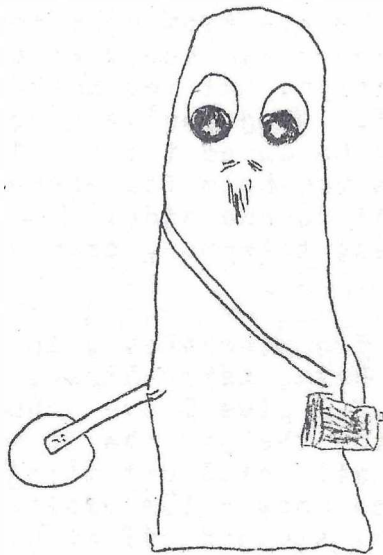


one / fourteen

THE BALCONY INSURGENTS +++ ALL FANDOM WILL BE PLUNGED INTO WAR!
+++ YOU PSEUDO-RAEBURN! +++ SEVEN TEN, MARKED DOWN FROM SEVEN
SEVENTY-FIVE +++ BLOCH WAS SUPERB +++ ...BECAUSE ZIFF DAVIS IS
STILL LIVING IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY +++ GOSH WE MISS DEAN A.
GRENELL!! +++ KEEP MOVING, PLEASE--YOU CAN'T STAY HERE +++ I
LIKE EICH +++ WHY NOT BOAT RACE NIGHT? +++ AKE AKE KIA KAHA +++
HE'S GOT SUCH A THICK
I CAN HARDLY LIPREAD
THE ELEVATORS ON THIS
TO THE NINETEENTH
BAD WE HAVEN'T LITTLE
PLANES TO FLY FROM
REMEMBER SEPTEMBER 3RD
YOUR FRIENDS OUT OF
WETZEL IS THE ONLY
MERRILL IS HIS
THREE FIGURINES, THE
I LIBERTINE, AND... +++
LIKE A CONVENTION, ONLY YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE (&DYOUNG)



Eney by Jean Young

BRITISH ACCENT
HIM +++ SORRY,
SIDE DON'T GO
FLOOR +++ TOO
PAPER AIR-
THE BALCONY +++
--NATIONAL BAIL
JAIL DAY!! +++
TRUE GHOD, AND
PROPHET +++

COVER TO

FAPA IS JUST

It's Eney's Fault

i dreamed i went to the nyconII in my
maidenform teeshirt

This is ONE/FOURTEEN, a one-shot con report by Richard H. Eney, XCV production of Operation Crifanac (maybe now people will begin to get the idea behind those numerals!), and its subject is the NYCon II, or Fourteenth World Science Fiction Convention. It's intended for SAPS, FAPA, OMPA, and All Good Fans.

 Typewriter, back-plate, stencils, and a bottle of Maneschewitz corflu.

1. "A good joke is this", said Harlan Ellison:

"What you do, you call up some old lady about midnight and say, solemnly:

"This is the Department of Civil Defense. We are testing a new method of wireless telephony for use in case of an enemy attack knocking out normal channels of communication. If you hear me, please signify by saying "I hear you"."

He put a crack and a quaver in his voice in imitation of the reply: "I hear you!"

"After about thirty seconds you say again: 'This is the department of Civil Defense. We are testing a new method of wireless telephony for use in case of an enemy attack knocking out normal channels of communication. If you hear me, please signify by saying "I hear you"'. When you've done this about five times and she's squeaking--" he added the quaver again--"I HEAR YOU! I HEAR YOU!" then you hold the phone about a foot from your face and holler off to one side:

"Hey, Joe, this wireless telephony crap don't work worth a f***!"

We were, as you gather from the above, in Harlan Ellison's apartment in New York, "we" being Larry Stark, Ted White, John Hitchcock and myself from D.C., plus Steve Schultheis. This was on Wednesday, August 29th, the day the DC Mob got into New York; we'd checked into a small hotel off Times Square--about five blocks off--gotten lunch and, after visiting Larry Shaw at Royal/Magnum publications, stopped off at Ellison's before going on to Riverside Dive. It was just a halfhour stop, though, since Harlan had to go down to Greenwich Village to give a talk before some Little Group.

"You know what that b*%#&d Dave Mason was doing?" Harlan went on. "He'd call me up at three in the morning and hang up again as soon as I answered. He gave up after I started just letting it ring..."

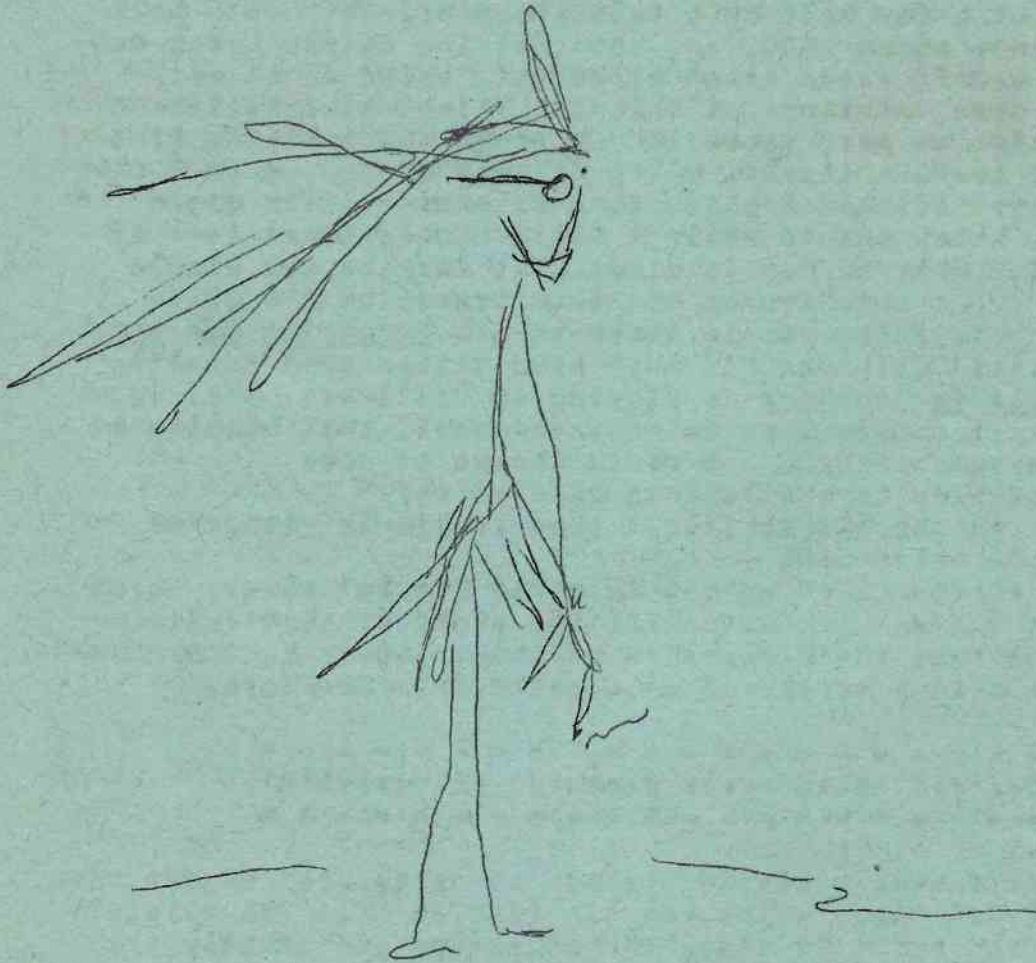
 "New Zealand is better than North America!"

2. The WSFA crowd--known to some as That Mess In Washington--had started for NY on Tuesday, the 28th. (That was the very day Walt Willis' Special Con Issue of Hyphen arrived; I'm not sure that timing isn't vulgar ostentation...) Present were Ted White, Larry Stark, John Hitchcock and myself, on board the

Weiss Rak II; also present were some of Jack Harness' illustrations and some of Ted's, the latter done in some peculiar style involving a special art board and chemical developers to bring out its pre-imprinted shading. Jack Harness himself wasn't with us, since there was a Scientology convention competing with the NYCon II.

We toiled up the New Jersey Turnpike in fine style-- Ted and I alternately cooking feet, since his Buick has an unghodly hot spot just by the accelerator--but our progress to the con was not destined to be as uneventful as we'd hoped.

