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F A P A # 1 0 9

FAPulous Pub #45

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Oct 4, 1964: A pleasant day; this afternoon was sunny no-shirt weather and I took advantage of it for a couple of hours, which is why this venture gets off the floor so late in this particular day. Earlier we had had our walk around Green Lake and noted 21 Canada geese stopping over, along with the usual miscellaneous ducks, coots, seagulls, pigeons and taxpayers. Last night I ran off a SAPSzine [Elinor is kindly assembling it for me at this moment], the last 6pp of which are also included at the rear of this very zine here, being a ConReport of sorts. Sheest! A run of 130 copies, and I felt for a minute as though it were CRYday back again to haunt us.

We live quietly here [aside from occasional minor explosions in the mailbox]. In fact, the major outstanding breathtaking development here in recent months is that We Finally Got The Backyard Fenced, so that Lisa Plumcake can now roam it to her little heart's content rather than being restricted by being put on Her Line, a restriction that has galled her fierce dachshund pride for years and years now. This is much more comfortable for us, too. She barks, you know...

Another astounding development was getting rid of over 200 pounds of excess paper several weeks/months ago: 105 pounds of fanzines went to a notorious collector who has probably given up waiting for the next shipment but shouldn't, and easily a hundred pounds of junk paper was burned in the backyard barrel before the Fire Dep't [on a later day] caught Elinor carrying on the good work and said No More. Paper is the curse of the fanning class; there gets to be so damn much of it.

I should add that Nobby is not exactly thrilled by the New Fence. Whereas to Lisa it means new freedom, to Nobby it means curtailment of his former freedom to sneak off to the neighbors' and mooch/scavenge food illegally and enthusiastically. He says the protection of the Welfare State isn't all it's cracked up to be.

Which brings us to politics, concerning which I have nothing to say just now. I'm sure you can all dispense with reading after the fact my comments on the now-upcoming election, so I won't make any. Just remember; you read it here first!

Only 28 FAPA memberships represented at the Pacificon [plus a pre-Con visit, I'm told, by Gregg Calkins-- whyn'tcha hang around a li'l longer, man?], and even that 28 includes 3 or 4 so-called "boycotters" who really didn't [see further on]. .."neither fish, flesh, nor good red-herring" say Heywood, Cervantes & I, though only I of the 3 of us apply it to those who would have their boycott & eat it too..

The "FAPans I have NOT met" Dep't is as of the Aug roster reduced to eleven memberships: R Bergeron, Chauvenet, Clarkes, Hevelin, Locke, Lyons, McPhail, Martinez [though I've been through your BArea townsite about 10 times, SaM!], Morse, Warner and Wesson. [This is just sumpin Bruce & I kick around back&forth, mostly.] I wonder, though: do you suppose there has ever been an occasion when any member could state that he or she had met all of those on a then-current roster?

Originally I was just going to grind out a couple of cramped pages to slap onto the front of the ConRep, but somehow the business of [by now; oh, we're busy here!] having the SAPSzine wrapped for mailing and 75 copies of the ConRep left over to go onto this zine-- well, it inspires me; that's all, friends; it inspires me. So with any luck at all ~~some of you bastards will get your lumps~~ there will be more considered coverage in here this time around; jeez, I think this is the earliest ahead of deadline I've started on a zine for any apa for a long long time now...

..What's small and round and white and won't come out of the closet lately?..

..Walter Mothball..

Mark an "X" right here () if you wish to vote for pay-TV in Austin, Texas.

Now it comes time for A R G L E B A R G L E concerning the 108th mailing:

I had hoped/expected to be able to round up my stand on the BreenScene in the May mailing and let it go at that. Considering that these hopes/expectations were riding on a mere 3pp of onstencil-writing, I guess I was being stupidly optimistic. Well, so it goes. The end is not yet, since some fellas won't let it be so.

First, my thanks and appreciation to ANDY MAIN, CHUCK HANSEN AND TERRY CARR, each of whom disagreed with me [in whole or in part] but allowed that as I said in the text, I was calling 'em as I saw 'em. More than this I do not ask; it is a real pleasure to run onto people who realize that you can disagree with them without necessarily being a Deliberate Agent of Evil and Deceit or something of the sort.

Unfortunately this cannot be said for Ted Johnstone; I think maybe he Projects. TAJ comes on All Funny at me about Defense and Self-Justification, demonstrating to me at least that whatever IQ-tests measure, it can't possibly be reasoning-power. Johnstone-Norris(?)-McDaniel, conveniently overlooking any and all citations of fact, purports to find a defensive tone in my [May-mailing] lines and Has Fun with this, missing the obvious point that since silence would have needed no defense, even in Johnstone's frame-of-reference if any, I must of had some Other Purpose.

Well, I'll let him and everybody else in on a little secret: it struck me that the best way to get it across in a hurry to the membership why Walter Breen would not be an advantageous addition to the Roster, would be to go back through my own experience and progression-of-attitudes on the subject, stupidities and all. I'll certainly grant that this turned out to be pretty futile for effect, and I have no idea as to how much of this ineffectiveness was due to my stuff being buried in the middle of a mailing rather than appearing pristine postmailed by itself with a cute heading and all, and how much was just a case of Too Little and Too Late; who knows?

Other reactions [not just to my own stuff, but generally] included such items as LeeH's regrets that people can't just "live and let live". I couldn't agree more, Lee, except that I feel that the principle can only be applied to people who practice it themselves, and I can't feel that anyone who sexually refuses to stay within the "consenting adults" bailiwick is really "letting live", in the true sense of it.

