

1965

The Second UK Worldcon



edited by
ROB HANSEN

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Cover photo: Tom Boardman (left) and Michael Moorcock against the background of a *Stingray* puppet and model diorama provided by the Gerry Anderson team. Photo by Peter Mabey.

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Foreword

LONCON II, the 1965 World Science-Fiction Convention, took place over the 27th/30th August weekend in what *Skyrack* editor Ron Bennett described as

...the plush and highly priced (£5 for a bottle of gin) surroundings of the Mount Royal Hotel, Marble Arch, London. Some 350 delegates from many different countries attended the gathering, only the second to be held outside the North American continent. [1]

The first was of course the 1957 Worldcon which had also been held in London, at a hotel barely a mile away from this one (see this writer's *1957: The First UK Worldcon*).

It was a very hot weekend and, as per this overheard snippet reported by Bennett – “I don't know whether or not this is the best convention I've ever attended, but it certainly is the hottest!” – such air conditioning as the hotel possessed was not adequate to the task. This can be quite clearly seen in the sheen of sweat on the faces of those in several photos taken at the event.

In August 1965, Lyndon Johnson was in the White House, Harold Wilson was in 10 Downing Street, and the Vietnam War was raging. While LONCON II was happening, the Gemini II space capsule was orbiting the Earth. This was also the weekend the Bob Dylan album *Highway 61 Revisited* was released, while Sonny & Cher's “I Got You Babe” was topping the singles chart in the US, a position held here in the UK by the Rolling Stones' “(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction”.

It was the “Swinging Sixties”, and in 1965 London was at its epicentre. The times were a'changin', and science fiction had not escaped those changes. When, on the recommendation of previous editor Ted Carnell, the then 23-year-old Michael Moorcock had been appointed editor of *New Worlds* he was jubilant and couldn't wait to spread the news. As Jim Linwood later recalled:

The most significant event – although we did not realise it at the time – occurred one evening when a breathless Mike Moorcock crashed into the communal kitchen [*of a house then shared by a number of fans*] announcing: “I've got *New Worlds*!” The card school paused for a moment and then resumed play, not knowing

then how those four words would change forever both the fannish world we knew and SF almost beyond recognition. [2]

Moorcock's first issue appeared in May 1964, and *New Worlds* was embarked on the latest and most controversial phase of its chequered history.

At the time of the 1957 Worldcon John W. Campbell – its Guest of Honour – was a revered figure, but rather less so by the time the 1965 Worldcon rolled around. In the interim his editorials in *Astounding/Analog* had mostly moved away from fringe subjects like psionics, Dianetics, and the Dean Drive, and on to more political and social issues, taking contentious positions which included his notorious defence of slavery. Not surprisingly, this was eroding the respect he was still held in by many for his achievements in improving the quality of science fiction. Nor was his magazine quite as highly regarded as it had once been (though it would once again win a Hugo), in part because others had been as good or better in recent years. It's also worth noting that with the gradual shift away from the magazines to mass market paperbacks among the SF readership during this period, increasing numbers of younger fans didn't read them and so knew of Campbell only by repute, and the content of his editorials only from what others told them.

LONCON II was organised by SFCoL, the Science Fiction Club of London, the last UK Worldcon to be run by such a small group of fans. But who exactly *were* the members of SFCoL, what was the group all about, and why were they also known as the Scottish Fan Club of London? You'll find answers to these and other questions in this volume, as well as discovering what Operation Andy Capp was, why there was so much drama around the drama award, which noted writer demanded whisky from inside a Dalek, and why the Rolling Stones didn't perform at the convention.

The formidable Ella Parker was the convention chairman (yes, that was her title) and only the fourth woman to chair or co-chair one of the twenty-three Worldcons to date; the first was Julian May in 1952.

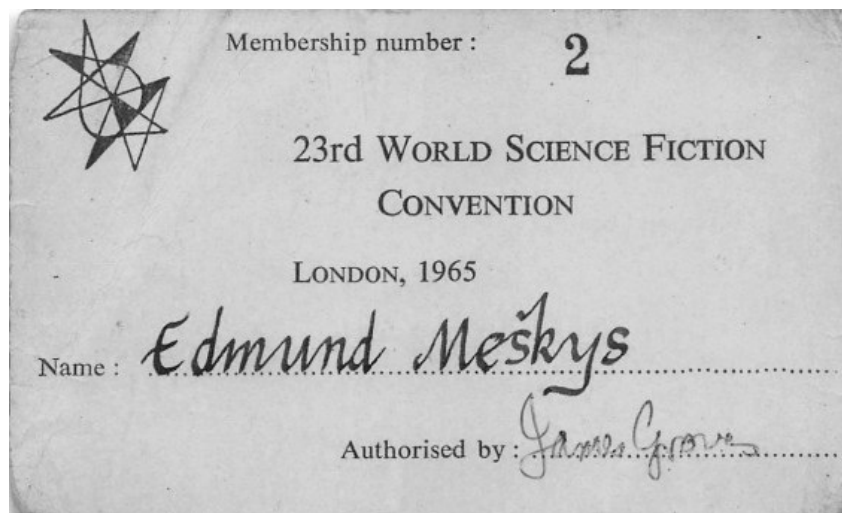
All the pieces collected herein have been lightly edited, most have been retitled, and many are only partial reprints. In chapters by me such as "Endnotes", where text by others is quoted that text will be indented. The opposite is the case in the majority of chapters composed mainly of text by others. There any text by me will be indented and italicised. Whenever my comments, corrections, or other notes appear at points in this volume where they could be confused with surrounding text by others they have been italicised to prevent this.

As always my thanks to Dave Langford for the patience required to turn the files I send him into a publishable book and for so much more, and to Pat Charnock for heroic proofreading. As usual it's useful to be able to know what the sums mentioned would be in today's money: multiplying by twenty will give you their rough equivalent.

– Rob Hansen, June 2023

[1] *Skyrack* #83 (September 1965, ed. Ron Bennett)

[2] *Tynecon II: The Mexicon Programme Book* (1984, ed. Rob Hansen)



Ed Meskys's membership card

Before Loncon II



Progress Report 1

March 1958

Enter Ella Parker

Ken Bulmer:

I was sitting in the Globe one evening which had been a usually habitual affair, desultory conversations and sporadic forays to the snooker tables and spasmodic drinking and was just about thinking about going home when the two girls who had been sitting on a settle by themselves most of the evening attracted my attention. Lew [*Mordecai, the pub's celebrated landlord*] had spun Brian Burgess some yarn about them being SF readers but nobody believed that; they didn't look it.

Now – I have been bitten before. In all my pristine purity I have accosted strange men and women and asked them why they had come to the Globe and could it be because they were interested in SF? Usually, if the husband didn't threaten to call the landlord or the woman didn't angle for a drink, they looked at me blankly. I admit I'm an odd sort of specimen – genius, you know – but this sort of thing becomes a little tiresome after a time. So I looked at these two and pondered. No-one else had taken a blind bit of interest in them. Would I, this time, be really carpeted? I mean, two girls, on their own? So, I deployed a little of the old Bulmer cunning. I started to yell at Pamela to get her coat on 'cos we were going home. I stood beside these two strangers, talking to Pamela, and in my own stupid way sort of included them in the conversation and popped the question.

“We've been sitting here all evening,” they said, “wondering if we'd come to the right place. We didn't like to interrupt the conversations, you're all friends ((how wrong can you get?)) and we were just about to go home thoroughly fed up.”

So, after apologising, I began to talk about SF. I haven't lost the knack; Ted Tubb and I often discuss SF. I found out that only one was really interested and she'd had to make large scale arrangements to attend. I told her who the odd pros were at the bar. Did she want to acquire any mags? Yes. Harry Clements was just on his way out with a pile under his arm. I stopped him. The lot were sold. Ron Buckmaster came over and began a conversation. Others drifted in. By the time I'd prised Pamela free the girls were in the swing.

You, some of you, met one of them at Kettering: Ella Parker. She'll make a useful acquisition to the London Circle. In point of fact, to use

jargonese, Ella is the sort we welcome. She, Ted Tubb and I spent a while yarnning about various old SF, genning her up; she is busily catching up to date and has the same feeling for the zines as do we. In addition, although unable to vote in TAFF, she has shown a magnificent spirit and contributed most magnificently. [1]

That fateful meeting at the Globe occurred a mere three weeks before CYTRICON IV in Kettering. This was to be Ella's first convention, and it was a particularly notable one since it was here that the British Science Fiction Association came into being.

Although individual Eastercons are now known by the names that appear on the official list of same in Eastercon programme books, from this point and up through most of the 1960s they were technically "The British Science Fiction Association Convention, 1959", "The British Science Fiction Association Convention, 1960", etc.

Ella was already in her thirties when she discovered fandom. Having made contact by mail with Archie Mercer, it was he who told her about the Globe meetings, and she was soon in the thick of things. When Paul Enever, a fan whose activity dated back to the early 1930s, decided to fold his well-regarded fanzine Orion (which didn't), Ella offered to take it over and issue #21 – her first – duly appeared in February 1959.

Given how prominent she was to be in the decade that followed, the 1960s UK fandom of the alternate timeline in which Ken didn't pull Ella into conversation would probably have looked very different to our own. So the moral here is that if you see newcomers at a fannish event looking a little lost you should make the effort to talk with them. You never know what you might be missing if you don't.

Ken Bulmer's "how wrong can you get?" comment in re Ella's assumption that those in the Globe that night were all friends was an allusion to the tensions that existed in the London Circle at that point, tensions which were soon to tear the Circle apart.

[1] *Steam* #15 (Summer 1958, ed. Ken Bulmer)

November 1959

The Science Fiction Club of London

LONDON CIRCLE DISRUPTS

Although it had been hoped that the overnight Symposium held at the beginning of October would strengthen internal relationships, the London Circle was disbanded at its business meeting of Friday, 16th October, following the resignation of Chairman Ted Tubb. It was agreed to revert to the system of seven months ago, social meetings at the Globe and no business meetings at the White Horse. The Globe meetings will continue to take place on the first Thursday of each month. It is still intended to hold the 1960 convention in London and the provisional date has now been changed from Whitsun to Easter.

Some London fans held a meeting in a room made available at Inchmery on Friday, 23rd October, when a new Club – the Science-Fiction Club of London – was formed. Ella Parker was elected Chairwoman and Jim Groves, 29 Latham Road, East Ham, London E6, is Hon. Secretary. Meetings will be held twice a month. The membership is already over the dozen mark.... [1]

The London Circle dissidents who formed SFCoL included the trio of Vince and Joy Clarke and Sandy Sanderson, who were collectively known as “Inchmery” after the flat they shared at one point on Inchmery Road in Catford, South East London. The name went with them when they relocated to 236 Queens Road in New Cross, another part of South East London and SFCoL’s first meeting place. Within a few months it was well-established.

Ella Parker:

Many of us in the club are the kind of fan who want activity of some sort. By this I don’t mean we are averse to spending an evening sitting around talking and/or drinking, we aren’t; but we don’t want to spend *all* our meetings in that way. There were high hopes that when the London Circle was reorganised it would give us the chance for more than sitting in a pub. That we were disappointed in this is old hat and the final collapse of the L.C. gave us the opportunity to do something about it ourselves. Thus was born The Science Fiction Club of London....

Our aims? Nothing very pretentious or ambitious. Only to participate in the kind of fan activity most to our taste. We have plans for the future but these are dependent on us being able to find club premises to which we can invite fen visiting London, and which will house the rapidly growing club library of SF. Until now we have been meeting at Inchmery through the generosity of Vinç. As our membership is growing beyond the capacity of the room he made available to us we are now meeting at my house, the front room of which is much larger.

