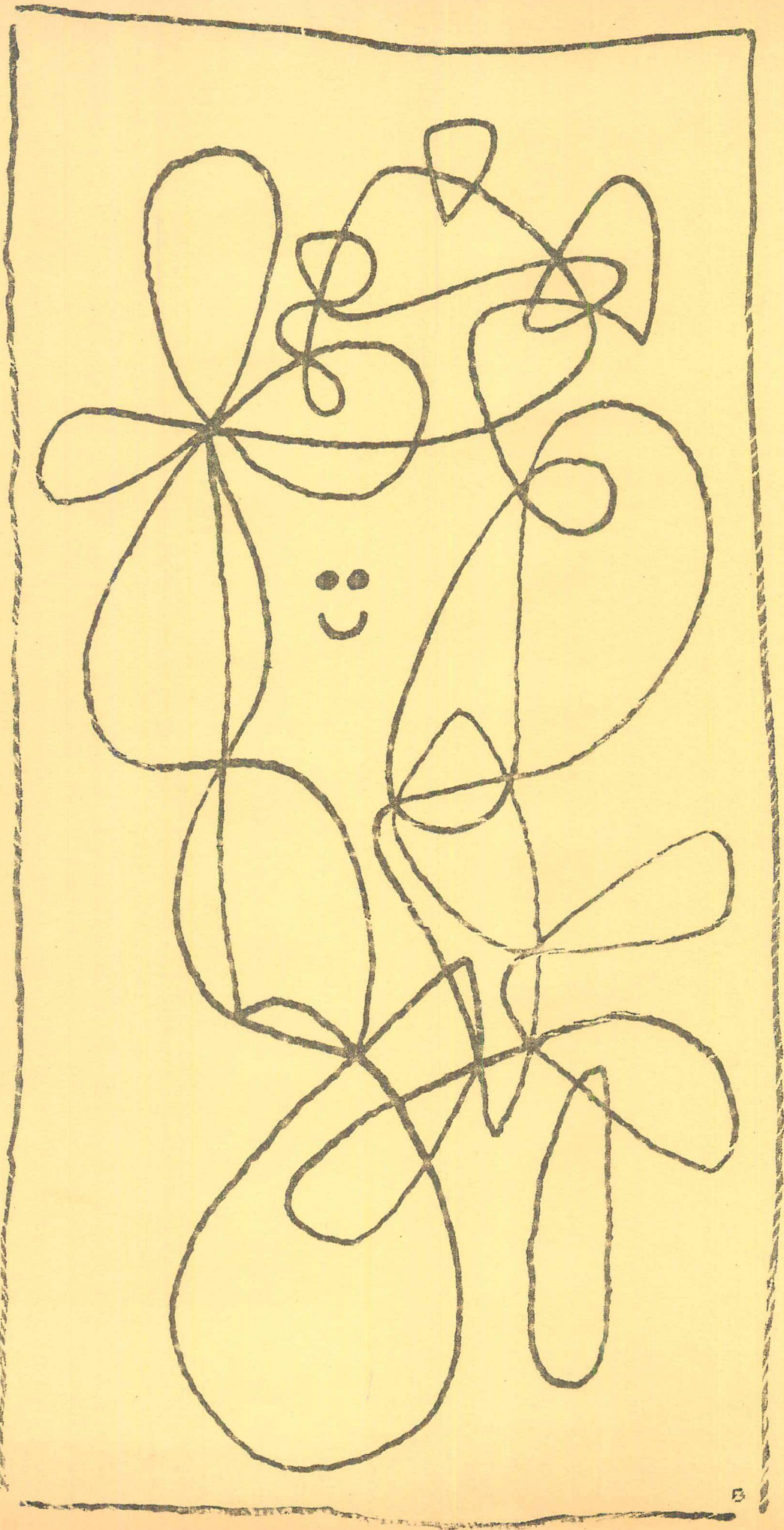


OUR FAN IN CHICAGO



a convention report by Walter Breen

OUR FAN IN CHICAGO

THE CHICON IN DEPTH : : by WALTER BREEN

Dedicated to Marion Z. Bradley, with love

Special edition, with additions, corrections, and annotations. Pages 11-54 reprinted from WARHOON 17, by special arrangement with Richard Bergeron.

This revised edition is issued as part of a plan to make the Chicon III, the con of dreams-come-true, the con of Willis's return to America, into the best-documented worldcon in fannish history. Other parts of this plan have already seen print: the Kemp Proceedings, the Jay Kay Klein memory book, and the two Willis reports now being serialized.

Copies are being distributed to friends and to some other interested fans who did not see the original version in WARHOON, or who would appreciate some such memorial as this. A few extras are available at 50¢ apiece.

Some of the additional material was omitted by Bergeron from my original manuscript; other items came to my attention later on. I make no excuse for the lateness of this memorial. The Chicon will be long remembered, and I flatter myself that my report may have some small part in keeping it alive in memory. I don't regard the present writing as a piece of ephemera to be tossed aside immediately. Rather, I hope that it will be kept with one's copy of the Jay Kay Klein CONVENTION ANNUAL--CHICON III EDITION, the Earl Kemp PROCEEDINGS, the Walt and Madeleine Willis reports when they finally appear in book form, and one's annotated or autographed program book. I know that my own copy will be, but then I'm a nut on nostalgia and fanhistory.