Morse, as near as I can tell through his customary grade of illegibility, is having a grand freewinging time batting thirdhand info around a great field of invincible ignorance of whatever facts may be. He says it's a case of "pick a target; any target", etc. Come to think of it, that's just about what Morse did, at that. He admits he doesn't know anything about the bit, but that doesn't stop him; he still knows that whatever bugs His Ignorance must be malevolently-directed. It must be nice to know all the answers the way some of these jokers do.

I can't see where Deckinger shows any signs of knowing what anyone is talking about, on this issue, but by God he voted with "determination and conviction". Hoog. [I don't mean to pick on Mike, but shouldn't there be some limit to negative-tropism?]

2-3-4 other people may have come on strong in the general case but (without making a lengthy look-through) it seems a reasonable bet to cite these as further examples of "I don't know anything about it but I still have a vote, don't I?"(yes)

A couple of writers brought up the "security" issue: someone sincerely and Johnstone sarcastically such as "you'll have to drop out now; right?" The Security Problem strikes me as being rather uncomplicated. Some of us felt uneasy about appearing on the same roster with this one fella and thus apparently sponsoring him in some of his less acceptable activities which he unfortunately bragged about, here and there, thus dealing another savage blow to IQ-Fandom. So protests were made, some publicly and some by the ballot, and these were overruled in this group; and where does this leave the protesters, you ask? Shaping up or shipping out...?

Hardly. Certainly some of us are sufficiently on record in the mailings that we do not defend or sponsor adults sexually messing around with kids. Any doubts?

Gee. Come to think of it, just about everybody is on record one way or another, except for about a dozen or so members. Pardon me all to hell, friends, but I do not see why Breen's reinstatement gives me any reason to leave this happy group.

And then of course we have R Bergeron-- holding forth this time in WRHN with its circulation (the last time he mentioned it) of 200. That boy must get a lot of mileage out of addressing his side of apa arguments to several times the audience reached by the rest of us; I dig it here no more than I dug it in SAPS. Well, I guess I will just have to do without people who are snowed by R Bergeron flying solo. [I forgot to mention, last mailing, that RB's generous offer of pagespace in his zines (for rebuttal) reads better than it works out in practice. I received a very nice apology from him in April '61 for cutting the guts out of one letter; he even offered to print the deleted parts next mailing but I declined the offer since the excerpts hardly hung together coherently without the supporting text. However, I never heard Word One after he pulled a Ted Pauls on a November '62 letter, printing only the first few complimentary-introductory lines and scrapping the main bit. So this is why I do not leap with glad cries to write to Warhoon or Serenade; he did print me faithfully & truly at least 2-3 times, but the uncertainty spoils it.]

I am surprised and pleased to see R Bergeron come right out and admit that on his part our discussions have served to provide him with the joys of "needlework"; certainly it has seemed that he is more interested in oneupmanship and making a point by any means whatsoever and simply kicking up a storm, than in trying for any sort of mutual understanding. But while I have (twice) stated that I felt he was arguing more for audience effect than otherwise, I would not have presumed to claim that the arguments themselves were not made by him in good faith. However, now that he has clarified his attitude for us, it is with a sigh of relief that I drop all concern with the smokescreen of Sincere Compliments & Respect with which R Bergeron so skillfully performs his matador trick in the general case. Not that it's always been all that effective but certainly it has a distracting effect in most cases.

So much for background. Shall I froth at the mouth now, or will later do?

The sheer amount of blather by RB in Wrhn20 ensures that much of it will escape rebuttal, assuming that it would be worthwhile to rebut the man to 1/3 of his own readership. Much of it, luckily, has been dealt with elsewhere by one or several; RB is charging into the middle of the play and feeding lines from the earlier scenes. [Which is not necessarily a putdown; everyone starts from scratch on a mess like this; some just start a little later, is all. RB has started quite late...]

But Bergeron does not let a lack of information slow him down much in reaching and promulgating authoritative-sounding conclusions. Such as (music, professor!)...

RB's pronouncement that it was my own whim that the results of the voting under Section 9.2 were Secret-Ballot: granted, that the Constitution says nothing explicit about this-- but after 4 successive VPS [Economou, Eney, Evans & Calkins, to be exact] had followed the implicit connotation of "does not tabulate it as part of the egoboo poll", it seems only reasonable that the voters would expect the ballot to retain its privacy in the 5th year also, short of advance notice to the contrary. [RB's complaint that numerical results appeared in my VP Report I dismiss as sheer quibbling for the sake of misdirection; he wants to find fault so he finds fault.]

Another one: "According to (me) 14 votes were cast against Breen-- though this remains to be seen." Like Hell it does, buster; Elinor and I were elected VP quite legally, and you will take our word for the results of this Poll in the same fashion that FAPA took the word of the 4 previous VPs who administered this rule, or [short of a subpoena, and as a matter of fact the ballots are still here intact] alternatively you can sort of like Shove It, if you get my meaning here. Of course RB on his next page reneges on his challenge with a smarmy compliment about all this high respect he has for my honesty [a compliment which I evaluated in context with other of his remarks in the same zine, and devaluated it accordingly], but only to fume-off later in the same sentence that he wouldn't expect a straight count from Bill Donaho! These jokers who can't comprehend that other people don't necessarily bend responsibility in the direction of personal prejudice-- they sort of get me.