I don't mean the event at the diner where we stopped for coffee break--the time one of our members came back to the table looking uncommonly bemused: "The jukebox here offers Joe 'Fingers' Carr playing 'Lucky Pierre';" he said thoughtfully; "I didn't know they'd set that to music."



Boyd

XXX

Jan

The real Event came later that evening as we were drifting along at a conservative seventy. Suddenly there came an outrageous clattering from under the hood and we braced ourselves for imminent reactor failure.

Ted eased the Rak to a stop and we found out what was wrong.

I disremember whether we looked at each other with a wild surmise before trying to coax the wagon on to the next service station; anyway, we failed and had to pull over to the side (a mile short of safety, it turned out) to wait for a repair truck to come out and fix our busted fan belt.

Sean: "My whole stomach feels like a manifestation of Oscar."

3. Such was Hitchcock's observation about 2100 that night as the repair truck plied back and forth in search of someone who knew how to put a fan belt on a Buick Convertible. We'd been travelling since about 1300, and save for the coffee break mentioned above hadn't eaten since breakfast, being as it were sustained by more intellectual things. Things like realizing that at one time we were travelling through Washington's Pink Haze district (reform ticket, y'know); that according to Muehpeon Jean Linard learned English from science-fiction magazines--a fact which should delight Uncle Hugo's heart even if it wasn't quite what he had in mind; that Charles Lee Riddle made an ocean voyage to Toulon and then travelled 600 miles by rail to the Swiss border in order to see Demetrius and the Gladiators; that Billy the Kid must have gotten some results, since The Outlaw's Daughter is playing in Baltimore; that we should wait till somebody asked what the devil that machine of mine was, whereupon the DC Mob would chorus as one:

"Doctor Zarkov says it's some kind of ray!"

We never got around to it. I suppose people recognize portable strobe units now.

Some time after 2200 we got into the Starks' place, where Mrs. Stark fed us and put us up for the night (thoughtfully not mentioning that she'd expected us about 1600); in the morning Ted White sold a typer and we started into New York.

"I'm afraid I would never remember it verbatim"

4. I conjure faaans visiting strange towns to keep an eye open for the Hotel Red Book, which you can find at most Travellers' Aid Stations and such; it gives the addresses and usually the rates of a good 95% of all the hotels in a town. We got stung, of course, but that's because we gave it up in the K's, with the Hotel Knickerbocker. After all, in the New York section it takes about 20 pages to get that far, and what with people standing around and coughing and looking at their watches and like that...

Anyway, after dumping baggage and like that at the hotel we went around to Royal Publications--or tried to; seems the

actual name of register is Magnum Publications. (Dean Grennell will flip!) Larry Shaw, bless him, was perfectly blase about being interrupted by faaans in the midst of an article; he even dug around in the mass of papers on his desk to show (and gloat over) some choice covers for forthcoming issues. While acting as involuntary subject for several pictures (I like real candid shots) he discouraged Ted White's dream of becoming a pro artist while in DC--too much time and risk involved in letting manuscripts commute back and forth between Falls Church and New York--and informed us that LeeHS had gotten another horse (named "Rebel"); that the illo in Infinity signed simply "Lee" was indeed Hoffwoman; and that no, Confederate money (such as Lee accepted for subscriptions to Quandry) couldn 't buy subs to Infinity. This could have gone on for hours; but Larry, after all, edits about a dozen 'zines, and eventually we regained our sense enough to stop imposing on a busy man and started over to EC.

Johny Palmer

Ted luckily thought to phone them before we'd gone a block, and he found out that a Mad Tea Party or some such shindig was being thrown in the EC offices. Thus it was that, restraining our impulse to go anyway and see if it was anything like ghoodminton (nobody had actually seen a shindig-throwing), we went over to Ellison's.

Ellison's a short, pale individual with a very neat apartment, a taste for jazz, and dark, sunken eyes--altogether like a Dave Rike drawing, only on white paper and with sharp lines. The half hour we were there we listened to him tell how he'd sold to The New Yorker and The Saturday Evening Post--or at least that's what he made it sound like; actually he was explaining how Palmer had dared to reject one of his favorite stories. En passant it was duly noted that about half the people he mentioned were fornicating, incestuous, cunnilinguistic illegitimates (let's see the Post Office do something with that!), even Sean O'Hitchcock, who was there listening...

Escaping eventually--Ted White with the back file of Dimensions and Harlan's admonition never to trust a Navy man like Lee Riddle--we separated from Steve Schultheis and went on to Riverside Dive, where Dick Ellington was planning a bash for the Tozontofen.

 "Every time you open your mouth you misquote yourself!"

5. We got there a shade early, finding nobody at home but Karl Olsen and Bill Donaho (bet it's the first time in years Bill's been called "nobody"!), wherefore we went on out to dinner--to a place called the Red Chimney, at 103+Broadway; let me recommend it to NYVisitors. I had the pleasure of introducing Sean O'Hitchcock to Spanish Omlet, amazed that a vegetarian hadn't met with this dish before. (Parenthetically, religion-motivated vegetarians like Sean can eat eggs, which are but a little tickle off

the group soul. Parenthesis stolen from Umbra...)

Back to the Dive again, then, and we found it full of people though not of Torontonians (if that's the word.)

These people were about 50% of New York fandom (as we found out on introductions going around), working like slaves for the Convention; presently they drafted us to help cart all sorts of stuff over to the hotel. With many an infraction of the law this got done (New York cabbies can't swear anything like so well as stories let on); we had to load a hand-truck with the material to get it up to the twelfth floor, which should give you an idea of the amount involved.

Forrest J. Ackerman and Nelson Bond were standing on the sidewalk when the working crew returned from the executive suite, and that's how I met America's Professional Fan, and that's why this paragraph stands alone.

It was back to Riverside Dive for the third time; Boyd Raeburn and Pat and Howie Lyons had finally gotten there and were plunged in conversation. (I whipped out my Infernal Machine and fired off a clutch of snapshots of them, to Pat's disgust--really, I guess it is unnerving to have a bearded faaan fire 110 watt-seconds/joules @ 6000° Kelvin at you...)

A quick survey of the Dive, conducted by Art Saha, and then back to the party where all were working on the NYCon, listening to the Torontofen and 3/4 of the DC Mob swap mildly radiant remarks with each other, and trying to make time with Pat Werner--though hardly simultaneously. All manner of discoveries were made, such as that Riverside dive has, in its kitchen, a stern sigh: "Keep this place clean/ This means you!"; that the only way to get a book into Saha's bookcase is to start it by main force, then stand off and kick it; that Sean is such a strict vegetarian his bread must be made from whole wheat ground between the breasts of Nubian virgins; that Boyd Raeburn doesn't see why Oldian virgins aren't good enough; that owing to Jack Harness' influence the DC Mob speaks a sort of pidgin scientology; that I'm an embryo Mad Dog and will grow up to knee Harlan Ellison in the groin (the more devoted naturopaths understand "M.D." to stand for "Mad Dog"); that it'd be a rainy day if Noah McLeod ever reviewed a SAPS, FAPA, or OMPA mailing; and that it was about time to get started if we were going over to Harlan Ellison's again.

Harlan wasn't there when we arrived, so we marched downstairs, started back the two blocks that lead to the bus, and --in the midst of crossing the street encountered Ellison, who'd underestimated the length of time he'd spend in Greenwich Village. The column (Pat & Howie Lyons, Boyd, Sean, Larry, Ted, Ellison, Charlotte, and myself) reversed its movement with a fine imitation of Pea Ridge and went back up to the Ellison apartment; there Pat, Howard, and Larry listened to Harlan dissect Ernest Hemingway ("You're crushing Ernest!" he cried when Pat almost squashed an inch-high statue of a mouse) while Boyd, Ted, Sean, and I drank his liquor

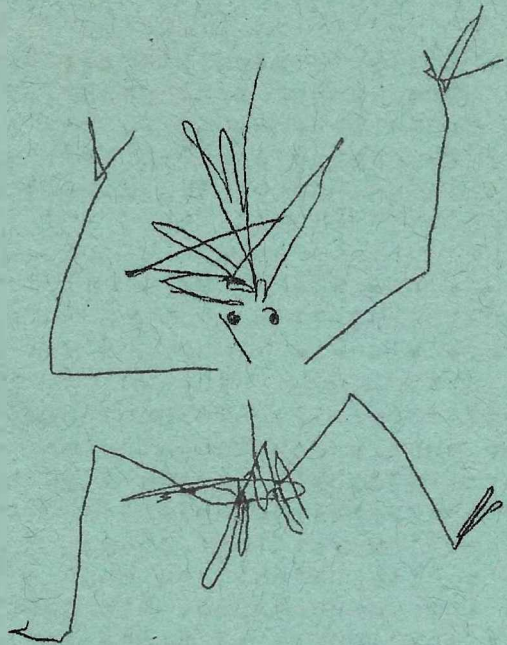
out of thimble-sized glasses and slandered him in new and ingenious ways.

