreciate America on its own terms and learn to live with it, and now that America has been converted into a sort of eclectic cultural Disneyland, I doubt that such a person ever will exist. To all intents and purposes, the America of Papago love lyrics and a cohesive American native culture has ceased to exist. Vardis Fisher's very find novel "Pemmican" goes deeply into the first signs of the rift between the new American and the old European ideas and ideals. Initially, the protagonist, a Scotch immigrant trapper working for

one of the big development companies back in the first days of real American history, is quite at ease with the vastness of the country, but as he comes up against the bestiality of the Indians, the bleakness of the north country where he hunts and the terrible loneliness of life in a country as enormous and empty as America, he reverts to the lonely frightened European interested in nothing more than either getting back to England or making his new country into another Europe. This probably happened to most settlers, although I don't pretend that their motivations were as simple as this. Very generally, as Fitzgerald says, the first settlers came up against something that was too big for their imagination to grasp. What will happen when the race finds a whole planet as empty and alien as Amerind America doesn't bear thinking about. :: Those are glorious puns in the last portion of Walt's piece, but what can I say about them except that they are glorious, and of course funny as all hell. Commenting on Willis humour must be the most frustrating thing in the world

Was the heading for "Accidentals and Nomics supposed to represent the new Sydney Opera House? The Joern Utzon design for the opera house, now half-built, is very similar to your drawing, though perhaps with fewer shells. Three slightly overlapping pointed shells contain the main hall, while two more pointing in the other direction contain offices and smaller auditoria. Your sketch could very easily be a small satirical drawing of the thing, but if it isn't,I'm damned if I know what it is.

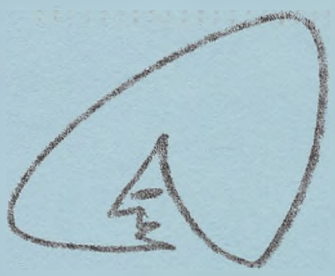
Well, it's very pleasing to be described as "gifted" by Jim Blish, a man whose opinion I happily respect very highly, but the revelation that I missed the point of his last column tends to place the adjective under a cloud. Perhaps I detect a note of irony in the use of that particular word? /I doubt it. -- RB/ Anyway, I don't propose to go down without a fight, because to me there appears to be strong evidence that Jim didn't quite make his point in the column under discussion. The whole point of the item is probably best summed up in the first words of para. 3, p.29 - "What the author does lose is technical criticism, far and away the most valuable kind, no matter where he finds it. He used to find it in the letter columns..." In para. 4, p.30, he suggests "a wholesale revival of magazine letter columns". Admittedly there is frequent mention of the desirability of private letters of comment, fanzine reviews and professional critiques, but the weight of Jim's argument seems squarely placed on the side of prozine lettercols. At least, this is how it appears to me, and if the few comments in the letter section of Wrhn 16 are any indication of the general reader reaction, most other recipients of the magazine felt the same way. Even after Jim's elucidation of his original point, I'm still inclined to doubt that letters of comment from the vociferous minority of informed readers are of any real use to a writer. Of course, it depends primarily on what a writer is looking for in criticism. If he wishes to improve the artistic quality of his work, then of course letters from keen readers would probably be of considerable assistance. Writing readers usually have a fair knowledge of sf and associated literature, for which reason they can express a worthwhile opinion. However, as far as I can gather from his comments, Jim Blish is primarily interested in perfecting his technique with a view to creating more acceptable and saleable material. Perhaps I am wrong in this, but his citation of the McLaughlin letter as a "fantastically valuable" one seems to bear me out, as the suggestion put forward in that letter was primarily a technical one which, when put into practice, produced not better science fiction, but science fiction that was more intelligible to the average reader. The system of setting up story situations "like a row of dominaos" and then "knocking them down" in the last chapter is not especially reprehensible -- a number of prominent writers, notably the late Joyce Cary, have used and continue to use it to very good effect -- but undoubtedly it is a barrier to the easy understanding of a story by the average reader. In changing systems, Jim hasn't necessarily improved the artistic quality of his output -- he has merely made it more palatable to his readers. As I said, this may be what he is after in letters of comment, but, for the reasons I outlined in my letter in Wrhn 15, I doubt that either

letter columns or private letters of criticism are going to provide it. :: The Blish explanation of why people write is very lucid and, I think, probably true. Certainly I revised a lot of my opinions after reading it. A very memorable little paragraph.

I'm not sure I understand your headline for the review of "A For Andromeda." What does a "good newspaper", dull or otherwise, have to do with it? No doubt there is some subtlety here that even "gifted" persons like me don't quite catch. Elucidate?