A quick one: if "child molestor" is so "abrasive and emotional" a term to the proBreen forces, and particularly to RB, I suggest he take this up with MINAC-publishers White and Gerber, one of whom first wrote and printed it in this fracas. OK?

I hate to go along with RB's tactics for getting his targets to waste more space than the point is worth, or else let it go by, but I have come across a real cutie bit on his last page: the "quote" with which he demonstrates that I can't hardly "communicate" nohow; I think it is worth a few lines in order to show how far RBERGERON will go in an attempt to discredit someone whose arguments won't shatter. From the carbon of my June 25 1962 letter to RB, then, the following passage: the underlined portions are those omitted by RB when he edited it for Warhoon #20...

"If my final sentence ... comes up irrelevant, I can only lay this to another effect of second-drafting: it is always difficult to get one-to-one correlation between the argument in the writer's mind and that which gets onto paper-- the rewrite-process, for me, makes it all the more likely that I can leave a big hole in the written presentation and fail to notice it upon rereading; a checkup does no good because the mind fills in the missing parts and there we are."

If you chance to detect a slight difference in meaning between the original text and the Creatively-Edited BERGERON Version-- you're not alone, friend; you're not alone by any means. As it happens (and I think it's obvious in the full text) I was discussing not ^{only} a personal difficulty but the universal discrepancy between what the writer thinks and what he gets onto paper. And note again that it was a personal letter of some 2+ years ago that RBERGERON dredged up for trimming into his own cute patterns for the sake of ridicule. Not that there was any DNQ involved: I'd just like to point out how far this guy will go to find material to quote out of context in order to make some kind of putdown. You can call it a Public Service: maybe the next people RBERGERON goes to pull this stuff on can thus be enabled to short-circuit his pranks without wasting all this much space on his liddul ploy.

And you'll never know what a comfort that is... looking further at the final page of WRHN20 it becomes more evident just how potent a weapon is the quote out of context; it requires little space, whereas a clarification requires much more, and as a matter of fact, RB used more space with his own gimmick than I had intended to use [before I got like inspired, gang] on the entire mailing. Well, so it goes...

I think I'll leave that "Willis...anti-Birch" line to comfort RB in his old age ... he do seem to enjoy it so much. Actually it was a great goof on my part in the fast-reading attempt to encapsulate about 20 lines of mixed Willis-&-RB-reactions, and take your choice whether it's cowardice-nobility-or-laziness to leave it at that.

What next, hey? How about the old "legal evidence / court of law" argument? Is it too much to expect of fans to recognize that criminal courts deal with legal evidence in order to determine whether or not fines and imprisonment shall be imposed for specific offenses, and that this is different in kind from the decision of a private group to protect itself from what it considers to be reasonable suspicion of danger? So far, very few in here seem able or willing to make this distinction. RB certainly does not. Of course we must give him credit; he did reprint the Prentiss Choate document, one of the most effective pro-Donaho/Committee arguments I've seen. However, I suspect that RBERGERON did not print it with this in mind.

Would it be out of line to point out that no possible publication or discussion, be it BOONDOGGLE, MINAC, or even WARHOON, could have the slightest effect on the past actions or declaration of current&future attitudes of our current subject, once these actions were done and these attitudes expressed? I do not think I am unreasonable in wanting to see some direct "evidence" of changes in past intransigent attitudes before joining the Optimist League on the word of jokers who are merely speculating, and not too convincingly at that, on what appears to be a pure basis of wishful thinking and a fierce determination to have been right all along? So sue me...

My quasi-quote to demonstrate Breen's way of saying yea while affecting to say nay (and largely getting away with it) was not "made up". Only some of the nouns & verbs were changed to protect Breen's very own DNQs. At least one FAPA member has scrutinized a Breenletter of his own and come up with the same conclusion that I did. Perhaps with luck we will hear from him on the matter in this very mailing.

Bergeron then gets carried away with his own rhetoric, as can happen to any of us now and then; he leaps to the conclusion that since he has demolished many of us to his own satisfaction, No Case Exists, period. Well, I'll tell you...

So Bergeron says it's all a Pack of Lies. So do Boardman, Choate, Evers, White, McInerney, Gerber, and many many others-- mostly from a safe and insulating distance they say this. But there is one central figure who says no such thing.

I can't gauge the effect of some of this indiscriminating ignorant support in nudging a guy to stick his neck out at the wrong time, but up until now...

There is a noticeable gap in the ranks of those who speak up for the sheer innocence of one Walter Breen with respect to the violation of the "consenting adults" sanction-clause with which most of us, I think, are in agreement.

Like, where's Walter?

It should be evident that if the BOONDOGGLE were indeed a pack of lies, that if the Committee's Report were likewise, that if the various testimonies of several of us here in FAPA and in other groups [largely, be it noted, as sheer counter-punching to outrageous attacks upon the Committee in general and Bill Donaho in particular] were not verifiable rather solidly-- if there were not, despite the polemics of R Bergeron and others, a Pretty Solid Case Indeed, do any of you think for one goddamn minute that Walter would not have clobbered us all, both in the fan press and [if necessary] in the courts? Doesn't anybody THINK, Out There?

Just for kicks, you might give it a try now if you have the time and all.

Bergeron was right; parm' me while I wipe the froth off my mouth, it tickles. Seriously though [as we comedians always say at this point], I plot no attack on your convictions as such, anybody out there; I'd just like you to consider that if [as RB claims] there were no substance to Our Side's contentions, we would have been put down long since without recourse, including punitive-legal measures.

