

# CANNONBALL\*

A Fanzine for Terry Carr (and several other people)

\*Which is in reality SELF-PRESERVATION #9,  
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I ache. In several places. The reason for this is fanac. This weekend past I indulged myself in what for me is a mad spurt of hyperactivity. I attended the Lunacon and half the Eastercon. Both involved hours of sitting in straight-back upright chairs--and since I gave up working for a living I have gotten out of condition for this kind of physical torture. I was never very good at it and do not approve of it. And I ache from doing it.

But I am not sorry I went. Oh, there were moments when I was sorry--but now that it is over I am not sorry at all.

Except for the seating (which is not the fault of the Lunarians, but a shortcoming of our modern society where the Roman grace of reclining has been all but lost, except in a few avaunt private homes), and for the fact that there was no coffee spigot immediately at hand in the hall, the Lunacon was a paragon of virtue.

I had the misfortune of missing the first panel, which was one I would especially have liked to have caught. This was "New Writers", with Terry Carr, Lin Carter and Ted White. I missed this because there is a gremlin living in my alarm clock who will frequently turn it off in the morning while I am still asleep and leave it to me to wake up when I will. This little devil moves into any clock I try, and pulls off this stunt with unpredictable irregularity, and Saturday I cursed him for it, but to no avail. It was Too Late.

Anyway, late but eager, I cotched me a train to Times Square, forced my way through a combination peace/war demonstration replete with enough horse police to put down a Sioux uprising, and sought out the Seven Arts Room of the Edison Hotel, where I found the first panel had just come to its conclusion.

Second panel, "Pro Artists", featured Ed Emsch, Kelly Freas, Jack Gaughan, Gray Morrow and John Schoenherr. It was quite a good panel, enlivened by some excellent comments by Jack Gaughan. This man is a real swinger. He makes the Fanoclast scene frequently and adds tremendously to it.

I hope someone somewhere has taken notes and will publish the essence of some of these panels for the non-attending public. I didn't take notes and can not remember enough specifics of the discussions to do anything in this line myself--alas.

I didn't pay much attention to the auction that followed, mainly because I wasn't interested in buying. But I got real fascinated by the last panel of the day: "Criticism in S F", with Lester Del Rey, Hal Clements and (in lieu of Jim Blish) Terry Carr and--damnit, in my present semi-sonambulant state I can't recall the fourth panelist--this is ridiculous--anyway, the discussion opened with statements of opinion, followed by some clarification and establishment of a framework of reference. The talk rolled on magnificently--as it always seems to do with Lester Del Rey participating--up to the point where the question of raised of "what are some of your favorite S F books?" This sort of side-tracked the talk and by the question and answer period it had degenerated into a more-or-less listing of favorites, with members of the audience asking brilliant and incisive questions like "Did you like Book X?" or standing up to say, "I can't understand why you didn't include Book Z in your list?"

This closed the Lunacon festivities for the day, and I joined a group to trot down the pike for Mexican type food at my favorite local Chili House. We had some excellent discussions there, and some excellent food as well. Then we headed back to the hotel for the Eastercon. This, in case anyone out there doesn't know, is really a vast party run in conjunction with the Lunacon. It is sponsored by FISTFA and The Fanoclasts, and the dirty work is done primarily by rich brown, Cindy Heap and the everpopular Mike McInerney--all stalwart stanchons of New York Fandom. I am given to understand that the hotel screwed the sponsors by insisting that it provide the booze and a bartender (at an exorbitant fee) if it provided the hall. By the time I got there, which was still quite early, they were out of scotch. And the hall was a bomb, in the worst sense of the word. I mean, like the acoustics were so bad that normal fannish gabble was amplified and distributed throughout. There wasn't a quiet corner in the whole place.

But then I am prejudiced on this subject. Growing crotchity and grumpy in my old age, I have come to intensely dislike large crowds in general and loud crowd noises in particular. I suffer from what appears to be a minor hearing defect which I have found from conversation is rather common. A while back a friend of mine told me about something known in scientific circles as the "Cocktail Party Effect". This is said to be the ability of an individual in a situation like a cocktail party to distinguish a given conversation from those all around him. I evidently do not have the discriminatory circuits to do this. A gabble of noises all at approximately the same db level is, to me, just a gabble of noises. I can't pick one out, and follow it. And, if the db level gets high enough, my earbones start hurting. Well, the acoustics in the Floral Room were such as to bounce gabble from the ceiling to every corner of the room, mixing them well in the process. Added to this there was a piano, which got pounded, and several guitar-carriers came in and performed at top volume--all at once, doing different numbers, of course.