Hoping you are the same,

Walter Breen

Berkeley, Fall 1963

Print run 100 copies only, of which this is No. ____

and inscribed to:

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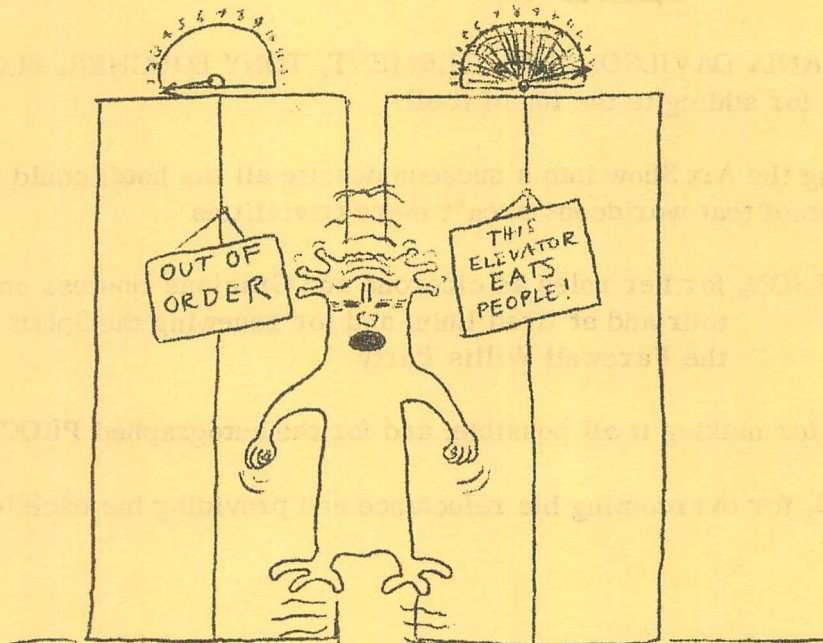
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"I will NOT call my conreport "The Two Towers"!
I will NOT call my conreport "The Two Towers"!
I will NOT..." (see page 18)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:

MARION Z. BRADLEY, for taking me to the Chicon, for the trip back, and for just being her own wonderful self.

RICHARD BERGERON, for offering to run my conreport in WARHOON, and for providing the extras and cover for this special edition

JUANITA COULSON, for her hospitality that night in Wabadh

WALT & MADELEINE WILLIS, for turning back time in some strange way, and restoring an atmosphere of 6th Fandom and gosh-wow to what might otherwise have been a far less memorable worldcon

LES GERBER & TED WHITE, for conceiving and kindling the original TAWF idea, without which the Willises wouldn't have made it to Chicago

TED STURGEON, for egoboo far & away above anything I'd have expected

ROBERT A HEINLEIN, for his "open house" party, making the Chicon successful for many youngfans unable to get to other parties; and for 1425 (and may the Spirit of 1425 last as long as the Spirit of '76)

AVRAM & GRANIA DAVIDSON, HAL CLEMENT, TONY BOUCHER, BLOCH, DAG, BOB TUCKER, for adding to the fun of it all

BJO, for making the Art Show into a success despite all the hotel could do--and into a living proof that worldcons aren't mere trivialities

KAREN ANDERSON, for her roles as cicerone and Gracious Hostess on the SF tour and at Ered Luin, and for renewing the Spirit of 1425 at the Farewell Willis Party

EARL KEMP, for making it all possible, and for the autographed PROCEEDINGS

STEVE STILES, for overcoming his reluctance and providing his excellent cartoons

ERRATA :

Chapter I:

- 11, 13. Esther Davis, of course.
12. \$1784.66 was the actual amount. (See ADDENDA)
- 12 bottom. Kenny Lupoff, not "Lenny": a typo, not a misremembrance.
14. Cambacérès, with the accents; and C.F.Lebrun.

Chapter II:

14. LouAnn Price, not JoAnn.
16. No. 141 should read:
A-- (as in text)
B--I like to (as in text). The B-- was omitted in transcription, obscuring the sense.
- 17, middle. This is one of the bad ones. The sentence reading "My profile showed a peak 75th percentile" was garbled in transcription from my ms. It should read: "My profile showed a peak 75th percentile in Achievement, and a low of 25th percentile (but a raw score of zero!) in Abasement..." See ADDENDA, p.56.
- 17, about 1/4 from bottom: F.M. Busby, of course.

Chapter III:

- 13, top of first complete paragraph: Madeleine, of course.
- 19 top. That Peggy Rae McKnight later broke off with the Squirrel doesn't make the reference to their engagement an error: it was then still in effect.
- 19, end of nextolast paragraph: "seessions" should read "sessions". But most such obvious typos that don't obscure meanings won't be mentioned here.
- 21, 3rd line from top. The named pros are apparently all that took part on this panel, according to Kemp's PROCEEDINGS.