Actually, Walter admitted in Cultzines circa-1961 about 90% of the stuff that most of his defenders have been vigorously denying. I mean; what's the point? None of that jazz is in question or accusation at all, at present.

I have nothing more at present to say to or about R Bergeron or (with luck) W Breen as such. If I haven't made the bit clear by now it's prob'ly impossible. And of course I've left gaping holes in my arguments, as usual; have fun, withal. I do wish I could get up the stamina to present a punctureproof argument for once. But that's the handicap if one is hung up on factuality rather than Making Points.

Whoops, sorry! I had also intended to show some examples of genuine patented Bergeron Semantic Mousetraps. Well, maybe next time if he's ^{kind} enough to provide 'em.

Sooner or later, in any case; I have lots of confidence in that boy.

There is nothing like Mundane... and what subjects hold the stage in your mundane facet of existence? Job problems; check: the office mess and all that. Offices have politics at one level or another; are you directly involved? I'm not, in recent years; but I remember what it was like and certainly it could happen again.

But that's specialized stuff, not the true heart and soul of Mundane. Truly the prime aspects are like: "Ya quit smoking and ya put on twenny pounds right away; ya get yer teet' out and you put on twenny pounds right away; boy have I ever got a problem!" Or, "Whyn'cha tell me you was buying one of those; I could of got you one at twenny percent off!" Or, "Hey, howcome you took off yer muts-tache; I didn't hardly know you without yer mutstache. What happen; yer wife lower the boom or sumpin?" Or, "Sir, we would like to leave the P-I paper here for one week so as you would see would you like to serbscribe" [SLAM!] Or, "Hey, how about this? We buy enough season tickets and we get a major league ball club right here in Seaddle!" Well, yeh; Mundane is a nice place to visit but I'd hate to live there. With all its (many many) faults, fandom comes up preferable over the long haul. Which is to say; Hang Tough, Gang: this mess, too, shall pass.

I see that I skipped one of my notes, regarding the way some folks in this hassle simply refuse to believe anything they don't want to believe, no matter how contorted and irrational the reasoning required to maintain their positions. In particular I intended to wax fairly sarcastic about how far out in left field RB had to go for his lameduck proposition that "if Walter did say anything he was possibly or even probably just putting you on". But on second thought, sarcasm in connection with that idea is purely redundant. I mean, we are speaking here of Walter Breen the human being, not of Walter Breen the symbol of the anti-Donaho forces. Walter writes to sell his ideas, not to shock folks into opposition. It is just that, being merely superhuman like all the rest of us, he misgauges his market once in a while: don't we all, in one way or another?

— — Arabs are all well and good if you don't try to Bedouin — —

Yesterday morning I thought I had some Real News for Harry Warner, who awhile back was asking "Whatever became of Eldon K Everett?" On the front page of the Pee-Eye paper was this big splash about an Eldon Everett who kidnapped two women and a deputy sheriff [odd combination, that] at gunpoint for several hours before he was talked out of shooting anyone including himself. The age was 26 [EKE would probably be anywhere from 26 to 28 by now], the status was "laborer... a former mental patient... self-styled 'psycho'", none of which would necessarily disqualify the fella who in 1956 wrote to CRY denouncing all the local club as Communists.

So I brought the paper home, fully intending to clip out the various stories and send them to you, Harry. But to still a niggling doubt that just possibly this might be a different Eldon Everett, I called the booking desk at the County Jail-- and it turned out that it is an Eldon GLENN Everett that they are holding.

But the episode certainly sounded like par for an ex-Nameless One; after all, John Joseph (I think) Corbett, the murderer in the Coors killing a few years ago, was a charter Nameless One and attended 2-3 meetings (before my time there, it was). And of course there was what Wally Weber did in the Florida supermarket in 1960... I shudder to think what outrages he may now be perpetrating in quiet sedate Huntsvll.

The Great Tomato Harvest is progressing rather messily around here. It goes this way: for years our dogs have taken it on faith that tomatoes come in slices dispensed by The Elinor in the kitchen. But last year Lisa found out somehow that these red jobbies on the vines in the backyard were the same thing and you don't have to wait around for anyone to give them to you; you just grab, is all. So this year that small ferocious sack of pudding, once freed from Her Line, systematically began reaping every tomato she could reach, that showed any color at all. So then Nobby'd ecided that if Lisa liked 'em they must be good, but since she gets the even halfripe ones he was stuck with the green ones. If you think that has slowed him down any you are not giving credit to the tenacious dachshund character. There are some tomatoes growing at heights beyond the reach of our diligent harves'ers, but by this time of year I don't expect any of these to ripen for our use...

Next year it gives 2 plantings, one of which will be fenced-off from dogs.

I guess there will not be a section of fulldress MCs in here, after all; the Dep't of Counterpunching took up more space than I'd intended (doesn't it always?) and I guess I'll settle for thanking numerous folks for all those goodies in the mailing and better luck next time if the fallout thins out a little better.

Immediately following this page is that ConReport I may have mentioned. It is sketchy rather than comprehensive; it is watered-down rather than bristling with slambang slashing dissections; it was written nearly a month ago and maybe I'd do it differently if it weren't already run off. But it's free so you (except of course for Buck) might as well read it if you have the time to spare.

Any resemblance to persons living or dead is hardly surprising...

You Can Never Find a Cop When You WANT One...

...being an account of events centering upon the Pacificon II. If you are reading this in SAPS, it has not had prior distribution. If you are reading it elsewhere, then it probably has. I needed the pagecount.