Walter Breen is apparently another fannish Deep Thinker, this being apparent from the fact that I understand but imperfectly, if at all, what he is driving at in this Heinlein analysis. This is odd, at least to me, as I have little trouble with Nietzsche, Eliot and other well-qualified mundane intellectuals. Of course, if Nietzsche had read Heinlein instead of Schopenhauer, maybe he would have produced something along the lines of "The Fifth Column" and other previous Breen efforts. I'm not running down Walt's item -- it may be very good, for all I know -- but quite frankly a great deal of it, especially those passages devoted to Eastern religions, is completely over my head. :: As for the rest of the column, there are parts I am moved to quibble with but my meagre knowledge of classical music effectively prevents me from doing so. For instance, one could make out a reasonably good case for Leonard Bernstein's music for "West Side Story,""Candide,""Fall River Legend",etc, being closer to modern jazz than popularized classics, but I know damn all about classics, popularized or otherwise. Another point here catches my eye. Walt criticises the "constricted range of dynamics, timbres and frequencies available in ordinary radios" and suggests that persons listening to modern recorded music on the cheaper radios and gramaphones are getting "information" about the music rather than the true music itself. Well now, this may very well be true, but I wonder how far one can reasonably take the high fidelity bug. Is it really especially important that musical reproduction be as perfect as possible? After all, the average concert hall these days is still as acoustically hideous as a stone barn, and as long as such places continue to be filled with people, cluttered with boxes, seats and curtains, and subject to rules of aesthetics rather than sonics, they'll stay that way. The music on a good recording played on a reasonably good gramaphone should be at least the equal of that heard in a concert hall, although a certain air of participation hanging over the concert visit might make one feel that the music was better in the hall than it is on record. :: I've always thought that the pursuit of greater and greater clarity on records was a mistake. European concert halls, instruments and instrumentalists of the 17th and 18th Century being what they were, I doubt if even the composers ever envisaged their music in the form that Walter Breen so strongly favors. Beethoven and Bach probably never imagined a world with the sort of immensely facile musicians we have today, and their music consequently was written for musicians who were somewhat less than perfect, and halls somewhat less than civilized by today's high standards. I wonder if the music is actually any better for being played in perfect pitch, timbre and resonance. Certainly the original composers never expected to have it played that way, and with today's musicians and halls at their disposal, they probably would have composed the music in a completely different manner.

Bob Leman's letter was immensely enjoyable, more for his choice of phrase than any idea content. It's nice to find another Perelman fan - as far as I know, no fan has ever admitted being addicted to this writer the way Bob Leman and I obviously are, although an occasional article prompts me to suspect that some writers in fandom are using "Crazy Like a Fox" the way Perelman allegedly used an Aubrey Beardsley folio, a steady hand and tracing paper when he was art editor of the college literary magazine. They could do a lot worse. :: Even without the mention of HLMencken in Bob's letter, I would have had no trouble in picking his patron literary saint. There are echoes of "Ad Imaginem Dei Creavit Illum" in almost every line, although Bob makes the mistake that Mencken never made; that of directing his hatred of the human race



towards Marxism, liberalism or any other specific creed. It's hardly reasonable that all the dolts, asses, clotpolls, numbskulls and assorted rabble should have been banded together under the heading of one particular political idea. If one idea is wrong, then all of them are wrong. Remember Neitzsche, if I may drag one of my heroes up again, "Life is a fountain of delight" he said "but where the rabble also drinks all wells are poisoned." All wells, nmark you, not just the Marxist or liberal ones.

Charles Wells: Those remarks about beauty in mathematics seemed very well-put, true and remarkably provocative. The problem with cultivating an aesthetic appreciation of math is divorcing the function of mathematics from the mathematical process itself. Like architecture, math is a process towards an end, whereas painting and literature generally exist for themselves, as exercises in the creation of beauty. There doesn't seem to be any real barrier (except intelligence) between the appreciation of a function/art complex like Le Corbusier's plans for Chandigarh, so perhaps, with training and insight, it would be equally easy to find beauty in an abstruse mathematical problem and its solution. (Box 39, King St. PO, Sydney, NSW, Australia)

RB: You correctly elucidate the heading for last issue's Blish column. The one on the latest installment, done at the same time, should confirm the diagnosis. The Sidney opera house is my favorite building. :: It renews my sense of security to know you were puzzeled by "Who says a good newspaper has to be dull?". At last, something in the US that you don't have to explain to me. The NYHerald Trib has built an ad campaign around it. To test your knowledge of Americana; the obvious answer is JFK, but why?

HARRY WARNER: In this latest Wrhn, John Baxter is so close to outstripping his more famous fellow-columnist that it's not worth the trouble of trying to see who really won. Of course, his contribution to the letter column is even better than the formal column, leading me to the sudden conviction that he's the best new fan writer of 1962, no matter if he has been around in the past without making these talents felt in full. I must amend a few facts about The Chocolate Soldier, however. Two sources, Bernard Grun's biography of Straus and Stanley Green's liner notes for the RCA Victor recording, agree wthat the rights to turn Shaw's play into an operetta were secured before the composer went to work. The libretto was apparently not expurgated by Shaw, because the agreement made it clear from the start that the operetta could not use the actual words of the play. Shaw had two other odd conditions under which he gave permission to Straus and his librettists. All announcements about The Chocolate Soldier must state that this was "an unauthorized parody of Mr. Bernard Shaw's play," and Shaw must not be paid anything in the form of royalties. Many years later, Shaw refused to permit a film to be made of the operetta, despite a long series of conferences with Louis B Mayer that ended in Shaw's famous statement: "We two will never understand each other. You're an idealist, you see, whereas I'm only a business man!" :: Walter Breen also seems to have found some false or incomplete information. He cites three titles as examples of the kind of libretto that caused Schubert's music to be "operatic failures". One of these, "Rosamunde," was not an opera at all. It was a play to which Schubert wrote incidental music. It is impossible to know if it was a bad play, because the text is lost. Some people who knew it indicated that it was awful, but they may have been the same people who laughed at the broken chords in the last movement of Schubert's C major symphony. Neither Alfonso and Estrella nor Fierrabras can be ranked as operatic failures in the customary sense because they didn't get produced. The theater that had commissioned the latter had a change of administration before it reached the stage. The former wasn't produced until many years after Schubert's death. An attempt at a production in 1827 fell through when "the conductor declared it was impossible to play what Schubert wanted." (423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown Maryland)