Meetings are held on the *first* and *third* Sundays of the month. Any fan in London for the weekend on the dates meetings are being held would be made welcome if they wished to visit us.

I suppose by now you are wondering just who the members are of this new club. By an odd coincidence we have in our ranks the majority of those who are active in the London fanzine field, whether editor/publisher/or writer. They are:

Founder Members

Ella A. Parker. (Chair)
Jimmy Groves. (Hon. Sec.)
Sandy Sanderson. (Treas.)
Joy Clarke. (Publicity.)
George Locke.
Ethel Lindsay.
Vinç Clarke.
Paul Enever.
Arthur Thomson.
Chuck Harris.
Ron Buckmaster.
Daphne Buckmaster.

New Members (joined after the inaugural meeting)

Ken Potter.
Irene Potter.
Don Geldart.
Ted Forsyth.

Hon. Members

Sid Birchby.
Walt Willis.
Ron Bennett.
Eric Jones.
Norman Shorrock.

Ina Shorrock.

It's a great pity that one of our lads (George Locke) has been pounced upon by the army to do his National Service just as we looked like getting down to some intensive fanning in the club, but he knows how we feel about it. At the last meeting he was able to attend we held a formal "expulsion" ceremony with suitable expressions of regret for the army in their misfortune at being stuck with him for the next two years.

There was no shortage of advice to George on the advantages to be gained by signing on for the full twenty years, such as: foreign travel – at the taxpayers' expense – free clothes for the term of his service, suitable occupation to keep him out of mischief and the like. I can't understand why he left the meeting feeling, as he said, "unwanted".

We did much the same thing when Ted Forsyth came to live and work in London. He attended his first meeting as a guest of the club and as part of our business we discussed the desirability of having him become a member. Was there any advantage to us in having him? What had he *done* in fandom? Where did he come from? And in fact who was he? All this I may add with Ted sitting there trying to look as if we were talking about someone else. From the Chair I asked the members individually, whether they had anything to say that would indicate Ted's eligibility for membership? Having drawn a blank, things looked pretty bad for him so we asked him if there was anything he could say in his own favour. He upset us thoroughly by admitting he read quite a number of fanzines like *Skyrack*, *Aporrheta*, *Smoke* and *Fanac*; I mean, who *reads* these things? I then called for a show of hands and no-one moved a muscle. He pacified us by donating to the club funds the not inconsiderable contents of his wallet plus two pints of new blood. This persuaded us that he was indeed a worthy recruit to our ranks. It was a near do though. [2]

Ella Parker was part of the all-female committee – a first for UK fandom – that ran the 1960 Eastercon, in London. At the convention, as reported in Skyrack:

BSFA Officials for year Easter 1961-62 have lined up as Ina Shorrock (Chairman), Joe Patrizio (Secretary), Ted Forsyth (Treasurer) and Jimmy Groves (Publications Officer). The position of Vice-Chairman is being decided by ballot and rests between Terry Jeeves and Jill Adams. [3]

When Joy left Vince for Sandy and the pair departed for the US in mid-1960, Vince quit fandom and that was it for Inchmery. Ella having been the previous BSFA Secretary, with a

regular column in its Vector, SFCoL's influence on the BSFA was obvious and in August "Friday Night at Ella's" began, an informal weekly get together at her flat for any BSFA members who cared to drop in.

By this point SFCoL's membership included the Scottish Joe Patrizio. With Ella, Ethel, Atom and Ted Forsyth also being ex-pat Scots, it's perhaps not too surprising that people started claiming that SFCoL actually stood for the Scottish Fandom Club of London.

In August 1961, Ella flew to the US to attend that year's Worldcon in Seattle at what would be the start of an almost three month tour of the country, returning to the UK early in December. The story of that trip is told in the free TAFF ebook The Harpy Stateside. Its companion volume, The Compact Ella Parker, covers the rest of her time in fandom and goes into the period described above in much greater detail.

[1] *Skyrack* #9 (November 1959, ed. Ron Bennett)

[2] *The 1960 Club Combozine of the Science Fiction Club of London* (March 1960)

[3] *Skyrack* #30 (March 1961, ed. Ron Bennett)

March 1961

Who's Who in SFCoL

Ethel Lindsay:

Once again it is Easter and Convention time, and the Science Fiction Club of London sets off for Gloucester [*site of the 1961 Eastercon*]. The duplicators are stilled, the stencils shoved aside, the unanswered letters lie forgotten... except those of one smug member who holds her answers back and posts them on the way to the Con, a sly trick learnt from Terry Jeeves.

As they travel they are all laden down with various things, this Combozine, *Vector*, the *Galaxy Checklist*, some odd back numbers of zines past, auction material, displays for our club table, and oh yes, bottles! Let you and I take an unflinching look at them....

Leading the way is Ella Parker, she it is who remembers all the vital matters of the club, such as who takes tea, who prefers coffee, how many take sugar, and how many teaspoonfuls for each cup. She is our hardest worker and our most staunch fan; she has done all the duplicating for these zines we bring. Generous to a fault, she will end up dead broke if she does not stop putting her hand into her pocket. I doubt if any fan anywhere has spent more money *giving* to fandom than Ella. Or more time and energy for that matter.

With a pack on his back comes Jimmie Groves our indefatigable Secretary. He keeps the Minutes neat and translates our discussions into English. He whispers to the Chairman what to do next, for which she is profoundly grateful. A handy guy with his hands this, he frames Atomillos in a worthy way, and he conjures up beautiful stylii out of glass.

Jostling behind are Ted Forsyth and Joe Patrizio, down from Scotland to show the Sassenach the way to fannish glory. Ted, eyes gleaming, hand outstretched, makes an admirable and efficient Treasurer. Confidentially, when it comes to collecting money, he has no peer. He is also very nimble on his feet. Joe has, as yet, no official post, but you can tell he will be another efficient one, even if he does have a twinkle in his eye. They are plotting a fanzine out, and as a start have bought a large giant-sized stapler. Each night they sit and write letters of comment to every fanzine, except *Scottishe*. The dirty dogs.

A booming sound heralds Bruce Burn, fondly stroking his beard which he has nobly donated to the TAFF auction. He hails from New

Zealand and alternates between homesickness for his own beautiful country and jubilation at being in London. The latest thing he has found to delight in is the fact that there is no longer a six weeks delay between his publishing a zine and receiving a letter of comment.

Starting off from Oxford, and hitch-hiking no doubt, is Chris Miller. Newly started at the University, I gather he spends most of his time in heady talk, and gets hardly any sleep. He is well set up in his chambers at Oxford, with Atomillos on the walls, he is bound to be a big success.

At an Army camp the form of Don Geldart is to be seen, straining at the leash, it is not yet known if he will be able to come with us. Quiet when first he came among us, we have found out gradually that he is a first rate humorist writer and are now all breathing down his neck for material.

We will have with us Pat Kearney, a young lad found through the BSFA. The club is looking him over, and he is looking over the club, preparatory to the decision, shall he become a member of our band or not. Any minute now... seconds out of the ring... and when the dust settles down, I'll let you know what happened He is a lover of Horror stories, so we know he has a strong stomach.

Expected any minute now is Arthur Thomson, slightly out of breath, and with a head full of glorious cartoons. Having a pair of clever hands and a nimble wit, he is our best all-round fan. He is able to do most anything from making us all fall off our chairs laughing, to making our amateur zines look real professional.

Sitting woefully in North London are the Potters, Irene and Ken. They *would* be woeful, that is, at not being with us, but that they have a bouncing baby daughter to make them chortle and are both blessed with the sunniest of natures. I suppose really it is we who are woeful, missing their zany fun.

Way out in Nairobi, stalking a lion, is George Locke. He pauses to wave his topee at us with his usual big grin, before resuming his determined hunt. I hope he knows what he is going to do with that lion. He has such a vivid imagination, I wouldn't put it past him to think it a suitable pet for Ella and what those claws will do to our nylons!

That tall Englishman who just told you he has hitch-hiked round the world twice, is telling the truth. He is Brian Burgess. That is a beanie he is wearing. He has worn it to every Con since the Mancon [*a 1952 regional convention held in Manchester*].

Well, there they are: the SFCoL, and for my sins I am their Chairman.

– *The SFCoL Combozine* (Easter 1961)

January 1962

Of Eastercons and the Worldcon

It seems likely the idea of Britain bidding to hold a second Worldcon was first mooted during Ella's 1961 US trip. Whatever the case, she hadn't been back home long before that bid became a reality.

Ella Parker:

We seldom attend one of our conventions armed beforehand with the news of who is going to do the following one or yet, where it will be held. In the few years I've been around I have never yet heard of different groups/people bidding for the honour. Usually, we sit looking blank, waiting for some sucker to volunteer. Everybody looks at everyone else in the wild hope they might suffer a temporary mental aberration which will land them with it. And the reason for this very real reluctance? We always have difficulty in finding a hotel that will accept our business. I'm not denying that a lot of our troubles would vanish if only the hotels were a lot more cooperative but, we could do something ourselves if we had YOUR support as a convention member.

First of all we have to discover if you, the Britfan, are interested in us continuing to have conventions. If we are to keep our end up in TAFF participation then we must. Even if you can't attend them would it really break your heart or your pocket if you paid membership fees? With your annual support we could probably reach the stage before long where we could put on an annual "do" that you wouldn't want to miss. We could have two charges; one for those intending to be there and a lower one for those who know they won't be able to make it. If you intended coming and then, for some reason, couldn't manage it, you would have half your membership fee returned.

Once we got the Convention Fund really solvent we could find an hotel that is just the right size for our conventions and *book the whole place*, money on the nose. Right now we don't have the cash in hand to be able to do it. We have tried sharing a large hotel with mundane types and usually it means some sort of row with the management because of noise at late parties and the like. The ideal solution is as suggested above; a hotel we could "take over" for the weekend. Your membership in our efforts would help us to realise this ambition. It would also make for bigger and

better conventions because, having got our hotel we would be able to publicize our convention well in advance so the attendance would be bigger. I hate to think of the number of folk we have lost at these things just because we haven't been able to advertise in the promags well in advance.

After all, you join the American conventions, some of you, knowing you have no hope of being there, why not spread some of this charity at home? Yes, we would welcome US memberships too. Oh, and by the way; you had better get your finger out. London is bidding for the Worldcon in '65. I know, we're raving mad but too, we are willing to do the work involved if you will give us the kind of support we sadly need. Think on it but, not for too long and then DO SOMETHING. [1]

Ron Bennett:

Since last issue of *Skyrack*, Harrogate fandom spent a flying weekend visit down in London to hear about Ella's Stateside trip from the horse's mouth. Liz and I got snowed up New Year's Eve on return trip north. Archie Mercer was in the town the previous weekend and we also just missed the SFCoL Xmas party. The SFCoL have themselves four new members in Ajax Hoch, Errol Pace, and Frances and Brian Varley and a new Committee in Ella Parker (Chairman), Ethel Lindsay (Secretary) and Ian Peters (Treasurer). Three posts to fill and three Scots to fill them! Scottish Fan Club of London appears to be right.

London is bidding for the 1965 WorldCon, a considerate bid in view of Stateside rotation system. Last WorldCon outside USA was also in London, in 1957. [2]

Which suggests that Ella had consulted with US fans on what would be the best year Britain should go for.

Ella Parker:

London is hoping to bid for the Worldcon in '65. I told you that lastish but none of you have mentioned it. I would like those of you in Britain to let me know, if you intend writing a LoC on this, how you feel about it. London is keen, make no mistakes about that but we are not Britfandom and if the rest of you are agin it we would have to withdraw our bid and cease plugging ourselves for it. Don't for one moment think that because we are plugging for '65 that you needn't bother about it yet. We must know how you feel about it because there's a lot of groundwork to be done. No, this doesn't tie-in with what I've said up there, at least, only indirectly. If we have the Worldcon it will be for one year only, I promise, my hand on my heart! Our regional Conventions are annual

affairs and to put them right is important if they are to continue in the future.

