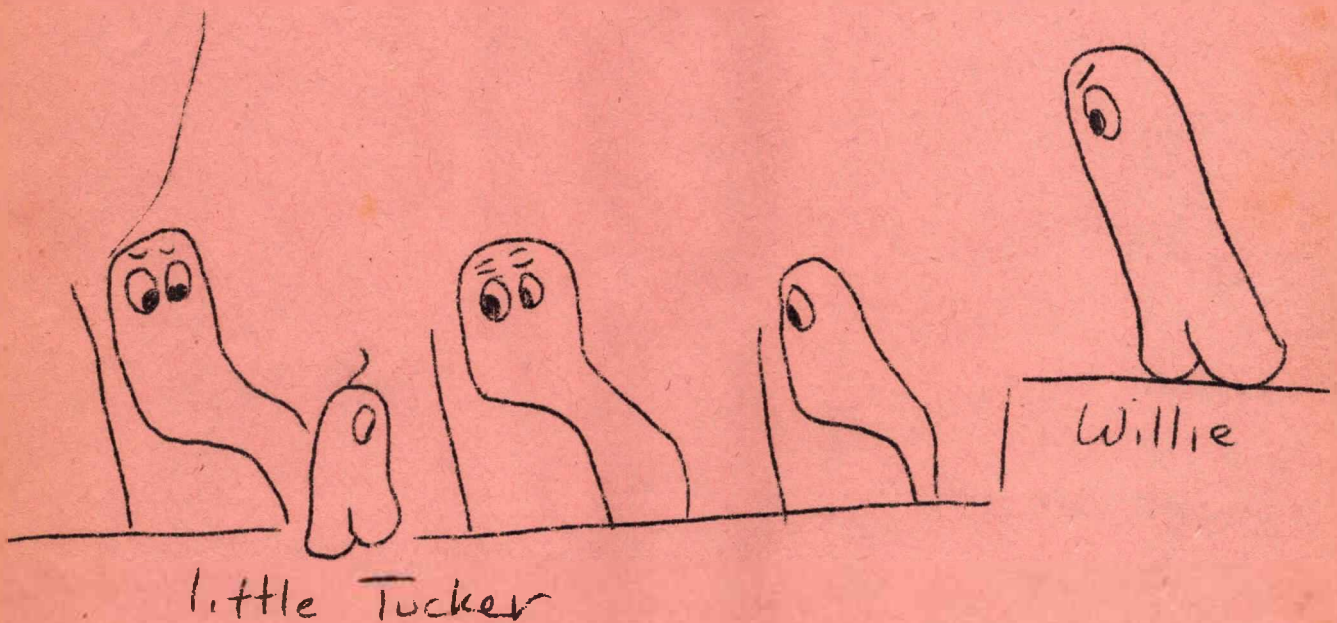


IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

AN INADEQUATE CONVENTION REPORT



The above title courtesy MARTY GREENBERG

Max Keasler was not there speaking epigrams at every opening of the mouth. Walt Willis was not there draped limp with weariness over a chair but prepared to represent IF at the drop of a pun. Nor were many other fine people, but perhaps it is just as well. The mass of fun-loving, delightful, entertaining and remarkable people there, bordered on critical. One more personality the ilk of Walt or Max would probably set the whole think off and blasted Fandom into Infinith (*)

I went to this convention, thos Cleveland sortie. I decided some-time in August to go. So I packed by grip, clutched a fold of cash in my grubby little fist (including a wooden nickel that I later passed off on some foriegner) and caught the milk train to Cleveland. Some thirty or forty hours later, I arrived there. The tale of my train ride is long and muddled, interspersed with occasional cat naps.



My arrival at the convention hotel was somewhat more interesting. The hour was late, or early depending on your point of view. Some other fan was arriving at the same time. I recognized him as a fan by the large cardboard box which was his luggage, but never did find out who he was. My own luggage well in hand I blundered into the hotel and asked for my reservation.

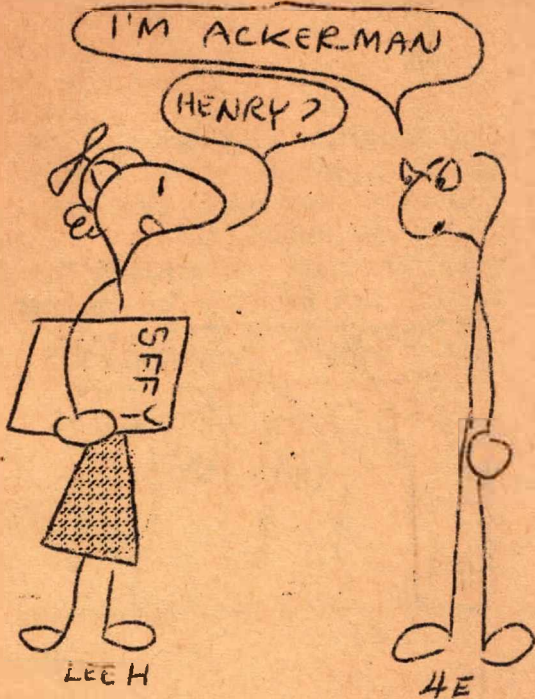
Huh?

They had lost all record of it (I was worried about the deposit I sent with it, but that they had not misplaced.) Someone sneaked up behind me and greeted me. Assuming that he was a fan, I snarled and went on to my room. I later discovered him to be Bob Madle, whom I have met before. But at that time I doubt if I would have recognized Shelby Vick.

I retired.

Moring broke with a crash. I opened one sleep-weary eye with my fingers and looked at the rosy glow of the venetian blinds beyond which lay daylight. I muttered something, rose, bathed, dressed, etc and stumbled to the elevator. After a half-hour or so it came and I rode down to the lobby. There, I discovered an amassed lot of fannish faces (including one rather brushy one that I later discovered to be Ken Bulmer.) Someone pointed out Mr Bulmer, and I introduced myself as the official representative of the Fort Mudge Steap Calliope Co, come to attend a meeting at the summit with Mr. Bulmer, of the Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Co.

Some of us went to breakfast: the Bulmers, among them. I showed around pictures of my horses and gave the Bulmers Jesse Floyd's invitation to come to Savannah. And after eating we rejourneyed to the hotel lobby. I was in the lobby when Cheech Beldone blew in and took the razzing he received with fortitude and a few foul words.



Larry Shaw, astute fake pro and high official of the Cosmic Circle, came along huckstering subscriptions to the forthcoming INFINITY which he edits. He had the first copy, a rush, with him, it's cover and guts held together cautiously, due to the fact that it had not yet been bound.

Tucker, bearing the banner of the SPWSSTEM, pointed to this as a great victory for his side, but this is yet to be seen.

Other fans were in evidence in the lobby: Kent Corey hawking ALICE, Rog Sims, sans jellied consonance, Jack Hanson, Dave Kyle, 4e Ackerman, and --well, too

many to try to catalog here. Particularly missed were Mack Reynolds, Ted Sturgeon and a number of other raconteurs. But those there carried on well nonetheless.

Lacking clear, lucid, legible or for that matter any except drawn notes, I will not try to chronicle the affair. In my mind it is one long wonderful whirl. Highlights I recall include being dragged up and down innumerable flights of stairs by damon knight, being attacked by a chair while with Larry Shaw, eating peculiar hamburgers and learning interesting facts with damon, Larry and Frnk Robinson, being in a huddle under a table with Pamela Pulmer, Dave Kyle, Larry Shaw, Forry Ackerman and several others who came and went as the evening aged.

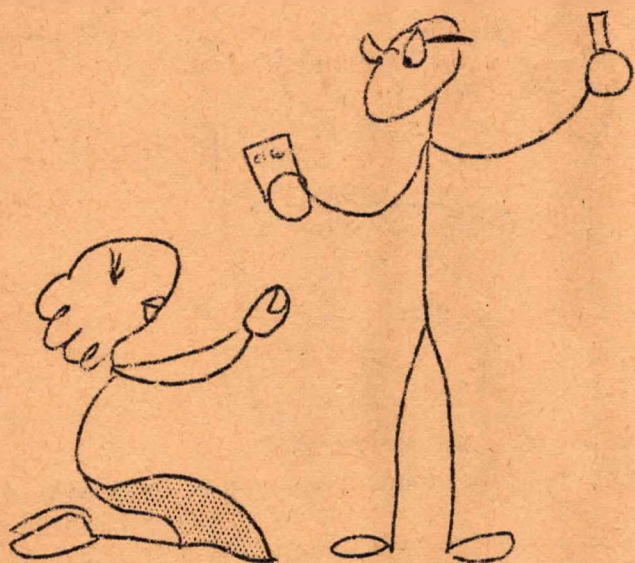
The official program advanced well enough, with Forry Ackerman punning his way through a routine of more than routine appeal in which he was saved from a life of vice. Other speakers spoke and you will no doubt find a recounting of thrir speeches in other faaaanzines. Unless you were there, you will have to read some suck accounts if you want to be able to translate the accompanying pictures, which are provided for the sake of those fans shown there in who can't read.