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NOCTURNE, op. 16
to RB from JB

Crown of feathers, coiffure of leaves,
Star over shards, Saturn enhelmed,
Sancho (hic) Panza, photo (night) tropism,
Child aflame in smiles.
Shh;
Eyes in flight; a flower, thinking;
an owl, asleep; the labyrinth of sight.

//: Eyes, wings ://
//: Eyes, wings ://

Shh. Thank you.
d.c. dal segno.
Shh.
Good night.

::

WRAI BALLARD: Your reaction to my saying (in Outsiders 47) that you modestly assumed the appreciation of Wrhn meant more than an appreciative gesture to you as an individual publisher was startling. I refuse to take credit for it being anything but the proverbial soft answer that turns away wrath. It was a logical assumption and there was no intention of accusing you of any ego-centric delusions. Look Dick, you suggested the possibility of sweeping organizational changes in SAPS. I opposed it and said so, perhaps too violently. The majority of members agreed to keep SAPS as it was, some strongly some mildly. As far as I was concerned that ended it, just as I would have felt it ended if the weight of opinion had gone the other way. As an interested SAPS member I've nearly always given my views on one side or another of any proposal to change the rules of SAPS. But once the question was settled I've tried to re-establish some sort of relationship with any opponent, and doing that doesn't mean any slighting remarks. :: My basis for thinking your success with Wrhn might have influenced your thinking seems reasonable and certainly not accusing you of ego-centric delusion. I don't have a 59th mlg on hand right now but I do have a vague (and perhaps mistaken) memory of you saying the success of Wrhn proved your point, or something on that order in answer to one comment. I could be wrong and it could be my memory has mixed it up with your comment in answer to Sneary in Wrhn 14, with some liberal interpretation of that. At any rate I refuse to have a compliment credited as a snide shot. :: You asked why I didn't comment on Rapp's observation that "Inconsequential rambling fills all too much of the bundles now days", or Nan's comment on ineffectual jabber. Dick, you should see the difference. You were suggesting the possibility of sweeping organizational changes. Art, Nan, Terry were all stating individual ideas and, if anything, suggesting the need for reform was to be dealt with by the individual member in his or her own zine, and not that it be dealt with by a radical change of SAPS. If you can find some of my old zines you'll find I've rarely said anything to anyone critical of SAPS because of something that didn't suit them personally. Off-hand I can remember two times I did react to members who complained but who did not suggest their complaints be answered by a change in the rules of SAPS. My most violent feud was with Earl Kemp (I just reread my comments to him during his career in SAPS and my remarks do not seem notably violent.) In this instance I reacted because he condemned all the comment zines just because they were comment zines. The other case was with a new member who opened his first zine with a semi-denunciation of SAPS and in answer I suggested it

would have looked better if he'd gotten at least one or two mailings as a member before complaining. Aside from this a member can be as critical of SAPS as he likes and usually with very little if anything said by me. But if he or she suggests we consider a change in the rules of SAPS I have the right to give my opinions for or against such a change. :: I might mention that Nan Gerding's remarks on"SAPS exerts pressure on its members to conform or else", and Breen's remarks on the rule change in SAPS both came after the question had been settled so there was little point in my saying more.

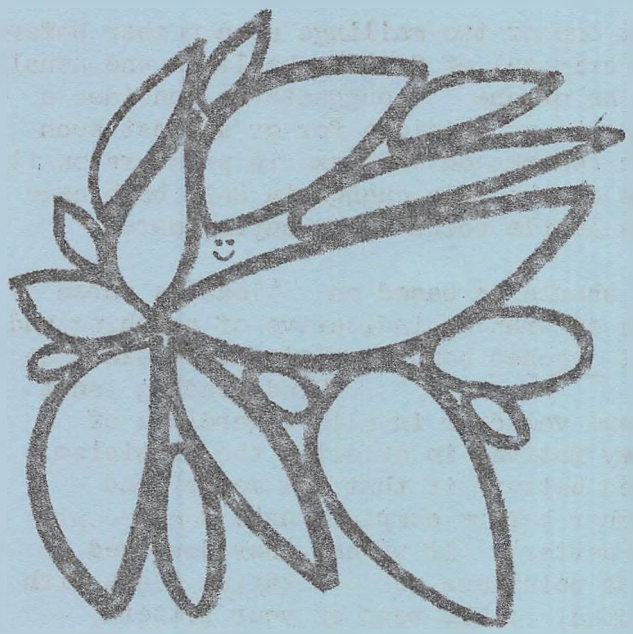
RB: My impression is that "logical assumptions" should be based on atleast a shred of evidence. I don't recall ever citing the success of Wrhn as indicative of anything and certainly not in the comments to Sneary, which I checked before writing this sentence. Mind reading isn't a proper method of rebuttal -- my criticisms were valid or invalid regardless of whether or not I was president at the time or my motives in offering the criticism. And what did it matter that "it would have looked better" if that new member had received "at least one or two mailings as a member before complaining"? Some people learn fast. How would his opinions have "looked better"? If wrong, they deserved to be refuted; talking about their appearances is as pointless as taking issue with the color of the paper on which they were presented. :: The rest of your letter communicates a great deal of pleasure with the status quo -- in the face of any criticism. In life the status quo is a fleeting thing -- but then, we're not talking about life;we're talking about SAPS.