If we are lucky and get the Worldcon for London in '65, is there any reason why it *has* to be held over the weekend of Labour Day? Including Christmas, we have four Holidays over here. The others are:

Easter, of which Good Friday, Sunday and Monday are Bank Holidays, as we call them. Saturday in that weekend is a normal working day for shops and stores though offices don't work then, even those who normally do work Saturdays.

Whitsun, which is really only a two-day Holiday, Sunday and Monday. This usually comes about six weeks after Easter.

August Bank Holiday, which is the first weekend in August, just as your Labour Day is the first one in September. Again the August one is only two days long, Sunday and Monday.

From what I know of London hotels, we would be as well to keep it at September because of price raises during the Season, only, I don't know how many would benefit over here as well as in America, if we moved the date of the Worldcon just this once. This is a matter of extreme urgency so, please, those of you with helpful comments and suggestions to make, get them in as soon as you've read this. [3]

[1] *Orion* #28 (January 1962, ed. Ella Parker)

[2] *Skyrack* #41 (February 1962, ed. Ron Bennett)

[3] *Orion* #29 (April 1962, ed. Ella Parker)

April 1963

Bullcon and Beyond

As well as bidding for the 1965 Worldcon SFCoL also wanted to run the 1963 Eastercon at least in part as a “dry run” for Worldcon and to give those members who had none some experience in convention running. As alluded to above, Eastercons having usually been unopposed single bids, SFCoL were expecting this to be a formality: but that’s not what happened.

Ron Bennett:

PETERBOROUGH SWEEPS IN!! Forty-five members already registered!

The 1962 National British Convention was held in Harrogate from Good Friday, 20th April to Easter Monday, 23rd April. The actual programme was split between the West Park and Clarendon hotels, situated on the edge of the famous Harrogate Stray. It would probably not have mattered if they had been situated two miles underground, however, for the spa’s beauty was viewed only through rain coloured spectacles for the greater part of the weekend.

London’s well-publicised bid for the 1963 con-site was swept aside when Ken Slater and Dave Barber announced that they were putting in a bid for Peterborough next year. It is a long time since Britain had two groups fighting for a consite and the position surely reflects the enthusiasm in British fandom today and also the excellent work of the BSFA in recruiting new blood; many new faces were in evidence during the weekend.

At the BSFA’S Annual General Meeting, Ella Parker bid for the 1963 Convention on behalf of London and Ken Slater spoke on behalf of Peterborough. It was suggested that the issue be left until the afternoon when the vote would be taken. Discussion on the point took place informally at lunchtime and after the Professional Panel the vote was taken, the return being Peterborough 39, and London 23. It was generally agreed that poor presentation of a worthwhile scheme for a prestige hotel swung the favour to the Peterborough backers. [1]

Brian Aldiss:

Most of [Sunday] morning was occupied with the BSFA AGM. It was like all AGMs, and Bobbie Gray showed great resource in pushing it through as she did, though her opening remarks about “Discussing our usual crises” struck a chill note. It was revealed that half the BSFA membership does not renew, although it is in fact increasing its numbers. This is not the place to go into details of that meeting, but personally I felt that we have secured a very good joe in the person of our new book librarian, Joe Navin.

Owing to ill-health, Bobbie is unable to act as BSFA Chairman, while for the same reason Terry Jeeves cannot chair again. Phil Rogers was put up for the job.

“But I don’t know what the job entails!” Phil exclaimed.

“Therefore you’re the ideal man,” Bennett said, and the idea was carried.

I was chosen to be Chairman* for the ’65 World Con; Ella tells me it entails nothing, but I admit my hand isn’t quite steady. [2]

** Perhaps a slip of memory for the figurehead role of President: the 1957 UK Worldcon had both a Chairman and a President. Ultimately there was no 1965 President and Brian Aldiss instead became the Guest of Honour. [Ed.]*

Archie Mercer:

Preparations are going ahead for the holding of the 1965 World Convention in London. The World Convention, of course, is the SF convention of the year, and is usually held in the United States. It was previously held in London in 1957, and a special plane was chartered to bring over American fans and professional personalities. There is not, of course, any absolute certainty that London will get the ’65 Worldcon. Nothing can be known for sure until the voting takes place next year. But there is much support for the project among American fans and/or convention-goers, and I should say that the chances are considerably more than fifty per cent in our favour. See you there, too, then, I hope. [3]

George Locke:

L*O*N*D*O*N will be bidding for the World Convention in 1965, to be held over August Bank Holiday. Although I am – thankfully – right outside the circle of people organising the affair, I can say that things are looking very well at the moment. The hotel problem – always a tough business where science fiction conventions are concerned – has pretty well been tied up. The hotel picked is the Rembrandt, in South Kensington, a mere stone’s throw from the famous museums, and is a very nice place. I

ought to know – I attended several school reunion dinners there. [4]

Then as now, South Kensington was an upmarket area of London, and the Rembrandt sits across the street from the Victoria & Albert Museum. That such a hotel would have considered hosting an SF convention seems remarkable, yet SFCoL must have at least been in talks with them for Locke to make this announcement. Needless to say, the Rembrandt wasn't where the con was ultimately held.

Ron Bennett:

THE SCIENCE FICTION CLUB OF LONDON made their annual trip to Whipsnade Zoo on 23rd June. Keith Otter, Dave Barber, Ted Forsyth, Jim Groves, Peter Mabey, Ella Parker, Ian and Betty Peters, Norman Sherlock, Ken and Joyce Slater and Brian and Frances Varley were the lucky trippers. Cameras were much in evidence and the East Anglian capitalists paid to take their cars into the Zoo grounds.

Meanwhile, London's shadow committee for the 1965 WorldCon has had its first meeting. If this committee is the size of that at the 1957 London WorldCon, this first meeting was probably so that any one member could learn all the names of the others. And I'm asked to ask readers how high you would be willing to go on hotel rates for a London WorldCon. Write Ella Parker or Ethel Lindsay. [5]

HOTEL BOOKED... FOR SIXTY-FIVE ! Many fans are already aware that London is bidding for the 1965 World Convention and indeed there have been many slogans in fanzines supporting the campaign. The shadow committee has already met three times and will be continuing to meet monthly, whilst a hotel in London has already been booked, providing of course that London's bid, which will be made in a year's time on America's western seaboard, is successful. The Committee itself lines up as: Chairman – Ella Parker, Secretary – Ethel Lindsay, Treasurer – Jimmy Groves, Publicity – Peter Mabey, Programme – Ron Bennett, Programme Liaison – Keith Otter. Brian and Frances Varley will be in charge of the convention's Project Art Show. [6]

[1] *Skyrack* #42 (April 1962, ed. Ron Bennett)

[2] *Hyphen* #33 (June 1963, ed. Walt Willis)

[3] *Vector* #19 (May 1963, ed. Archie Mercer)

[4] *Smoke* #6 (September 1963, ed. George Locke)

- [5] *Skyrack* #56 (July 1963, ed. Ron
Bennett)
- [6] *Skyrack* #57 (August 1963, ed. Ron
Bennett)

June 1963

On Volunteering

Ethel Lindsay:

The old London Circle abjured any organisation on principle. About the only thing they ever did was have Charlie Duncombe as their Treasurer who collected from them when they were set on some specific object, like booze for their room party. They were all far too individualistic to take kindly to any organising efforts and any attempts in this direction brought huge upheavals. The last one, of course, broke the Circle up completely. Before this, however, they put on the 1957 Worldcon and once again I found myself on a committee. My main job, as far as I could see, was to prevent all the others from breaking into open warfare. Being a newcomer I was not too involved and could therefore often help to straighten out a situation so that no one “lost face”.

Another time, another place, I may tell the whole of the fantastic events that ended in the Circle going up in smoke..but not today..I don't think that all the glow has gone out of the embers yet; after all it only happened [*five*] years ago.

From then on at nearly every con I have attended I have had some job or other, my favourite is the registration desk for then you get a chance to talk with everyone. Then came the 1963 Petercon. At the business meeting no one-but no one would volunteer to put on the 1964 con. We from London had decided that we should not, as we hoped to get the 1965 Worldcon and knew there would be enough work in planning for this. Our main concern was Ella Parker who, we felt, was liable to volunteer to work. We all kept an eye on her during the meeting but she managed to refrain. The meeting ended with still no con committee. Then it was announced that there would be a special meeting that night in the small lounge to discuss the situation. At the time the meeting started there was a film show on I wanted to see. About halfway through someone came up to me and told me the meeting was on, but I answered that I was not going. Later someone else came and asked me to come but I refused. A third time someone came for me and said “Ethel, they want you to come.” So, reluctantly and with a last glance at the film, I came away.

A note on the name. Officially “The British Science Fiction Association Convention, 1963”, it was called both “Bullcon”

and “Petercon” in the Programme Book. “Petercon” is the most sensible name for it in this writer’s opinion, but it has come down to us as “Bullcon”. In Hyphen #33 (June 1963), Brian Aldiss concludes his con report with “Yours, James, till the Repetercon”, which appears to be the first use of that clever name for the 1964 Eastercon, held again in the Bull hotel (and another reason why this one should be “Petercon”).

When I got into the lounge I found it filled with old and familiar faces, all the workers from way back over the years... Ken Slater, the Shorrocks, Eddie Jones, Ron Bennett, Eric Jones, my own crowd, the old, the dear, the familiar faces... if they didn’t come up with some idea then there would be no con in 64!

I gradually discovered what had happened so far – Ken Slater had offered to handle the hotel bookings, Eric Jones had offered to provide taped music, Ken Cheslin had offered to do any duplicating, George Locke had offered to handle the auction material. All that was needed was a secretary/treasurer and someone to organise the programme. Tony Walsh was willing to do a lot of this, but not all. I asked him if he would take on the Sec/Treas if someone else would take on the programme, and with a gulp he said yes. I dared not look behind me to where Ella sat. I could feel waves of incredulity being directed at me from her. After all, I had lectured her on taking on too much. From the side of my eyes could I see Jimmy Groves shaking his head slowly from side to side like a spectator at Wimbledon.

I looked again at the faces... they were all busy people I knew, and most of them had done their fair share of work in the past. Indeed of all those who had already volunteered not one but had already done work of some kind before. Who was I to stand out? So I said I’d do the programme.

Yet that con saw the beginning of some new faces joining the workband... new young lads coming up to let us old ’uns have a rest..and I wish them all well. Just as soon as I’ve handed over TAFF, and finished my bit as editor to OMPA, and lived through ’65... I’m going to have a looong rest. But to the others who are just getting started let me say, before you all think that I am complaining, doing this sort of work is very rewarding. You make friends, good friends, you have accomplished something and that always feels good, and sometimes when you least expect it someone says their thank you in an especially nice way that makes the whole thing seem worthwhile.