However, lest I make it sound like the Eastercon was a complete waste from my point of view, I haste to point out several pleasures. I spent a fair piece of time sitting in a corner exchanging semi-sequiters with Gary Deindorfer, whose particular form of madness is fascinating, and with sundry other people who dropped by on their way to or from the bar--including the much lamented Steve Stiles. Then I hied me over to a softer chair and listened to Ted White and Roger Zelazny discuss writing and stuff like that there

Sunday I got up in time and got to the hall before the first panel. This was the Pro Editors, with Robert Lowndes and Fred Pohl. Saul (Sol?) Cohen came in during the panel and made a few statements, which made clear his attitude even if they didn't exactly answer the questions put to him. It was a lively panel.

Then Bob Silverberg introduced Ike Asimov, the Guest of Honor. Ike told the story of his life and times becoming an S-F writer at great length and with the skill and wit for which he is famous. Final panel discussion was said to be a continuation of the one begun in Philadelphia and afterwards we were told it would be carried on again next year. Panelists were Lester Del Rey, Fred Pohl, Tom Purdom and Ted White. The discussion was on Science-fiction in general, with Ted White pulling apart a specific book, Lester doing some more dissection on same, some generalizations based on the results, and some excellent criticisms of critics. I found myself agreeing with a lot of the points brought up, even when they were not in agreement with each other, since different points were applicable to different aspects of a vast and complex field.

This panel discussion was cut short when time ran out and the hotel started hinting that we should leave. Being weary in both body and soul, I decided to skip the second section of the Eastercon, so went instead to gorge myself at my favorite Chinese restaurant with Don & Jo Meisner.

I was impressed with the Lunacon both by the consistently high quality of the program and by the fact that it ran on schedule. Both rare and impressive qualities.

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"It is astonishing how very few people realize that I am trying to be funny."  
Bob Tucker, Spaceways, August '39  
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I never thought I'd someday see my name in the TOMBSTONE EPITAPH. Goshwow! And of course it is always egobooful to see one's name in print, especially when it is followed by a favorable book review. I gleeed to see a right nice review of BLACKJACK SAM in the April 14, 1966, issue in Nelson C. Nye's column. Gee whiz--the TOMBSTONE EPITAPH....

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It is presently the 19th of July, 1966, and a lot of things have happened since those last paragraphs were written. For instance, I have decided to dump several pages of dull stuff and write some new pages of same. This is because my Attitude has Changed.

Not long after the Lunacon, I hied me up to a doctor to enter some minor complaints, like about my general feeling of ill-being. Almost before I knew it, I was in the hospital for a touch of surgery. Thought this cost me about a month of time and a small fortune in money, it proved well worth it all. I found that my physical complaints which I thought were psychosomatic were quite the opposite. In fact I had physical reasons for being in such a poor mental state. But I will not tell you about my operation. What I want to tell you about is the Second Annual Fanoclast Trek.

I didn't make the Trek last year. I was working a nine-to-five then and couldn't get the time, although I had the money. This year, with my check-book still shuddering from the dreadful experience of doctor bills, I had the time but not the money. Well, not if I wanted to be sure of having rent and food money until the next scheduled check from Ace arrived. After due consideration, I decided to hell with food and rent--I would make the Trek. After all, with the Fates as persnickity as they are, I might be nine-to-fiving again this time next year....

So on 23 June I stowed my suitcase in Ted White's Greenbrier and bid my happy cave a brief farewell. I stayed Thursday night in the Bronx, and early Friday morning stowed myself into the Greenbrier and off we went, westward ho the wagons and all that jass.

With a subsidy from Arnie Katz' mother, we'd rented a Rambler which Ted was to drive. He had for passengers that first day out Mike McInerney and Arnie, as well as Robin White, whom he'd decided to take along. I was riding in the Greenbrier (later to become known as The Albatross) with Dave Van Arnam as piloto, navigator Cindy Heap, and supercargo Andy Porter.