ALVA ROGERS: First Frank Wilimczyk compares Wrhn with the old VAPA mailings and then Walter Breen. Interesting. Unfortunately, I no longer have any of my old VAPA mlgs for comparison, but I know what they mean; Walter expressed it nicely in his column... Wrhn "is at least one vehicle where one can be as intellectual as one pleases, on science fiction or any other topic, without fear of being shrugged off as too sercon or mundane." That pretty well describes VAPA, as well. Walter then proceeds to prove his point by writing a column in the finest traditions of the VAPA giants of old -- Blish, Lowndes, Knight, etc. (California)

BOB PARKINSON: The cover supports the ancient belief of the male human animal in the superiority of the male, and the irrationality of the female human animal. Apart from the fact that the male won, the female has made at least one extra move, possibly two. Allowing for the fact that the completed game has one axis of symmetry, in each case I can analyse the probable course of the game; and if we allow for two excess female moves, I would say that the female was merely unfamiliar with the game. (England)

ART WIDNER: For those who were depressed "File 13" in Wrhn 14, I might recommend as an antidote Faulkner's Nobel Prize speech or a judicious sampling of ee cummings. And then I remember the prediction of another intelligent fellow name of Speer, who foresaw Armageddon no later than 1953 when yhos and others were discussing "Slan Island". (4069 Essex Court, Concord, California)

RB: A glance at the final page number of this issue will indicate why this letter column is being cut short at 20 pages. Unfortunately this eliminates many fine letters, of which among the best were Art Widner on George Price (next issue should see a long selection from several of his letters, write again Art?), Bob Parkinson on Breen/Heinlein (apologies), and Alva Rogers on the American Heritage. Tom Dilley's letter was on one sheet of paper that reaches the full length of the living room (and that's where I'm leaving it, sorry to say), Also heard from were: Eric Bentcliffe, Ted White, Roy Tackett, Bill Morse, Betty Kujawa, Brian Aldiss, Colin Freeman, Martin Helgesen, Bill Plott, Albert Blaustein, Frank Wilimczyk, Ted Carnell, Vernon Vignes, Earl Noe, Bill Donaho, Bernard Deitchman, Stan Woolston, Dick Schultz, Michael L. McQuown, Vic Ryan.



DISSONANT DISCOURSE

Comments on SAPS mailing number 60:

WATLING STREET -- Bob Lichtman: The wrap-around cover is lovely and the rest of the format appointments as attractive as RAGNAROK was. As if that isn't enough, the material is also rapidly becoming a match for the Carr fanzine , as well. :: It's sad to see yet another top member expressing a preference for FAPA. But waiting is. After withdrawing into myself and sinking to the bottom of a Coney Island swiming pool, I grok that one shouldn't compare FAPA and SAPS as if they were in competition. FAPA preserves and enjoys the best for the longest time. SAPS functions as an elaborate round robin letter. I shall try to praise and cherish this difference but it may take several eons of contemplation. Share water, brother. :: By the way, I grok that grok means "grow to know" (in both Biblical and intellectual senses. :: Is Burton Crane currently active in NAPA? And what is MASAKA like? What is his address? :: How was my defense of Wrhn "indefensible?" :: Aside from the annual Pillar Poll there is little incentive for the majority of members to produce better work. The sorriest collection of mailing comments will usually draw as much comment as entries like HOBGOBLIN and your own. Since there can be no correlation between quality and comment, the main incentive for improvement must be within the member himself. In the meantime, I have no intention of commenting on material that looks and reads as though it was submitted by someone who didn't care whether it was read or not. However, lack of comment doesn't necessarily mean lack of appreciation, since excellent material often inspires no comment. Ultimately, anyone has to judge for himself if lack of reaction indicates lack of quality in the material or the reader.

SLUG -- Wally Webber: It was rather Marienbadish to find your comments to the Webberts rendered in her typeface! But it may not be her typewriter. In fact, they may not even be comments.