– *Scottishe* #36 (June 1964, ed. Ethel
Lindsay)

November 1963

Who's Who in British Fandom

Ron Bennett:

In view of London's intention to bid for the 1965 World Convention, it is intended to introduce to readers living abroad some of the outstanding personalities of the present day British fan scene. The first pen-picture in this series, which appeared in *Skyrack* as long ago as November 1960, will shortly be reprinted, but meanwhile, contributions to the series will be most welcome. [1]

1: Ron Bennett on George Locke

If fannish ability counted with military authorities, George Locke would be pushing the rank of field-marshal. In three short years [*seven by this point*] George has sprung to the fore in British fandom and his writings are without doubt an acquisition to any fanzine in which they appear. George, who was born on 9th February 1936 (he stands 5' 10" and weighs just over 12 stones), came into fandom about the time of the London World Convention in 1957 and was content for over a year to sit on the sidelines at Globe meetings in London, merely drinking in the fannish atmosphere and grounding himself in fannish history. Suddenly, in 1959, he burst forth as an actifan with his own fanzine *Smoke* as well as competing with John Berry in prolific writing. Apart from the 1957 Worldcon he attended the 1959 BrumCon in Birmingham but was prevented by an untimely call-up from appearing at [*the 1960*] LonCon. He was voted one of the best new fans in [*the 1959*] *Fanac* poll. George possesses a most enviable balance of puckish humour and mature seriousness. His OMPAazine *Eyetracks* is devoted in the main to items from his fabulous book collection. A thoroughly nice guy who is an asset to British fandom. [2]

#2: George Locke on Jimmy Groves

One of the leading fan editors in England during the past few years has been Jimmy Groves, a young chemist who came into fandom in the latter part of 1959. The BSFA's tentacles, ably manoeuvred by Ella Parker at the time, soon made Jimmy realise that once in fandom, there is no getting out. Though, to give the lad credit, he has made valiant attempts during his numerous rock hunting expeditions to the wilds of England

outside London. Frequently he has even combined these trips with fannish visits, such as his 1962 expedition to visit Fred Hunter and the sample-laden Shetland Islands.

Jimmy is a short, solid man of about 23 and he describes himself as a collector; his OMPAazine is even entitled *Packrat*. But his main activity in fandom has been the editorship of the BSFA [*Official Organ*] *Vector* through one of its most successful periods and he has also held offices of one sort or another in the Science Fiction Club of London. Currently, he is even lined up as the money grabber in chief, the Treasurer of the 1965 London Worldcon, if London is successful with her bid. In America he has probably been best known outside OMPA as a *Cry** letter-hack during that golden period of two to three years ago when all sorts of strange Englishmen were invading the sanctity of Wally Weber's domain.

* *Clubzine of the Seattle, Washington, fan group The Nameless Ones; formerly titled Cry of the Nameless. [Ed.]*

Jimmy is, at first glance, the typical example of a science fiction fan, with the accent both on "science" and "science fiction", if it is possible to do that to the English language. He'll talk about SF at the drop of an author's name – but I must confess that he's easily led astray on to other topics. He'll give you as forceful an argument as any fan in London – and I include femme-fans in that statement. He attends conventions with considerable fervour and has even invented a science fiction game.

Quite a lad. [1]

#3: Ken Cheslin on Dave Hale

Dave Hale, David J. Hale, stands some six feet six inches in his stocking feet. Well built, he boasts a great bush of brown hair which covers his head from his chin to his crown, from the midst of which a pair of beady bespectacled eyes peer in the best mad scientist manner.

It was an advert in *New Worlds* which led Dave into fandom while he was still at school. As he lived near Ken Cheslin he was soon not only borrowing Ken's fanzines, but was also cutting stencils for *Les Spinge* and finally – when Ken became too busy with BSFA work – Dave took over the magazine, doting on colour changes and justified margins, thusly improving the appearance of the zine greatly. Since then Dave has entered OMPA for which association he produces *Big Deal* with the same care though here he perhaps allows himself a little more room for experimentation. Here we have a pillar of fandom in the making unless gafia gets at him first, for at the moment Dave is studying for a degree in psychology at the University of Manchester. [3]

#4: George Locke on Michael Moorcock

Mike is one of that small, select group of fans who have bridged the gap between the old London Circle and the new, formless, informal mob who attend the Globe faithfully every first Thursday of the month. In those old days he was notable for a guitar and a petite office from which he dispensed weekly issues of *Tarzan Adventures*. Several fans, Arthur Thomson and Ron Bennett amongst them, contributed to its pages during his editorship.

Mike has been active in most aspects of fan activity, publishing a genzine *Burroughsania* (which has since passed into the able hands of Dick Ellingsworth) and material for OMPA.

It used to be the habit for well-known fans to graduate from fandom into prodom but lately in this country the neo-Bulmers, Clarkes, Youds and Bradburys have not in the main been appearing. Mike is one of the few who has continued the old habit and he has been noted for his Elric series. The culmination of his successes with Nova Publications is that he has recently become hard-bound – a series of the Elric stories, *The Stealer of Souls*, has been published by Neville Spearman, in a format as informally elegant as the author has himself become. Michael now lives in west London with his wife Hilary (who is herself a Nova contributor) and their three-month-old daughter. His successes have in no ways changed his love for the Good Life of SF fandom and we wish him well in his newly acquired professional mantle. [4]

#5: Archie Mercer on Jill Adams

At the first British world convention, in 1957, the attendees found themselves confronted with something hitherto unprecedented – a girl who was apparently able to go without sleep altogether for several nights on the trot and still look just as fresh as at the beginning. The girl in question was Jill Adams, a young housewife then living in east London, of which parts she is a native.

Jill (or Gillian, to give it in full) continued to grace the fannish social life of the metropolis until husband John was transferred to Southampton and the family (including small daughter Penny) had perforce to leave the bright lights. Jill continued to come to every Con she could manage. She has had to miss approximately every other one, for various reasons – and she was also on hand as hostess for the notorious expedition that met Bruce Burn and his slate blue sausages when his boat docked from New Zealand in August 1960.

In 1962 fandom saw another side of Jill's talents, when she accepted the post of Hon. Treasurer to the BSFA, of which august body she was one

of the earliest members. She is at present in the process of serving out her second year in that office, which she is doing with considerable efficiency. Whichever conventions she misses, one hopes and trusts that she'll contrive to be present at the 1965 one. All-night fandom needs people like Jill. [5]

#6: Archie Mercer on Byron Terrence Jeeves

Terry Jeeves has probably been continuously active in fandom for longer than any other British fan, certainly for considerably longer than either your scribe or your editor. During those many years he has served fandom well in sundry official posts, including, last year, that of BSFA Chairman.

From his wartime stint in the R.A.F. he retains a keen interest in the technicalities of both aero- and astronautics, and his tastes in SF run more to the heavy science-based stuff. This serious side of Terry is excellently counterbalanced by a strong sense of humour, expressed both in his fan writings and in his cartoons.

Terry is one of fandom's better artists, whether in the cartoon field or for more serious an approach, and his work on stencil has few equals. His "Soggies", characters originally created to be both distinctive in appearance and easy to draw, have gone pro and their antics appear regularly in a number of professional hobbyist magazines.

As well as writing and drawing, Terry publishes fanzines. He was one of those responsible for the highly successful *Triode*, has edited the BSFA's *Vector* and he is a member of long tenure in OMPA. His skill at producing a neatly gestetnered fanzine is an integral part of his general artistic talent.

A schoolmaster by profession, Terry lives in his native Sheffield with his second wife, Valerie and three assorted Jeeveniles (one of each – a boy, a girl and a baby). There is also a small and friendly mongrel (female branch). Terry and Val never miss a con or similar occasion if they can possibly help it. You'll be pretty well bound to see them there in '65. [6]

[1] *Skyrack* #54 (May 1963, ed. Ron Bennett)

[2] *Skyrack* #26 (November 1960, ed. Ron Bennett)

[3] *Skyrack* #59 (November 1963, ed. Ron Bennett)

[4] *Skyrack* #60 (November 1963, ed. Ron Bennett)

[5] *Skyrack* #61 (December 1963, ed. Ron
Bennett)

[6] *Skyrack* #62 (January 1964, ed. Ron
Bennett)

September 1964

The Oakland Bidding Session

In 1964 Arthur “Atom” Thomson won TAFF and so got to attend PACIFICON II, that year’s Worldcon, which was held in Oakland, California, and to present the London bid for the 1965 Worldcon. However, there were those in the US not happy that a victory for London meant the site for the following Worldcon would be decided overseas, a situation that had never arisen before. This hadn’t been a problem in 1957 given the overwhelming support for the single bid.

Bill Mallardi:

Don [Franson] comes up with a good question in the latest TNFF re: both cities wanting the con in ’66. Like, how would the US fen who didn’t go to London in ’65 vote for their choice? (Presuming of course, that they are non-attending members of the LonCon.) Don suggests that “a sort of primary election be held at the ’65 Midwestcon, with the winner going to London with the con in his pocket for the formality of selection.” But Don, doesn’t that seem a bit presumptuous? Isn’t it possible that the results of the London voting would sway the results of the stateside voting to the other bidder? No, that suggestion doesn’t seem to fit the bill... What I suggest is this: Have the London Convention Committee send out voting ballots to all the non-attending members when they send out the progress reports, and let them choose either Cleveland or Detroit, send the ballots back to England, to combine with the con attendee’s votes. That seems fair, to me. (Of course, if London doesn’t like this idea, and they agree to it, we could by-pass London and let the fans vote here in the States this year for the ’66 con – at Pacificon II.)

By the way, this is all based on Franson’s thought that “how a handful of Americans at London, plus disinterested (or uninterested) Englanders and continentals can make this decision?” Which is something else to be discussed by fandom here and abroad. Should we worry about how the conventioneer’s would vote re: both cities? Should US fen have a voice in the voting, who don’t go to London? I think so, to a degree; as I mentioned above, that would be a good way to handle it. [1]

The first announcement of the hotel finally chosen to host the

convention appears, surprisingly, to have been in the US fanzine Starspinkle.

Ron Ellik:

The committee planning to bid for the 23rd World SF Con for London is happy to announce it has selected a hotel: it's the Mount Royal at Marble Arch. Room rates – including breakfast – vary from \$7.25 to \$8.66 *per person [emphasis because they charged by the room in US hotels]*, plus 10% service charge which does away with tipping. There's a 24-hour coffee shop in the hotel (highly unusual in England) and alcohol may be purchased by hotel residents around the clock. Art Thomson will be prepared to take memberships at \$2 for non-attendees and \$3 for attendees, immediately after the business session at Oakland, if London wins the bidding. [2]

As the man on the ground charged with presenting the London's bid, Arthur Thomson had been carefully briefed by the bid committee on exactly what he was to say before setting off for the US. The account below is taken from his trip report, Atom Abroad, which is now available as a free ebook.

Arthur Thomson:

On the Sunday morning [September 6th] I awoke mumbling the lines of the London in '65 Worldcon bid. The Worldcon business session was that day. I had to make good, and London had to get the '65 convention or I'd never be able to go back to London where Ella Parker could get her hands on me. Going down to the mezzanine I met Ed and Leigh Hamilton in the elevator and chatted with them about the '64 Easter convention they'd attended in Britain. Dave Kyle came up and said he was going to put in a standby bid for Syracuse in case due to any international situation London couldn't hold the con. I thought of telling him they'd never *dare* drop an Atomic bomb on London if Ella Parker was in the throes of putting a Worldcon on.

The time for the business session came along. I loaded Wally Weber up with London progress reports and membership tickets then went with him to the meeting. A couple of regional conventions were dealt with first. Paul Turner speaking up for Long Beach for the Westercon and describing how the place was loaded with pretty girls in swimsuits. Bob Silverberg after him delivered a hilarious deadpan bid for a Worldcon on the Virgin Islands, which sounded so good I began to think of voting for there myself. [3]

George Scithers:

Bob Silverberg rose to give the funniest bid in history, for the Virgincon or the Johnson – the sponsors planned it for a hotel on St John, Virgin Islands, and hadn't decided which to call it. Bob dwelt at length on the desirable features of the site – only \$595 by air from New York to St. Thomas, capital of the Virgin Islands, and from there, one can take a boat which passes within a short swimming distance of St. John's.... This island's greatest scenic attraction is an animal preserve, filled with all manner of strange and fell creatures which very seldom leave for other parts of the island. The hotel has no convention meeting room, but there is an excellent outdoor meeting place. (The con will take place during the rainy season.) And as a special feature, the local natives have been persuaded to give their famous Sterility Dance for the benefit of the fans. However, we must hurry and have the con soon, for the natives are a dying race... anyway, there were, Bob said, plenty of pretty girls available.