23rd Fandom (TUCKLET)

Clevention (3)

These drawings are mostly by me, but include a few by Charles Wells, Damon Knight, Frank Robinson and even Larry T. Shaw & Starbeggotten Fake Pro. They will be interspersed with occasional irrelevant, inconsequent or pertinent interlineations from the convention, all of esoteric meaning to those involved. Any of them will be explained to some degree or another on request.

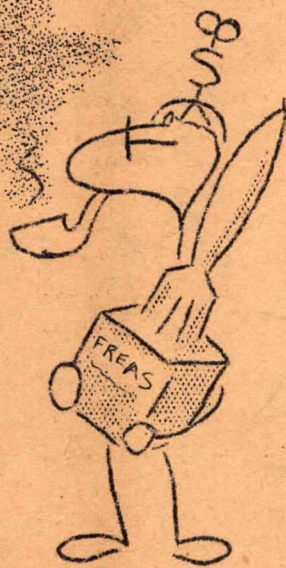


4s¹ Ackerman
being saved
from a life
of vice ----

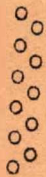
"Ninety nine cases out of ten..."

-Tucker

"Baby needs new dental floss."
- Jack Harness



Larry Shaw
(dirty fake pro)
sneaking off
with someone
else's award





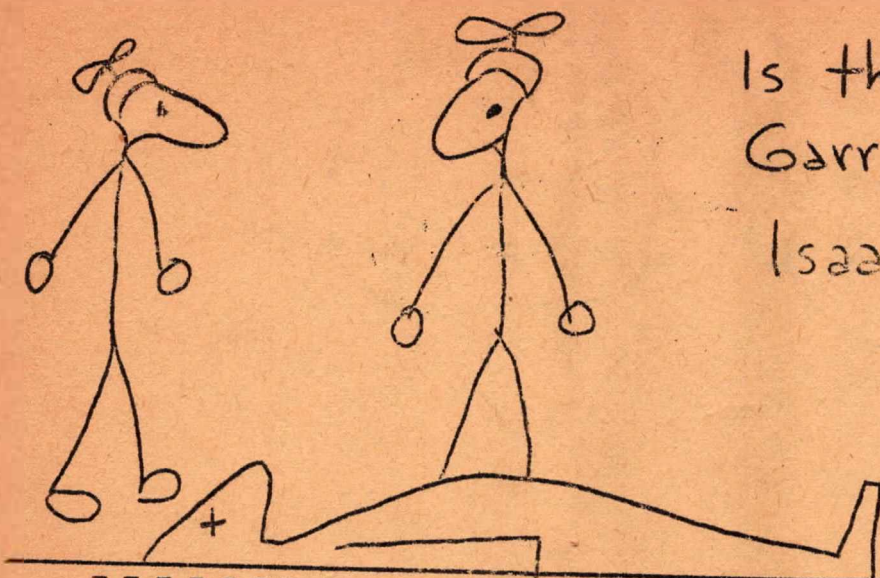
"If basketballs were meant to fly, god would have made them with wings."
 -Asimov



GAY, ROMANTIC
 BOB TUCKER
 ogling
 Evelyn Gold

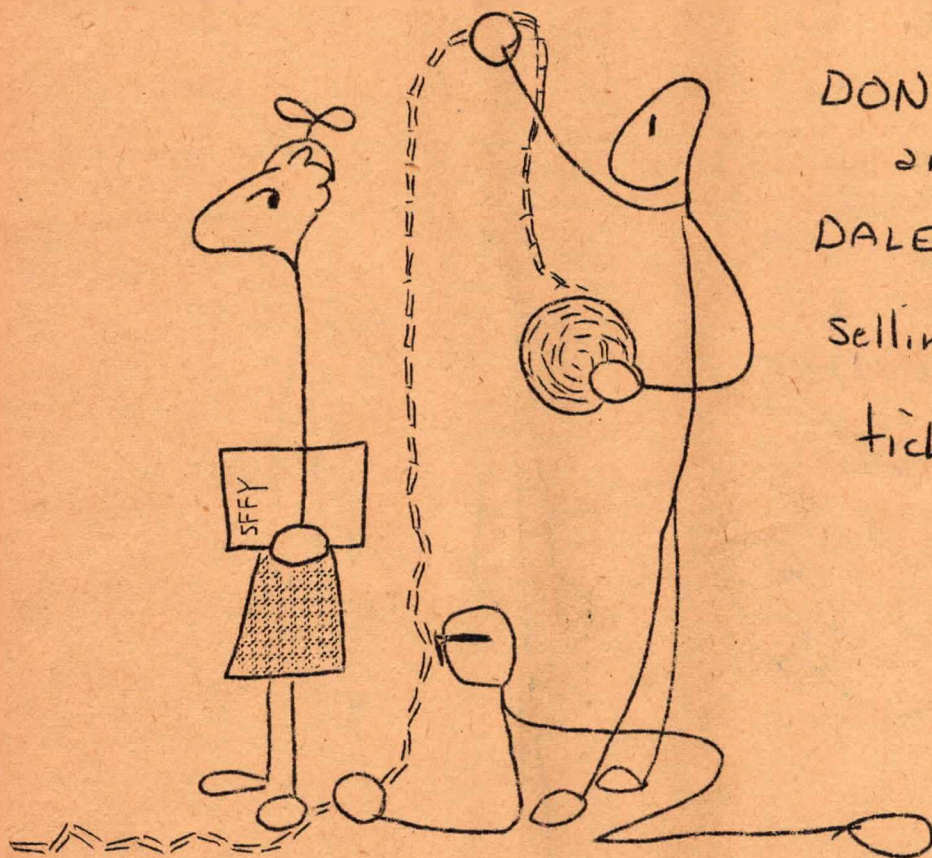
dental floss

HOFFMANOTHING



Is that Randy
Garrett or
Isaac Asimov?

"My name is Jim Harmon and I have a question."



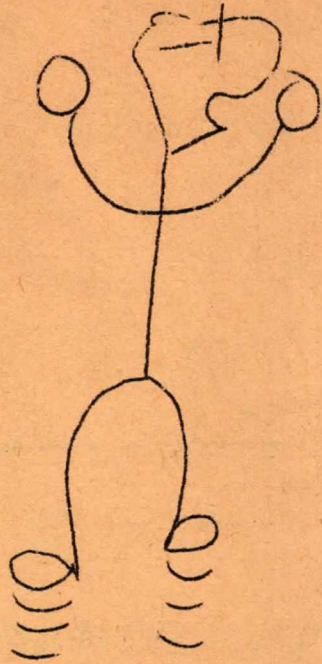
DON FORD
and
DALE TARR
selling raffle
tickets

"The geophysical year will run a year and a half this year."

.....L. Sprague deCamp

Convention (6)

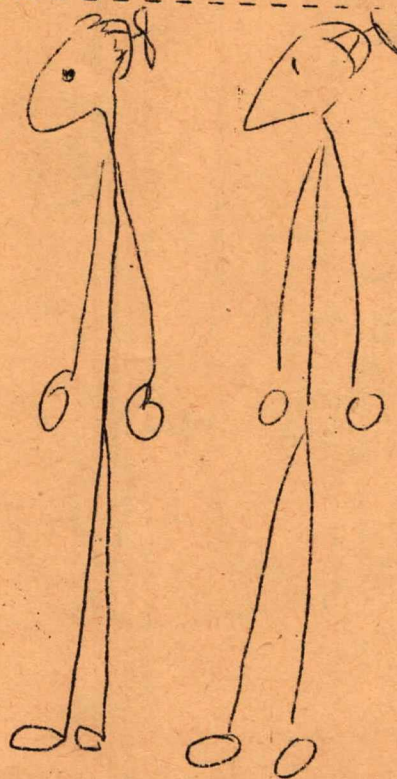
Charles Wells →



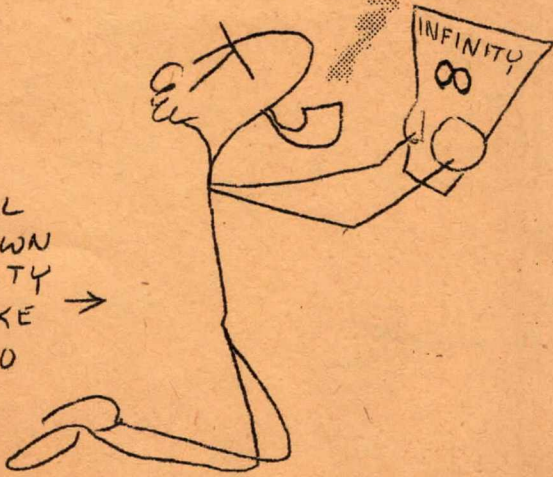
GOSH!
demon
knight!

"How many 'z's in 'risidule air resistance' ?"

I'M SELLING
SUBSCRIPTIONS
TO A NEW PROZINE

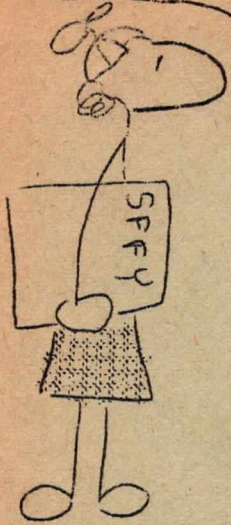


WELL
KNOWN
DIRTY
FAKE →
PRO

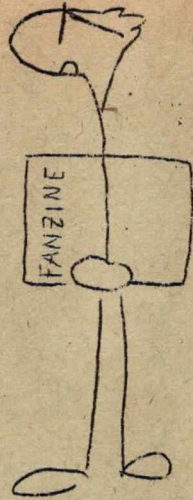


" % * (@ "

MY NAME IS LEE ---



GOSH! LEE ANN TREMPER!