INTROIBO AD SAPS -- Don Fitch: Wrhn qualifies for the title "fanzine" according to the definition in FANCYCLOPEDIA, "an amateur magazine published by and for fans." What was your definition? :: It isn't entirely necessary to produce a thesis on every topic raised in Wrhn in order to comment on it. Rather than "taking the coward's way out and refusing to comment" you could have selected one or two subjects that provoked reactions and let it go at that rather than claiming as others, if not you, have done, that the magazine is impossible to cope with. :: If the revelation of personality is so rare in Wrhn, as you think, how could you write in HALFANTHOL in a review of Wrhn that "Bergeron is an artist; he sees things with the sharp and all encompasssing eye of the artist, and frequently expresses his ideas with the emotion-conveying talent of an artist". I don't necessarily agree with this, but "emotion-conveying" sounds like you were reacting to something. If not personality, what? Burnett Toskey claims my "personality seems to be a bit to clearly defined to be a hoax", Gordon Eklund maintained that Wrhn is a "persona-zine alpha and every page is saturated with the personality of its editor. Bob Lichtman wrote "Wrhn is completely dominated by its editor, by Ghod, and don't you forget it". The fact that I have allowed myself

to be drawn into this discussion should reveal a facet of personality. Just what, I'd rather not say. You are not also claiming that Boggs, Berry, Willis, Blish, Breen, and Baxter are without personality are you? They frequently make up the backbone of each issue, but you say "the revelation of personality is rare in Wrhn". Elucidate? You're free to dislike the personalities deployed in Wrhn, but claiming that they're not there is another matter. :: I'm not at all sure I'd care to "make a stir" in NAPA with Wrhn. I fail to see the advantages, even if I could afford it, of giving away a very large number of copies to a group "croggled by the fanzines they've received already, and they've been nothing special." With that as a criteria, one can infer what the typical mailing is like. And from what I hear, creating a "stir" would mean that the following mailing might contain a postcard with "Noted" printed on it. Of course, it can't be that bad, and I'm sure you mean well, but I'm quite satisfied with the stir Wrhn creates in fandom. Sometimes more than satisfied. :: I enjoyed the comments by "Anonymous" and hope he'll be persuaded to write more in fandom. Fans of his ability are rare enough -- he hardly need conceal his name. Mr X's critical abilities leave something to be desired, however. It seems poetic justice that imputations of lack of "character" come from the anonymous. As for lack of stimulation and warmth in Wrhn, I can only suggest that he failed to see the SAPS mailing following the distribution of "Quo Vadis, SAPS." As for his comparison concerning a "beautiful house": I have no intention of letting it fall into disrepair just so he can feel more at home in it. And I should point out that unsigned criticisms resemble a house with no windows, no plumbing, and its tenant cowering in the fallout shelter. Since he cites Breen as one of the enjoyable members in the mailing, he should be delighted to find him appearing in these pages -- unless, of course, that now renders Breen also unacceptable. My name appears at the beginning of each issue, I take personal responsibility for everything I say in it. It seems fairly obvious that I take a more personal interest in this magazine than "our boy" Anonymous takes in his writings. Shame, Don, how could you publish this. No "personal involvement."

THE INFLUENCE OF SCIENCE FICTION - Lee Jacobs: Didn't Mae West sing some of these science fiction epics?

SPELEOBEM -- Bruce Pelz:"TC" is marvelous. The sand castle in the top panel reminds me to mention that FAOSwartz is selling a set of plastic molds in castle shapes -- wall, turrets, towers, etc. They're to be filled with sand, turned over, and slid off, leaving a superbly carved bit of castle ware. The combinations are infinite, of course; you can build walls within walls and towers on peaks of sand. I bought a set for my 10 year old brother and even let him play with it occasionally.We built a veritable Gormenghast. The most interesting part is sitting by the completed structure after the tools have been put away. People were stunned at the fantastically clean chiseling of the turrets and the infinity of them. We smiled modestly. ::The UCLA project does not interest me. I'd even be reluctant to give them a subscription, since I take a loss on each issue anyway and the purpose of the magazine is to attract comment, not incarceration.

HIEROGLYPHIC #1.5 -- Lenny Kaye: The James Bond series remind me like nothing so much as a modernization of the Fu Manchu books.

COLLECTOR -- Howard DeVore: Ted White's points in favor of the Fan Awards struck me as sensible. You hardly answer them by passing them off with "I see no way to cut them loose from Willick." Since you took the trouble to circulate a poll with AXE on the matter, I should have thought you'd likewise have read what appeared in its pages subsequently. Your COLLECTOR is dated July, but in the May 20th AXE is a quote from Willick: "awards as I have proposed them will be dropped"..."I am sure that there are not enough interested fans to carry on the idea and make it succeed -- I mean, let's face it, I've showed them what not to do." I take it then, that Willick

was your only objection to the awards?

THE DINKY BIRD -- Ruth Berman: As my opening comments on WATLING STREET indicate, I finally got around to reading "Stranger in a Strange Land". The writing that it inspired was better than the book itself, but reading it finally enabled me to grok in fullness those issues of Wrhn. :: "The Psychiatric Coloring Book" is out now: "This is a psychiatrist; color him neutral grey."

POT POURRI -- John Berry: That must be a Freudian slhip in your review of STFANTASY: "It's egoboo to be on the waiting list." Surely you meant 'mailing list'? Have you checked the FAPA waiting list recently? What happened?

OUTSIDERS -- Wrai Ballard: I wish we could conduct our comments on the basis of what's said rather than who's saying it and what they've said about other matters before. For instance, I should be able to hear your remarks on covers on official organs without you fearing I'll discount them as prejudiced because of other exchanges. My personal opinion is that official organs shouldn't have covers, they're a utilitarian product, supposedly designed for quick reference and shouldn't be found somewhere in the middle of the mailing with a cover that confuses them with other magazines. Why do I do them, then? Well, I'm not the OE and am sometimes too accomodating. :: The one thing that made me apprehensive about the speculation that I might be a hoax was the thought of the appearance of an article entitled "Yes, We're Richard Bergeron" signed by Terry Carr, Walter Breen, and Pete Graham. I'd have laughed but feared the Trimbles might not have.