Dave Kyle put in a token bid for Syracuse, which is actively seeking the '66 con, and then withdrew it in favour of London.

Then Arthur Thomson put in the London bid. He explained that the con was to be the 28 August weekend in London; that the con would be in the Mt. Royal Hotel, Marble Arch, London; and that the dues would be \$3 for attendees, \$2 for non-attendees. Arthur, no man to fall behind in a competition, explained that there were lots of pretty girls walking the streets of London, too. Alas for ad-libbed jokes: this remark not only broke up the meeting, but made Atom himself collapse into helpless laughter. At least the con committee types seem convinced that science fiction conventions are hotbeds of the boy-chases-girl kind of lust, even if...

Oh, yes: London won the 1965 Worldcon. [4]

Ron Bennett:

LONDON IN '65. We made it! At the PacifiCon attendees voted that the 1965 World Convention will be held in London. The date to jot down on the bedroom ceiling is August bank holiday. Watch this space for further announcements. As you'll note from the dateline and the reference to "last weekend" up there, something went wrong with Skyrack's hitherto infallible system. This issue should have reached you last week. A prepaid cable, giving details of the London bid, did not arrive. It is a proud and lonely thing to be a newszine editor.

THE MOST NOBLE & ILLUSTRIOUS ORDER OF ST FANTONY is most definitely being revived, said revival being in the noble and illustrious hands of Keith Freeman, Kt.St.F. Twenty five knights and ladies will be adding to the ranks of fandom's most colourful body at next year's

Worldcon. [5]

[1] *Double:Bill* #8 (Jan 1964, ed. Bill
Bowers and Bill Mallardi)

[2] *Starspinkle* #42 (July 1964, ed. Ron
Ellik)

[3] *Atom Abroad* (1965, ebook 2021) by
Arthur Thomson

[4] source misplaced

[5] *Skyrack* #70 (September 1964, ed. Ron
Bennett)

September 1964

Hugo Hullabaloo Part 1

Bill Donaho of the Pacificon II Committee:

El Cerrito, September 16th

There is already much confusion and uproar about the various Hugo motions passed at the business meeting of the Pacificon and even the chairman and members of the various committees don't seem clear about what the score is. In order to clear up some of the confusion, here are the motions that were passed.

1) Since the present supply of Hugo trophies will be exhausted in 1965, it is moved that the chairman of the Pacificon II Committee appoint a Committee to look into the problem of providing a future supply. The Hugo Trophy Committee is: Chairman – Ben Jason; Howard DeVore, Ed Wood, and Dick Lupoff.

2) Moved that a Committee be formed to study the question of broadening the base of Hugo nominations, a preliminary report to be given at the 1965 Worldcon and a final vote on the report to be taken at the 1966 Worldcon. The Hugo Study Committee is: Chairman: Dick Lupoff, Harlan Ellison, Anthony Boucher, Ethel Lindsay and Joseph Nesvadba.

3) Moved that until the report of the Hugo Award Study Committee is acted upon in 1966, a new system of awarding Hugos be instituted on a temporary basis, implementation to be by a Panel of Experts nominating from selections offered by the membership-at-large.

Now it is obvious that these three motions cover three different aspects of the Hugo situation and that these aspects are to be dealt with by different people. Production of the Hugos is now the responsibility of the Hugo trophy committee. The Hugo study committee is to study and review the whole question of awarding Hugos, with particular emphasis on nominations.

But nominations and awards of the 1965 and 1966 Hugos are still the responsibility of the 1965 and 1966 World-con Committees.

For that matter, nothing one convention committee does is binding on the next one so if the London Committee so desires, thinking that the matter needs further study before any changes are made, they can still continue the old system.

If London does decide to institute the Panel of Experts, the nature,

composition and function of this Panel is entirely up to them. The Panel may be appointed by the Committee or elected by fans and/or convention members just as the London Committee decides.

It is likewise clear that according to the motion this Panel of Experts only has a voice in the nominations. It has nothing to do with either the final selection of winners or even the categories awards are given in.

That's all of the "Official Report", but I'm going to take this opportunity to make a few personal comments on nominations and the Panel of Experts.

There have been various suggestions as to just who should be on this Panel of Experts and just what sort of a voice it should have in choosing nominations. The most usual suggestion is that the Panel be a definite small one with its members either appointed or elected for specific terms.

Another one however is that there be no specific panel but that for nominations the fans and pros be polled separately, each selecting two nominees in each category and the joining together again in voting on the winners. At first glance this one sounds attractive, but the evidence indicates that pros read even less SF these days than fans and very few have voted on Hugos at all. (Definite statistics will be sent to Lupoff and London later.)

As for the Panel's voice in the nominations, one suggestion has been made that the Panel choose the nominations on the Ballot from those sent in by the fans. Does anyone really think that if fans don't nominate something that the Panel thinks should be *[included]* that the Panel won't either nominate it itself or arrange for some fan(s) to send the nominations in? This plan is an obvious move to have the Panel of Experts do the nominating itself. This may even be a good idea, but fans aren't so stupid they won't see through this camouflage, and this manner of presentation will kill the idea, whatever its merits. Another suggestion has been that the fans continue nominating as before but that the Panel of Experts looks over these nominations and if anything has been left off that the Panel thinks deserves nomination, the Panel can add it. In other words, the Panel can put things on the final ballot, but it can't take them off, except as the Panel's Choice(s) displace the lower-ranking fan selections. Possibly the best solution of all would be for the Lupoff Committee to recommend that the Panel of Experts choose the winners themselves, with the Panel being elected at the Worldcon business meeting. Say a Panel of six with staggered terms, two members being elected each year.

But that isn't London's problem. Whether or not to have this "Panel of Experts" and just what it should do is though.

Editorial Comment:

We have always felt that the simplest way is the best, and what could be simpler than to open the nominations to one and all, fans, pros, readers, editors, etc. No restrictions and no membership in World Convention required. Then nominations have been sorted, place top five in each category (category should be selected by Worldcon Committee) and have all vote on winners also with no restriction and no membership in Worldcon required. Nomination and final voting blanks can be issued with all fan mags and pro mags. Frauds and duplications can mostly be picked out by the counting committee. Another suggestion is to add a 25¢ fee on the final vote if you're not a member of the Worldcon, this 25¢ going towards the buying of the Hugo trophies.

In our humble opinion, this is the most democratic way of doing it, getting the best selections possible and giving all a chance to get in on the act. It will bring in more votes. After all the best "Panel of Experts" are the actual readers of science-fiction! We do not like any "Panel of Experts" of six (more or less) elected or picked to do the voting for us in any way or form. [1]

Something that needs to be mentioned here is the Dramatic Presentation category. When the Hugos were first awarded in 1953 there was no such category. In 1958 and 1959 Hugos were awarded for "Outstanding Movie" and "Best SF or Fantasy Movie". The broader "Dramatic Presentation" category arrived with the 1960 awards, and was repeated in 1961, 1962, and 1963, but not in 1964. This is because there were insufficient nominations for it to make the ballot. In that first decade of the Hugo Awards little of this was set in stone yet, the number and range of categories having varied considerably during the short history of the awards. The LONCON II committee, not seeing Dramatic Presentation on the 1964 Hugo ballot and being unaware of the reason for that omission, may have assumed this was one of those optional special categories that came and went over the years and so just followed suit. If they gave the matter any thought at all that is, which I very much doubt they did. A great deal of trouble was to result from this.

[1] *Science-Fiction Times* #421 (November 1964, ed. James V. Taurasi, Sr., and Frank R. Prieto, Jr.)

September 1964

The First Progress Report

LONCON Two

to be held at the
Mount Royal Hotel
Marble Arch
London, W.1.
England
from August 27 to 30, 1965

Committee

Miss E.A. Parker
Chairman & Assistant Secretary
43 William Dunbar House
Albert Road, London, N.W.6.

Miss E. Lindsay
Secretary
Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue,
Surbiton, Surrey.

Mr J.A. Groves
Treasurer
29 Lathom Road, London, E.6.

Mr P.H. Mabey
Publications
54 Wolsey Road, East Molesey, Surrey.

Mr R.M. Bennett
Programme

Mr & Mrs B. Varley
Art Show
47 Tolverne Road, London, S.W.20.

Memberships:

15/- or \$2 for non-attending members
21/- or \$3 for attendees
(the difference may be paid at the convention)

Please send all money to the Treasurer at the above address, making cheques payable to “23rd World SF Convention”.

Please send all other correspondence to the Secretary or Assistant Secretary, except for matters specifically concerning the other officers: all auction material is to be sent to Mr G. Locke at 86 Chelsea Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

Full details of the Convention Art Show have not yet been settled, but will be given in the next Progress Report, in which we shall also be giving some details of our planned programme, as well as the first instalment of the list of members. (For Progress Report publishing schedule, see last page of this issue.)

Mount Royal Hotel

The Mount Royal Hotel is in the West End of London, on Oxford Street, and within a mile of Piccadilly Circus. All rooms have bathroom attached, and are equipped with telephone and television, including closed-circuit transmission from the Convention Hall. There are men’s and women’s hairdressers and a newspaper shop in the foyer, and an all-night coffee shop which provides light meals, in addition to the hotel restaurant.

Please use the enclosed form for making your reservations with the hotel at the special convention rates as stated there on – note that a fixed service charge of 10% is additional to these in all cases.

Please send your booking direct to the hotel; if accommodation in the adjacent garage is required, details should be requested at the same time. (The hotel lies in a parking-meter zone, though at present no charge is made on Saturday afternoons, Sundays, and Bank Holidays.)

Brian W. Aldiss

The Guest of Honour is to be Brian Aldiss, who is one of England’s best-known current science-fiction authors; his works include *Non-Stop*, the Hugo-winning *Hothouse Planet*, and the controversial *The Dark Light Years*.

He is also familiar to fans, having been President of the British Science Fiction Association since 1960, and being a regular attender of the British conventions.

Savings Scheme

The 1965 Worldcon Committee has inaugurated a Savings Scheme for those wishing to save for Loncon 2. Postal Orders only, please, to be made out to E.A. Parker.

This scheme is available to U.K. fen only. Save now to spend later – anything from sixpence to sixty!

The Committee of LONCON TWO is pleased to take this opportunity to record its appreciation of the efforts of all those who have helped and are still helping, and to thank all fans who voted for us.

We wish to thank especially:

The Science Fiction Club of London, The Pacificon Committee, and Mr Peter Learmont, the Manager of the Mount Royal Hotel, for his invaluable co-operation and advice.

There will be two more progress reports, with publication dates of January and May 1965. Advertisement copy must be received by:

November 30, 1964 for Progress Report 2

March 31, 1965 Progress Report 3

July 15, 1965 Programme Booklet

The rates for advertisements are:

Fan:

Full page £2/5/- or \$7

Half page £1/10/- or \$4

Quarter page 15/- or \$2

Filler 7/- or \$1

Pro:

Full page £3/10/- or \$10

Half page £2/-/- or \$6

Quarter page £1/5/- or \$3

Also, for £1 or \$3 fans may sponsor a page of the programme booklet, for which a one-line acknowledgement is given at the foot of the page. (First come, first served, as this can apply to the text pages only!)