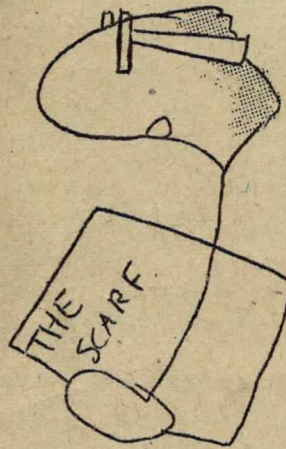


Is that Harlan Ellison hiding under the rug?

"This is the first con that Playboy was mentioned more times during the program than Galaxy."

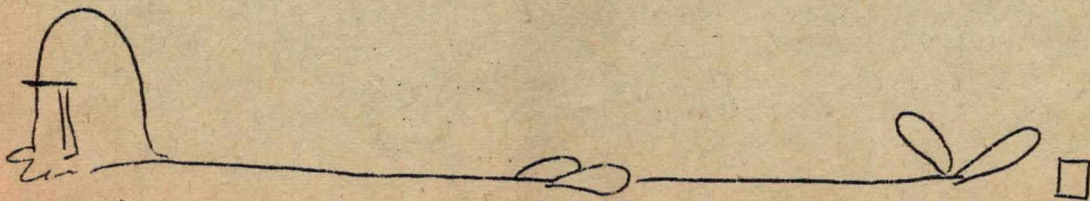
--Jack Harness

I HAVE TO WEAR CONTACT



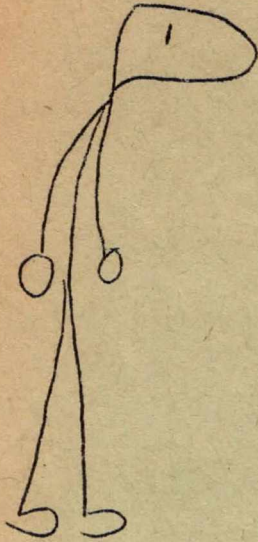
LENSES TO SEE TO MY GLASSES.

I had to stand in line to buy books from Lloyd Eshbach.

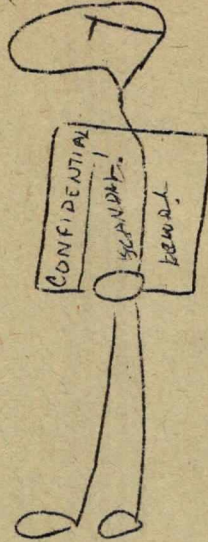


damon knight, wit, bel esprit, brilliant conversationalist,

You take this or you don't get INFINITY!



Newsstand operator



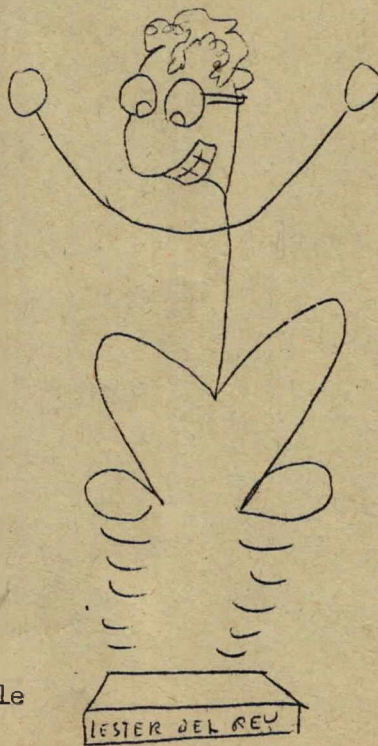
magazine distributor

Randy Garrett attended all the functions...

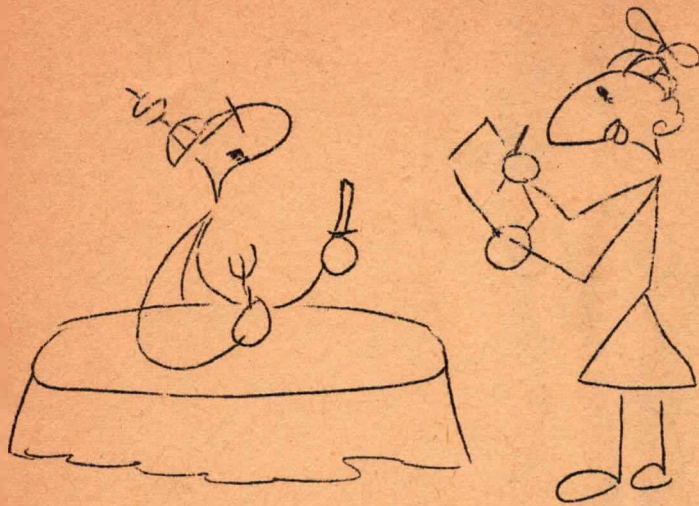
Regarding the Mystery Guest for 1956, Larry Shaw co astute fake pro has said:
"I nominate Claude Deglar."

"I have a perverted sense of humor"
--Doc Barrett

Larry Shaw, damon knight and I and Frqnk Robinson went around to some place where they served "Skybergers and pickle chios" and/or "Boston Strip Steaks." but damon encountered considerable difficulty getting any pickle chips. How did you finally get them, damon, in your bare hand?



damon knight
impartially
critizing
book by
competitor
author



But, Mr Greenberg,
I can't quote
that in a
family fanzine!

"\$

Tomorrow's payday."

the above interlineation by Larry Shaw ∞ is dedicated to Jack Spear.

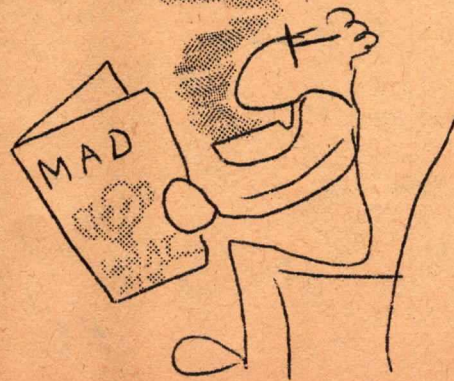


ДМ. А РОБЕРТ
АВЕРНАТНИ

YOU MUST BE ROBERT
ABERNATHY

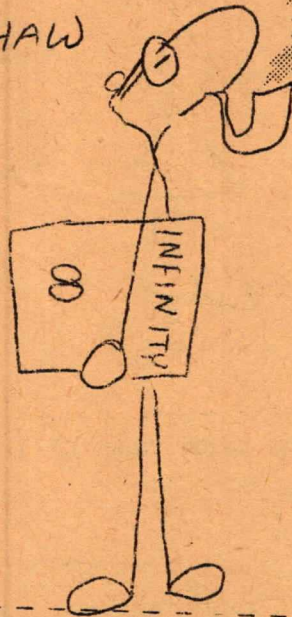
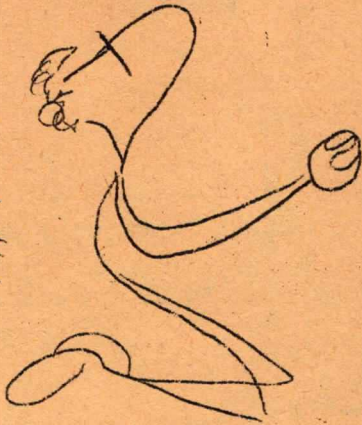
"A novel some twenty five hundred words in length."

Larry Shaw,
astute fake-pro
and high official
of the Cosmic Circle
doing research for
INFINITY ∞



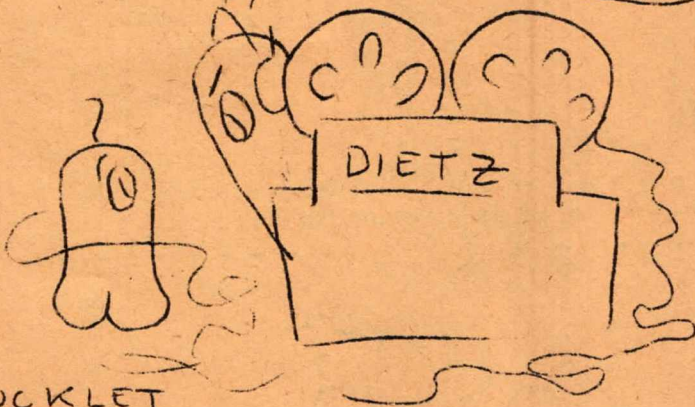
damon knight
selling stories

to LARRY SHAW



someone to SaMoskowitz: "Speak into the microphone. I can't hear you."

NO, I WILL NOT
USE DENTAL FLOSS
ON MY TAPE RECORDER!



TUCKLET

So we sat there eating peculiar hamburgers while Frnk told two different anecdotes at once.