Chapter IV:

- 25, lines 4-5. A vital 4-word phrase was omitted in transcription from my ms. The sentence should read:
"Ruth Berman insisted that the change in stf did also consist in a shift from pre-occupation with plot to preoccupation with characterization...(etc.)" The underlined phrase was the one omitted.
- 25, next to last line. H. Beam Piper, of c.
- 26, final paragraph of chapter IV: a minor error in misreading my original notes, an error shared by (and doubtless influenced by) FANCYCLOPEDIA II, ascribed the term "Sense of Wonder" to Sam Moskowitz. SaM, despite the claim in CY II, denied having created the term S o W, saying that he only applied the phrase to SF & fan reactions thereto. This and only this will be admitted anent SaM's blast at me in Wrhn 18. I insist that honest misremembering should not be labelled

"dishonesty", as it was by SaM, especially when it gave SaM credit for more than he had actually done. See also ADDENDA, p.57.

Chapter V.

27. Leigh Brackett substituted for Margaret Brundage as costume judge. In the crowd I never got a clear view of the judges and of necessity went by the announcement in the program booklet.
27. Bjo only did the makeup for MZB's "Galadriel" characterization, not the actual creation of the costume. I had misheard something MZB told me.
28. Ibis and Taia, of course.
28. Marion Mallinger, not Nancy Kemp, portrayed the notorious Prosser-Willick trophy--or so I am informed by many different fans.

Chapter VI.

29. Don Ford seconded the Washington/DisCon bid.
- 30, nextolast paragraph. Abasement, of course.
- 31, middle paragraph. Meatheringham; add the parenthesized phrase should read "(from the Tolkienists)".

Chapter VIII.

- 36, near bottom. Popular Award, sponsored by the Pittsburgh SFS. Apologies, Dirce, for inadvertent omission of this from two different conreports. I'm not trying to deprive you of any egoboo.
- 36, 3rd line from bottom. The Big Heart Award was previously given to Bloch, SaM and Rick Sneary. A typo; my original draft has "Bloch", but somehow it came out otherwise in print.
- 37, top. The plaque to Fritz Leiber apparently preceded the three special awards to Cele Goldsmith, Donald Tuck and Ted Sturgeon.
- 37 middle. Sturgeon's reference to the 1939 UNKNOWN story and the "Trans--" word was in reply to a Bob Tucker remark. Cf. Kemp's PROCEEDINGS, 116-117.
- 38 top. Sturgeon's line "Is Progress the opposite of Congress?" seems to have referred originally to politics rather than to the hotel, but by Ghod it fits the hotel.
40. The third door prize was won by Dale Kocirik.

Chapter X.

- 43, middle. Vostok XVI, of course.
- 44, beginning of middle paragraph. In 1860, Rev. W. R. Dawes. Former a typo, latter my mishearing of Papa Villy; the hotel PA system didn't make his accent any easier to understand.

Chapter XII.

51, last paragraph, 2nd & 3rd lines. This is the other really bad one. A line was dropped out of my ms. The sentences in question should read:

"...and we slowly went over towards Fishermen's Wharf, enjoying our tourist roles even as Karen enjoyed her cicerone role. Fishermen's Wharf is SF's counterpart of Coney Island-cum-42nd St. ..."

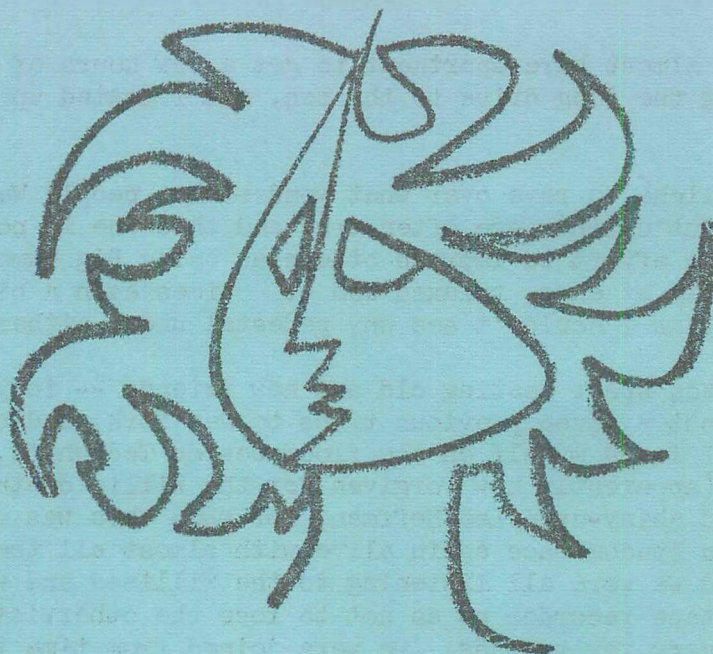
53, last paragraph, 2nd line. Avram Davidson, of c.

53, same paragraph, 3rd line. "ceremoniously"

* * * * *



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 fringe-fan 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 quiet 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.