And the evening and the morning were D minus 2.

"Drippy bottles and naked women."

6. The last thing I remember that night is the six of us-- DC Mob and Torontofen, less Boyd--trying to get back to our hotel and stopping at Toffanetti's for coffee; everybody paused uncertainly outside till TEW and Pat Lyons took the dilemma by both horns and started the revolving door around and around, the rest of us jumping in whenever we saw an empty compartment go by and sometimes when we didn't.

You haven't lived till you've gone around in a revolving door with Pat Lyons.



Point of Inquiry!

Jan

 "More brown men have died saying 'Just a witchdoctor...!'"-NG

7. Next day was given up to more intellectual-type activities. Ted White started on the rounds of bookstores and record shops, while Sean went back to the Dive to find Boyd Raeburn. Larry Stark and myself went to the Museum of Modern Art--Larry for kicks and myself to learn, since my ignorance of the subject puts me automatically one down in Insurgent-type conversation.

We progressed through the Modern section in the morning --"Modern" being understood as between 1860 and the present-- in time to get a cuppacawfee with Pat and Howard Lyons and Marty Greenberg; the other four discussed magic and art till Sean and Boyd Raeburn came in. (They didn't see us and almost left before I dashed madly after them to bring them back.) With them were Rich Alex Kirs and somebody I'd met but didn't recognize; Ron Ellick, who'd gotten a crew cut before hitch-hiking his way across the continent of North America.

Everyone was properly impressed by Ron's persistence; but this was only a brief meeting, with more fangab scheduled for that evening at Riverside Dive. We broke up soon after and Larry and I continued on into the Contemporary section of the Museum; and you might as well skip this unless you're a Real Arty Feller and like that.

 Danner says it's gospel truth!!

8. Larry was trying to give me some information about Modern-with-a-capital Art, and I suppose he succeeded, since we got into a flaming argument about Jackson Pollock. That's the chap who painted--in the strict sense of the word--by dribbling house-type paint from cans onto a canvas spread out on his garage floor. The issue wasn't the vanity of calling that "painting"--I admit his right to put the widest possible definition on the generic term--but in the degree of abstraction involved in titling the thing. The item under observation when I blew the whistle was a rather dynamic black-white-red-and-silver quasipicture titled simply "Composition Number 8"; and my contention was that such a title simply makes a mock of the spectators.

Presumably (I pontificated) the artist was thinking of something--maybe that should be "had some visualization in mind"--when he did the work; this, then, is what he "meant to say" by the painting, and he ought to tell us what it is. (Larry suggested that maybe he was thinking of the concept, "Composition", but I disdained this idea; too many people were titling stuff simply "Composition #..." for "composition" to be understood as the subject.)

To Larry's pointing out that we were supposed to be able to read our own interpretations into the picture, I answered with what I realize now was a highly materialist opinion;

namely, that though a subjective interpretation could indeed be given to almost any pattern of line and color, there must be one interpretation--i.e., the one made in the light of what the artist had in mind--which was "the" way to interpret the painting...not because it couldn't be interpreted any other way, but because that would be the most rewarding path of interpretation.

But enough of shallow thoughts on Deep Subjects.

I may not remember my sabre practice; it's been several lives.

9. It was this afternoon that one unrealized possibility came up; big headlines proclaimed that the British and French were massing troops on Cyprus and somebody exclaimed how fannish it would be if World War III broke out just as the NYCon II opened. Happily, the Big Powers' planning led to better results than I got when I dummied this thing, and they didn't go to wa^x, just as I didn't watch my page-width and so had to stick "lives" instead of the proper "reincarnations" in that interlineation up there...

During this turgid paragraph the DC Mob has been riding the subway back to the Red Chimney, that Good Eatery, on their way to Riverside Dive to pick up John Magnus. They want to put the arm on John for a lift over to Larry Stark's place.

Seems TEW and Larry had brought up two bales of Stellar 9 (Fandom's Top Fictionzine!--plug) to distribute to people at the NYCon II, but unfortunately they'd left them in the trunk of Ted's car over at the Starks'. So behold us crowded into John Magnus' car a bit later, cruising through the New Jersey countryside and choking at the breeze from the dumps; "us", this time, are Magnus, Larry Stark, Ted White, myself, and

RON ELLIK: Is this that pig farm?

STARK: Automobile dumps, mostly. Ted, they're GM and Ford cars!

WHITE: GOOD!!

ENEY: Roll up your window, for Pete's sake, Magnus!

MAGNUS: Can't--that'd trap the smell. As it is, we have circulation anyway...

(A number of invidious comparisons of the dumps against the most nauseous smells known joggled John's memory thus:)

MAGNUS: It reminds me of the transposed-letter pen names I used to think up for Hugo Gernsback.

WHITE: "Grego Banshuck"?

MAGNUS: I was thinking of "Gack G. Horsebuns".

(He pronounces the first name "Jack")

ENEY: Ron, how did you survive hiking through here?

STARK: There's no hitchhiking on the Jersey turnpike; they don't admit pedestrians.

ELLIK: I hopped over the fence. Didn't think I'd be baffled by that after hitching all the way from California, did you?

(The others look at one another nodding knowingly.)

STARK: John, pull over to the next police station...

ELLIK: Quiet, or I'll sit on you and squash you into a disc!

MAGNUS: Ron, how about ten pages for Varioso?

ELLIK: I can squash you, too, you know.

WHITE: (Surveying Magnus) I just can't visualize John as a tall, thin disc.

ELLIK: You are nobody!

WHITE: With a beard?

ELLIK: Sure; nobody--with a beard.

WHITE: You remind me of an intelligent gopher.

STARK: Write it down!

ELLIK: At least I struggle with my nature.

MAGNUS: Once again--nature triumphs!!

...and like that, all the way to the Starks'. After a coke break and an impromptu wrestling match--Ellik, a mere Marine, wound up sprawling across the table, whereupon Stark rubbed in salt by asking whether he couldn't do pushups on the floor like other people--we loaded the Stellars into Magnus' car (Ellik, as I recall, begging off from helping because he had a sunburned thumb) and took them back to the hotel.

 JH: Under hypnosis a man is insane, and that's not healthy.

10. Ted White has a rare, thank ghod, ability to find cut rate sources of vital equipment. This time he'd managed to get a tape recorder for about forty bucks off list price; his last exploit before this was to get (from a typerstore going into bankruptcy) seven nearly-new upright typewriters for \$50--total. As going sales price on such items is about \$100 apiece...

I'd always had a sneaking yen to take off at 2430 to go to a party; we had to do that, this time, to go rescue Sean the O'Hitchcock from Riverside Dive where he was deep in conversation with Boyd Raeburn.

"Fling yourselves down in a gracefully flung position!" somebody cried as we tromped in; the people at the Dive were working on con material yet. (I remember Pat Werner typing picture captions and data on a billing typer that must have been elite-squared; it had fifty spaces to the--portable-type carriage--line. What Elmer Perdue and Norman Wansborough wouldn't give for that...!) About 0400 things finally closed down and it was back to the hotel via subway.

Those who've tried to catch any form of public transportation at 0400 must understand what we had to go through till I remembered a charm that'd fetch any transportation; I left the platform and went to get a coke from the vending machine. What was my surprise to find, when I got back, that there wasn't a sign of the train!