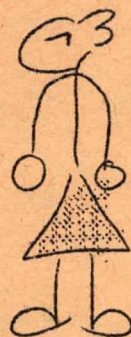
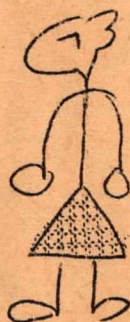
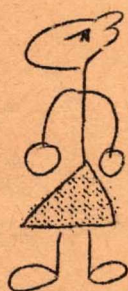
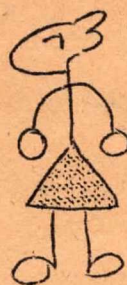
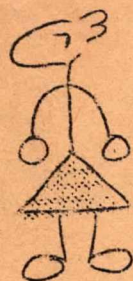
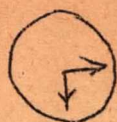
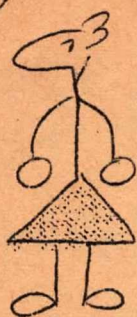
Larry ordered the Strip Steak.

Damon was invited out for another cup of coffee.

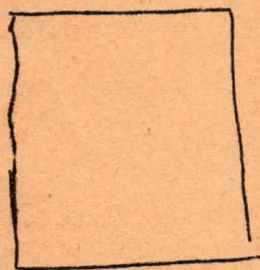
Frnk reminisced about Slan Shack.

"I don't like sex."

—Larry Shaw ©
Starbegotten fake-pro



LEE H and Larry Shaw ∞



ACTUAL
Photograph of
FAIR STEAM

Endorsed
by HKB
for BAVC
and by
LEE H
for FMSCC

HAVE A
BAND-AID?



FRQNK →

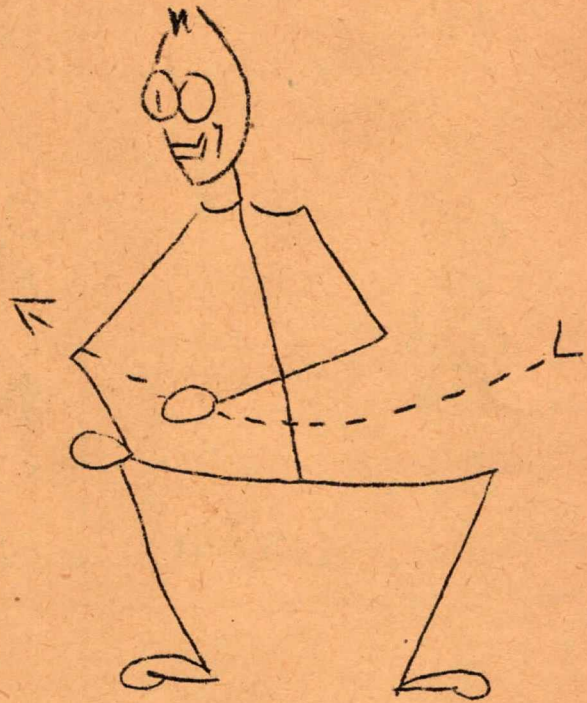


A GALLERY OF DRAWINGS

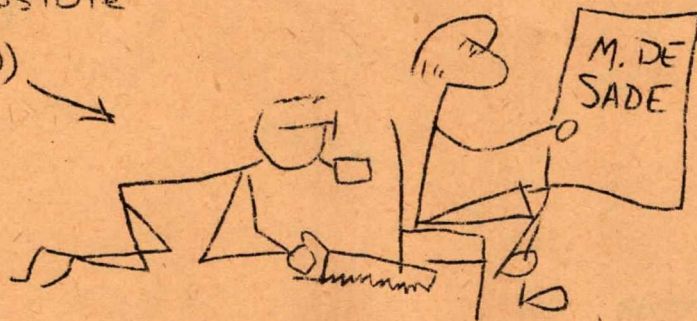
This page by Larry Shaw,
artist laureate of the Cosmic Circle

"Handy all-purpose
illustration of demon
knight describing:-

- (a) a sandwich
- (b) a stf story
- (c) Lee H
- (d) fans in general
- (e) an opera
- (f) etc "

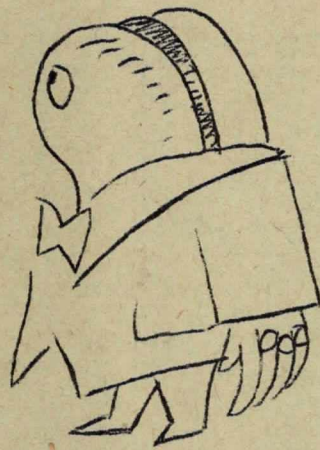
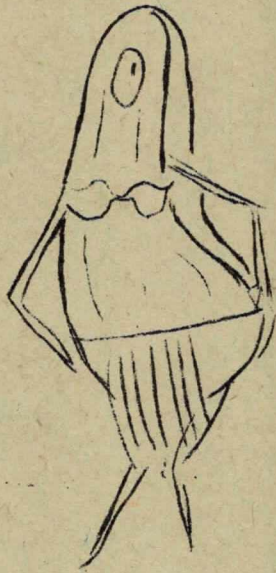


((popular astute
fake pro))



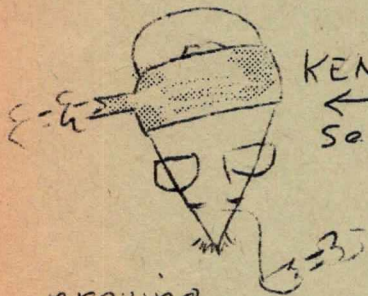
"LEE H, doing research for con report."

original
drawing
by demon
knight



STRIP
STEAK
+
PECULIAR
HAMBURGER

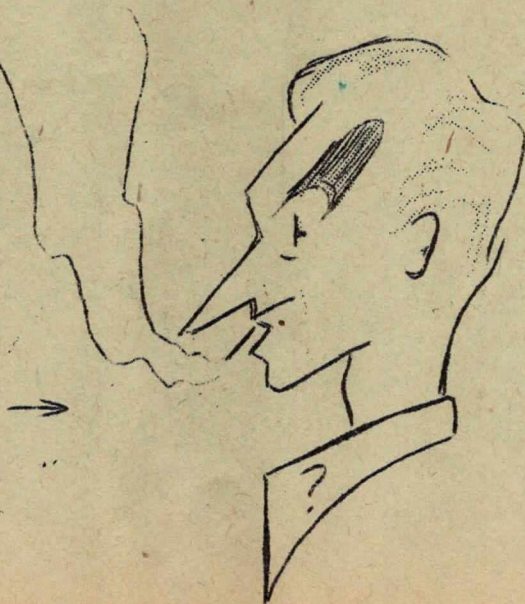
dk



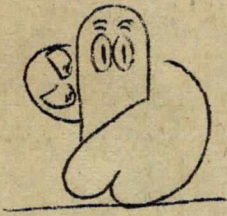
KEN BULMER
Self portrait

proving
 $MV = MV$

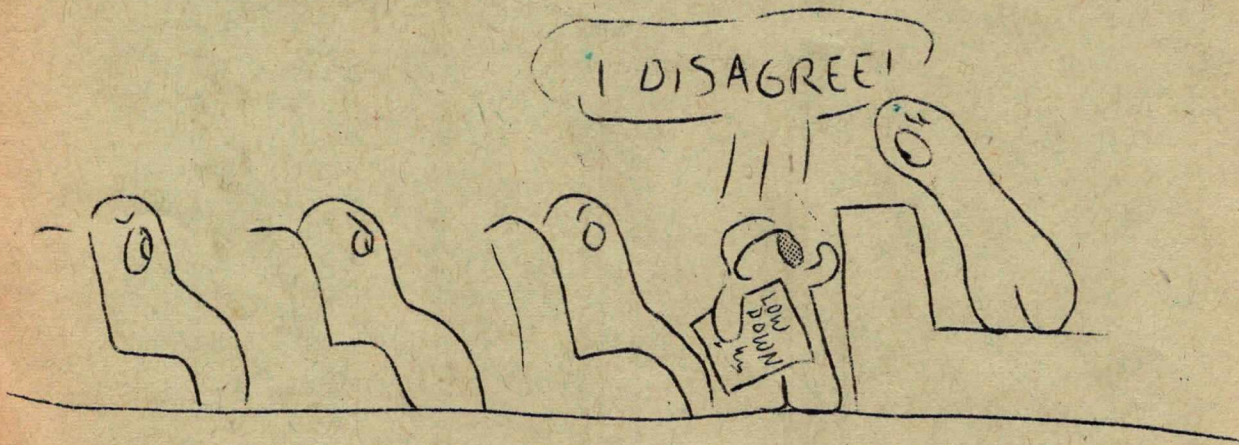
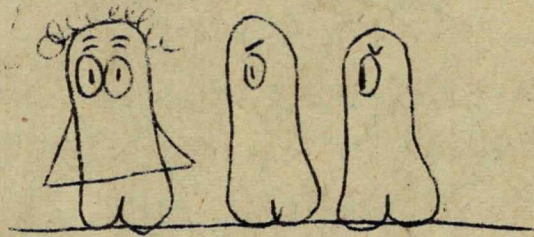
original
drawing
by Frank
Robinson



a page by Charles Wells _____



Ackerman: once around
the block



A SERIOUS IMPARTIAL SURVEY

QUESTION: WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF
DAMON KNIGHT?