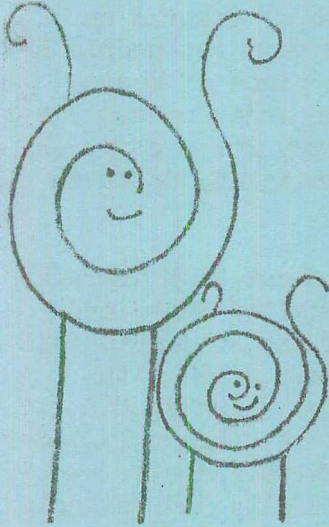
Eventually Les and I tore ourselves away from the party, and about 2 AM Thursday 30 August we got our belongings into the car, picked up the still excited Steve and Paul at Ester Davis's, said our hasty goodbyes, and headed toward the Holland Tunnel and New Jersey Turnpike. Marion drove almost continuously; 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 them "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 5 mph 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 6 PM 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 socialists 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 public 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 persons of 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 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, Exhibition, 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 folksinging 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 Coughran was 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. "Carl Joshua 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) gaffiates 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 FIAWOL 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 sessions -- 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 otherhad 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 Merrill, 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 Merrill, 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. Emsch'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 Dickens sheet 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 discrimination, 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.)

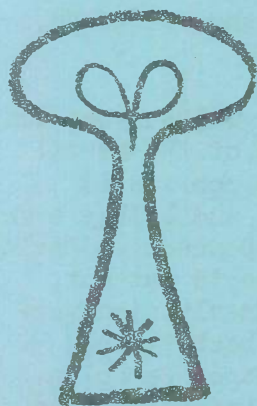
DAG, opening the question period, admitted that he had shocked Horace L Gold by admitting that he read only the synopsis and the final installment in most of the Galaxy serials. Someone, Alderson Fry I think, asked Walt Willis to make another 4-minute speech. Walt, somewhat shaken, weakly said "Tomorrow." (No, Wait, I'm sure he really did want to hear you, despite your published aversion to making con speeches.) Phyllis Economou characterized DAG's 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 rejoinder "...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 cliché, said he, is in some quarters beginning to become a cliché 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 Merrill anthologies), the place was packed. Unfortunately, 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, chortling 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 Khrushchev 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 Emsch 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 magnificently done by Bjo) but they never got a good look at her! Some contestants simply walked out in disgust. 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 Grusome -- 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 preposterous. 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 Emsch'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 Ardaïs 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 LOAM 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 LOAM 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

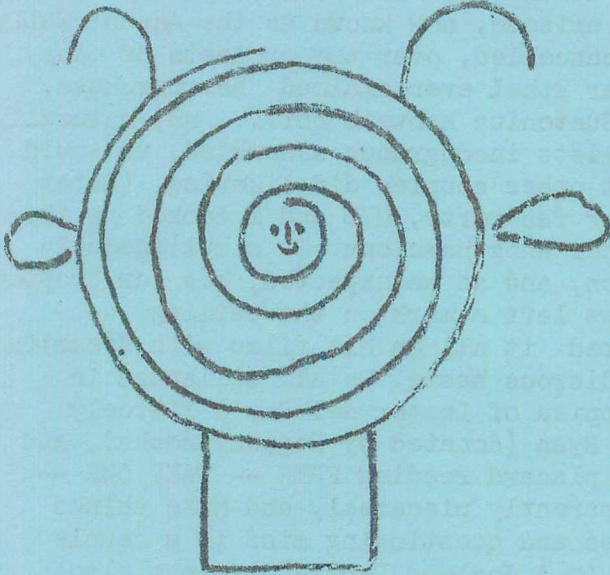
Hoffman a couple of years back in AMERICAN SCHOLAR and HARPERS, and by Lester del Rey in the Mensa speech (see FANAC 87).

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 the 130'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 multiple-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 folk-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 vigorously 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 SILME), Cawthorn's stark "Field of Pelennor", Fritz Leiber's atmospheric spatterwork, 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 ludicrous 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 collect^{ed} 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, moperly 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 officer on the subject of "SF, Mental Illness and the Law." This was not nearly so serious as one might have expected. We learned, among other things that for some strange reason very little sf 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 share-cropper 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 sf'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 sf 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 sf is much like asking if there is too much breathing in sf. Ajay made the excellent but unsurprising point that anything in sf 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 subconsciences, equated with pregnancy and childbirth.

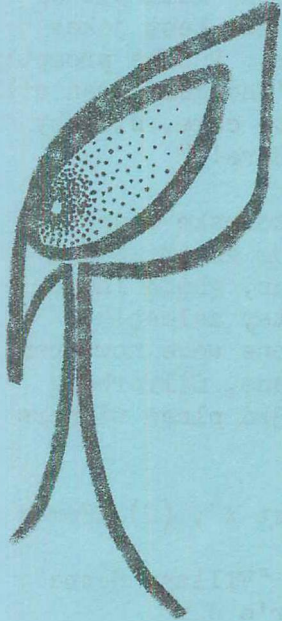
The moderator, introducing the question period, invited 'really spectacular statements', saying that they didn't have to be phrased as questions. Ajay started off by suggesting that not only the deliberate omission of sex, but almost everything else, worsens a story; through exigencies, 90% of everything is cr--ipped 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 Merrill 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 least 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 Emsch 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 meat 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, ghod lhold 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 Joy".

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 "Enchantment 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 Ryutaro Mizuno.