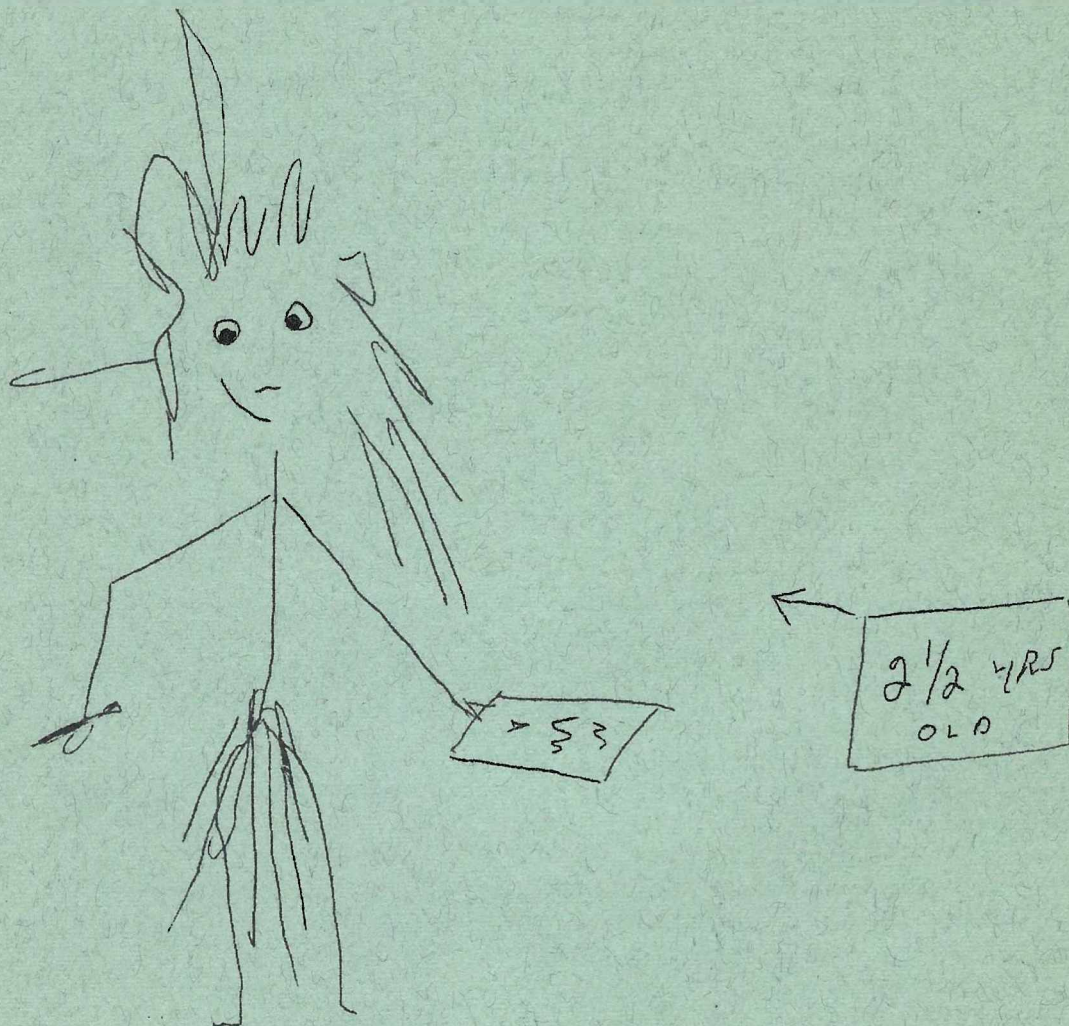
But I had underestimated Roscoe's benevolence and power. The moment I took the last sip, we heard that telltale rumble...

 Trade it in for some toast!

11. It was indeed at 11 when we shifted hotels the following morning. (I have this odd memory of hearing a station break

announcing that this was "Station WAW" while I was having a shave, but nobody else appears to have heard it.) A clutch of faaans--the DC Mob, Raeburn, Ellik, Kirs, J&dy and Very Young) met in the lobby while checking in. This, incidentally, almost constituted a quorum of the Acolytes of Tucker right there; and as we drifted down the hall toward the elevators we met Tucker Himself, talking to Phyllis Economou. (I promptly photographed her, to her horror.) The fire department or a representative thereof eventually had to come along and move us on...

That afternoon--registration didn't begin till 1800--we spent listening to Cliff Gould and one of the round robin tapes on the Youngs' taper, swapping written comment with Alex Kirs ("Notice how all the members of The Cult stood to



" Mr. Tucker can I have your autograph?"
 Jan

attention when Coswal mentioned it on that tape?" and looking at my photo albums and color slides. As a last resort we even looked at the pictures on the wall--we had a couple of dillies in 403. One showed a droopy-looking milkmaid at whom Kirs, a lipreader, stared for a minute before interpreting "She's saying 'Oh ghod, these convention mornings--after!"; the other was a rather incredibly suggestive one which I hesitate to describe in print. (Send a stamped, selfaddressed envelope...)

People were still dashing around like crazy--which was reasonable--on the 19th floor when I went up there to see if I could find GRUE-subscribers. Dick Ellington, Pat Werner, Ron & Cindy Smith, I think Karl Olsen, and a couple other NYFen were trying vigorously to get all the art displays set up and the membership cards, stickers, and bundles arranged--simultaneously--so I went back down again with this news...

Bloch came by 403 presently, and Ted snatched the chance to record some of his conversation for posterity. (The part of posterity that was present, Susan Margaret Very Young, prostrated herself in reverence despite Kirs' sneers about the vulgar ostentation of smoking filter-tip cigarettes in a holder.) Chief witticism--and one that'll be appreciated more by Abney Rotsler than anyone else--involved the Stevenson campaign-symbol of a shoe with a hole in it. (Non-Americans: the Pro-Stevenson Democrats wear, to emphasize their candidate's kinship with the common man, the badge of a shoe with a hole in the sole. Done in sterling silver.) This was brought up just to give Bloch the chance to wonder audibly why the Republicans hadn't thought of using the symbol of an ileum with a hole in it...

 Ted White is considering becoming a lesbian

12. After we'd eaten and everybody else had gone up and gotten their memberships, I broke down and got one myself, Ted White following to take a photo of me yielding to the Mass Will. The noise and rush was tremendous; when Dertchin? pulled my beard and I shot him down like a sorak nobody even turned around.

Then to the Youngs', where we talked and collected as many signatures as possible for the We Miss Dean Grennell Club, NY-Con II Chapter.

We beat the rush to breakfast next morning. The noon rush, that is. And the con opened behind schedule, as usual; I'd been hoping that the committee would be stung to emulation by the Democrats. (Again, non-Americans: The Democratic Party's presidential convention was opened with a proud announcement that it was the first time in history a con had opened on schedule.)

Acting like dirty SerConFans, J&dy Young, Magnus, and I attended the program; I think I saw White, Stark, and Sean (who loathes the "Hitchcock"), too--thank ghod I'm not the only recreant insurgent!

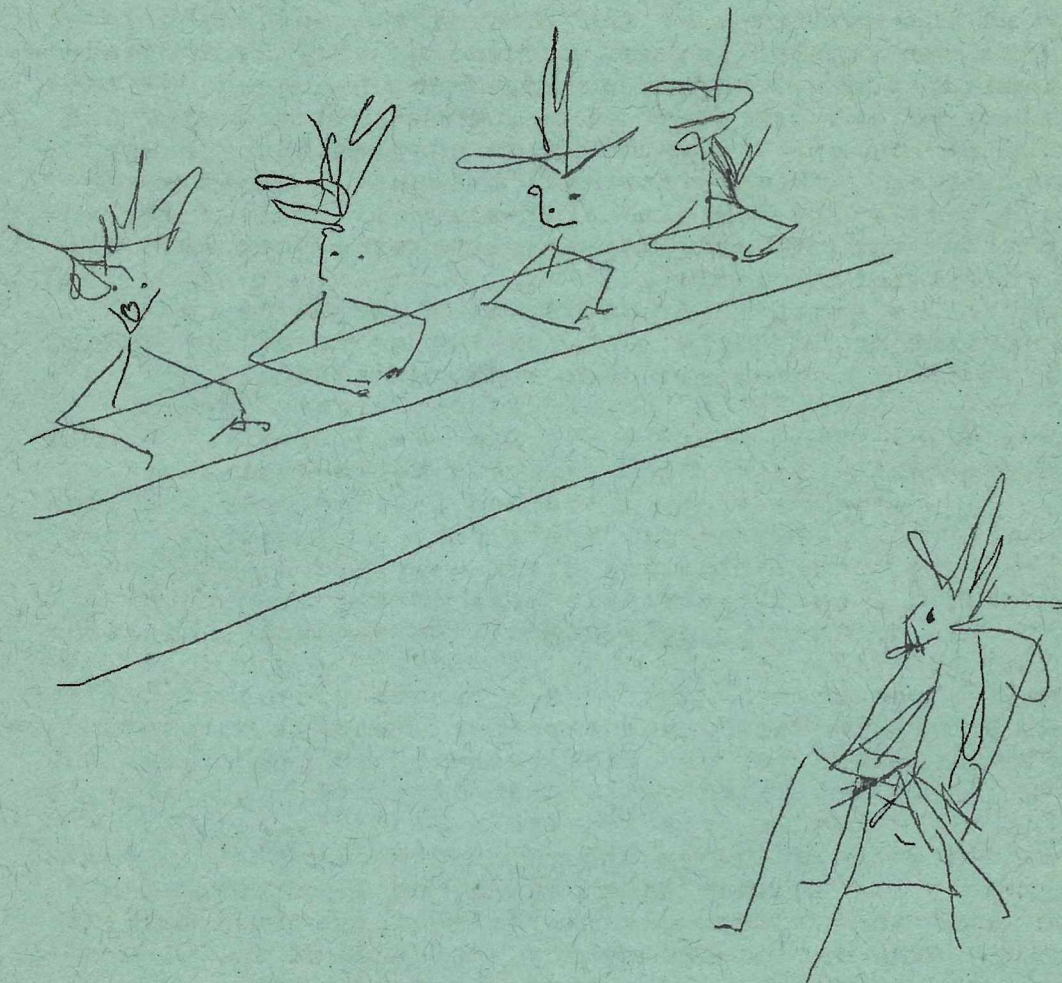
It was, I should say right away, all that rumor declared it to be. The sort of rumor Anglofans publish about formal--pre-SuperManCon--programs, that is...