ANSWERS:

- Larry Shaw: "Damon Knight is a mean, evil character."
- Ken Bulmer: "damon knight who never sold to Infinity?"
- Bob Tucker: "damon knight? Hooray!"
- 4sj Ackerman: "The poor man's Larry Shaw."
- Ben Chorost: "Larry Shaw? What's a Larry Shaw?" ((Larry Shaw insists that this is in error and should read: "damon knight? What's a damon knight?" but Larry Shaw is prejudiced.))
- Bob Silverberg: "damon knight founded the NSF"
- Dave Kyle: "I simply love his initials."
- Harlan Ellison: ((edited)) (((deleted, that is)) ((we don't want no juvenile delinquents around here, boy.)
- Shel Detchin: "I couldn't express an opinion."
- Charles Wells: "damon knight! I love damon knight!"
- Ken Beale: "damon knight is my inspiration..." (Null A used with special permission.)
- Dave Ish: "I disapprove of his recent groundless attack..."
- Jim Harmon: "I honestly can't see anything seriously wrong with him."
- Walt Coslet: "If he has, he's done it behind my back."
- Dan Tanenbaum: "I don't know."
- Dal Coger: "Why, the skunk!"
- Ray Hensel: "I've heard enough about him."
- Chester A. Polk: " damon knight is a foul and cold-blooded betrayer of old and dear friends and a vicious dispoiler of fannish womanhood."
- The Youngs: "He looks harmless enough."

Clevention
damon knight Survey (2)

Walter French: "Who's damon knight now?" (Which poses the interesting question, 'Is he someone different than damon knight at some other time?')

Rog Phillips: "doman's should only be seen at knight."

unidentified voice: "knight must fall."

Roger Sims: "He's perversed all that is good in science-fiction."

Hack Harness: "Personally I refer cows." (This only counts half as Jack claimed to be quoting from someone else on some other subject.)

Ger Stewart: "damon knight likes only one author - damon knight."

Boyd Raeburn: "A bas damon knight."

John Quagliano: "damxn knight."

unidentified voice: "Coward!" (explanatory note, dk wrote the lyrics for the song rendered to pieces in the skit, but refused to stand up and take his punishment with the rest of the conspirators.)

Robert Bloch: "The last word has been said on the subject." (But he was wrong)

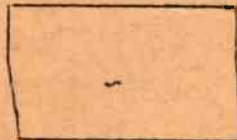
Frqnk Robinson: "Uggggggghhhhhhhhh nnnnnnn." (I'n not sure about this spelling)

Damon Knight: "This is a good cue for me to go to the men's room."

Thaddeus Sweetbreath: "Knight is the seedy shouldered type of individual who likes to get out and fael for it. The cad."
((yed cannot help but think that Mr Sweetbreath has dk confused with Bob Tucker.)) ((does anyone else have damon knight confused?))

BOYCOTT INFINITY !!

The picture to the right shows what Isaac Asimov told LeeK to do to Forrest J Ackerman.



"WHERE THE HELL HAVE I BEEN?"

Cheech Beldone and I were chatting the other day in Cleveland and he asked me curiously, and in a loud voice, "Where the Hell have you been?"

I replied that I did not know. I sort of lost track of myself for a while there. But I am back now, witness this ridiculous fanzine. And being curious as to what brought me back, I sat down and figured it out.

One day I was browsing the pb shelf at the local newsstand. (Actually it is an oldsstand) looking for a good Western. I did not see any, but a name caught my attention. damon knight.

Every fan knows the meaning of damon knight's name on a story. A lot of them, like me, approve. Knowing knight's reliability as a writer, I bought the thing: HELL'S PAVEMENT, the story of "a madcap blonde and her reckless lover" in a "world of rollicking chaos".

I liked it. Enough to want to read more of this Science-fiction stuff. I couldn't find more knight, but settled for Kornblut h in THE SYNDIC and GLADIATOR AT LAW, both of which I enjoyed despite minor objections. Anyway I went back for more of this science-fiction stuff. Seeing no more inviting paperbacks, I bought aSF and Galaxy and went to read them. I read THE FLAT EYED MONSTER and some stuff in Galaxy, and the first installement of CALL HIM DEAD in aSF.

I bundled up a package of money and sent it off to aSF for a subscription.

Meanwhile my FAPA pages were coming due and I tottered on the brink of exclusion. I dashed together some odds and ends of stencils which were lying around, and dashed them into the mails.

Bill Rotsler's KTEIC MAGAZINE came around. And Charles Wells brought me a pre-mailing copy of FIENDETTA. I read them both avidly, discovering the delightful world called "fandom".

There was going to be a convention in Cleveland. I withdrew my life savings from the bank and went. I met a lot of faazans and pros, fake fans and true fans. True pros and Larry Shaw.

And I am putting out a fanzine of my own.

I am a fa-a-a-an.

Dean Grenell: write if you get work.



THE FAMILY AS OF SEPTEMBER 1955

ROG PHILLIPS (great great grandfather)

ROBERT BLOCH (great granpa)

BOB TUCKER (old grandad)

VERY
SINISTER ↘

LARRY DAMON FRONK
SHAW KNIGHT ROBINSON
THREE 16 YEAR OLD TWIN BROTHERS

DAVE KYLE
(pappy)

SHELBY
VICK
18 YEAR OLD
TWIN BRO.

LEE WALT W. MAX
HOFFMAN WILLIS KEASLER
THREE 16 YEAR OLD TWIN BROTHERS

One night at the convention while a group of fans and myself were standing around talking someone brought up the subject of interlineations. Immediately another fan (I've forgotten who) remembered that somewhere (I've forgotten where) I mentioned an interlineation by Larry Anderson which I regarded as my all time favorite. Now this fan said that he didn't particularly like this interlineation. He said it was "nothing." I could not remember at the moment just which interlineation he was referring to, and said so; whereupon he said that proves the interlineation must not be very much because I couldn't remember it even though it was my favorite.

Well, it doesn't prove anything of the kind. At one time or another I have forgotten everything except my name. Naturally, I couldn't forget that, I use it so often. Why at any time of the day or night if someone asked me my name, I could tell them. It's...why it's...well...YOU know. But other things I forget. So I feel rather guilty about writing a convention report. I did not take notes so I can't tell it in order. I can only tell about the people and events I remember, and these people and events will be each isolated from the other.

Now, that's no way to write a convention report. Nevertheless, I present you

THE CLEVENTION

by...uh...oh yes...CHARLES WELLS

I

I couldn't find Robert Bloch all through the convention. I finally had to go begging to Lee Hoffman to introduce me to Robert Bloch. It turned out I had seen him around and didn't know him. It's strange about Robert Bloch: he doesn't look at all like his pictures.

As a matter of fact, it's not just strange, it's tragic. For, you see, when I first saw Bob Tucker (I met him prior to the convention) I recognized him immediately. I had seen maybe two pictures of him, and I recognized him immediately. But when I met Robert Bloch I didn't recognize, though I had gotten numerous letters from him with his picture on top. ^{him}

It saddened him. I can just see him, going to bed at 6 a.m. and crying on his pillow, while dirty old Mr. Tucker gloats and says I Told You So. Why oh why did I ever have to say I didn't recognize him? What can I do to atone for this Thing I have done?

Poor Mr. Bloch.

II

The program the convention put on was better than I expected. They were late once or twice, of course, but obviously the committee had mustered great effort to get together the best possible program they could, and in my opinion they succeeded.

Perhaps the single best episode of the program was the group of speeches after the banquet. Four different people (Anthony Boucher, the toastmaster; Bob Bloch; Forrest J Ackerman; and the guest of honor Isaac Asimov) made humorous speeches, and every one of them kept the audience in stitches. Forrest J Ackerman especially surprised me. His puns are about six thousand times as hilarious in person as they are

on paper, and they're nothing to sniff at on paper. (Seems to me there is a pun in there somewhere, but I won't smell it out.) I wish I could pass on my two favorites here, but it wouldn't be the same if I did. You have to listen to him to properly appreciate them.

Another speaker that I admired was Randy Garrett. He read a poem explaining the plot of the Demolished Man which was indescribably marvelous. Replete with outrageous rimes like a cross between Gilbert and Nash, it almost made me suggest to him that he should start writing poetry for a living.

A copy of the poem is going to be published in the next DIMENSIONS (plug) along with another similar poem and I suggest that if at all possible you who were not there get a copy of it and read it for yourself. I wanted a copy of it to keep, and when I went to Harlan to subscribe he made me take a two year sub. It is not any poem that I would subscribe to a magazine I don't particularly want for two years to get a copy of. And this was worth it.

There was one clinker on the program. During an address by Wally West a short movie made by Pat Weaver of NBC advertising a forthcoming TV program to be put on by that network telling about the scientific marvels we shall experience in 1976 was shown. Now the scientific marvels were mildly interesting (though I knew about most of them already) but Pat Weaver was NOT. He kept interjecting blatantly propagandistic remarks about the Free Enterprise system and Good Old America—a line which came straight out of DAR or American Legion. Now, I don't mind some propaganda to this effect. As a matter of fact I have become used to it. I agree with it—partially. Good Old America has come a long way under the Free Enterprise system. But I resent it being hammered at me over and over every time a new Scientific Marvel has been shown.

