



John de Courcy, Chairman
Juanita Sharp, Executive Secretary
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NORWESCOIN

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Excerpts from EFFIGY

CONFIDENTIAL PROGRESS REPORT ON 3TH WORLD SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION!!

To allay the fears voiced by those who are shallow in faith and a bit lacking in confidence, this report is aired with the knowledge that all former convention workers will recognize that here, for the first time, someone has dared to open the filthy recesses of chicanery and deceit of a convention committed to those entitled to know. The mentally inept may believe the report a farce, but the remainder will gain their amusement before and during the convention and not after it.

Upon receiving the bid for the convention from the conclave at Cincinnati there was a casting about for officers to head and operate an organization. A large majority of Portland Science-Fantasy Society members had reorganized the society and were prepared to back any candidate other than Donald E. Day. At the first meeting of NORWESCOIN, Don Day gracefully declined to run. John de Courcy was elected chairman. Others not declining office were Juanita Sharp and Ruth Newbury.

With the monies sent on from the Cincy group and early memberships, all coming to more than two hundred dollars—apparently safe in the bank—John de Courcy began purchasing office supplies: manila folders at three cents apiece, card indexes at sixty cents apiece, letter trays for incoming and out, long mail at one dollar and twenty-five cents apiece, card files, transfer files, and other, "immediately vital necessities".

At the next meeting, no supplies having been used, Juanita Sharp, at de Courcy's behest, estimated the eight dollars worth of supplies that she had never seen as reasonable, and, indeed a bargain, for the sum of thirty dollars. Since they had been purchased for only twenty dollars, there was instant celebration. The instant over, a member suggested that, perhaps, a less precipitous headlong expenditure of convention funds would be a wiser course. Chairman de Courcy immediately offered his resignation on the grounds that any restraints placed upon his powers as chairman would so severely handicap him that the weighty burden of chairmanship would become completely unsupportable. All the members seemed properly abashed at this intelligence.

At the next meeting it was held that a limit should be placed on the number of blank checks in the possession of the chairman. It was further stated that one would be all he needed. Chairman de Courcy,

his integrity impugned, offered to resign. Our chairman had evidently formulated this sterling principle as a standard of procedure on his ascension to office; to date he has resigned five times, the last time (perhaps) over the color of the ink to be used on the membership cards. In spite of repeated acceptance of the offers, his efficient method of entangling himself and the funds, and having his name immoderately touted, allows chairman de Courcy to go over on with his faith in himself unshaken. He is, of course, to be especially commended for the dispatch with which he carried out the last issue of the PSFS News Bulletin. He took upon himself this thankless labor after having resigned from the PSFS secretaryship because no one would obey his order to desist from writing to Roger P. Graham (Rog Phillips). In this bulleting of news (financed from the NORWESCON treasury) by dint of much ingenuity he signed himself under the cleverly contrived aliases of "Desil Eistre", "A. Savorus", "Howie Rocks", and "John de Courcy," leaving eight articles unsigned. Then, by dint of much restraint, he referred to himself only thirty-four times if you omit the times he calls himself the NORWESCON committee or the Portland Science-Fantasy Society. Having secretly micrographed this bulletin, master ventriloquist de Courcy thought it wise to include a constitution that had been repeatedly and soundly rejected by the PSFS members. This is another example of his strict adherence to a principle in face of any and all opposition no matter what.

At another meeting, an ultra-violet light generator, reputed by de Courcy to be powerful enough to bathe a forty-foot stage in U V radiation was exhibited by the chairman. The device was built by de Courcy from NORWESCON funds, and only Chairman de Courcy's habitually quick action in turning off the junk-shop contrivance several minutes after it had burned out prevented everybody from realizing that the demonstration was not a success.

These, however are past matters; issues have since been clarified, and it is now possible to see more clearly the eventual course of the coming convention. A listing of some of the more representative accomplishments of the NORWESCON should serve to reassure those who may have been befuddled, by this account, so far. Here, then, are a few activities and personalities in brief:

A number of prominent science-fiction writers and editors have been contacted to listen to speeches to be delivered by Chairman de Courcy who speaks in a low and unintelligible voice.

The NORWESCON bank balance has not dwindled from approximately two-hundred and sixty dollars to less than five dollars. This, it must be hastily appended, is not because of the cash outlay that went for transportation of members, as appears on the check stubs, nor for parking tickets, automobile licenses, food, beer, shops, Christmas cards, and other miscellany having nothing to do with the convention. It was, probably, because of something entirely different.

All mention of the coming convention has been cleverly kept from the newspapers.

It has been deemed politic to refrain from writing to the professional magazines requesting original artwork and other material for the auction.

in the various and sundry hands of those that style themselves "the powers behind the throne". The only use the latter file in headquarters has been put to is to collect crudely-pencilled receipts alleged as chargeable to the NOR-ESSCCN and signed, crudely, in pencil, by John de Courcy.