The main fannish event, indeed, was inaccurate; during the introduction of BNFs Susan Margaret Young was introduced as "the youngest fan ever to attend a convention" at age 3. Months, that is. Actually Very is all of 5 months old--and Astrid Anderson was much younger at the SFCen.

We stayed on to see the beginning of the second session, mostly so I could get photos of Boyd Raeburn sitting on a panel of science-fiction experts; after that delightful vision (and Sprague de Camp's tribute to Fletcher Pratt) I wandered away.

After all, would you stay to hear a mundane electronics man speak on "Today's Fancy is Tomorrow's Fact"?

I know it's DC current, but how many cycles?



The Audience

Jean

13. Apparently everybody else would, except maybe dirty hucksters. I stopped by the Gnome cut-rate stand and got three of the four Conan books I'm short, and then watched the Air Force display go through its cycle before going on to drool (helplessly; I was broke) over Chabot's collection (with the copy of the Fancyclopedia that went for \$9.95) and the other bookdealers' stands; also to try my luck answering questions on the Amazingvac. (Proper answers got you farther and farther out of the Solar System, but the most remote planet listed was Neptune--apparently Ziff-Davis is still living in the 19th Century.) Eventually this palled (come, come, Eney, be honest; you felt your sales resistance cracking) and I strolled back in to find the others so we could all go to dinner.

Got there just in time to see Harlan Ellison making a horse's, uh, neck of himself at the auction by trying to sell art work at about twice its value. One gathers that the con committee had a premonition of the future; at next day's panel of SF Experts meeting Ellison was to urge us all, by indirection, to spend all the money we could. Now he proceeded--making up his own rules as he went along, apparently--to try and stick people for three to five bucks on quasi-mundane b&ws; you know the kind. Science fictional because it shows a man and woman in Paul-style pantaloons with a wall full of dials and like that in the background. Starting at a buck with 50¢ raises--that sort of technique.

Presently the session adjourned and a gaggle of us went across the street to Childs', just for the swank of the thing. (I believe we still remembered Suez and didn't recall till afterwards that Shepherds' was the hotel/restaurant we were thinking of.) Not being able to use a pen/-cil and eat I missed the remarks that were bandied back and forth--all save two incidents. One was a remark; I ordered a salad only and Sean looked at me with shaking head: "You'd make a miserable vegetarian!" For the other, Kirs and Ellik were swapping notes back and forth on a peculiar stationery; it was memo paper with a heading-sketch of an extremely affectionate couple, captioned "Things to do TODAY!".

Late-afternoon session featured a rather nice ballet ("The Adventures of Captain Hero") and a rather dreadful cocktail party, with pink lemonade for the kiddies and hard likker for the old people, if you felt like waiting in line fifteen minutes to get into the bar. Let us pass it with a shudder...

I should have found out whether there'd been a mail delivery, but forgot to; whether there was or not, the Youngs had a card from William Rotsler, Hero Artist--it featured a grisly looking boiled crab facing the reader, and Bill had captioned it: "Greetings, Earth Man! Take me to your leader!"

Another thing I forgot to inquire into was, whether the Lyons's got any of the inspiration for their costumes from that card. They, too, wore inhuman masks (with detachable fangs) and "Take Me To Your Leader!" signs. They were clad, naturally, in plus fours, exaggerated caps, and had a set of golf clubs slung over their shoulders...

Jean and Susan Margaret dressed in crazy Buck Rogers costumes as space pirates--or, it may be, the character portrayed was "The PLANET Girl--After!"--and the lot of us went up to

the Masquerade Ball.

Nobody was more attractive than Lee Hoffman Shaw as the Ghost of Fandom Past (in a black leotard, no doubt to symbolize the fact that faaans won't be conventional even as ghosts). Larry Shaw was along, naturally, in another black leotard with dollarsigns on the blade-tips of his helicopter beanie. (Maybe he symbolized The Fan Who Died Under A Load of Karma and Was Reincarnated as a Pro). Somebody else should list the costumes at that ball; the only ones I recall at all well (besides LeeHS and Larry) were the neat TSN-uniformed spaceman and the two yobbers. And all the babes who apparently thought of imitating Karen &erson. Even if they didn't quite make it, that's a trend which should be encouraged...

Andy Young, Ted White, and I went as Acolytes of Tucker--our beards, y'know, and I suppose Tucker's could be called the House of David--but didn't stay for the Parade. I had to dash back down to 403 for more film--I'd only brought a twenty-exposure cassette--and a couple of petitions I wanted to try to get Sally Dunn's signature on. (Sally and Dave /"Ghod! It's been a year!" / Ish sat it out and only signed the Gosh We Miss Dean Grennell Club roster.)

The Ball slowed down after midnight and the ten or so Acolytes of Tucker drifted out to the Automat, to the tune of Boyd Raeburn's and Ted White's heartfelt grotches; they felt it would break their caste or something. The only image I can recall is that of Ron Ellik going through a revolving door at the Automat backwards, but I have a dozen photos of the res of the evening, and the Youngs have a memory tape. Of course, you have to be able to follow three conversations at once to understand it...

Harlan Ellison dropped in at one time, in the midst of a feud; he told the Dragon Story and we went out for another round of coffee (Chase and Sanborne stock rose 3 points over the Labor Day weekend) before returning to our different rooms.

- - - - -
Tare om kuut, but watch it next time.
- - - - -

14. The Youngs phoned 403 at 1045 the next morning to warn me it was pretty near time for breakfast. J&dy, Pat & Howard Lyons Kirs, Ted, and myself assembled in more or less good order and went off to fuel up--Ellik went to church. (Are you listening, ATom? Derek Pickles?) A few minutes talk in J&dy's room before it was time to go vote for Achievement Awards established the source of the disposable diapers that had plugged the water closet in 403 the evening before...I'd had all sorts of dreadful visions of the repercussions in fandom if it had turned out to be the fault of one of the people sleeping there; then off to receive the first of a number of similar surprises when we saw the poll ballots. More of this later.

Susan Margaret rather starred this time--I hope it won't go to her head--on the panel, and before that she'd prompted one of Asimov's jokes. Ike was walking toward the podium when he spied Susan in Jean's lap, and he stopped to ask what kind of infant it was. Jean told him, a girl; he nodded and leered:

"Aha...the kind men like!"

I still recall:

The panel of Science Fiction Experts featuring Susan Margaret Young, perhaps as a concession to the Seventh Fandom element. Would that all neofans had such prudent flashes of silence! Very should be made their idol...

A bit of a flurry in the audience as Bob Silverberg was asked, "Who is William Atheling Jr.?" I don't believe everybody understood the significance of the Event when he told us...

Harlan Ellison being asked the reason for the use of pen names, and replying that it would look odd to see a table of contents' right column consisting of "by Harlan Ellison, by Harlan Ellison, by Harlan Ellison, by Harlan Ellison."