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 self-esteem. 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 Prozone -- 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 -- Ems. An ovation followed, as Ems rose to claim his umpteenth well-deserved award.

Best Dramatic Presentation -- Rod Serling'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 secretaries. 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 Emsch 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 Emsch 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 portentous 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 concrete 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 XVI 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 some upper 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 meteorite 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 sulfur dioxide and other heavy gases). There are observations of local changes in some craters raising the question 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 canals 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 the latter was a small boy; we commiserated over E²'s recent shotgun wedding, and he promised to give E² 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, Fortean, 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 Forteanism are there only for those who have a mental affinity for them (!), an openness 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, psychokinetic 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 fresh-water 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 from 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 excitement, which had never left me during waking hours, 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 fringe-fan 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 infortunatly 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 blushing -- 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 good-byes. I had an arrangement with Ray Nelson's old friend Marcia Frenkel 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 crogglements) 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 the 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.

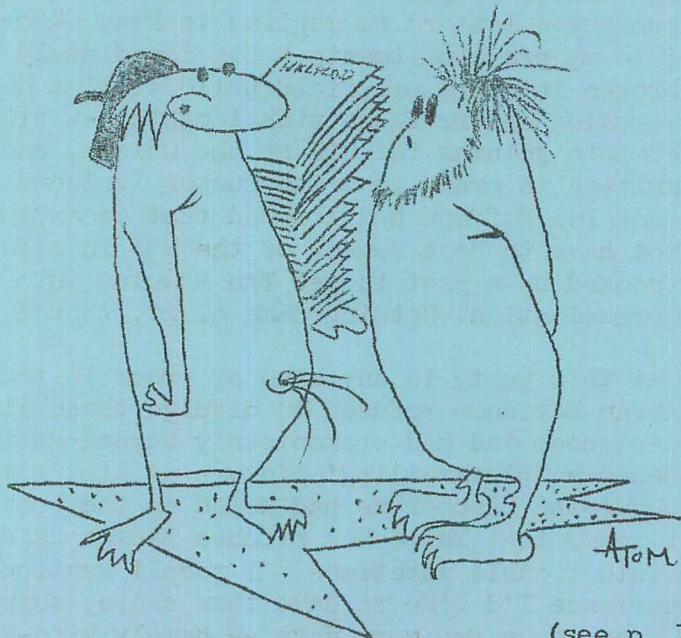
There were also footnotes to fanhistory. In a recent G2, Tucker claimed that Walt Liebscher originated "poctsarcd"; Walt Willis, being informed of this claim, said that it was evidently independent discovery, and that the traditional account in FANCY II was correct. Leeh probably still has some of the 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 McAulay 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 crogged 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 2000-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 as well as a personal ideal. I recall the warm glow of 1425 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 ended 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 the Chicon III. 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



(see p. 12)

You mean, Mike, "SPEAK YE NOT THIS TITLE" is the title?

ADDENDA:

Page 11. The airport mixup, and the Tuesday night dinner for the Willises thrown by Esther Davis, have been reported in detail in Madeleine Willis's THE DISTAWF SIDE,

serialized in Pelz's SPELEOBEM; one hopes that this report will shortly see publication in book form, along with Walt's AXE/HYPHEN serialization, a la THE HARP STATESIDE.

p. 11, lowest ¶: Paul Zimmer appears in the JKKlein photo annual, nos. 12.3 (i.e. photo #12, fan #3 in it), 244.3. Steve/David Bradley appears there too: 12.5, 15.4, 50.1, 55.1. I mention these because the text section of the JKK work does not identify either Paul or Steve, and they are as yet not too familiar faces to con goers.

p. 11, bottom. Windup dolls later spread into the apas and genfandom, but they seem to have disappeared in favor of the 1963 fad of Tom Swifties.

p. 12. Ken Seagel, or Seagle, or Segal, or Siegel, or.... His name appeared on two bylines, with bhob Stewart, for the "JC" comics in THE REALIST 30 & 31, differently spelled each time. Bhob told me of a gag proposal to spell the name differently on each appearance of it in print.

p. 12. And to date nobody has yet succeeded in locating the fanzine where Willis's ashtray story was printed, yet dozens of fans who heard it at the Lupoff Welcome Willis party, or read it in Wrhn 17, have agreed that the story was long familiar. This was the reason for the next HYPHEN costing Terry Carr an announced \$1784.66. I believe Terry got back by charging Walt Willis the identical amount for one copy of the next LIGHTHOUSE or TROLL CHOWDER or some other Carrzine; the details escape me for the moment and I can't find the zine.