For the progress reports, copy must be prepared 5/3 times full size: i.e. full page 11" x 7½", half page 5½" x 7½", quarter page 2¾" x 7½" or 5½" x 3½" and filler ads up to six lines of typescript 7½" long, or equivalent.

For the programme booklet, copy must be actual size, as this page: 8½" x 5½" overall, 6½" x 4½" size of text.

In each case copy is to be on one side only of the paper, please.

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LONCON TWO Progress Report 1, September, 1964.

Published for the Committee by P.H. Mabey, 54 Wolsey Road, East Molesey, Surrey.

October 1964

The Joy of London

Over the Friday 31st July to Sunday 2nd August weekend, Ethel Lindsay was one of twelve British and three American fans to attend Castlecon, the 1964 German national SF convention, held that year at the Ritterburg (or Knight's Castle) in Marquartstein.

Ethel Lindsay:

It was Germany for my holiday this year; and it will be London next year. Yes: we have won the bid for the 1965 Worldcon; and I have arranged to take three weeks of my vacation at that time. This is, not only so that I can cope with the many details that will come my way; but also because I want to be around when many other fans from overseas will be holidaying in London. We are not sure how many will come as yet..some have said thirty from the States... and some have said more! I know, also, that many German fans will be coming and Axel Melhart assured me (hand on heart) there would be fifteen from Austria!

I don't want to be at work when all these fans are around. I'd like to be free to enjoy their company both before and after the con. Besides, I hope this way to see a lot more of London than I have in the eight years I have spent in England. When I first moved down to Surbiton it was with the intention of taking a job back inside London in about two years time. Yet here I am still. The main reason for this is Courage House. I am so comfortably and conveniently housed here; able to run my duper and conduct my fanac without fuss in a way that would not be possible elsewhere. So I have stayed on year after year. I guess I'm anchored now till I can collect my superannuation and then take off for parts as yet unknown.

Yet, each time I go up to London with time to wander around its streets, I regret that I do not live there. If I could choose I think I'd pick on somewhere near the river to live. George Locke has a very conveniently situated flat near the river. Another whose location I have envied is Pat Kearney whose home is next door to the BEA Terminal right in Westminster*. The rest of London fandom are rather scattered round the fringes – Ella to the far North and Atom in the Deep South. Undoubtedly, Arthur's home is the most difficult to discover; Norman Wansborough tried to get there for years without success. I have only managed to get

there with the aid of two guides (Ted Forsyth and Joe Patrizio) and have no hope of ever being able to get there on my own.

** Kensington, actually. Either way, a nice address. From Wikipedia: "The West London Air Terminal was a check-in facility for British European Airways flights from Heathrow Airport. It was located on Cromwell Road in Kensington, London, and was in operation from 6 October 1957 to 1 January 1974. After passengers checked in their baggage and received their boarding passes, they would travel to Heathrow Airport by coach. One of the drawbacks of using the terminal for checking in was that road traffic could delay the coaches and ultimately delay the departure of the flight." [Ed.]*

When I have a day off and head for town with time to spare I usually gravitate to Charing Cross and Tottenham Court Roads. I browse my way through all the bookshops till I reach Foyles – where I disappear for hours! If it is a fine day with the sun shining; then I have a few favourite spots to sit. In the middle of Leicester Square for instance... a small green square surrounded by traffic*. Another spot is the Embankment Gardens down by the river where sometimes a band is playing and where I can always get a cup of tea. I also like St. James Gardens because the sparrows there are so tame they will eat out of your hand. I like to wander through Selfridges' store; I like to walk across Westminster Bridge; I like the street markets; I even like Waterloo Station! I like to watch the City as it empties at night. As I wait for Ella coming out from her work – I never weary – there is always the passing crowds to watch. London excites me! I think I'd even enjoy my holiday if no fans came at all! I certainly hope they will though! ...and that some British fans will also choose a holiday like this.

** Not any more. Leicester Square is now fully pedestrianised. [Ed.]*

Anyone want a free guide or a gawking companion? [1]

Charles Platt on Peter Weston:

(Who's Who in British Fandom #7)

Joining the Birmingham SF Group in January '63, Pete entered fandom in an unusual way. Not only was he producing his fanzine *Zenith* before anything like acquainted with other zines, he was an active, letter-writing SF fan before he had heard of such fannish terms as BNF, faans, etc. So by the time he found out about true fandom he was half way a fan already. Soon the traditional newcomer's distrust of the Establishment died down, and *Zenith* was transformed from a spirit duplicated piece of crud into an almost too serious science fiction fanzine containing contributions

from well known fans and even professional authors, these besides advertisements from book publishers.

Now *Zenith* has a circulation around the 300 mark and boasts justified margins, many electro stencilled illos and three-colour duplicating, even though it only recently reached its sixth issue. This enterprise is characteristic of Pete and the Birmingham group in its early stages of growth. It remains to be seen whether the enthusiasm can be sustained up to the BrumCon next Easter.

An imposing figure in dark-rimmed spectacles, Pete is as serious about SF as is his fanzine. His newly-purchased Roneo 350 stands on the stairs while he shares his bedroom with his collection and a younger brother. All typing and fanac is executed on a small portable, while perched on his bed. Pete still possesses a slightly mixed attitude to fandom but I suspect that he is underneath more a true fan than he thinks. Applying for membership of OMPA was significant; now, it seems, only time is needed to mellow Pete and *Zenith* into more typical fan and fanzine respectively. [2]

[1] *Scottishe* #37 (Sept 1964, ed. Ethel Lindsay)

[2] *Skyrack* #71 (Oct 1964, ed. Ron Bennett)

November 1964

Hugo Hullabaloo Part 2

Ron Bennett:

VOTE BRITISH! Included in this *Skyrack* “mailing” is a copy of the first Hugo nomination form, from which return the final ballot will be formulated. May I point out, for your consideration, that in the Best Publisher section Penguin Books are worthy of your vote. For some reason (known but not entirely agreed with), Penguin Books are not reviewed in the BSFA journal, *Vector*, which fact might possibly preclude their being considered by many fans. This, I feel, would be shameful, for in recent years Penguin have published much worthy SF, some of it ironically compiled by the BSFA’s now-ex-President Brian Aldiss.

LONCON 65. The Science Fiction Club of London’s bid for the 1965 WorldCon has, as is well known, been successful and the 23rd World SF Convention will take place in London over the weekend of next August Bank Holiday, which, please be reminded, has recoiled in horror and has tried to hide itself in the hitherto uncharted reaches of the calendar, namely 27th-30th August 1965. Note the date. The hotel is Oxford Street’s plush Mount Royal and the Guest of Honour is to be the hitherto unknown but promising Brian Aldiss, who is mentioned briefly elsewhere in this issue. [1]

SKYRACK HEADS INSULARITY POLL! No sooner had I mentioned to James Ashe that the letters of comment I usually receive on *Skyrack* are letters of criticism than along comes a note from one who is by no means unknown for his sensible and level headed approach to fandom, ex-BSFA high official, Doc Weir Memorial Award winner, etc., etc., Archie Mercer, in which he states that the headline on the Hugo Awards last issue, “Vote British” displays deplorable insularity. Hard on the heels of this Mercatorial admonishment comes the appreciated recommendation in the final issue of *Starspinkle* which also mentions the fact that *Skyrack* is insular.

There appear to be two points to make here. Firstly, with the exception of *Contact*, the label of insularity could to some degree be attached to every fannish newszine. At the very best (if one takes “insularity” to be a dirty word), there has been a decided local bias. *Starspinkle* reported the doings of Los Angeles fans its overseas readers

had never heard of, *Axe* covered the New York professional scene as though it were the centre of the universe, etc., etc. It cannot, dear friend, be otherwise. One reports what one knows, what one is in contact with. And one is most likely to be in contact with that closest to one. *Skyrack*, for example, has, when it has been published in London, devoted almost its entire (entire, ha! with four sides) issue to the doings of London fandom. So, yes, *Skyrack* is insular. From the beginning it has been my deliberate policy to concentrate on British news. Overseas news has not been neglected when it has most decidedly influenced fandom as a whole or when it has been thought to be of especial interest to certain *Skyrack* readers. Hence the coverage on TAFF news, Hugo winners, Worldcon sitings and the like, a coverage which has at times meant going to some lengths to obtain news quickly and efficiently (as the Western Union offices in Bradford will bear out!). So yes, indeed, *Skyrack* is insular; and will remain so. The reports of Oshkosh engagements and the like will be left for others to print.

Archie, of course, has a valid point, however. Such insularity as this urging one to vote British in the Hugo nominations is indeed deplorable. My motive, please believe me, was to point out a contender, Penguin Books, as being worthy of consideration. It is true, however, that I am of the opinion that there is much in British SF and fandom to equal the highest standards of the genre and I am also of the opinion that awards have on occasion gone elsewhere because of sheer weight of numbers. I will most certainly vote for Penguin, but this does not mean that I have not considered other publishers, Ace Books amongst them. My nomination, for example, for Hugo-worthy novel will be one published in America, and written by an American living in Denmark.

Aw, the heck with it. Sure, I'm insular.

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Further to the Hugos, there's a funny story going the rounds at the moment. Following the example of the Pacificon II, the London Worldcon Committee has decided against presenting an award for a dramatic work, such as a film or TV show. It is understood that a certain Committee member recently suffered a three a.m. phone call from an irate writer who stated that he had spent over \$300 in publicity for his own dramatic work, who asked how could he possibly win a Hugo for this work if one wasn't to be presented and who announced that unless this decision was retracted he would not join the Convention. I tell you, putting on a Worldcon is great fun.

There is incidentally some little discussion going on behind the

scenes about the manner of balloting for the Hugo awards and there will possibly be a change in the system employed by future conventions. London is employing the old well-trying system and had agreed to do so before the storm broke over our heads. Some very sensible comments have been made by both sides in this argument which has happily not degenerated to personalities. Let's keep it that way. [2]

James V. Taurasi, Sr., and Frank R. Prieto, Jr.:

Another bit of trouble has developed in the Hugo business. We understand that a certain party has been trying hard to force London to enlarge the Hugo Awards so that he may have a chance to obtain one. This resulted in Howard DeVore who is making the physical Hugos to make this statement:

“There are rumours circulating that the production group will not provide Loncon Hugos unless they revive the ‘Dramatic’ category. *I* am the producer of these Hugos, they were authorized by BAYCON and *will* be turned over, regardless of any pressure group.

“All decisions are the responsibility of the sponsoring group and I abide by their decisions. I have no personal opinion regarding a ‘Drama’ Hugo – I just make the things!” [3]

Ron Bennett:

Last issue ran a story about an author phoning a London Worldcon Committee member in the middle of the night. It is now common knowledge that said author was Harlan Ellison who phoned Ella Parker from New York to complain about the London decision not to award a Hugo for a dramatic presentation. The position has been greatly complicated since then by various fans, Harlan among them, publishing reasons why London should or should not abide by its Committee decision. [4]

rich brown and Mike Mcinerney:

Harlan Ellison has, thanx to California Al Lewis, post-mailed a most interesting document to the 109th FAPA mailing. A STATEMENT OF POSTURE or “Harlan Ellison for the Greater Good” details Harlan’s grievances against the LonCon’s arbitrary dropping of the Hugo Drama Category in a year when, for once, there are Good Contenders for the Award. As Focal Point, we will wait to see what, if anything, the LonCon committee has to say about this; but as Separate Individuals, we urge you to contact Harlan, contact Al Lewis, contact the committee; get off your

tails and do something. [5]

Avram [*Davidson, whom Ella met during her 1961 US trip*] mentioned, “I had a telephone call in the middle of the night from Ella Parker. Aside from the fact that she was incoherent with rage and thought I was Harlan Ellison, I wasn’t able to find out what it was that she was incoherent with rage about.” [6]

The committee would clarify their position in re the awards in January in Progress Report 2 (see next), confirming that they were following the Pacificon II slate of categories.