It was not what they call a Happy Thought; one of the panelists seconded him with "Very!", and an old-time faaan from the audience called:

"What makes you think you're better than Shaver?"

It was sometime around this hour that the dirty work began--the dirty type dirty work, I should say, as distinguished from open and aboveboard dirty work. Ellick sent Kirs a note:

"Your pictures are missing from the easel--the Smiths and Horses." (For a display of faaan art had been set up near the registration desk; Kirs had a painting of Ron & Cindy Smith.)

Alex shrugged it off: "Nice to know I have admirers. It happened before in grade school. Same person, maybe..."

But the Kelly Freas painting for the cover of I Libertine turned up missing presently, too, and so did some Air Force miniatures. (Sturgeon got the cover back--or rather, somebody found it and turned it over to him.) Later I heard of Stephen Takacs' having fits when a clutch of early-teens neofans strolled into the dealers' display section--nobody was there--and began to browse selectively through the stock before he returned. Well, Harlan's article should have warned us what to expect...

 "It's those neofans from Zamora that're causing all the trouble."

15. Schyler Miller gave his survey of SF Books, rather putting club votes down in his assessment because they (voting en bloc as they did) rather weighted things. The top books--as quickly as I could take them down, and deploring my inability to take shorthand--were Adventures in Time and Space, City, The Martian Chronicles, More Than Human, Slan, The Man Who Sold The Moon, The Demolished Man, ASF Anthology, Childhood's End, 1984, World of Null-A, Foundation, To the End of Time, Who Goes There, Brave New World, Seven Famous Novels of HG Wells, The Green Hills of Earth, The Humanoids, Mission of Gravity, Lest Darkness Fall, The City and The Stars, The Illustrated Man, Space Merchants, and Prelude to Space. Five of 'em got away, and all because Pschy Miller can talk faster'n I can scribble...

Don Ford had had to go back to Cinninnati on account of a death in his family, so there was no TAFF report; instead, Miller was followed by Ted Carnell with a report from England of which I fear I remember only one part; Ted glancing out

over the audience and with British diffidence observing that there seemed to be more pros present than there were faaans. There was a spatter of applause from the audience and a sotto voce remark from J*** M*****: "Did we have to send to England for somebody with sense?"

Next item on the program was an address on "Fiction and Science Fiction", by a Guest Speaker. As the last Guest Speaker was supposed to have been an Air Force Major General (who couldn't make it at the last moment) speaking on "Science and Science Fiction", I decided to avoid this guest-speech like plague. Fool that I was!! It turned out that this Guest Speaker was Ted Sturgeon, with a speech that was one of the highlights of the convention program...

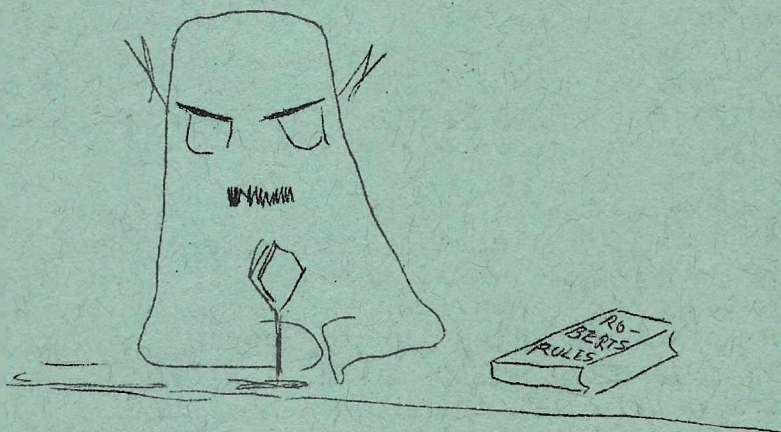
Thirty minutes coffee break and John W. Campbell jr. was to speak on Psionics, then take part in a panel discussion of it.

Fond du Lac, City of Mysterious Telegrams

16. Campbell spoke at some length; happily I recognized him from photographs. If I hadn't, I'd've taken a bet that Ray Palmer was up there behind the rostrum...

His theme, title of the speech to the contrary notwithstanding, was his immunity to question; all he had to do, he maintained, was to bring forward apparent infractions of the laws of nature; he didn't have to seek or offer explanations for them.

As he phrased it, his case went something like this: there are an infinite number of possible explanations for any set of



Sprague de Camp

Jean

phenomena. Therefore, when people meet his account of the Heironymus machine with the query "have you tried to find out whether such-and-such mayn't be the explanation?", he isn't going to bother replying to them, because they could back him into a corner and he won't let himself be cornered. All he has to do, he claims, is to bring up these odd results and let the people who are paid for it worry about the explanation, because the results are there (I forget whether he pounded the rostrum during this phrase) and it's up to the scientists to explain these FACTS!

Here we go getting serious and constructive again. And please consider that, inserted at appropriate points in the following, there is the phrase "(you realize, of course, that I'm just expressing my own opinion, but...)"

Campbell's all wrong in this attitude, both factually and psychologically. As for the factual angle: JWC is no disembodied Spirit Which Denies, but a responsible, educated human being. He has no business, therefore, acting the part of a streetcorner heckler (Categorical Imperative and like that, y'know); true though it may be that there are an infinite number of possible explanations for the Heironymus machine's reactions, nobody expects him to try all of them. What is needful is that he do what lawyer Speer might call Establish Good Will; that is, do enough constructive work, besides his criticism, to demonstrate that he isn't merely looking for fun and/or cheap publicity by fostering another Shaver Mystery or Moon Hoax.

As it is, Campbell doesn't give the impression that he wants to make the study of machine Psionics as respectable as, say, that of ESP/PK. One should think that nothing would be so obvious a move as building an Heironymus machine with two or three tactile areas, for use by several persons simultaneously; yet when Sprague de Camp remarked that it would be a nice thing to have an Heironymus machine with "something like a needle, that a number of people could watch at the same time", JWC apparently didn't even see the possibility; at any rate, he only brushed off the suggestion (seemingly seizing on the "needle" idea, rather'n the "multiple-observer" idea, as being de Camp's meaning) without a word about any experiments he may have made on multiplex machines.

Thus we lead into the psychological angle of Campbell's wrongness. His attitude is the same as that of the Rosygruesomes, the Scientologists, or the Shaver Cultists; the line of "I don't have to argue with you; you've got to come to me for the Ultimate Truth because I've had Experiences You Haven't Had." It may be that the Heironymus machine is something, it may not; but as Campbell himself has pointed out, life's only so long, and people must judge, at times, on bases other than experience because experience just isn't obtainable at a reasonable cost in time/trouble. Then it is that attitudes are particularly important; and if Campbell acts like an Occultist he'll have nobody but himself to blame if his contentions are treated accordingly.

 "The women in Boston look like William Rotsler's fat worms"-AY.

17. Everybody I knew had vanished, and I decided to dash down to the Automat for dinner. This was the evening of the banquet, and I wanted to be fortified...

The banquet at the NYCon II, you see, had been pegged at \$7.10 (rather'n \$7.75 as originally intended) and the convention committee, mad fools that they were, had estimated that 400 fans would be present.

Tucker in protest took his Acolytes over to the Brass Rail --I knew they'd wind up down in the bar!--and stood dinner and drinks for all eleven of those present, plus himself. And picked up the tab, which at that came to only a bit more than five banquet tickets.

But Tucker and Horde were back at the hotel when I returned, they having, I think, been driven from the balcony by house detectives so they couldn't hear Al Capp's speech. There was a bit of indignation over this; the con committee, as nearly as we could figure out, had meant this move as an encouragement to buy more banquet tickets. Unfortunately it didn't work so well as an encouragement, since they'd neglected to make it clear that that was what they were planning.

Anyway, the Acolytes sat on the stairs and talked till the house detectives chased us off; then sat out in the exhibit hall till the house detectives came up and tried to chase us away; then Lee Shaw, &dy Young, and myself went out on the balcony and flew paper airplanes till the house detective shooed us away from there. (Air Force press releases soar magnificently, while Viking Rocket pamphlets nosedive like all get out.) We wondered whether we had somehow gotten sent back in time to the first NYCon, with all these exclusion acts, when...