THE SEVEN EYES OF NINGAUBLE -- Larry Anderson: At last, an explanation of bookbinding that's easier to read than a physics textbook. Would that I'd have this lucid explanation in the days when I vainly tried to reconstruct the craft of bookbinding.

NUMBER I -- Mike McInerney: The cover on Spectator 59 was made from a carved rubber eraser. The texture of the printing was what gave it it's character. The reproduction of the design couldn't have been "improved" -- it was what it was -- it could have been changed, but then it would have been something else. :: I've inquired about stenciling costs on Wrhn, but it's just too absurdly high. First, I'll buy a Picasso painting and then go on to more expensive things; like public stenographers. :: Since it's the editorial decisions that create the personality of the fanzine, anyone who can follow directions exactly could do another fan's publishing and stenciling-- if the editor knew what he wanted in the first place. I don't take credit for the mimeoing, but if I were doing my own the present duplicating is of a quality I'd strive for. :: The English in "La Dolce Vita" amused rather than mystified me. It seemed strange to find a foreign intelligensia sprinkling their conversations with English proverbs and words as a note of learning. I don't think the English was dubbed in. They must be equally startled at the rare American film that contains a French or Latin phrase. :: A very promising first issue. And congratulations on getting the Deckinger column; it's off to a good start.

RETRO -- FMBusby: GMCarr paid for the Stenofax stencils and used my artwork during a time when I'd severed most links with fandom -- for a while only an infrequent Skyhook was my sole contact with fandom.-- and this I appreciate very much in view of what it led to, but this is the first time anyone has suggested that we had a "mutual-admiration society" or anything that looked like it. I doubt that Mrs Carr's politics have changed and I know my attitudes toward her haven't; I checked the notes you mention that I wrote to GEMZINE and still endorse all of them: I called her magazine fascinating, stimulating, interesting, difficult to resist commenting on (the amount of space devoted to it in the FAPA mailings of the time seemed to confirm the impression). In retrospect I still think it was -- very much so, but these are

qualities she shares in my mind with Richard Nixon, William Buckley, Joseph McCarthy, and Francis T Laney. In looking over these GEMZINEs, I find them heavily checkmarked at points with which I took violent issue. In the summer 1960 issue my eye stopped at this: She had written that she usually never bothered to defend her point of view (prefering to attack her opponents's) on the principle "Your friends don't need an explanation, your enemies won't believe it anyway." She had (and has) countless opinions that I deplored, the attack on Willis was appalling, but you won't find my arguments recorded in her pages: (a) it was considerably more of an effort for me to write anything in those days than it is now, (b) I had a healthy disrespect for the way she interjected comments through most letters she printed and no other outlet in fandom at the time. I wasn't about to have my arguments and entrails sliced up. In late 1959, just before the first of the revived Wrhn appeared, it all became just too much and I sent her a letter cagily asking if I could send her a rider in which I would incorporate my comments on GEMZINE as well as comments on other FAPAzines. I never did do it, though she was agreeable. She wrote, "presumably so I can't get my hot little claws on them and mangle them all out of recognition!" She was never more correct. In general her politics don't seem to have changed, but I feel that the departure from FAPA has had a demoralizing effect on her. Mrs Carr needed the intellectual sparks that participation in FAPA brought her; in N'APA, GEMZINE is a shadow of its former self and Mrs Carr reads like pathetic self-parody. :: William Buckley is even more devestating in person than in print. His technique on the debating platform is sheer wizardry. ::: In deference to my future article, and to you, I should leave my comparison of your writing style and that used in "Starship Troopers" to a later date. It was meant objectively, not unflatteringly, I think. The only other person to mention the allusion confirmed the impression. Breen wrote: "I wouldn't be too surprised at any resemblance between the writings of Heinlein and FMBusby: they're very similar people, physically (I mentioned in my conreport how many mistook Buz in costume for Heinlein), ideologically, in thought processes and attitudes." :: The maser sounds perfect for submarine warfare. :: Since neither of us seemed to be able to make any satisfactory headway with the other on the Nixon matter, please accept my frustrated thanks for not demanding a full demonstration of the Sins of Nixon. At this date it would probably bore me as much as it would you. I'd rather bore you with articles on art. Just to show my appreciation, I'll toss in one free rock I expected you to toss at me all along: Mrs Douglas' tactics are widely reported to have been just as low as Mr Nixon's -- and not even fashionable :: As usual, a good issue. What are you doing with all that free time now that Seacon problems are well in the past -- I note that none of it seems to have been inherited by the apas.

THE GLASS PIG -- Calvin Demmon: Too much. No, not enough!

FLABBERGASTING -- Burnett Toskey: If Nan Gerding wasn't serious, then surely her item ranks high in the genre sporting such satirical gems as "Comments by Chris", or the pair Willis cited: the White-Lupoff synthetic feud and "Bob Farnham's parody of Southern race prejudice."