I almost felt like apologizing to Ken Bulmer for it.

III

I was the only FAPA officer at the convention, for Sam Martinez unfortunately at the last minute couldn't make it. I kept waiting around for Mureen to introduce me as the Official Representative of FAPA or something but she never did. I doubt if she has ever heard of me anyway. Ah, the ignominy of being Vice-President! Sic Transit Gloria lundī, E Pluribus Unum, and all that.

I did try to get FAPANS together in sort of a 'meeting like I have read past conventions' FAPANS have done, but no one was interested and I couldn't find a proper hole in the program* anyway. Excuses, excuses, excuses.

As a matter of fact, it was remarkable what a small part the fahhish organizations played at the convention. The U of CSFC put on an autograph party, and that appeared to be the end of it. No FAPA business meetings, no NFFF huckstering, no SAPS spiel, and Ken Bulmer never once advertised ONPA (except to private groups, that is: I meant publicly). Why, not even Ted White took up five minutes of the program to talk people into joining the Cult.

And this is very odd, since the movement seems to be toward the organizations and away from general fandom currently. In fact, one Gregg Hodgson, who obviously was not aware of this, tried to tell me that science fiction and fandom were dying.

Even Stephen Takacs seemed to assume that science fiction was suffering at the present moment, tho he blamed it all on the Dirty Old MoneyGrabbers of the Double-day Science Fiction Book Club. I felt like getting up and telling him and all the

*Or anywhere.

the others who talked of a science fiction (what?) depression that we are NOT in a depression. Why even now (and from what several pros said sales seem to be turning upwards now) the stf field is larger than it was when I first started reading stf along about 1950. We are NOT in a depression now, we are simply back to normal after a boom. And the reason for the collapse of the boom is not the Book Club (though that organization has admittedly hurt BOOK sales of its competitors—but not magazine sales, not movies, not TV, and especially not fandom) but simply the fact the too many publishers jump into the field without looking, producing an overextended and overcompetitive field. Great Ghu, we don't have ONLY twelve prozines now; we have 12! That's a LOT!

Gee Whiz already.

IV

The highlight of the convention, for me, was Andy and Jean Young. I went around the convention looking doe-eyed at them the whole time, like. To put it blunt, I LIKE these people. Andy is an astronomer at Harvard Obsvtry. who was worrying about a comet he sent a report out about that no one has confirmed yet. (Maybe it was shy.) Jean is a beautiful geologist-type, which is rare, who is right now working at the observatory feeding machines figures and gathering up the ones they regurgitate, which is even rarer, for a geologist.

The reason I like them so much is that (1) I have always wanted to be an astronomer and (2) I have always wanted to meet another fanne besides Lee Hoffman who was neither a mystic nor an anti-intellectual.

and then burn out.
J&Y (as he would probably call them) will not become BNFs right away. They are too sensible, for that. But if they stay in fandom long enough to let their personalities percolate through, they WILL become BNFs.

Watch out for these people.

They weren't the only people I was glad to meet at the convention. I met Dave English (who surprised me by being there). He was my first fannish correspondent and is still my favorite one. I met Forry Ackerman, who was practically a fairy god, ah, father to me when I started in fandom. (And I didn't say two words to him the rest of the convention. I wish I could have got to know him. Maybe I'm inhibited). And I met damon knight.

BOY did I meet damon knight. I think I overwhelmed him. Or maybe he overwhelmed me. All I know was that I was introduced to him and then the next day when Andy & I started toward him to get a drawing from him on a thing the fanartists at the con were sending over to England via Bulmer—well, he said later he thought I was a bill collector.

I don't believe him.

I know why he ran like a scared rabbit and we had to tackle him. He was scared of us...SCARED. I think I have discovered the Great Secret of pros, and I am going to let all fandom know about it right in this report: They're Scared of fans! Didn't you ever notice how pros cringe when fans ask for their autograph? They're scared, that's why! Did you ever wonder why prozines have fmz review columns when only a tiny fraction of their readers publish them? They're scared!

Doesn't this feeling of power humble you?

AND THEN THERE WAS THE TIME WHEN...

Kent Corey took the mike at the faneditors' panel and valiantly defended his use of nudes in his fanzine ALICE. "It's my fanzine and I'll print whatever I want in it!" he said. "If I want to use nudes I'll USE nudes!" he said. When someone protested that one could find much better nudes in PLAYBOY or something, that nudes weren't stf and did not belong in a stf magazine, Mr. Corey (with a wild wave of the hands) exclaimed, "Well I can print nudes in space helmets, then. I can print nudes in blasters, or..." He was slowly drowned out at this point.

The Littlest Tucker sat in the aisle playing with dental floss (a whole roll!) while Willy Ley, who was attempting to speak on Space Satellites or some such, muttered German imprecations under his breath. But at least it gave some indication of what he is going to grow up to be.

It showed that he has the gumtion to be a true fan.

A certain well-known pro discovered an elevator standing open on the mezzanine. Since he and his feminine friend had been waiting on the other elevator for a fairly long time, he decided to enter it and attempt to operate it himself. While other fans (including your author) looked on in surpsise, he and the femme walked in bravely and looked around.

It was a whole minute before the femme looked down and said, "Look, someone has...ah..."

The pro, muttering "Let's get out of here" in an urgent voice, got out rapidly. Someone had been sick all over the floor.

A nice matron-type fanne listened to a rather off-color joke some fan was telling a group of people, and then suddenly looked shocked and exclaimed, "Good Heavens, that was dirty!"

Stephen Takacs, getting very angry at a remark by Bill Hamling (on the pro-editor's panel) that the latter would like to develop a stable of writers for Madge and Madge Tales, got up and protested bitterly that such a policy would lead to "machine-made fiction."

"That's exactly what I want," Hamling point/out.

"Don't you know," spluttered Takacs, "don't you know that such a policy will lead to machine-made fiction? Don't you know that?"

"But I want machine-made fiction."

Takacs continued to splutter, oblivious to Hamling's mild protests. "I'm just asking you now, don't you know that if you get a stable of writers, you will wind up publishing machine-made fiction?"

It finally took the efforts of a third fan to get ac ross to Takacs what Hamling had been saying all along, that he WANTED machine-made fiction.

Takacs sat down, looking at Hamling as if the latter had just strangled an innocent babe in full view of the audience.

EPILOG

I came home from the convention sleepy but happy. It had been a good convention. I met very few people that I had never heard of before, and almots no one that I wished I hadn't met. No one went around shooting off firecrackers in other people's ears or breaking down doors. Some were noisy at three in the morning, but that was the end of it. (The New York group once descended on a quiet little gathering in the Youngs' apt. at 3 A. M. telling us to come downstairs and take our "liquor with us." Liquor? We were the driest party there. We didn't even have ice water!) I'm GLAD I went to the convention and I came away from it filled with fannish enthusiasm. 58

I am coming to every future con I possibly can.

The Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Co.

The Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Company

In Collaboration

PROUDLY ANNOUNCE THEIR REVOLUTIONARY NEW PRODUCT

FAIR Steam

This brand new idea will entirely change the whole concept of International Relations. Try some on your friends ...

FURTHERANCE of AMICABLE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

Allow some to drift into a room - cordiality appears at once,

for the FORT MIDGE STEAM CALLIOPE CO.

..... Lee Hoffman

for the BULMER AQUEOUS VAPOUR COMPANY

..... H. K. Bulmer

Cleveland 13th World Science Fiction Convention.

3rd September, 1955.

A meeting at the summit.

education dept

In keeping with our new policy of serious, constructive science-fiction fanatic, and for Larry and Damon who doubted it, there follows an article of scientific interest (or boredom, as your particular cases may be)...

BLUE

IS IT WORTH THE TROUBLE?

by
leeh

1

I had planned to cover in this article, the following: light and color, what they are and why, additive color and subtractive color, and a lot of other pertinent subjects, but since you are science-fiction fans you should all be familiar with these already, so I will jump right to my subject, namely BLUE.

To speak of BLUE at all, we need a working definition of BLUE. My dictionary likes to think of it as "any substance used to impart the color of blue" or "anything of blue color as the sea, a poker chip," etc, or even "Of a woman, pedantic". None of these definitions is quite workable in the framework of this article.

So let us try "Blue, that color having a dominant wavelength of 450 to 490 millimicrons". This is quoted from me and seems like a pretty good definition to kick around. But specifically, a color has three attributes: 1) hue, 2) saturation and 3) brightness. Specifically, blue is a hue. It comes in various degrees of saturation and brightness. The hue of any color, including blue, is determined by the dominant wave-length of the radiant energy under consideration. Saturation (or purity) is the amount of that particular wave-length in relation to other wavelengths in the particular radiant energy under discussion. Brightness (as we call it in TV) is the quantity of radiant energy as a whole...the lightness or darkness of the object,

It is the quantity and quality of the radiant energy reflected from an article which gives it its appearance of color. It is the eyeball's (and the brain's) reaction to these energy waves, which enable you to distinguish hue, saturation and brightness.