In accordance with an ancient tradition concerning west coast worldcons, Boyd Raeburn turned up at Seattle-Tacoma airport on Saturday (Aug 29) and we had a hell of a time finding him amid all that confusion. In the next few days he experienced a sample of the mad whirl of life in Seattle-- walking the 3 miles around Green Lake ["Shiffuh!" he said], wandering around the University District and downtown area looking for his pants ["We don't have them here, sir!" everyone said], and putting out a oneshot for SHFU ["THAT'll hold 'em!" we all said]. Mostly it rained.

We had brainwashed Boyd into accompanying us to Oakland by train, a mode of transportation which for years he has made a great point of loathing; it was with considerable satisfaction that we listened to his grudging admission that his roomette was really quite comfortable and that Dinner in the Diner was Pretty Damn Good after all. The only trouble was that somehow while sleeping in our own Fancy Compartment I got a kink in the shoulder like buckshot under the shoulder blade; this knotted up badly under tension all day Friday at the Con and-- oh well; read on...

For the sake of argument, let's call it a discussion.

A Digression: I think that U.S. Worldcons are getting too big for me to enjoy without undue strain-- or rather that the number of people I know by sight is getting out of hand. In 1958 at Solacon there were about 75 people on the list of members to whom I could recall having talked. This year, of the 550-odd listed in the Program Book, I recall speaking with about 120; since total membership was crowding the 800 mark the last I heard, 150 is a conservative estimate of personal contacts during the Con. And that is just too damn many people to have to be able to keep straight one from another in one's mind under the hectic conditions that prevail during a Con; it makes for pressure. Anyone else Out There troubled so?

As the cab approached the Leamington we saw Wally Weber and Jim&Doreen Webbert standing on a street-corner, but they got away. It's a good thing you don't care who were the First Fans we saw to really speak to at the Con, because I forget. So we registered. Remembering the elevators from the 1961 Baycon I had asked for a room as close to street level as possible; it turned out to be Room #931 and there went another bright idea, I guess you could say.

I had one elevator but the bellboy over there

I always "unpack" in a hurry and head for the *action*, but in this case it was not such a redhot idea, as it turned out; I should've soaked out the shoulder first. In the "down" elevator I was meeting Bill Bowers and talking to a couple of earlier acquaintances when it finally penetrated that a fat young fella in the corner was working pretty hard at trying to needle me; I mean, from a guy you don't know from Adam, you don't exactly expect it. I noted that he was Dennis Smith from San Diego and asked him if I were being let in on a funny of some sort, meanwhile musing on the tendency of San Diego to produce fat young fans (but silently, that). He said no, it was not a funny, and left the elevator (quickly) and me (bugged). It was a rather disconcerting introduction to the Con, but there was lots of time... I couldn't see where I was any of his business, but I figured to find out eventually.

I'm putting out a specialized zine dealing with Conventions-- it's called CONdom

Not to keep anyone in suspense, let's skip ahead for a moment and note that at a fairly (but not unreasonably) late hour that same day/night I converged upon the effective locus of Mister Smith just outside the Big Party in the corner of the mezzanine floor and we had a short but effective discussion of my choosing. What I wanted to know was whether he had a license to bug me or whether it was his own idea and he just wanted to see how much he could get away with. Receiving no coherent answer I ventured to suggest that the only aspect of my existence that really concerned him was to get off my back and stay there. After a couple more queries to make sure he was following my line of thought I bade him Godspeed, and all our further meetings during the Con were marked by smiling courtesy both ways.

I do think it pays to make yourself clear, where ambiguity tends to lurk.

But we are getting ahead of our story. Back to Friday morning, registration at the Con, many many greetings & salutations, and catching up on all the news. [And here it should be stated that the reader must look elsewhere for the statistics of who won what for costumes or artwork or Hugoes, or for who said what (for the most part) during the formal program sessions; abler reporters will cover all that.] Eventually it's down to the bar and I am knocking myself out with the Shrug Series and a few well-chosen Isometrics, trying to keep the stiff shoulder from working up through the neck to a fullfledged migraine which is rare with me but not unheard-of. Wrai Ballard cracked some of it loose but near sprained his thumb on one knot at the base of my neck, and you can't ask a friend to ruin his drinking thumb.

The bar's nearest approach to gin with Schweppe's Bitter Lemon (try it!) was gin&tonic with a quick shot of lemon, and this is sehr gut auch; the only trouble was that it took about 6 of this prescription to ease off on the racked sinews, & as you might suspect, this ended up as more or less a case of off to the races before it was over and done with; in short, I'm forced to admit that I stupidly got bombed out of my skull and no compensation, an hour or two before that great and good man Nick Falasca kindly saw that I did not lose my way home at about 3:30 on Saturday morning. I know that many readers get fed up with accounts of boozing at Conventions, but a moderate amount of detail can be instructive, I'd imagine; let's leave it that the gin&stuff is a fine bar drink for nursing-along when *he customer can manage it, and that beer can't be beaten for Big Open Parties, for safe. But (lesser measures failing) I already had a full load before I ever hit the Open Party that one night, and have already made all the necessary apologies, I do believe. (If not, I'm sure the deficiencies will be Creatively Reported elsewhere.)