HIEROGLYPHIC -- Lenny Kaye: One stops being an editor and becomes merely a contributor when one stops thinking and sits down and knocks together a fanzine merely to have something in a mailing . One remains an editor while all editorial decisions remain his and are not dictated by chance. :: Collating, and stapling don't demand your whole attention do they? You should always be listening to records or thinking about the next issue while performing these mechanical tasks.

DIE WIS -- Dick Schultz: Your strictures on fannish telepaths who reply to statements you never made are well taken. Incidentally, I was surprised to see that bigger mailings "are hardly what Bergeron wanted." I don't think I've ever expressed my

feelings on this, but I will: I'm for larger mailings. True, as you say, "apply Sturgeon's Law to it and you just get a larger amount of crud to each mailing", but take the law to its logical conclusion: you also get a larger amount of good stuff in each mailing. It wouldn't take any more effort to ignore 200 pages of poor material than it might take to ignore 100, but the added 10% of fine material would be appreciated more than 10%. On the other hand, the added 90% of crud might be resented more than 90%. You can't win. :: More important than merely retaining brilliant deadwood in this apa is retaining the interest of the active fans. Lichtman, Carr, Boggs, McCain, Grennell, and others were hardly deadwood at the time they expressed a preference.

SPY RAY -- Richard Eney: What does "'absolute'" art mean? :: I've never felt any division between "absolute" art and cartooning in Wrhn. My cartoons are designed with the same attempt at structure and composition that I bring to noncartoon work.

MISTILY MEANDERING -- Fred Patten: It doesn't really matter "how many of the ideas Heinlein expresses are his personal beliefs." Certainly they can't all be because many of them from various works are contradictory. In any event, the important thing is not whether he believes them, but has he made his characterization convincing? is his vehicle effective?

THE AVENGER -- Ed Meskys: Anyone who longs for San Francisco in July should be reminded that he's mooning for fog banks and 50 degree weather. I was there July 1961 and nearly froze. :: It's a wonder the Conservatory in Golden Gate Park hasn't been the scene of Coventranian warfare. Or has it? I never saw anything that looked more like a castle out of fairyland than that frosted cake and ice structure.

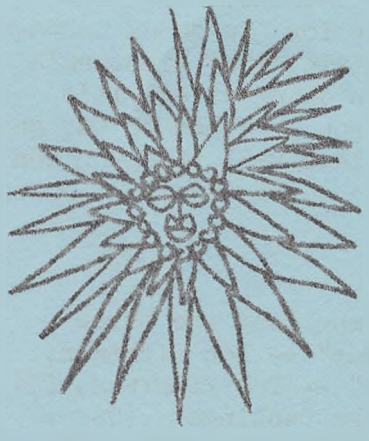
RESIN 10 -- Norm Metcalf: A world-wide plant-dominant ecology was the theme of two Murrey Leinster stories, I believe -- one of which may have been entitled "Red Dust" -- and which were printed or reprinted in FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES. Then there was "Fury", of course.

RESIN 8 -- Norm Metcalf: Yes, I read most of the John Carter stories. :: I hate to make any remarks that might suggest Harry produce the history book in any manner than the one easist for him, but I must record the hope that it will be written in chronological rather than encyclopedic form. :: What support can you offer for the statement that if SAPS is "going to remain viable it will have to be because of our differences" from FAPA. When those differences also inspire you to say "if it comes to a choice tomorrow between FAPA and SAPS why I would quit SAPS before a microsecond had elapsed" what price viability? Disintegration? :: Doubtless it's impossible to improve the quality of apa mailings by legislation -- a board of critics to pass on the quality of material would be intolerable and unworkable -- but surely you're not suggesting that legislation can't effect the quality of material? For example: Apa X admits only neofans who discovered fandom three weeks ago; apa Y admits only fans whose magazines have previously appeared in the top ten of a general fan poll. The mailings of one of these apas will contain a higher quality of material.

Naturally these examples are driven to an extreme, but all rules have similar effects in varying degrees. If Terry Carr's absence lowered the quality of SAPS noticably,it wasn't his fault. It's the fault of the apa that it couldn't take such a loss without an appreciable lowering of quality being felt.

MEST -- Ted Johnstone: Young man, you are semantically confused, or something? (1) Why are you sorry you enjoyed "La Dolce Vita"? Virginia and I enjoyed it very much,also. Surely you don't mean that anyone who saw it as something more than light entertainment should thereby be unable to enjoy it? Does content necessarily interfere with enjoyment? "The Bridge" was one of the most depressing movies ever made, but