The eyeball itself is of prime importance in this article. To understand my discourse from here on you must be familiar with the standard cross-section of the eyeball. If you do not have an illustration of same around the house, a good working model can be made with an old eyeball and a razor blade.

Blue: page tue.

You are no doubt familiar with the retina of the eye, with the rods and cones and their respective parts in the Drama of Sight. For instance it is believed that the cones are responsive only to hue and saturation. (We say "It is believed". All this stuff is simply believed. But it is based on some pretty authoritative tomes.) The rods kick around reacting to brightness, and do a good deal of their work in the semi-dark, being the Big Wheels in night vision. Now somewhere near dead center on the retina there is a space pretty near half a millimeter in diameter, which is covered entirely by cones. As you travel away from the center, you encounter more and more rods, until they are in a majority near the edges. This accounts for the fact that at night you can often see an object better if you "look" slightly to one side of it, instead of directly at it.

It is the cone with which we are concerned now. These come in three varieties: red sensitive, green sensitive and blue sensitive (refer to a good text on additive color). The green cones are the most sensitive, the red second most, and the blue pretty inefficient. In daylight the eyeball as a whole is most sensitive to greenish yellow light. In night vision, the luminosity curve shifts and the eye is slightly more receptive toward green. Don't ask me if this varies with daylight saving time.

The eye is far from perfect. It has aberrations. Some eyes are worse than others. These aberrations come in two particular types. Maybe more. The first is "spherical aberration" which is inherit in the simple lens. Light rays entering the lens near the outer edge come to focus nearer the lens than those rays entering at the center. The eyeball compensates this by providing an iris to cut out the edges of the lens, using only the center, and by varying the density of the lens so that it is more refractive in the center, and by varying the curvature of the cornea. But this doesn't solve the problem completely. And there is also "chromatic aberration" to worry about, which is what we've been building up to all along.

Lenses being what they are, light rays of different wavelengths come to focus at difference points. In grinding glass lenses this need be taken into consideration. It must also be considered in the construction of an eyeball. The short wave-lengths (like Blue) are brought to focus nearer the lens than the long waves like good old red. This can easily result in a blurred image. So the eyeball hops to and sets about solving this problem in its own manner. First, the eyeball's lens is made of yellow material which filters the hell out of blue. And on top of that the central portion of the eye containing the cones is covered with a yellow substance which pretty near finishes the job. Subsequently very little blue reaches the cones to be transmitter to the brain.

Since most seeing is done with the central portion of the retina small areas of blue may be rather difficult to distinguish. The boys who developed color TV have taken this into consideration. Take for instance this problem of visual acuity. You all know Ben Day and how it works in black and white and in color. Generally, the smallest visual angle at which a person can resolve separate objects is one minute, but there are many factors involved in visual acuity: background, illumination, motion of object, etc etc.

Blue (3)

And the acuity of the eye for differences in hue and saturation is not the same as that for brightness. When the eye cannot resolve small areas of color separately, it sees a mixture of them, as in color Ben Day. As the size of an object decreases we find through experimentation (at least RCA found through experimentation and I took their word for it) that blues become indistinguishable from grays of the same brightness, then yellows become indist. from grays of the same brightness, browns become confused with crimson, blues (if you can still see them at all) become confused with greens. But red and blue-green remain distinct. Decreasing the size of the objects still further, reds become indist. from grays of the same brightness. Small blue-greens merge with grays of the same brightness. So the greatest resolution is seen in green objects, less in red, and very little in blue.

Because of this, large areas corresponding to video frequencies up to 0.5 mc are defined by the color set in terms of hue, saturation and brightness. For objects falling between 0.5 and 1.5 mc in TV reproduction, brightness and saturation information suffice. For items 1.5 mc and above, only brightness information is transmitted. This I realize doesn't make much sense unless you are familiar with color TV. I apologize. It is difficult to write a scientific treatise lucidly in the stick when limited to three stencils space. Next time I'll make notes first.

Anyway, the eye can be pretty much satisfied by a two-primary color system using the orange-cyan line on an xyz chromaticity diagram, as in two-primary photography. But for really pretty color, three primaries give the best results. And color TV uses three primaries giving a greater range than that of printer's ink. Particular toward green.

Back to Damon and Larry, I hope you follow me. The eye, on the subject of blue, is pretty inefficient and might very well be better off without blue altogether.

To mimeographers who like colored ink, keep all this in mind when you start running texts in blue. Don't put an additional strain on the eyeballs. They're overworked as it is.

To anyone who wants to know more on the subject, I can refer only to the RCA Color Television Home Study Course, and the General Electric same. These are my sources.

Oh yes, the dictionary quoted is "Webster's New American Dictionary" Teall & Taylor editors, Books, Inc publisher, NY 1944.

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A note worthy quote from publisher Irwin Stein:

"Shaw, you are probably the best cheesecake man in the business."

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HORSE SHOW -

an article of
sorts

by

Hoffman (GH+C BNF)

TEN DAYS is a short time to get two horses ready for a show. Of course it isn't a big show, just the annual local affair attended by horses from this and neighboring counties, and most of them strictly amateur. Few of them are trained strictly as show horses. Most of the lot, like mine, are hacks.

But a show is a show and one wants to do his best. So I looked down the combination invitation and entry blank. And I decided:

KEHLI to show in Model Class. He's got some chance here, if I can get the bird's nest out of his tail and if the judges have an eye for a sturdy horse instead of just the "fine" ones.

BRANDY to show in the Model Class. He doesn't stand much chance. His conformation is good and the blemishes (a couple or minor scars) won't count against him, but he won't pose worth a darn and I know the show will excite him. But might as well enter him. (On the off-chance that he can take a ribbon if there are no more than five entries, or that it would be fun even if he doesn't take a color.)

KEHLI in the English Pleasure Class. I'd have put him in Western Pleasure if I had a Western Saddle. His neck-reining is good and his gaits are better suited to Western than English, but I think he'll show well in either. Whether he takes a ribbon depends on the competition. His manners are above reproach, but his gaits are casual.

BRANDY in the English Pleasure, at a walk, rack and canter. His gaits are wonderful and his manners fair. He fidgets too much and won't stand still to be mounted. So I guess he won't be in the ribbons.

BRANDY in the Tennessee Walking Class. Brandy can rack a hole in the wind and canter all day in the shade of a tree, but he is not letter-perfect. He breaks his rack occasionally, and coming from a canter to a walk he occasionally takes a few trotting steps (which is not good for a Tenn Walker).

So whether we bring home any colors or just a case of sunburn is much to be speculated over. If I could consolidate: Kehli's excellent build and manners, and his perfect obedience, with Brandy's fineness, especially of head, and excellent gaits, we could take the Pleasure ~~man~~ class. But the

Hoss Show (2)

Walking Horse Class, well, that is a different story. You see, there are a number of excellent show-trained walkers in this neck of the woods, and both of my horses are hacks. Neither has been trained for high action or flashiness in going. Neither is shod for high action.

My horses are strictly casual. Kehli I usually work on a loose-reined Western curb bit with a low port and sheep-wood curb strap buckled loosely. He answers the neck rein and word-command (and weight command) well enough to be worked on these residential streets in just a halter with a lead-rope. In fact I've ridden him so several times, bareback to boot. And across thoroughfares, for which he stands patiently.

Now, Brandy is the new horse. I had a palomino name of Wrangler (Rango for short) and he was a nice little walk-trot horse but not the most intelligent and a bit frighty and given to running away. So I traded him to the Used Horse Dealer for this Tenn Walker, Brandy.

And, boy, is that a hoss! I can command the following gaits from him: walk, slow rack or running walk, fox trot, regular trot, fast rack (like a mombo), center (in all stages of collection and extension), gallop and a run that I'd match against any hack in the city.

Wait, let me go back there. Where I said "I can command..." change that to read "I have obtained" because I don't command all of these gaits yet. You see one difficulty in buying from a Used Horse Dealer is that he does not know the exact training the horse has had. For instance when I first got Brandy I had to hold him on a tight rein at all times. Any slack ~~reins~~ and he'd go into a gallop, pushing for all out speed.

"He's been match-raced" I said to myself. "Well, there's not much of that around here, and that's not what I want you to do anyway." So I worked him at a walk. I'd let him work off his initial steam at a rack and then hold him down to long considered walks, and finally got him to where he would walk (although vigorously, but that's good) on a slack rein. But any attempt to center him would still bring on that running. And once when I let him out in a not-too-familiar field I lost my balance and had to jump when we hit an unexpected embankment. With me off him, he had managed to keep his footing and we both escaped unhurt, but I decided that that couldn't

Hoss Show (3)

do for traffic riding.

Well, I got this hoss in Mid-March (or late March, anyway a few days after the St Pat Parade), and had not too much opportunity to ride...Sunday mornings and occasional Friday afternoons. But I wasnt pushing him. But the fact remained that I hadn't yet got the key to his signals at the time I received the horse show invitation.

So yesterday morning I rolled out a little after sunrise, saddled my hoss and took him riding. Or vice versa. I had a miserable time, being upable to get him into a good rack on leg signal, when before he had racked beautifully. But now he kept breaking to a trot. Well, this AM we tried again, and I found the lost chord.