I left my marks on Sam Francisco ...a quote from the SHFU mailing

"Is Mexican food really worth it?" I thought the next day while wondering for an inordinate time whether it was really safe johnwise to wait for and ride one of those two slow elevators all the way down to the mezzanine. It was, eventually. After breakfast and a certain amount of roaming&greeting I ran onto Nick or vice the versa and we repaired to the bar and conducted field tests on the Bloody Mary as a sovereign recuperative agent: I am happy to report that if 3 of these are nursed over a period of about as many hours they work Jes' Fine. So I had a gin& and went out for chow with Nick and Wrai and Alan J Lewis who all contrary reports notwithstanding turned out to be Friendly after all; we hit Si's CharBroiler which I'm mentioning only for my own future reference, and we ate well. Returning to the hotel, I found that my wife who had run off to San Francisco with two Traveling Jiants was not back yet, so I dressed up in my fancy parka and went wine-tasting as the farsighted Committee had recomended (oops, 2 mm's). Wine by itself cloys quickly so I drifted out for ice water and in again once or twice, and eventually remet my dear spouse who had been returned by the Traveling Jiants, possibly because she is too expensive unless you are very very firm with her.

We will leave until another page and another day the business of Nidhogg gnawing upon the roots of Yggdrasil, but we will get there sooner or later, you bet.

Boycott: "To hang around bitching and occasionally trying to sneak in for the free drinks." Yes, I know; that's not what my dictionary says, either. But actions speak louder than words. Now to be fair, the above definition does not apply to all or even most of the individuals involved in the phenomenon that was new and I hope unique to the Pacificon II. About a dozen people, some with paid memberships and some without, hung around the outskirts of the Con as self-appointed hairshirts or skeletons at the feast. Presumably the ideas, emotions and purposes of this dozen varied as widely as did their overt behavior. Paidup member Don Fitch, for instance, quixotically refused to register and draw his name-badge [required for attendance on the mezzanine, the all-Con-function floor] but suffered eviction on several occasions in all good humor, so far as I could see; no skeleton, he. Member Avram Davidson, sporting a wholly-unnecessary Boycott badge, held court in bar and lobby but made no apparent effort to interfere with the Con in any way. Andy Main and Ted White stayed mostly to the first floor ["glowering and agitating" as someone or other put it]; Ted was reportedly working on a DNQ ConReport from that vantagepoint but he may have been just discussing it in the lobby, not writing it there [fans are lousy reporters, aren't they though?]; Ted was a member, Andy not.

Non-members (to the best of my knowledge) Bob Lichtman, Jerry Knight, Kevin Langdon and Redd Boggs each attempted one or more invasions of the Con Floor with varying results [sometimes they went away easily and sometimes the hard way]. I did not see, being at the time in earnest conversation with a Mr Smith of San Diego, the altercation during which member Gretchen Schwenn, not wearing a badge, either did or did not [depending on whose story you heard] commence a fair degree of mayhem upon the person of Sgt-at-Arms Bob Buechley. Sounds like a rouser, though. The original issue was the presence of Boggs & Langdon, but confusion set in, I heard.

But that was Friday night, and on the previous page I left you breathlessly awaiting the Saturday night Masquerade Ball. [Later, if you like, we can return to a further discussion of the forces of attempted disruption and how they made out.]

---...nobody ever stopped ARGUING long enough to get laid...---

Chief Red Feather and his Indian Dancers have a highly eye-catching set of acts but the intended half-hour stretched into an hour and unfortunately the most of the extra time was fillerchat, the old showbiz buildup-patter which is OK for some audiences but seemed out of place before a group of hotblooded fans waiting to ogle [among other nicenesses] a real live net-&-spangles-clad Rotsler Girl. Time did march along, however, and eventually the costumes were paraded-- possibly not so many as in some other recent years but with a high proportion of very fine jobs, of both the beautiful and grotesque varieties. A fine spectacular, overall.

The Big Open Party started a little late that night (and the next, also). These Open Parties, held in rooms 208-9 (on the mezzanine) were sponsored by the Syracuse, Detroit-Cleveland (jointly) and London groups which arranged for the Hard Likker and bartending help while the Pacificon provided the rooms and the beer-- if I do have the arrangement figured correctly. It was quite a good arrangement; the rooms were of course Too Small, but this only meant that the Parties overflowed onto the rest of the mezzanine, the stairways, etc, where there was more room to spread out and ~~get away from the folksingers~~ talk without shouting. So anyway, Saturday evening it was off and away to the Detroit-Cleveland Party.

Jerry Knight, invited to the party by an innocent young fan who had no idea that Jerry was supposed to be Boycotting the Con, provided the occasion for a thoroughly overstrained, overfatigued and overloaded Al haLevy to exercise the prerogative of every ConCommittee Chairman (or any Committeeman for that matter)-- that of blowing his stack high wide and handsome for the evening. Jerry, it seems, would not leave when asked-- and after all it was a Committee-supported function to some considerable extent. [I still don't see why all the fuss; it's not all that difficult to give a quick quiet bum's-rush first and argue about it outside & later.]

I guess Jerry Knight himself was my worst personal disappointment of the entire Con. Elinor and I have liked Jerry and thought highly of him, and despite a short goof of my very own one time I felt that we were friends-- particularly when we met at this Con with smiles and friendly words and all. But at one point Saturday evening I was strongly maintaining to George Scithers that Jerry was not the kind of a guy to come around making trouble, that I was almost certain that his attendance at the semi-Official Party was as innocent as the invitation had been. And not over fifteen minutes later, Jerry himself told me, almost literally spitting venom, that he had come to the hotel and to the mezzanine with the avowed object of making as much trouble for the Committee as he possibly could manage. He also made it very clear to the effect that he had been hating my guts for something over a year-- rather a jolt, since I'd thought that previous apologies had been accepted and that all was well between us. An attempt at a brand-new apology had no better luck, so eventually I suggested that he sit on it for another 14 months and maybe it might look a little different, and signed out of the chat. Maybe with luck it will turn out that I merely hit his Fanatic Button inadvertently; I hope so, because it is dreary work setting out to dislike people.