We arrived at the Midwescon at a reasonable hour that Friday evening and the Fanoclast contingent set up a party. This continued with short breaks for sleep and food throughout the con. High points of the Midwescon were seeing Bob Tucker and Rusty Hevelin again, meeting Joe Hensley, saying hi to Roger Sims, and sundry other events.

From Cincinnati we headed on westward, through the Great American Plains which are alright except that there is too much of them. In Albuquerque we met Roy Tackett, a very likeable fellow who answered some of our questions about local history. We were too tired to make a real blast of that evening though--which I regret. In Phoenix we indulged in a few choice cuss-words and also failed to make our rendezvous--instead of trying to caravan, we set up check-points for the two cars to meet at each evening--and ended up staying at motels right next door to each other--a fact we discovered the next morning.

From Phoenix we drove west through the desert in the heat of the day, pausing in Yuma to consider the impossibility of human life existing under such conditions and then pressed onward through more desert. We considered the idea of running screaming into the sands never to be heard of again, but decided not to as it would interfere with the NY IN '67 bid. And finally we arrived at San Diego.

As the Greenbrier, now piloted by Ted, drew up before the Stardust Motel, we were greeted by a gathered mass of fans. We got a round of cheers the like of which is usually reserved for the arrival of Steve Stiles (or John Benson) at a Fanoclast meeting. From the bunch, I picked out two familiar faces--Lee Jacobs and Jack Harness. It gave me a feeling of being out of my time and place to see all those strangers. This was a feeling that persisted quite a while into the Westercon, even though I met more familiar faces later and got introduced to old friends whom I'd never met before, too, like Len Moffatt and Elmer Perdue and the William Rotsler.

The Westercon, which had several low points for me, had a lot of high ones too. Seeing Harlan Ellison again after all these years was a ball. Foosh, just watching Harlan hold forth is high entertainment. Observing Rotsler at work with pen and paper, or at work with words at his cohort, Paul Turner, is a ball. Being able to say once again to 4sj "Not the Henry Ackermann!" was kicks. And there was more, more, more....but I leave detailing the con it-  
self to others.

After a final fannish fling, having breakfast in a pancake house with the Poul Andersons, the Alva Rogers, and possibly others (my recollection isn't too clear now) we headed north for the fabled Los Angeles area. When we got there our group, consisting now of Ted and Robin, Arnie and me, was taken in by the Trimbles, while the other carload of Fanoclasts went to Ron Ellik's.

Now, when I was a sprat in my family home having an overnight quest was a disrupting factor of proportions similar to a couple of hurricanes. Preparations had to be begun days in advance with excessive housecleaning, the arraging of suitable bed, purchasing all kinds of foods, etc. It was a terrifying thing. Possibly because of this background, I am still in happy awe of the way so many fans can extend comfortable hospitality. I mean like the Trimbles provided a cot for me, a fold out sofa for the White's and a sleeping bag for Arnie and managed to give the impression that it wasn't a burden but a pleasure to have us camped all over their house. Fans gloried in their swimming pool, they headed an all-day expedition to Disneyland, they fed us steaks and beans in their patio, and they made us feel at home.

Our last day at the Trimbles, Ted and Robin took the Rambler and headed north, meaning to make a two day trip to San Francisco. The rest of us, wanting to make the most of L.A. and the party-every-night scene, decided to stay a day longer. That night Al Lewis

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offered us the use of his floor for sleeping. His floor being many miles closer to S.F. than the Trimble floor, we accepted.

During the course of our stay in L.A. we were invited to an orgy at Rotsler's Pleasure Dome, were taken out to dinner en masse by Forrest J Ackerman, just missed a LASFAS meeting, were feted by Hulans, went to a party at the Lab, saw a rubber company building that looked like a Babylonian walled city, got the gas tank in the G'brier repaired, some made a tour of topless places, and great amounts of other swinging things happened.

We reached San Francisco after a few complications like a tire blowing out on the road. Weary and relieved to have made it, we rolled up in front of the Rolfe's house. That night was a party at the Knight's, where I saw more old friends--Ellingtons, Danny Curran, Ray Nelson and, of course, Bill Donaho who'd been in evidence throughout the Westercon, too.

Our carload, now consisting of Dave and Cindy, Mike and me, slept throughout the Rolfe place and the next day Joe took us all for a guided tour of S.F., with riding on cable cars, eating in Chinatown and stuff like that. That night the party was at Donaho's. From there our carload went up to Orinda to sleep on the floor of the Anderson residence. The next day we went out a tour of S.F. that had been suggested by Bob Lichtman, which was really a ball. Then to Lichtman's for our final evening in S.F.