Thanks to Tucker's urging of the people guarding the stair we got up to the balcony in time to hear Bloch make remarks about restaurant reject peas at banquet and sneer at deathless pros like, surprise surprise, Tucker.

I dimly recall Tony Boucher speaking in favor of fewer clothes at conventions, and Lee Hoffman-Shaw muttering under her breath: "So why doesn't he take off his tie?" Bloch thanked Boucher for the bare outline of his thoughts.

It seemed the fannish thing to do.

It was a pity that they'd chased us off the balcony; Kirs and Ellik had wanted to flick cigarette ashes down into the \$7.10 dinners. (And then they actually questioned the efficiency of the Con Committee when it passed the exclusion Act!) Faans hung on doggedly, to the end of the speeches and the presentation of awards; after all the trouble we'd had waiting to get in, it would've been a shame to waste all that ire.

 "I have trouble with locks"-LS.
 "How are you with bagels?"-A.Y.

18. The Acolytes foregathered on the 12th floor after the formal activity was over for the evening. I don't know whether that floor would have been chosen if we'd known there'd be

screaming neofans riding bicycles up and down the hall, or that diagonally across from us there'd be a center of plague; namely, a caucus for a rump convention in America if London, as seemed certain even then, won for '57.

Curiously, the party was a pretty dry one; I don't think anybody had more than two sips of Jack Daniels Number Seven (a rather slimy-tasting whisk/y/ey). Which may explain the trend of the conversation...(fade out narration; fade in:)

What date is proposed for the Loncon? * Around Labor Day, US Style. * Why not Boat Race Night? * It was to be Easter Weekend; that was decided at Kettering. Then Kyle gets up and talks and surprise surprise, date is switched to Labor weekend! * Then why not hold the NYCon on World Series Week? *Yes--in the middle of the African Plains exhibit at the Bronx Zoo... +++++ So we have planned this redone musical version of The Song of Bernadette in SuperColor and SinEnemaScope, starring Esther Williams as Bernadette and Tab Hunter as the young priest. We'll open it with Esther poised on top of a diving tower in a red swimsuit while a chorus of nuns sings "Shaking the Gourds at Lourdes"--and as they reach the last line, she does a hundred-foot swan dive into the cloister's swimming pool. Coming up--with her hair dry and perfectly arranged, of course--she... +++++ What is that pocsarcd? * It's a color photo of the Biltmore. * Aha--feelthy peekchures, huh? +++++ Here's Ellik with the milk for Susan Margaret! * As a gesture of gratitude, Andy and Jean will name their next baby after you, Ron. * They will? Gee--I hope it's a boy. +++++ Sitting in chairs is ! Is there anything real squirrely we can do, now? Dangle from Chandeliers, leap from windows--? * Take off our pants and run through the lobby screaming... * Sure, take off your pants and make yourselves at home. * These New Yorkers are used to Bohemianism, but--that used? * Let's vote on it. * Is it constitutional to vote in favor of taking off people's trousers? * All fandom will be plunged into war--over Andy Young's pants! +++++ Did you have to wear that thing? * This Republican button, you mean? * "Anyone for Nixon"--boiled, or fried? * Roasted, over a fire of buffalo chips! * Thank you, Abney Rotsler. +++++ I remember seeing a letter in a newspaper claiming that the Arabs were fighting Israel because they, the Arabs, were anti-Semitic. * Bob Silverberg doesn't look Jewish--no vest, no paunch, no soupstains or cigar-- * Larry Balint is Jewish, though, isn 't he? * Balint? The old time fan? * I'm pretty sure he is. I've always associated Balintses with Jewishness. * (Horror-filled pause.) * Ech! * It was good! * "Balintses", ech! * Isn't that a German tsay hah? Not "etch", but "ehhh". * Could be. I've always pronounced it "etch". * Well, let's not listen to Eney's etchings right now... +++++ Lee, why are you sticking that pin into your finger? * Just think--somewhere a little wax doll is writhing and screaming in agony! +++++ ...by this time Esther Williams has fallen for Tab Hunter and they sing a duet: "I'm getting sacramental over you". The camera pans away from the clinch to the chorus of nuns... * In tutus. * Tutus? Oh! Yes, the chorus of nuns in black tutus, singing "I wanna get into the habit with you"...

+++++ Ron Ellik has over a hundred pounds of fanzines. * He's not a squirrel--he's a packrat. * You pseudo-Raeburn! * I stand in awe of your wit and humor. * The milk of human kindness in Boyd's bosom just turned to lemon jello. * Oh, Boyd is such a perfectionist that he'd eat popcorn with knitting needles. * Did that slip out, or did you work on it? * Ake ake kia kaha! * Are you French or something? * What's it mean, "don't labialize overmuch"? * "We will fight for ever and ever" in Maori. * Dis must be de place! * To fight for ever and like that? * Suure. See the ballots? * Didn't register. Very frivolous. * They looked like this:

"Best fanzine: Check one:

- A. INSIDE
- B. FANTASY TIMES

Best artist:

- A. FREAS
- B. EMSH"

...and like that. When I saw them, I thought: "So the Police State has finally arrived!" * Who's policed? It took us about 30 seconds, on the average, to dig that last remark fully...

- - - - -
 "It's still Friday for me."
 - - - - -

19. A number of us didn't know what day it was when we hit the deck at 0945 the next morning. It was the hotel phone about a foot from my ear--and about six inches from poor Ted White's--that blasted us in 403 out of the sack.

Never having been to a convention before, I didn't know what to think of the size of the group that assembled before L. Sprague de Camp about 1000. ("Kyle knew I raised animals and children", said de Camp later; "I guess that's why he thought I'd be a good man to hold the chair at this session.") It was the business session, held, as usual, before anybody had fully awakened. The first bylaw up for adoption concerned the con's right to eject an underirable member by 80% vote, and was defeated; the second was in favor of organizing a rump "National" convention in the United States if the con went to England, and that's where the dam busted.

Apparently the sponsors of the motion--be warned that it's not clear to me whether any of them were sponsors; I go by hearsay--decided that the motion was doomed if the people actually there voted on it. (One of them tried to read a petition "with seventy signatures" in favor of the rump con, so I presume that even if not sponsors the three troublemakers avored the motion. Unless Machiavelli has a wider circulation in New York fandom than I'd ever dreamed...)

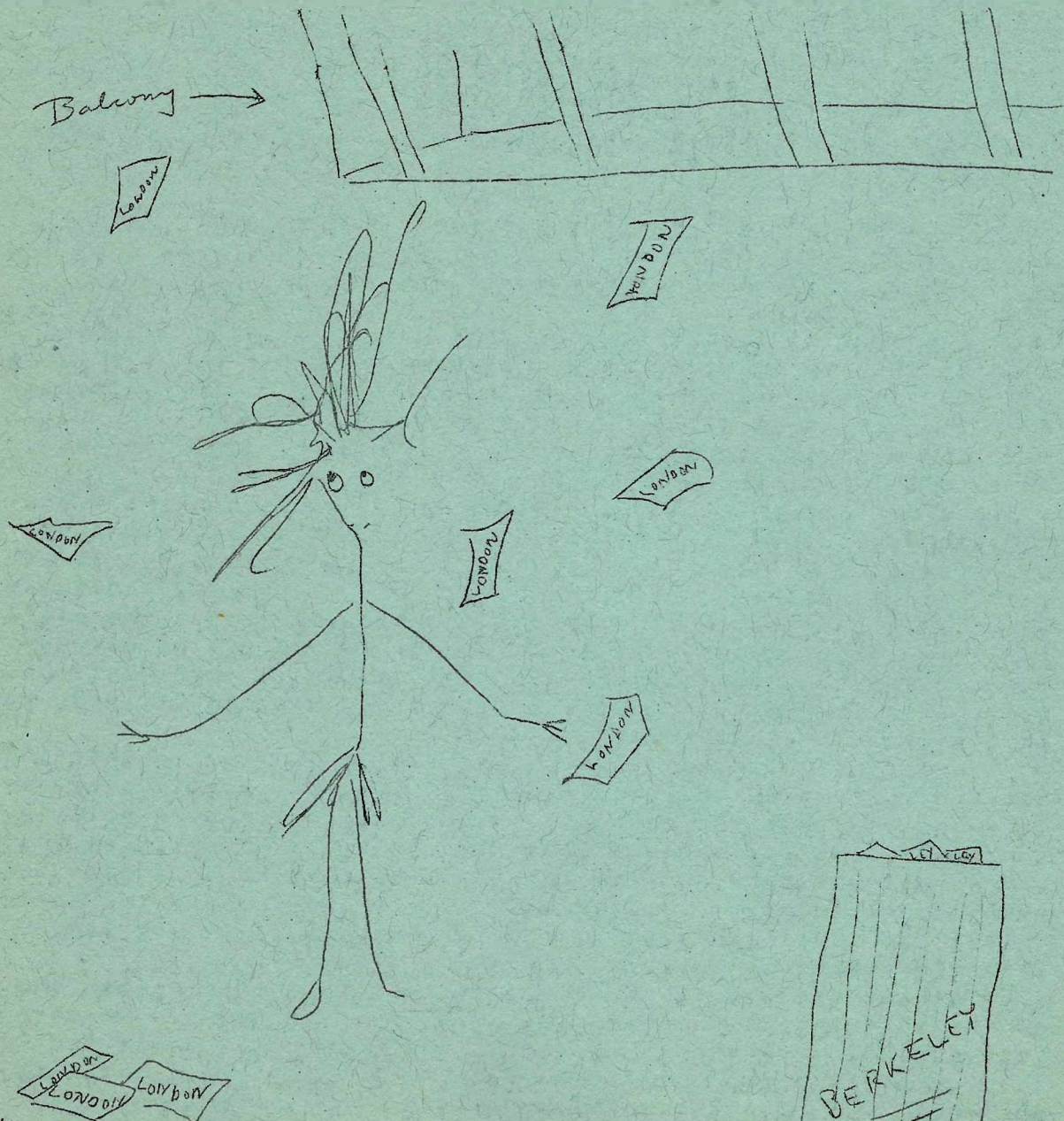
At any rate, whatever their status these three began one of the most intricate series of parliamentary moves I've seen yet--extending the debate (for a nine-minute time limit had been set) by calling for points of order, points of privilege, and what not, and by calling for a division on every dispute. (I thought of "Emile Bayleaf"'s song from "The Resurgent Insurg-