p. 13. Just before bottom ¶. At another Howard Johnson's, this one in something called Pleasant Valley, Pa. (probably named by realstate developers, unlike the Original Ethnic Penna. towns like King of Prussia which also boast Howard Johnson stands), we stopped for some food, feeling the sandwiches, cookies & A&W as a little less than ample. Finding one of those customer suggestion-box cards on our table, and feeling inclined to a little japery (the "kid stuff" mentioned in the next paragraph), we filled the thing in about as follows: "SIZE OF PORTION--Not enough crottled greeps. SERVICE--Air Farce. CLEANLINESS OF RESTAURANT--About the same as this card. ((It was rather smudged.)) LADIES' ROOM--I got kicked out, confound it! MEN'S ROOM--They threw me out of here, too! DATE--1984. TYPE OF CUSTOMER--BUSINESS () PLEASURE (x) I hoped! YOUR WAITRESS' NUMBER IS--up! NAME--Herman Aphrodite. ADDRESS--c/o World Science Fiction Convention #24, Lunaport, The Moon." Silly? Of course; but anything would be welcome to relieve the tension and dissipate the static inevitably generated by too-close friction of diverse personalities on a long car trip. I wondered momentarily if other fan caravans indulged in similar antics which didn't get written up into conreports, perhaps because they might seem too silly to admit, and then thought that it would be a stuffy person indeed totally incapable of throwing dignity to the winds once in a while. Unfortunately such people are today a growing minority, if not a majority.

p. 14. After first ¶. Enroute once more to Chicago, we continued to indulge in windup dolls and similar games. The conversation occasionally took a surprisingly far-out turn: Paul Z., speculating about nuns' "mystic marriage to Christ" and the painfully sexual imagery found in their own descriptions of this event (and was it Bernard of Clairvaux or one of that crowd who wrote a book in Latin whose title translated out as "On the Carnal Love of Christ?"), wondered if said frustrated nuns perhaps got their kicks from contemplating--or perhaps adroitly using--a crucifix, that triumph of institutionalized sadomasochism...I recalled the old story told by Bertrand Russell about nuns' wearing some kind of mother Hubbard garment while in the bathtub, presumably for fear of the All-Seeing Eye--which Lord Russell rightly regarded as clerical or nunly imputation of ridiculously unworthy motives to the Most High, as well as an utterly naive view of the limitations of His Omnipotent X-Ray Vision: He can see through walls but not through clothes?

--and quoted the limerick (long ago attributed to Russell) on the same theme: "There was a young nun of Shanghai / Who was so unbearably shy / That undressing at night / She turned out the light / For fear of the All-Seeing Eye." Steve mused, "Embarrassed, em-bare-assed: maybe that's where the word came from!"

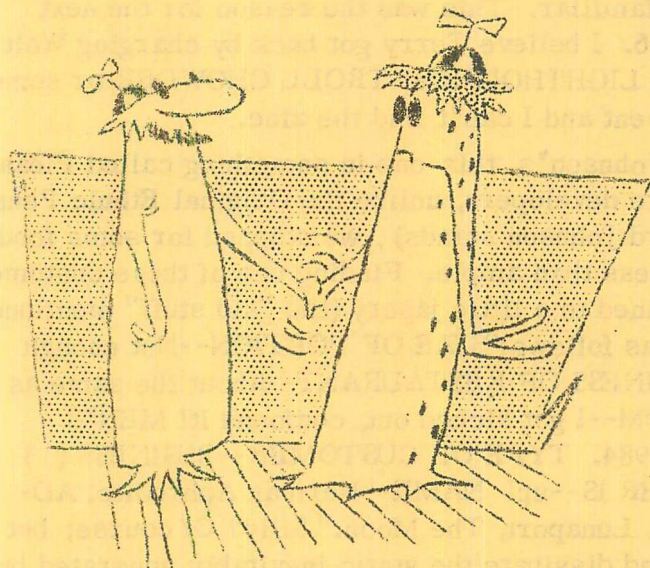
Passing through Dyer, Indiana, just before we crossed the state line into Illinois, we saw a huge billboard starkly ordering all to:

Vote to Keep the
8th Commandment
Thou Shalt Not Steal
VOTE REPUBLICAN!!!!

Pull Lever A--Nov. 6 Election

and laughed all the way into the next town. Windup dolls from here on into Chicago gradually gave way to What Ifs: What if...Redd took an axe to his hifi nexttime it spouted the Grand Canyon Suite? ...Randy Garrett joined Vic Tanny? ...Ronel started drinking REAL beer instead? and many unprintable ones. Eventually we found our way onto some branch of the Expressway leading into Chicago, and just before the Des Plaines Ave. exit we saw a cemetery surrounded by a barbed-wire fence on which were hung signs telling us that it was ELECTRIFIED. "Against ghouls?" was Paul's inevitable question. Around that time Les got us to rehearsing the ancient campskit

(from "100 Stunts, Games and Party Tricks" beginning "Sob. Sob. Sob-Sob-Sob. / Whatsamatter Maw? Whatsamatter Paw? / We ain't got the money for the mortgage on the farm! / Sob. Sob. (etc.)", after which he began working on a FAPA parody version ("I ain't got 8 pages for to save my membership") to be given at the FAPA brunch scheduled for Sunday (see p.32 above). Unfortunately, we didn't get around to the FAPA session, but it was a fine idea anyway, and conceivably it could be put on at some future con. And one of the lines--"Plonk. Plonk. Plonk-Plonk-Plonk." got to be a standing joke.



"Congratulations! You made 69th percentile in Heterosexuality on the Personality Test!"

p. 15 top. Roy Frank is identifiable, though not named, in the JKKlein photo book: 152.1, 153.9, 217.2. And more details about the Willises in the registration line are in Dick Schultz's conreport; more intelligibly than here.