That night we found another cheap motel and in the morning headed East. The trip home was filled with fun things like having a recapped tire peel its tread on the road, making several unsuccessful attempts to get the muffler fixed and finally driving all night the last night at embarrassingly low speeds due to the engine having taken sick. Weary and almost peniless we finally spotted the old familiar N.Y. skyline and waved a happy hello to the backside of the Statue of Liberty from the Jersey shore.

All in all it was really a fun trip. I accumulated a sackful of rocks, gathered in various and sundry places, mostly parking lots, across the country. Prime specimens were some shards of petrified wood, a small fossilized tree branch (about a half-inch long) imbedded in a matrix, chonks lava from a recent flow, bits of what appear to be stone beads gleaned from parking lot fill somewhere in Missouri. Andy Porter brought back bottles of some kind rare soft drink for which he is ape and a bottle of water from the Great Salt Lake. Mike McInerney brought back comic books to huckster at the Comicon. And ghu knows what all those other people brought back.

Along with the rocks, I brought back lots of fond memories which I will examine over and over again in minute detail for myself. And I brought back all the above words, which are of no end of help



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to me in filling out the 8 pages I need to stay in FAPA right now.

Also, much to my surprise, I came back enthusiastic about fandom. When I left here, I was afraid that three solid weeks of fanatic and social activity of varying degrees of intensity might quench my flame. I thought I might return to New York eager to gaffiate again. Instead I find myself eager now for the next convention--the Tricon according to my calculations. And I am even hoping there will be a Trek next year.

I have once again concluded that there are a hell of a lot of fine people in fannish circles--enough to make it well worth putting up with some of the evils of fandom. There are some very fine people in New York fandom and I glee to think that this jaunt with a batch of them has firmed up some of my local friendships.

Well, several people I met on the trip asked me if I was going to write a con report or a Trek report. The answer would seem to be "barely". The forgoing is about it, I think, and that's a scant surface-skimmed sort of report. I even forgot to tell about Harlan Ellison's poached egg--the one that has added to William Rotsler's undying fame. But others will recount that in detail I am sure.



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NEW YORK IN '67  
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I realize I did leave out some thing too important to be omitted--like how Robin cooked dinner for us all, including the local guests, at Rotsler's, and how Mike McInerney drove on through the night Saturday coming home, both of which deserve special praise. I forgot to mention the handsome pendant Rotsler gave me, which I've since strung properly on a thong and am at present wearing. Thanks. Also there was the party and feed at the Hulan's--nice place and nice people. I think I will mention also the kook at the Midwescon (whose name I've forgotten) who tried making passes at me and ended up patting me on the head--hah!

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Beware the Spinach Fields of Nebraska  
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#### A COUPLE OF BRIEF COMMENTS

Jack Speer: Is that a typo? I mean where you've got "...the clock-maker's union..." instead of cloakmakers' union...

Dick Ellington & others: The man who was supposed to have held aces and eights was Wild Bill Hickok.

Bill Rotsler: Is The Adam Film Quarterly the sportiest thing ever put through a FAPA mlg? I suppose in at least some sense of the word it is. In that picture of you and her on page 48, why is she holding a lit cigaret poised betwixt the two of you?

Bill, in the course of my World Tour I finally saw a copy of BLACKJACK SAM on a stand--one copy on one stand in the whole of my tour--and where I saw it was in Camarillo, California. Is this somehow significant?

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"They sure have strange drug stores in Camarillo..."  
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Well, fellas, the end of this issue of SELF-PRESERVATION is finally in sight, for which I am every bit as thankful as you are. Truth is, I am feeling the pressure of short time far more than is warranted. Got a damnable lot of things I think I have to do before I depart on yet another trip next month. Subsequently I have that hurried, harassed feeling which makes for terseness, under-developed thoughts, etc. Likewise an awareness of the impending FAPA deadline and the Dire Doom that could accompany it if I don't get these pages into the mlg is an inhibiting factor. Next year I don't put everything off til the last moment (I keep telling myself).

Next year, East Lynne.

LeeH  
20 July 66

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Nude women and fat worms???  
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