So Elinor and I took a walk around the block to cool off, trekked out to the Doggie Diner (which I recommend (see? 2 mm's this time)) with ATom, and returned to the mezzanine at the Leamington to find Jerry Pournelle surrounding 8 or 10 people with their backs to the wall trying to argue politics with him-- those poor fools.

Roger and Pat Sims were leaving the party. Roger said "I know just how you felt last night; tonight I'm bombed!" He looked just fine, though, so I checked out the Mexican vodka he held responsible and found that it was so smooth that you really had to be on your guard and remember to take just sips of it. But with the previous night firmly in mind and autonomic nervous system as well... no problem.

Later a gaggle of us descended or rather ascended (9th floor) upon a party, but were not admitted: Gordon Eklund and Ted White were (we were told) going 'round-and-round in there, and the general opinion was that I would be a little bit Too Much in the situation-- as a matter of fact I was in Cool Gear, but how on earth were they to know this? So we stood out in the hall and gabbed with our unhosts, and people drifted out and joined the unparty until it was practically all out in the hall, and Andy Main came along and looked and talked bitter and unhappy, and he and Ted White and maybe others went home, and we all went in and had a gabfest for longer than common sense would have predicated at that hour. At about 5:30am Ardis came around looking for her 5-year-old son; he wasn't there: just Nick, Don Fitch, Jim Benford, Gordon Eklund, Elinor & I, and maybe 1-2 more... around 6-6:30 some of those crazy people went for breakfast, and I to bed; sips of Don's brandy had been serving me for fuel for the last hour or so.

Sunday, with only normal fatigue and no hangover, was much improved over the previous day from my viewpoint. At noon-breakfast with Boyd and Jerry Pournelle we met E Hoffman Price, a cheerful witty gentleman of considerable age and equal vigor. Then we circulated around the mezzanine and the bar and various places.

The Committee having made its point [that it could and would bounce the few "boycotters" any time it chose to do so] decided to deflate their martyrdom (self-imposed) by allowing them free access to events and ignoring them. Al got his signals crossed once and evicted Don Fitch (who else?) but aside from that...

Sometimes a fella can have a terrible time with his serious drinking; on that day, for instance, things got so out of hand that I'd had only 3 gin&'s to sustain me when the banquet started. Worse yet, the same sorry state of affairs held true when the Banquet ended ~~3/days/later~~ about 11pm. Now about the Banquet; yes...

S-F fandom has its share of great toastmasters, and anyone who's seen Tony Boucher in the role knows how well he does it, which is great.

Sam Moskowitz announced the bestowal of the First Fandom Award upon Hugo Gernsback. Sam's speech was precisely the right length, except that there was some more banquet-program to follow, as it happened; nobody wins every time, I guess.

Forrie Ackerman briefly & effectively announced that Bjo Trimble was the winner of the EEEvans Memorial Award [sneaky ol' Forrie knew all along that as Fan Guest of Honor he had another shot at us later]. Along in here somewhere I probably have the order of events mixed up, but anyway: Joe Rolfe presented the Invisible Little Man Award to Fred Pohl, a nicer guy than whom... Arthur Thomson, the Ultimate TAFF man, spoke a few well-chosen words... The Hugoes were awarded and you've all read about that in Starspinkle and elsewhere by now, I assume. Then Forrie told about what s-f and fandom had meant to him, starting from age 13 and on up; he is a good speaker but once again though I like his stuff there was just too much of it for the occasion as programmed. By the time it finally got around to the official Pro Guests of Honor, we had all been sitting on our numb ends for over 3 hours; it was somewhere around 10:30 to 10:45 and things had started at 7:30. Leigh Brackett and Ed Hamilton, bless them, each gave short, warm and delightful talks, and we all adjourned to one refuge or another at about 11:00 pm, which is Ridiculous.

I am not putting down the PacificonII Committee on this bit, especially. The Pittcon Banquet was far too long; so was ours at Seacon; so was ChiconII's [how was it at Discon, by the way?] It's a Trend, and it's time to do something about it.

Personally I intend to quiz the Committee as to the extent of the planned banquet program before I ever buy another banquet ticket. Two hours is every bit as long as people should be expected to sit around in one place with full guts; the fallacy seems to have been that we (yes, WE) have gotten carried away with wanting to give the attendee the most for his banquet-dollars, and a surfeit even of goodies is unfortunately not all that hard to come by.

The basics of a banquet program are the Toastmaster, the Hugoes, and the Guest or Guests of Honor. Nothing else that is going to take more than five minutes should be added to this basic menu (5 minutes per item, that is). When an "outside" award having nothing whatsoever to do with the Con takes more time than one Fan and two Pro Guests of Honor all put together-- well, Sam, you made the pants too long, is all. [And nothing personal about this gripe; it's the Trend I wish to buck here.] Every part of the banquet program was OK but there was just too damn much of it.

Fashion notes: I wore a sports coat, no tie. When the heat mounted out of all reason I took off the coat so as not to be conspicuous at our table. Then the heat eased off so that the ladies donned extra garments: they were comfortable in these and we mere men were comfortable in our shirtsleeves; a fine compromise.