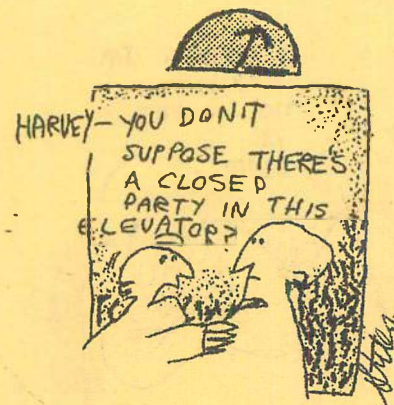
p.15, middle. Jerry Pournelle, according to the Kemp PROCEEDINGS, was giving out copies of the personality test to help drain off fans from the already overlong registration line. The only trouble with that plan was that many fans sweated out the line first, only then taking the test!

p. 17. My own personality test results follow:

ACHIEVEMENT	Raw Score	26	75th %ile	DOMINANCE	R.S.	13	41st %ile
DEFERENCE		7	38th	ABASEMENT		0	25th (!)
ORDER		8	45th	NURTURANCE		17	56th
EXHIBITION		14	48th	CHANGE		15	48th
AUTONOMY		21	65th	ENDURANCE		16	56th
AFFILIATION		18	57th	HETEROSEXUALITY		13	42nd
INTRACEPTION		17	52nd	AGGRESSION		13	50th
SUCCORANCE		7	42nd	Consistency--13 matches among 15 possibles			

Percentiles are from the printed form Pournelle gave out; they differ from those in Vic Ryan's rundown reprinted in the Kemp PROCEEDINGS, but I don't have the complete norms.

p. 20, lowest complete ¶. Lee Hoffman had gotten into parties at the 1952 con, I am informed, mainly by hanging onto Walt Willis's coattails, inspite of QUANDRY and so forth...but at this 1962 con, she got into parties as a BNF in her own right (and deservedly so), even though ironically enough she hadn't been as active in the couple of years preceding the Chicon III as she had been in 1950-52. So, if anything, this was in some respects for her an improvement on 6th Fandom days.



p. 21, top. Jack Williamson and Fritz Leiber were replacing Basil Davenport and P. Schuyler Miller.

p. 25, top, lines 4-6. This remark of Ruth Berman's was ultimately one of the sources of my study of the "young superbrain" theme in SF in Wrhn 18. This whole section on the Sense of Wonder fan panel is proof that not everything even in the official program items got onto Frank Dietz's tapes, particularly in audience participation parts or question periods of panels. Tapes or no tapes, conreports are not obsolete, as was rumored.

p. 25 bottom--26 top. Punsman Lewis J Grant's finding Sense of Wonder in fact articles in Popular Science or Popular Mechanics magazines of the 1940's immediately brings to mind Murray Leinster's interest in obsolete physics texts as providing occasional startling insights into problems bypassed or left unsolved in more modern texts. One wonders if the reasons may not be the same. Unfortunately LJG didn't elaborate on why he found S o W in these articles, but may we hope he will sometime do so, perhaps in YANDRO?

p. 26. In Wrhn 18, Sam Moskowitz's intemperate blast at me included his definition of the Sense of Wonder. What was my own S of W to discover it to be the identical quotation from Rollo May, referred to above (p. 24) and quoted verbatim from my ADMIRABLE CRYCON, p. 14--with the identical ellipsis!

p. 28. Mike McInerney, so far as I know, is the only fan with photos (in color yet!) of the Ivie-Gerber duo doing their *clinch* in Batman-Robin costume. § Earl Kemp, as Sturgeon's Green Monkey, also deserved mention.

Sheila Dvorak appeared in the JKKlein photo annual: nos. 153.2, 218, 219, 223; little Devi is seated on Sandy Cutrell's shoulders in no. 175.

For free 8x10 glossies of the LIFE Chicon costume ball photos, write Barbara Barrett, LIFE, Time&Life Bg, Rockefeller Ctr, NYC20, specifying the exact ones you want.

Dance music by Charles Lane orchestra.

p. 30. Exact details on the IQ test results are in the Kemp PROCEEDINGS, p. 68.





p. 33, bottom. MZE's Checklist of Lesbian Literature actually does list a few SF items--and a smaller number of fantasies--involving at least in-passing use of lesbian themes. Her own "Centaurus Changeling", F&SF April 1954, is one instance. (There is also at least a hint of it in "Seven From the Stars", AMZ March 1960.) W.H.Hudson's antique fantasy-utopia, "A Crystal Age", postulates an all-female society yet! Fritz Leiber, "The Ship Sails at Midnight", in The Outer Reaches, Arkham House 1951, is another fantasy with lesbian (as well as hetero) implications. Barre Lyndon & Jimmie Sangster, "The Man Who Could Cheat Death", based on the screen play of the same title, includes one frankly lesbian episode, stupidly handled--that of Avril Barnes. Cyril