ents": "Factions are all that the NYFanGroups are,/ constantly shaken by interfan war..."

It seemed, after almost an hour during which De Camp displayed truly godlike patience, that something might be accomplished after all, but at last Sprague was forced to rule that there was no quorum present and all the time and breath and patience we'd wasted was for naught...

Everybody went out to breakfast, and afterward we--the DC Mob--packed and checked out of our room, moving our baggage to Jean and Andy Young's room for safekeeping till we left.

It was back to another business meeting then, to vote down two proposed bylaws and pass some others. One of the defeated ones would have banned recruiting at future conventions--a very unkind blow to the Air Force, which, besides having lost about



"It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heavens"

\$400 worth of equipment to the lightfingered, hadn't been doing any very obstrusive recruiting. The other defeated bylaw was the old proposal to have the World Science Fiction Society, Inc. "endorse" some national rump convention if "a foreign city" got the international one; that, too called forth a round of debate.

The bylaws of the WSFS were adopted after some debate, apparently because, after all, if they weren't adopted the WSFS would fall to the ground. Oh, if only common decency hadn't prevented somebody from asking what was wrong with that fate..!

A board of directors (or its cognate) was elected for the WSFS; voting was not by name but by code-letter, which ought to prevent any worry about write-ins.

At last the consite vote; London made it (heck, most of you already know this), beating Berkeley by a lopsided margin. We were sure it'd be snog in the fog in '57--but Ted Carnell, vile pro that he is, promptly backed down on the Englanders' campaign promises. There isn't, he admitted under pressure, nearly as much fog in London as the ads had let on.

 Wetzel is the only True Ghod, and Merrill is his prophet.

20. Some of us felt the need for restoration of tissues and went out at this point for a bite to eat; but all the Acolytes of Tucker were on hand to razz the convention to its grave. Razz it in a refined manner, you understand. We scattered propaganda leaflets on the wake from the balcony--they were the quote-cards ("Remember June 6-13--National Unplanned Parenthood Week!") I'd made up to hand to innocent non-fen in the street, in the best London Circle manner. In the best DC Mob manner, I'd never gotten around to it...

 Watch Raeburn's suave New Zealand face and see what I mean...

22. At dinner ("dinner", awreddy! We'd gone to the Automat again...) we somehow got all serious and constructive, or at least Jean, Sean, and myself did. It was perhaps the graveyard atmosphere surrounding the dead con; anyway, we got off on a discussion of the mystic experience.

I constantly wonder why people attach such Significance (pronounced so the capital sounds) to this mystic experience as being Proof of...well, whatever they're favoring in the line of cosmological/religious conceptions. Jean and Sean, happily, have too much good sense to go developing the Foundations of the Universe from their experiences...

I forget how Sean described his, except that it involved an illusion of levitation; one of Jean's m.e. was sitting in a quarry (I visualized a hot Saturday afternoon, though she didn't say) and envisioning the strata exposed there spreading out, in all their ramifications, across the face of the world...

It reminded me so much of one of my own "mystic experiences" that I broke in as soon as I could, to compare it. The one

in question occurred about six years ago, when I managed to send myself off by watching Venus and the new moon come out in the evening sky and visualizing the relationships they held to each other, the sun, and Earth before I rode into a ditch and knocked myself silly. I should have stopped the bike and gotten off first.

Skipping the comic-relief business, I'd like to know why people insist on a Deep Meaning within these abnormally acute imaginative visualizations. (People may say that what I experience isn't really the Mystic Experience; it is, however, just like the descriptions of it I've heard/read, and I don't see how it can be disqualified without using the "it-just-doesn't-sound-right-to-me" type of argument). And granting the possibility that somebody may attempt such an explanation, let me warn them that the next question will ask them to explain the Deep Meaning behind the M.E. I once sent myself off into by contemplating a bacterial culture of typhoid germs...

But back to the con.

 I want to wash that Jack Daniels aftertaste out of my mouth

22. That's where we went, for, though it was officially closed, Bill Grant had scheduled a movie show for that night. He was found eventually after Elik had been sent to hunt him (somebody called this "sending a squirrel to find a woodchuck"), and the last of the convention saw about thirty people watching previous conventions carrying on (as recorded on 8mm film) and, as interludes, observing the masterly way Charlie Chaplin and Harry Langland won the First World War single-handed.

It was about 2430 that the DC Mob plus the Youngs went out for coffee and thus, quite by accident, wandered off the stage just as the NYCon II was about to pass into history. For when we returned the fans had vanished into nothingness, as did the mystic city of Jonbar...

 Damn it, I heard PW!!

23. Now gives it a bit of an inquest.

The NYCon II was the ultimate corruption of the "Bigger and Better" routine that cons have been following since, approximately, the Chicon II. I hope it'll at least kill that movement; some good should come out of it if there's anything in the belief that no evil is uncompensated by good. But it isn't worth the price; it reminds me of the time Murray Leinster converted Russia into a radioactive desert (in The Murder of the USA), to keep future nations from even thinking of aggression. Surely, the memory of that \$1500/700/400 (whatever the final figure was) deficit will bring con committee members screaming out of nightmare from now on if they even think of attracting 2000 faaans; but the blow is an overhigh price even for that service.

If Kyle and the WSFS have succeeded in committing economic suicide, it's at the price of giving fan conventions a dirty black eye; and that's an evil almost worse than the disease. I never thought much of the idea of the WSFS (if I wanted my recreation turned into a Big Business I wouldn't've had to enter fandom); still, better a live parasite which we could eventually purge than a bad name for defaulting.

 Conversation, not jokes I can't understand!

25. The con as a whole? Never had more fun in my life, man! What, you think I went for the formal program or something?

"Memory never is the thing remembered, but...where there is a memory, there normally has been a fact of similar structure."

--AEvV



This fanzine you are holding in your hands is ONE/FOURTEEN, representing the number of conventions fandom and myself (reciprocally) have enjoyed. It's a one-shot convention report, typed by Richard H. Eney of 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Virginia, USA. Illustrations are provided by Jean Young, That Good ~~Man~~ Artist, to whom thanks are due from me. This is Operation Crifanac XCV, and you get it because

You are in SAPS, FAPA, OMPA, or maybe the Cult
You are mentioned/reviewed/criticized in here
You are a Deserving Person

From
RICHARD H. ENEY
417 Ft. Hunt Rd.
Alexandria, Va.
UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA

To:

QWERTYUIOPress