- [1] *Skyrack* #71 (October 1964, ed. Ron Bennett)
- [2] *Skyrack* #72 (November 1964, ed. Ron Bennett)
- [3] *Science-Fiction Times* #422 (December 1964, ed. James V. Taurasi, Sr., and Frank R. Prieto, Jr.)
- [4] *Skyrack* #73 (December 1964, ed. Ron Bennett)
- [5] *Focal Point* #1 (January 1965, ed. rich brown and Mike McInerney)
- [6] *Focal Point* #2 (January 1965, ed. rich brown and Mike McInerney)

December 1964

Christmas in Ireland

For sixteen years, Oblique House Christmas Cards were sent out to a small circle of fannish friends. They were written by Walt Willis, with contributions from the rest of Irish Fandom. This is the 1964 card.

Come with us once again to romantic exotic Ireland, this typical December day in Belfast. The sun has long since sullenly set behind the gasworks; the time is what the country folk call dayligone. Through the mystic Celtic twilight there threads towards the rolling Castlereagh Hills a glowing topaz necklace, the sodium lights of a new dual carriageway. I'm sorry if this is not exactly how you imagined Ireland, but from our point of view it's better than starving in a picturesque museum. We can't have archaic and eat it. Along the dual carriageway come three status symbols, a sleek black 1959 Vintage MG, a new Fiat and a recently decarbonised Morris Minor. Walt and Madeleine arrive first, are greeted by Bob and Sadie Shaw and together we wait for James and Peggy White, George Charters... and you.

WALT: It's starting to snow. The velvet glove on Winter's iron hand.

MADELEINE: You said that in 1958.

WALT: You can't publish a fanzine with clockwork regularity for 15 years without repeating yourself. Besides maybe more exposure is all I need to get my one line into the charts along with "A rose red city half as old as time". In the hall of fame I tell you I have a niche.

Enter PEGGY & JAMES: Well, why don't you scratch it?

WALT: This is no ordinary skin ailment I'm talking about, it's the acne of success. Talking of which, I wonder could I get the London Worldcon Committee to institute a Hugo for poetry?

BOB: I hear Ella Parker already plans to give a special award to Harlan Ellison for dramatic late night phonecalls. My own opinion is they should have left the Drama Award to be voted on at the Convention. The Con itself might win it as the best tv presentation.

JAMES: When George hears about the closed circuit tv he might stay in the Convention hotel for once.

Enter GEORGE: Indeed I might. It would be a nice change to lie in bed watching Sam Moskowitz as well as hearing him.

WALT: With closeups of Wrai Ballard's hands actually brushing the

ground as he walks. I wonder how many complaints the BBC will get from other residents for not having announced the programme as unsuitable for those of a nervous disposition.

BOB: Let's all go to the Fancy Dress disguised as Wrai Ballard. I hear you can hire gorilla's legs very cheap.

JAMES: I know I shouldn't ask this, but why?

BOB: Come now, surely you've heard the expression, two ape-knees for a penny?

GEORGE: You should have saved that until we were in London, and then I could have said, "Wasn't that very pat, Ella?"

WALT: Trouble is the Americans might not know that pronunciation of ha'penny. You should have suggested a pirate's headdress instead. It's cheap too.

JAMES: I'll never learn. Why?

WALT: It's only a buccaneer.

JAMES: Let's kneecapitulate. If there happens to be a BBC producer in the hotel the Convention might get a contract for a weekly series. *Not So Much a Way of Life, More a Goddamn Hobby.*

GEORGE: Or *Conanza*.

WALT: Or *Cheyenne's Fiction*.

PEGGY: *My Sister Ethel*.

BOB: *The Fuggheadive*.

GEORGE: *Amis and Android*.

MAD: *The Blackball and White Minstrel Show*.

WALT: *Bill and Breen, the Flower-Pot Men*.

BOB: Talking of tv, I wonder is there any news about Mariner? (He switches on the ten o'clock news.)

ANNOUNCER:rugged reliability. Why, believe it or not, even a Ford in this condition will still go!

BOB: Why, it's Ian's car!

WALT: I thought they bought it just to keep it out of sight. (The phone rings.) Well, I see he got two shillings for it anyway.

(Bob answers the phone.)

SADIE: What was that? Have they fired Ian's car into space?

JAMES: No, it was just a commercial. The way he drives they figure he'll get there himself one of these days. Like Biddiver in the Sturgeon story.

WALT: Didn't Biddiver go all hairy?* So that's what he's after.

* *The title character of Theodore Sturgeon's "Biddiver" (Astounding, August 1941) drives off by mistake in a car that's also a*

spaceship and is mutated by space radiation into a hairy, tentacled super-being. [Ed.]

BOB: Ian says he phoned Ella Parker and she hung up on him. He wonders, is she not shouting at him any more?

WALT: I'll bet it was just that thick Dublin accent of his. She must have thought he said he was speaking from LA, not to Ella.

BOB: He wants to know when the next *Hyphen* is coming out.

WALT: Tell him Real Soon Now and ask him how many stencils he can cut.

BOB: He wants to know how we're voting in TAFF.

MAD: Tell him it's a terrybill* choice to have to make.

* Terry Carr or Bill Donaho – see "[March 1965: The TAFF Race](#)". [Ed.]

BOB: He wants to know if we've heard about any more Americans coming to the Worldcon.

WALT: Tell him we hope they'll all come. A lot can happen in nine months.

SADIE: You can say that again.

BOB: He says Olivia says you can say that again. We says his time is nearly up and to send his best wishes to everyone in the Christmas Card.

WALT: So's ours, but there's room to wish everyone from all of us

MERRY
CHRISTMAS

and a happy london worldcon year.

January 1965

The Second Progress Report

LONCON Two

to be held at the
Mount Royal Hotel
Marble Arch
London, W.1.
England
from August 27 to 30, 1965

Committee

Miss E.A. Parker
Chairman & Assistant Secretary
43 William Dunbar House
Albert Road, London, N.W.6.

Miss E. Lindsay
Secretary
Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue,
Surbiton, Surrey.

Mr J.A. Groves
Treasurer
29 Lathom Road, London, E.6.

Mr P.H. Mabey
Publications
54 Wolsey Road, East Molesey, Surrey.

Mr R.M. Bennett
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(the difference may be paid at the convention)

Please send *sterling* to the Treasurer at the above address, making cheques payable to "23rd World SF Convention".

Please send *dollars* to our US Agent, Bill Evans, at Box 86, Mount Rainier, Maryland USA.

Please send all other correspondence to the Secretary or Assistant Secretary, except for matters specifically concerning the other officers: all auction material is to be sent to Mr G. Locke, c/o Miss Lindsay (*NOT* to the address in PR1!)

U.K. fans are reminded of the Savings Scheme being operated by Miss Parker: those wishing to take part are invited to send Postal Orders *only* to her at the above address

Project Art Show

We understand that this year's Art Show at Pacificon II was a great success. Detailed lists of all the winners should be reaching *PAS-tell** subscribers with the next issue. Entries from American Artists were higher than ever, but the response from Europe, though good in quality, was lacking in quantity. We fondly hope that the 1965 Worldcon will see increased entries from Europe.

* *Bjo Trimble's 1959-1967 fanzine about Project Art Show (PAS). [Ed.]*

There are one or two innovations this time. We would have liked to follow precedent by waiving the entry-fee for overseas artists entirely, but this was not economically viable. Instead, the fee for overseas entrants will be \$1 or its equivalent for up to five pieces. We are also making an entry-fee for British artists of 10/- for five or fewer pieces, but this should be more than compensated for by the reduced or eliminated cost of postage, packing, etc.

In order to assist overseas entrants to reduce the difficulties entailed in packing matted art, we have investigated the possibility of having the job done professionally over here, and we can now offer the following service.

For backing and framing a picture 32" x 22" the cost will be approximately \$2.75. The frame will be of plain white cardboard with bevelled inner edge.

For a picture 12½" x 10" the cost would be \$1.50, and in-between sizes will be in-between prices.

If you want to take advantage of this service, your artwork must reach us at least six weeks before the Con., and the money must be included with your request: send what you estimate will cover the cost, and any excess

will be refunded, or any shortage deducted from your sales.

Full details of entry requirements will be found on the entry forms sent automatically to Pas-tell subscribers. If you're not a subscriber, the forms can be obtained from Mr & Mrs Varley, or from Bjo Trimble (5571 Belgrave Avenue, Garden Grove, Calif., 92641), preferably by sending a sub. (1/6 an issue, or 7/6 for six.)

Finally, a note of warning. Sea-mail, like fe-male, is unpredictable and if artwork is being sent this way you want to be sure to post in good time. There is the dreadful example of Jack Wilson who posted his work to Pacificon II on the 19th August and it arrived there on the 8th September, *after the Con had ended!* Don't let this happen to you.

London for Visitors

– Answers to some questions, by Ethel Lindsay.

Getting there. Arriving by plane at London Airport, there is a bus to take you into town for five shillings: arriving at other airports, a bus will take you to the nearest city, from where you can get a train to London. Arriving by boat, a London train will be found to be waiting at the docks.

Getting about: London is well sign-posted: at every bus stop in the centre is a list of the places to which the bus travels. Every tube station has a large map which shows you where you are, and you can see from this how to get to where you want. (Nearest station to the hotel: Marble Arch.) Inside each tube carriage also, is a map of the line along which the train runs. Also, there are plenty of taxis in the centre, and at the railway stations.

Fares by bus and tube are similar: taxis are dearer, but fairly reasonable. Buses have conductors who come round for the fare and can be asked for help in reaching your destination. Tubes have coin-boxes for when you have the correct change, pay-boxes for when you haven't. Anyone who is staying for at least a week is advised to buy the weekly ticket for overseas visitors, which gives you unlimited travel on all London Transport buses and tube trains for £1.10.0. To obtain this, take your passport to 55 Broadway, S.W.1.

To hail a taxi... just wave.

If in doubt... ask a policeman... they're wonderful, y'know!

For information about self-drive or chauffeur-driven cars, also about travel further afield in Britain, apply to the Tourist Information Offices of the British Travel and Holidays Association. The head office is 64 St James's St., London S.W.1., but they have offices in most countries.

This and that: Weather at the end of August is variable: very hot weather is not likely, but it can be quite cool, so bring a sweater. Come

prepared for rain! Fog is rather unusual.

Whilst no rigid clothing ideas are followed, London is like New York, in that more people dress formally than informally. But no one would raise an eyebrow if you were dressed informally.

Newspapers:

The Times or *Guardian* for quality (politically, central).

The Daily Telegraph (right) and the *Sun* (left) next.

Less quality. *Daily Express* and *Daily Mail* (right), *Daily Mirror* (left).

Essentials to Visit in London:

Buckingham Palace for the Changing of the Guard. Time 11 a.m.

The Tower of London and Tower Bridge; open Weekdays 10 – 5, Sundays 2 – 5.

The Houses of Parliament; weekdays 10 – 3:30.

Highest point for a view of London: the Post Office Tower in the Tottenham Court Road – a fancy expensive rotating restaurant about 500 feet above ground level.

The Hugos

For those of you who haven't come across the Hugo Awards before, here is a brief note of what they are. They are the science fiction field's equivalent of the Oscar, are named after Hugo Gernsback, and take the form of stylised rockets. They are awarded yearly, by the members of that year's World Convention, for the best SF or fantasy productions in the categories stated, which you can see on the nomination form accompanying this Progress Report.