Kornbluth, under his "Jordan Park" pseudo, inserted some lesbian episodes into "Valerie", Lion pb, at a Witches Sabbat--of all imaginable occasions. The egregious Charles Eric Maine's "World Without Men", Ace pb 1958, is built completely around lesbianity, of which he seems to know--or at least to tell accurately --nothing at all. A. Merritt's godawful crud "The Metal Monster" (which almost turned me off SF in 1947) suggests a lesbian affair between Norhala and Ruth. Sam Merwin jr. (the same one who used to do SAPS mc's in one or other of the Standard Twins, if memory serves) exploits lesbian-oriented Amazons, of all things, in "The White Widows"--Galaxy Novel version was called "The Sex War". And then, of course, there is Sheridan Le Fanu's fantasy-horror-thriller "Carmilla"...

p. 34, just above nextolast ¶. --And within a split second after Philip Jose Farmer had delivered his classic line recommending a NAAHS--Nat'l Assoc. for Advancement of Healthy Sexuality--along NAACP lines, Marion turned to me and stage-whispered, "And maybe stage screw-ins?"

Sometime later that afternoon Steve showed me a sign he'd gotten from DAG reading on one side OPEN TO THE PUBLIC ONLY, and on the other DRY PAINT

TEST HERE

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p. 35. Details of hotel foulups on reserved tables will be found in the Kemp PROC., 108-9.

p. 36. The Bob Tucker wisecrack comparing "The gentlemen will be comfortable in their coats and ties" to "Dave Kyle says you can't sit here" brought tremendous laughter and applause. This was the second ploy actually to come off against the coat&tie ruling, my own ostentatious removal of the borrowed tie (and attempt to get my tieless state onto the official banquet photo) being the first. Others were planned but didn't succeed.

These should have gone into the Errata but weren't spotted in time: FotR awards--Bridge at Khazad-Dûm; Children's Fsy--artist is Louis Lista; Heroic Fsy, Jerry Burge; Judges' Choice--Larry Ivie.

I finally figured it out. That ain't Jerry Pournelle after all. This is the Seabees' convention, not ours.

p.48. Ginny Heinlein's trouble proved to be amebiasis, travelers' hane of which the cures are--or till very recently still were--worse than the disease. I understand she is better now.

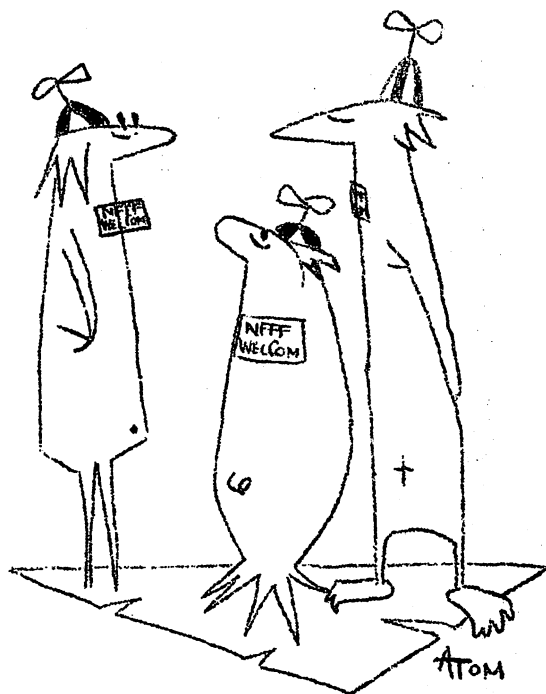
(See p. 42)

p.50. And speaking of the program, the much touted Pal Jesus never did get staged. Possibly some LA fans will try to work it up for Pacificon II? What with contribs by Eney & Norm Clarke &c., even in its present fragmentary state it looks like fun.

Many times during the con we were paged by committeemen via PA system to fill out the George I. Brown "creativity study" forms. These asked us to identify ourselves as editor, writer (SF only), reader (2 or more books or SF mags/month), or reader (under 2 books or SF mags/month), and to rate each of 58 writers named on "originality and creativity", on a 1 to 9 scale with 9 top, leaving blanks for authors whose work was unfamiliar. Oddly, Heinlein & Bradbury were omitted, and nonentities like Chester Geier & Frank Quattrocchi included, along with people best known in SF for other than their fiction, e.g. Sam, Groff Conklin, Uncle Hugo, Don Wellheim. I have heard nothing of any publication of results of this study, if any.

p. 51, middle paragraph, lines 4-5. During the Saturday night of that con, fire dept. sirens drowned out much of the huckstering at bourse tables (and almost but not quite drowned out one dealer's threat to kill me because I'd given his father's stupid book an unfavorable review!). It seems that only a few yards away from the Jack Tar hotel, some huge old RC church was burning down; by Sunday morning nothing was left of it but a quarter acre of rubble. To date, nothing has been done about rebuilding it or putting anything else up on the site.

p.53. Vince Hickey never did get around to contacting the people Boucher named, though. § Walt Willis told me that there'd been much Oblique House speculation/debate on whether the "Yoni Cornell" bit in ADMIRABLE CRYCON was a typo or a pun. I assured him that it was quite deliberate: I'd leered while gleefully stenciling it. After all, I'd seen her in action--in Room 224, on the occasion making it go down in fannish history side by side with Room 770.



Have you written Bob Tucker your Welcome to Fandom letters yet?