He doesn't take a rack from leg signal. He takes his rack from rein signals, just as Kehli takes a gallop. In fact almost the same signal of hands puts Brandy to racking as puts Kehli to galloping, which is why he had racked so beautifully for me before. When I asked for speed before I had automatically given the hand-signal I'd have given Kehli, and I got the rack. When I started concentrating on signal training for the show-ring, I had held my hands still, and apparently he had been taught to trot on the leg signal. So we have a trotting Plantation Walker.

Well, now we seem (I'll find out for sure tomorrow) to have a horse that will walk briskly, trot on leg signal, and rack on rein signal. And as to that canter: he had it going along beautifully, about 4-6 mph which is almost standing still for a canter a time or two, as collected as a dressage horse. But in general, he canter on command is too extended and too fast.

More practice tomorrow. I've got about seven or eight more hours of saddle time before the show. Not much time to whip a horse up to facing trained competition. But I'd guess that at least 75% of the exhibitors there will be casual riders like myself with casual horses.

By the way, this will be our first show. I've got great faith in Kehli, but Brandy and I will probably get excited and ruin each others chances. I expect I'll be the most nervous of us all.

Progress Report: May 11, 1955 Wednesday. Kehli is in good shape as could be expected. Since he is not required to show the dexterity of gait that Brandy is, he needs little polishing. His winter coat is all out now, and he has a good sheen and good muscle. He poses beautifully, eats twice as much grain as Brandy and has all the dignity a horse of his stature should have. I gave him a crew cut to slim down his neck a bit and took as much of the bird's nest as possible out of his tail.

Brandy tho is a different matter. He looks good, except for a lot of pasture scars. He behaves well enough but he still has two bad habits. He won't stand to be mounted, and he won't take and hold a gait properly every time. For instance: Monday after work I took him out on the road. And rack, boy, did that horse rack! Such ~~xx~~ a ride I never had before. But then Tuesday morning I took him out and the brute wouldn't take and hold a rack no matter what I did to him. I haven't had the opportunity to work him since, but I will get him on the road either tomorrow or Friday and try again. After analysing yesterday's ride, I think I have some ideas that may help. But time grows short.

Weather Reoprt: May 16. It rained yesterday. Oi, did it rain! All over the horse-show. We tried, but before the show was over, we gave up and decided to finish next Sunday. But two of me three events came up. Since we didn't have much chance in the model class, a couple of youngsters took the horses in, and I just watched. Kehli showed well, except for the ears which seemed a little limp. Brandy just sort of stood there wiggling his rear end. Then there were a couple of equestrien classes and then (by time the rain was good and wet and cold) the English Pleasure Class. One of the girls took Kehli in, and I took Brandy. The rain poured and the reins were so slippery I could hardly hold the beast. In a EPC the gaits are a walk on a loose rein, a park gait and a slow center. Well, Kehli doesn't center too well, and I think she wasn't a le to get him into it. But Brandy has the center, and he was kind enough to give it to me. And much to my surprise he centered without too much speed, and the next thing we knew we had the pink ribbon. Fifth in a class of fourteen horses.

We've got one more class to go. The Tenn Walking Horse Class. That'll be next Sunday. First prize there will undoubtedly go to Allen's Muskeet Molly, a veddy veddy showy Walker! As to whether my little park horse can outwalk Ginny Bradley's Firefly, I've got my doubts. But we are game to try. I wish Kehli were in the Western Pleasure. And I wish I could have ridden him in the EPC, as well as Brandy. I know Kehli. I can get his gaits out of him. And I know he is one beaut of a pleasure horse. Well, we can't take 'em all. Or even most for that matter.

Here the manuscript ends abruptly

LeeH

RÉSUMÉ - AND DISTRIBUTION

This fanzine got completely out of hand and I finally had to take a whip to it. I find that, among other things I have instructed the one to count this as part of the 72nd mailing, and also as part of the 73rd. Jacobs, use your own judgment. I'm past caring.

This fanzine in its entirety is being published in approximately 100 copies, to be distributed as follows:

68 to FAPA
2 to Pamela & Ken Bulmer.
27 to The Waiting List
1 to Jesse Floyd
1 to the files
1 to Frank Robinson
and the balance to demon knight.

This copies will be unnumbered and unautographed by the entire staff.

Some 20 odd copies of It's A Long Way To and Miscellaneous will be mailed to some 20 odd people who are on the mailing list.

The complete copies are dedicated to
WALTER A. WILLIS

The incomplete copies are dedicated to
DAMON KNIGHT
whose name should be added with embellishments to page 4 in the complete edition.

The next Hoffma may be distributed in FAPA. Then again it may not, so you'll please acknowledge this somehow if you want to be on the mailing list come what may.

Resume:

Credit where credit is due, and likewise blame:

Most of this thing is by Hoffman. Drawings on page 48 are by Larry Shaw, astute member of the Cosmic Circle. Drawings on page 49 are by Damon Knight, Ken Bulmer and Frank Robinson, and are so credited. Drawings on page 50 and other such items are by Charles Wells. Charles, I apologize for the stencil job, and for leaving the caption off one drawing. The Serious Impartial Survey is exactly as recorded by our roving reporter, and is not phoned up like certain polls by certain Bloomington fans. Interlineations are by a lot of people and are credited whenever practical. The four pages by Charles Wells are (bless him) written, stencilled and mimeographed by Charles Wells. The less legible of my two type faces is the Remington. The other is the Underwood II. At this writing it is my intention to have this thing all mimeoed by the time the Bulmers arrive in Savannah, and so to draft their aid, along with that of Jesse Floyd and Charles Wells, in a big fanzine assembling session.

My convention report...the written part...is rather abrupt. Reminiscing, I think I should note that I had breakfast twice a day, but only managed one other meal a day, for the entire convention. That the Manger is a hard place to get ginger ale in, even for mix, that it has rooms for all sorts of functions, that dk didn't like The Purple Tree, that the elevator service after 3 a.m. is awful. And for good peculiar hamburgers (Larry didn't like them) go down Chester (A. Polk) Street to the big sign that says BURLESQUE and turn right. You can't miss the place. It has a big pickle-chip sign in the window. Oh, and I have been asked to explain that the door which was boarded up was that ~~way~~ way when Jim Harmon arrived, and was not his fault. And I got home when it was over by Capitol Viscount (hereafter referred to as The Lame Duck), which was late because it had a flat tire. Fortunately the pilot did not have to get out and feel for it. I had gone to Cleveland by train but was discouraged of returning by the following fictitious incident:

The train had made an unexplained stop between Atlanta and Cincinnati.
A passenger asked the conductor, "What's the delay?"

The conductor answered, "There's a cow on the track ahead of us."

Finally the train started and ran three or four hours before making another unexplained stop.

Halted again, the passenger asked, "What are we stopped for now?"

Conductor: "We caught up with the cow."

Irrately the passenger said, "I could walk there faster than this."

The conductor sighed, "So could I but the company won't let me."

"I like Isaac, and Randall, and Larry, but not Damon"

Aside from Charles' four pages, the mimeoing in this fanzine is done entirely on shop time, during working hours.

Lee Hoffman - editor and publisher

Pamela & Ken Bulmer, Jesse Floyd, and Charles Wells - slave labor

Resume 3

As of this date (September 13, 1955) this fan-zine is almost completely mimeographed, and about one third assembled. I see that the stencils cut on the Remington do not print as clearly as those cut on the Underwood. I think a slightly thinner ink would help, and next time I'll try to use same.

Yesterday I had occasion to turn the Remington over and while peering into its internals, I recalled something WAW had said about Left Hand margin releases. I decided that while I was exploring, I'd find out where the Remington's was. Underwood I had a button you push like a bomb detonator for one side, and a lever for the other.

So I found the margin thingamabobs and followed the whatchamacallit through the interior until I found where it came out on top, and there was the thing it attached to, and which you push to release the margins. It was a key marked "margin release".

My brother recently moved outside the city limits, in a new housing development. He got a bill for city services on a printed form which stated at the bottom that if the bill was not paid within 30 days the service would be discontinued. The bill was for sewerage. We have a mental picture of the city cut ripping up the sewer mains because on an unpaid bill.

The item on Horse Shows herein was written last March or April or something and is badly out of date. It is included because it was already cut, and I am too much of a fliachfist to let four stencils go to waste.

Elsewhere I have mentioned that in order to be sure of remaining on our mailing list, you should acknowledge this mag. Let me re-emphasize this. SFFY will be along next year, and you don't want to miss it, I'm sure. And there is another Hoffmag in the drawingboard stages, which will probably not be FAPA distributed. So write. Please.

If you find an intermingling of "I" and "we" editorialwise, it is purely reflexive. I am trying to use the first person singular, but tend to lapse into the plural. I will read all the criticism applied to W Myers for this flaw, and apply it to myself.

I guess by now, everyone interested knows that the Convention will be in New York in '56. I say, lets go London in '57. It sounds like a great place for a convention.

I have lost the interlineation that goes here!

This page dedicated to
Bob Tucker
and subsequently, un numbered.

this is the

BaCover



of

"a ridiculous publication for ridiculous people and FAPA" — September 1955"

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Savannah, Georgia

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The above appear only in the FAPA edition.
The following go to everyone on the list.

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