Don Day is easily and away the most earnest member of the committee. He sincerely believes that anyone who does not take fandom seriously is infantile, or, at best, juvenile. He has been working frantically, writing to all the fans possible, whereby he tells the recipient, shyly, that he is the "power behind the throne" and that one should communicate only with him for the real dope, and then, of course, he hides this activity, as well as Don Day is able, from the other members of the committee.

Ruth Newbury, executing her office as treasurer with decisive grace and aplomb, keeps herself busy by juggling the books and issuing blank checks.

Gerald Waible, claiming membership by ruse of carrying Moe Higbee's membership card #69, has been using the expensive stationery bond of the NOR-ESSCCN for drawings depicting the members in lewd and lascivious postures of loathsome obscenity. His other activities include selling three dollars and fifty cents worth of stencils belonging to the PSFs to the NOR-ESSCCN, thereby retrieving a bad debt from W. R. Ford, illustrator of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, in the process.

Don Day, after giving Dale Donaldson six dollars and fifty cents (charged to the NOR-ESSCCN) to purchase one pint of invisible ink to be used on the membership cards, was heard to complain three weeks later, "That damn de Courcy took that ink out to Troutdale with him." He then added wistfully, "I've written to him and asked him to send me at least a little bit of it." Dale Donaldson, you may understand, had taken the ultra-violet ink to Ralph Rayburn Phillips who was having his hands full misspelling names on the membership cards, when de Courcy somehow chanced on this human chain of bottle passers, and, perhaps, merely stood in line.

F. C. Davis, by methods strong of arm and sleight of hand, possessed himself of twenty-five dollars of the convention money, and quoted the chairman when his defection was made public by saying, "I will put forth great energy and work for the biggest and best convention, but I am not going to take money out of my own pocket."

This same Davis, seeking to ameliorate the situation, followed a snow plow seventeen miles up the Columbia River Gorge and came back through the blizzard with pint bottle plainly labeled Fluorescent Ink among the other bottles. Passing this bottle to Waible, Waible passed the bottle with an air of finality to Don Day. It was found to contain a gelatinous, semi-translucent mass that could not be poured. It was identified, after Don Day had expended heroic efforts to "thaw the frozen ink" and was about to spread the substance on a newly purchased stamp pad with the help of a butter knife, as agar gel. Don Day, beating his head on the celerator wall, was advised to find a brick wall; it was felt that it would redound to the benefit of NOR-ESSCCN. No sympathy was tendered him since it was recalled that a sticker design not meeting with Day's approval, after approval of the committee, was stolen by Don Day, altered by Don Day, and given to the lithographer without the knowledge of the committee.

Juanita Sharp, a typical fan, bought ten dollars worth of stamps for NORWESCON on de Courcy's order and was to place them in the abandoned headquarters at 1219 N. E. Roselawn; she took them to Don Day by some agreement not yet brought to light.

Gil Williams, George A. Broon & Company's drug salesman par excellence, perhaps owes his success at peddling drugs to the NORWESCON committee. Indubitably, this has kept him from interfering with the activities herein enumerated.

Twenty-five dollars and twenty-nine cents have been spent for postage. Nine dollars and no cents has been accounted for as traveling expenses. It is further alleged that ninety-five dollars and twenty cents have been spent for lithography. This statement is included here to scotch the rumor that there is no accounting for where NORWESCON'S money has gone.

There has been some light-hearted jesting by ten or fifteen members about leaving town, but they won't make it unless there is a substantial increase in the funds at their disposal. But that there will be a convention in Portland, September 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, should not be doubted; there are enough die-hards to furnish the guarantee. It has even been believed that this report will increase attendance by a few optimists.....(End of Excerpts)

OPEN LETTER

Dear Member:

You are our right hand, and our left, without you no hands would steer the noble bicycle NORWESCON onward to success. To those who have read this report with retching, we advise you to reread it carefully and try again. To those who have been convulsed by paroxysms of laughter, we must advise you to take fandom more seriously since there are literally dozens of human beings who have thrown their whole soul into it with all solemnity. To those that believe the confidential report to be illegitimate, fraudulent, or in error, we advise you to send for a notarized copy inclosing one dollar to cover the cost of notarization.

Your reporters have been the self-same editors of EFFIGY, the exclusive fanzine that dares to print anything under the byline, "A day and night stand against a hotbed of Pollyanism. One dollar a copy; obtainable from: EFFIGY, 9109 S. W. Oleson Rd., Portland 19, Oregon. All subscribers, however, must furnish a complete record of himself, including: IQ, personality characteristics, attitudes, physical make-up, stage of semantic illumination, and a release covering all information sent to the editors. Monies are returned if the potential subscriber does not qualify.

Please address all enquiries concerning the PSEB, the NORWESCON, and EFFIGY, to 9109 S. W. Oleson Rd., Portland 19, Oregon. Your reporters will uncover the facts and send them to you. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with your questions; if a release is needed for intended publication, include one dollar.

Now, honestly, wouldn't it be worth the petty inconveniences of a sojourn in Portland during the convention to be able to confront all these characters you have been hearing about? Hmmy

Your EFFIGY editors