I enjoyed it immensely. (2) I'm not interested enough to give Coventry the time of day, but this doesn't mean that I think you should instead "write deep socially significant stuff". I think you should write about what interests you. But why does my lack of approval -- neutrality would be a more accurate term -- of Coventry cause you to explain that you don't write deep socially significant material? A lack of interest in Coventry doesn't automatically indicate a corresponding interest in only socially significant material. Every member should contribute what he wants -- guiding his material by his own interests and the degree to which he wants to be read. I reserve the right, however, to skip anything badly done or outside the range of my interests and retain the option of resigning whenever those two qualities outweight my interest in the apa. Doesn't everyone? (3) Carr's criticisms of Nan Gerding weren't for "being so foolish and emotional as to admit that she liked SAPS very much". I and others have admitted that we like the organization without "calling down the lightening flash of /his/ wit". :: Since you agree with Nan, you might tell us what you were agreeing with. In Wrhn I asked what "Saps is Saps is Saps and a always the twain shall meet" meant, but no one seemed to have an answer. Several members applauded Gerding's disservice but with the exception of yours (unless I've overlooked someone)no one showed any inclination to defend it.Apparently gallantry is on the way out in SAPS. :: I think the reaction to Coventry has been very rude: everyone should be allowed to conduct their fanac as they please without comments on their intelligence and sanity -- unless they're breaking the law. The reaction didn't bare out your observation that "SAPS is milder, much milder", however. Your intention of taking the mythos into FAPA would indicate you may have reconsidered the thought yourself. :: What would a stf documentary be like? "Destination Moon" comes closest to a stf documentary that I can imagine. :: Your comment that FAPA's activity requirements and larger membership "means a higher quality of material, because the average member feels no pressure to make every mailing and can save up his wit and wisdom until he has something to say" indicates, for Metcalf's benefit, that legislation does have an effect on quality.



WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP -- Alan J Lewis: It's somewhat required for a diatribe in favor of good writing and attention to style to exemplify itself: the most effective means of showing the reader what you're arguing for would be to have the item he's reading as a good example -- though of course not a cited one. Inspite of this, the issue contains much good sense. The comments on communication are particularly good. We know what a fan means when he talks about "writing", if we both have dictionaries, but when I find it rendered "Writing" I'm at a loss to guess what particular emphasis he's trying to imbue the word with. In whimsey, which we find in the delightful Demmon work, it's permissible -- he's communicating more an attitude than a viewpoint -- but in apology the practice only reads as confusion. :: I'm afraid, though, that improvement can be taken no further than incentive. A few fans are not satisfied with sending out anything but the best they can do -- Boggs, Willis and perhaps one or two others. Unfortunately the rest of us who do care try to reach a certain level of accomplishment and are hoping that practice will teach us the remainder. The majority, however, are content with sending out their work and letting it take its chances as to whether it will be read or not. There are enough others who feel the same so it's a fair exchange. This group is known as fandom. But oddly enough, though they don't care, they haven't loss their sense of judgement or appreciation -- the Willis' and Boggs' and Tuckers always rate at the top of our polls. And these fans continue to see the value of advice that's offered: the most recent and most glaring example is in DYNATRON #12. The issue contains an article by Harry Warner on improving the variety of material

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in fanzines with additional comments on quality. In the editorial Roy Tackett reccomends the piece to our attention, "Harry, as usual, makes a good deal of sense." Roy seems to have understood and appreciated Harry's article, but you'd never guess it from his editorial, which is composed "directly on stencil in true, but poor, fannish fashion...I fool around with this thing for weeks then decide in a rush that I ought to get it done." The editorial ends with a description of mimeo, stencils and paper and the question "Now wasn't all that interesting? I know that Roy is capable of better work: he writes excellently composed, meaty letters to Wrhn, but when he writes for his own fanzine you'd never guess that he cared whether we read it or not. A pity. :: There's a difference between the communication and the ways of communication. One is style and the other content. "Who cares if you are successful in putting down the mailman every time he delivers mail?" I do, if you can tell me about it like Bob Shaw or Bob Leman, but if you can't you might as well find something noticably more worth communicating because what you're saying is going to be more important than how you're saying it. But you must improve your way of saying anything or soon you'll reach the point where no one cares whether or not you are saying anything. The combination of having something to say and being able to say it well are unbeatable; you can say nothing well and get away with it (Demmon is a brilliant example), but you can say many important things and still put everyone to sleep. :: Your admission that at 17 you wanted to be Dictator of the World isn't too far from the ambition I cherished at the same age: I wanted to publish a fanzine that might once contain an article by Willis. And I worshiped that critic Redd had in Skyhook. I've since become agnostic but the awe is still there. :: Obviously, with your standards you must consider this issue of WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP a pretty poor one: the standards are high, but not high enough to have stopped you from exchanging a turnip for "a skunk cabbage" as you call most of the material in SAPS. The answer to your criticism of Lichtman's series in SALAMANDER is Willis' famous line "if a thing is worth doing at all it's worth doing badly." Evidently you agree: you thought the things you had to say and your membership were worth preserving even if you had to do it less well than you can. So do I, but not too often.

EGOBOMBSHELLS

In order of appreciation: (1) "Think Clean For Mental Hygiene (and the three rabbits)" -- Calvin Demmon, (2) "The Fifty-Minute Children's Hour" -- Bob Lichtman, (3) WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP -- Alan J Lewis, (4) "Critical Mess" -- Bob Lichtman, (5) "Bound and Rebound" -- Larry Anderson (6) "Decker-Dation" -- Mike Deckinger, (7) "The Influence of Science Fiction on Modern American Folk Music" -- Lee Jacobs (8) "Midwestcon Revue" -- Howard Devore, (9) "Guest Mailing Comments" -- Anonymous (10) "Pilgrimage to Mecca" -- Ed Meskys.

kk I'd rather be Redd than dead.

ON MODERN DRAMA

Cinema is an artificial form -- yet it conveys a feeling of the concrete.
Theatre is a concrete form -- yet it conveys a feeling of the artificial.


RICHARD
110
BANK ST
NYC 14
NY
BERGERON