--- You look real nice in your coat and tie, but how come no pants? ---

Off to 208-209 for the London Party and B*E*E*R. Well, it go along and it go along but mainly I eventually got around to hit Ted White up for a little talk. Now maybe one or two of you have somehow gathered the impression that Ted and I have not been getting along too well lately; so it goes. Anyway, when the word came (preCon) that Ted would unexpectedly be in attendance representing F&SF, some said they'd cut him dead if at all, and I said (a number of times, since I thought it was a Fairly Good Line) that I would not promise to be quite that kind but that I would not hit him without new cause; a unilateral truce, like. So now and then during the Con Ted & I would catch each other's eye & attention, but only momentarily; it got to be pretty ridiculous, I felt, because it is simply not in my temperament to run around avoiding/ignoring someone [other than a sheer crashing bore] and I doubt that it was any more fun for White than for me. Finally I heard that my Little Funny had been relayed-&-misinterpreted to the point that Ted White was quoting me as having said like "If he speaks to me I'll hit him". Well, HELL, folks; at that stage I had no choice but to brace TEW and explain the original line, so Sunday evening at the Mallardi-Bowers party in 324 I did so. After that it seemed only reasonable to have a shot at clearing up a few of the very worst misunderstandings [especially when Ted said like "you realize I'm going to have to ^{to}rewrite half of my Con Report now"], so we had at it for maybe a couple of hours. Obviously neither of us could in that time make much headway with more than about 20% of our individual cases, but I still think the discussion was well worth our time both ways, with luck.

At first we were more or less off by ourselves in a corner and only had to chase away an occasional would-be Helping Hand. Eventually and inevitably, however, we collected an audience. After awhile Ted White said in answer to some remark or another "You're only one-upping me now" and this was true; in fact we'd both been doing this to a great extent for quite a while; it is difficult if not impossible for anyone to avoid grandstanding when the grandstand is present. Nonetheless I think/hope that I got a couple of major points across, and I know that a couple of misunderstood points came clear in the reverse direction. At times the bystanders became alarmed and thought they should Stop It before we drank each other's blood or something, but actually we were only hollering at each other a little bit out of sheer frustration; no sweat. Anyway, as I said to Ted White the next day in the lobby, "I don't think we settled much of anything, but at least maybe we put each other back into 3-D instead of cardboard cutouts". Well, we'll see, I guess, the next time Ted publishes, as to how the whole thing looks to him; I'm marking time, since [as I mentioned at the time] I've been doing nothing but counterpunching all the while in the fan press, leaving it up to others to lead with the right and all. At any rate it would be nice if not essential if civilization sets in again bothways, so I might as well give it a fair chance to start.

He has a Right to hate your guts and that doesn't make him a liar...

The above was Elinor's line and does not refer either to me or to Ted White. About 4:30, 9 or so of us [Boyd, Wrai, both Benfords, Gordon, Jack Harness and Don Fitch come to murky mind] hit the Doggie Diner and it was there that Elinor delivered her Perfect Squelch, assuming you agree that it was such. Ach, no more on that...

Monday I woke up at 10am after 4 hours sleep and could not doze off again. Boyd called to say that he was cutting out for the airport and heading home early, pressure at Con and at work in Toronto piling up to be Too Much, and suddenly the idea of a whole additional day and night and most of another day under Con-pressures was Too Much for me, too; Elinor said OK so I called the Southern Pacific and traded Tuesday accommodations for Monday afternoon-- first time since Pittcon that we had goofed out on the Monday night parties, but what the hell I'm only superhuman.

So despite a mixup as to who had which compartment we slept maybe 13 hours on the way home and were in shape to try to make do with the shrinking of ATom's stay here from 3-1/2 days to 2+, Greyhound and ubiquitous *help* equally liable.

I've earlier here called Arthur "the Ultimate TAFF Man". This is true, in the sense that now there is absolutely nothing that TAFF can do for an encore; it will, of course, but as of now I just don't see how. OK gang: London in '55; right?

Dep't of Nostalgia, Appreciation & Regrets: I enjoyed, appreciated and regret seeing so little of numerous people among whom the following come to mind, right now.

Nick Falasca, Poul and Karen Anderson, Terry and Carol Carr, Dick and Pat Lupoff, Fred and Carole Pohl, Chuck Hansen, Alva and Sid Rogers, Bill Donahc, the Benfords, Gordon Eklund... oops, I see that this Dep't was an unworkable idea, on account of this Report is going to end up on this page No Matter What; insufficient.

On Monday, "boycotters" Lichtman&Main told Elinor that Fan R was leaving because "it's a crappy Con". She replied "You two certainly did your best to try to make it one". I am always proud of Elinor but sometimes as now I am inordinately proud; I wouldn't have thought of that exquisite and apposite retort until much too late.

There have been some names in the fan news recently which may or may not be known ten years from now. But I think it will not be soon forgotten just which of many fans set out to try to sabotage a WorldCon, composed mostly of people who hadn't and with luck won't have heard of Mr Cause Celebre; because these few spoilsports set their stamp on this recent Labor Day weekend one way and another, I think it may take them longer than they might expect, to live down their recent destructiveness.

Big deal. London will provide a welcome relief to all that jazz and I am looking forward immensely to that occasion. End of Report; have fun, all (or most).

For a brand new beef there's always Harlan's new Hugo Committee: hoog. --Buz.