At "Pacificon II", the 22nd World SF Convention, it was resolved that the future system for the nomination of Hugos should be studied by a committee, and until its report is acted upon, in 1966, a temporary system of nomination by a panel of experts, selecting from suggestions offered by the membership at large, will be adopted. We do not consider it desirable to make any great changes in the arrangements that have been found to work in the past, so we have retained the categories in which awards were made at Pacificon II without change.

If you wish to put forward suggestions for Hugo nominations, please comply with the requirements on the form. Failure to do so may disqualify your nomination. The Convention Committee has a lot of work to do, and may not be able to find the time to ascertain whether or not a nomination is eligible if you leave out details of its appearance in the field.

In the U.K., it's BSFA.... In the States, it's the
**NATIONAL FANTASY FAN
FEDERATION**

For membership application write to:
Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 314, Heiskell,
Tennessee, 37754.

Notices Etc.

Hotel Booking

Please use the printed postcard for making your reservations with the hotel at the special convention rates, sending it direct to the hotel.

The deadline for cancellation of bookings made is 28 July, 1965: if you have to cancel, but do not inform the hotel before that date, you will be held legally liable for at least a proportion of the room charge.

Insurance

If you are bringing any valuable articles, such as cameras, tape recorders, etc. to the Convention, and wish them to be covered by insurance, please inform Miss Parker of the details, including manufacturers' number and value of each item, before the end of July. The rate is 5/- per £100.

Corrigenda

In PR 1, it was stated that all rooms have closed-circuit TV from the convention hall – in fact, this is only available in some of them. Also, the manager of the hotel is Mr Learmount. We apologise for these slips.

The last progress report will have a publication date of May 1965.

Advertisement copy must be received by:

March 31, 1965 for Progress Report 3

July 15, 1965 for Programme Booklet

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LONCON TWO Progress Report 2, January, 1965.

Published for the Committee by P.H. Mabey, 54 Wolsey Road, East Molesey, Surrey.

February 1965

The 1966 Worldcon

James V. Taurasi, Sr., and Frank R. Prieto, Jr.:

We announce that we are backing 100% the CLEVELAND-DETROIT bid for the gala affair of fandom, the annual World Science Fiction Convention. Their bid for 1966 is, in our opinion, the only legal bid, so far, for the 1966 spot. You'll hear more of this legal bid in the months to come.

Under the approved rotation plan, Cleveland-Detroit is legally allowed to bid. Any other mid-West area can also bid if they so desire. The Eastern area will have their chance to bid for the 1967 World Convention. Why then has Kyle decided to jump the gun and bid for the 1966 spot?? Why??? Why not take his chances with the 1967 bid?? Why??? If he is so darn fired anxious to make the bids more competitive, as he states, why not wait a year?? Why must Syracuse have it in 1966?? Those questions have been puzzling us, until we remember that the 1965 Worldcon will be held in London. Could it be that Kyle is afraid that the United States fans will not be push-overs for a Syracuse bid or any Kyle bid? And that he figures the British fans (most of the fans at London will be British with but a few from the United States and other countries) will not worry too much if Kyle goes money-wild again as he did in 1956?? Has he more friends in England than in the United States that will back him up? We think that the fact that London is holding the Convention in 1965 is the key for the Kyle bid for 1966. We state again: The 1966 bid for Syracuse is not acceptable and will NOT be supported by *Science-Fiction Times*. Why? Two main reasons:

1. Kyle and his bad handling of the 1956 New York World Convention;
2. We favour the Rotation Plan and unless there is a REAL reason for setting it aside we want it kept to give all US fan areas a fair shake at a World Con. [1]

Bruce Pelz:

WORLDCON 1966 may be the most hotly contested bid in the last five years – mostly because it may be the only contested bid since Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and Washington battled it out in Detroit in 1959. A letter from Ben Jason advises that Detroit and Cleveland have decided to

make a joint bid for the Con, and a flyer from Dave Kyle sets forth the reasons for Syracuse, New York – which is in the Eastern zone established by the Rotation Plan instead of the Central zone, whose turn would ordinarily come in 1966 – entering a bid for the Con, too. There are logical arguments on both sides, and although I have personally made up my mind as to which I will support, *Ratatosk* is strictly neutral on the matter. [2]

THE SYRICON VS. CLEVENTION QUESTION becomes more acute as we begin the Year of the Vote. I have received a number of letters asking (1) am I really supporting Syracuse? (2) If Syracuse got the con, the 1967 convention would revert to the West Coast; was the West Coast ready to put on a con? (3) Do I think it safe to allow the Rotation Plan to be set aside, even if it is done legally, according to the Discon-adopted rules? The answer to all three is: Yes. As yet I have heard nothing to indicate that the Cleveland-Detroit crowd has any definite plans at all, or even to show that they really want the convention instead of merely wanting to stop Syracuse from getting it. I would like to see even a list of the Clevention II Committee; as of now, Ben Jason is the only one I know definitely on the committee. If the 1967 Worldcon comes to the West Coast, a group of LA fans, already formed, will be ready to put it on. And as the Rotation Plan was devised to ensure an occasional West Coast con, it becomes superfluous when there are so very few groups anywhere willing to put on a convention. I think we can afford to set it aside this time. [3]

CLEVELAND, DETROIT AND CINCINNATI have amalgamated their interests in holding a Worldcon in 1966, and are now bidding as a Joint Tri-City bid, with the convention to be called the Tricon. Chairman is Ben Jason, with Howard Devore and Don Ford as Associate Chairmen, and a list of committeemen and Advisors as long as your arm. Their publicity release of January 23rd – the first publicity I have seen for a Midwest con bid – states that they have selected the Sheraton-Cleveland Hotel for the con, but there is a possibility that they may select another, brand new hotel, which would be ready for occupancy by con time. Tricon also reports that its Guest of Honour has accepted, and a full write up of details will appear in the first progress report, to be distributed at the LonCon II. Sounds like they've already won, doesn't it? [4]

[1] *Science-Fiction Times* #422 (December 1964, ed. James V. Taurasi, Sr., and Frank R. Prieto, Jr.)

[2] *Ratatosk* #2 (December 1964, ed. Bruce Pelz)

[3] *Ratatosk* #4 (January 1965, ed. Bruce
Pelz)

[4] *Ratatosk* #9 (March 1965, ed. Bruce
Pelz)

February 1965

Hugo Hullabaloo Part 3

Buck Coulson:

I have a large mess of stuff which came from Al Lewis – no price or schedule. Most of it seems to concern the Hugo Awards, the WSFS, and the nasty old London Committee, and it's written by Lewis, Ron Ellik, Harlan Ellison, and George Scithers. Now I am used to convention fans behaving like middle-aged clubwomen, in being more concerned with proper organization and in jockeying for influential positions than in getting a job done. I am even used to Harlan Ellison behaving like a 6-month-old infant whose bottle has just been snatched from him whenever he fails to get something he wants. But this mess promises to be pretty sickening even by those standards. Harlan has always been an arrogant little pipsqueak, but literary success seems to have gone to his head.

For the record, kiddies, several years ago a few fans decided that conventions needed a continuous guiding hand, and set up the World Science Fiction Society. This group produced two notable lawsuits, created as much bad feeling as anything in fandom before or since, and I was under the impression that it had been successfully demolished by the 1961 and 1962 conventions. Apparently not; here are several people demanding that London follow the WSFS rules regarding Hugos, as amended by the rules rammed through at the Pacificon business session. Some of them even presume to tell us what “the overwhelming sentiment of fandom” is – drawing their conclusions from convention business sessions which the overwhelming mass of fandom never attends. Scithers remains rational; while unhappy over the London decisions, he points out that it is their convention, and they have the right to run it as they see fit. Obviously, fans also have a right to disagree with the way it's run, but calling up the London Committee Chairman at 3:00 a.m. or threatening to withhold the Hugo awards, is exceeding those rights by a good long way. Harlan says that he never said that he *was* getting the awards withheld – but he never denies having *tried* to do so. He also says “ingratitude thy name is fandom” without specifying what he's ever done that fandom should be grateful to him. I certainly don't recall anything, and I've been in fandom as long as he has. Grateful for folding his fanzine without returning subscribers' money or contributors' material? Grateful for

collecting reprint rights to numerous convention speeches and then never publishing them? Or just grateful for turning pro and getting out of our hair for a few years? I'm quite willing to admit my gratitude for the last-named.

Look, fellas. Either allow the London Committee to run the convention its own way, the same as US committees do, or take that "World" out of your damned WSFS and make it the National Science Fiction Society. And quit trying to pretend that you're the Voice of Fandom, because you're not. Nobody speaks for fandom. I know it's hard to play power politics in an anarchy, but that's what you're up against, and I dislike the idea of organizing it just to make things easier for you. [1]

Ben Jason:

If I would have had the foresight in 1955 to look ahead and see the headaches which these awards are bringing me, I would have cranked up my Time Machine, travelled back to 1953, strangled Hal Lynch for conceiving the idea and Jack Knight for producing the first set of Hugos. In which case the Hugos wouldn't have been around to impress me with the idea of developing a system to perpetuate them. This is one phase of the current campaign which I wish I could skip but everyday brings me letter after letter, some counselling me to avoid the subject entirely, others to speak out. After considerable thought I came to the decision that any advice on avoiding the subject was like telling a man to stand still while others threw rocks at him. Sooner or later some rocks would reach the target.

I believe that it is high time that I took some action to set straight these contradictory stories being circulated about me withholding the Hugos from various con committees as well as refusing to make a set of awards for Syracuse should they win their out-of-turn bid. On the basis of these contradictory stories, John Trimble indicts me as not being too trustworthy. This doesn't speak well for John's sense of fairness particularly, when everything is considered. All these stories originated from the Los Angeles area, with, I imagine, some fuel provided by the Syracon committee.

Let's consider one of these stories – the one dealing with me withholding the Hugos. It was my impression that by now everyone knew that I had no part in it. The first trouble to arise was Ellison's ill-timed phone call to Ella Parker demanding reinstatement of the Dramatic Award. While I have no quarrel with his desires, it is obvious that his approach to the problem was lacking in tact and even good common horse sense. Tact and diplomacy have never been considered as Ellison's strongest virtues.

In making his demand, he threatened the Loncon committee with the withholding of the Hugos and further complicated the issue by saying that this withholding was being done with the *passive concurrence* of Ben Jason. He neglected to mention that he had never consulted me on the matter. As a matter of fact, he phoned me some two weeks after he had phoned Ella. When he did finally phone me, I lost no time informing him of his colossal blunder and, in no uncertain terms, advised him to write a letter of apology to Ella. Whether or not he has done this, I do not know.

I haven't produced any Hugos since the Discon, a couple of years ago. For the past two years Howard DeVore has been producing the Hugos. He produced a set for the Pacificon II committee and was working on a set for the Loncon II committee. Since I had no hand in producing the last two batches, it follows that these awards were not mine to give out or withhold. Nosiree, this dubious function is the prerogative of Howard DeVore and, knowing him as I do, I doubt if he would withhold them from *any* committee. [2]

[1] *Yandro* #144 (February 1965, ed. Buck and Juanita Coulson)

[2] *Yandro* #145 (March 1965, ed. Buck and Juanita Coulson)

March 1965

Statement by Harlan Ellison

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN; let this serve as final explanation and apology in the matter of Mr. Ben Jason's "involvement" in the matter of withholding Hugos from the London Convention.

1) Upon receipt of the ballot which did not include a Drama Category, I contacted several fans throughout the country, and asked them their opinions as to what measures could be used to reinstate such a category. 2) One of them suggested a possible withholding of the actual, physical Hugos. 3) I drafted a tentative letter to Ella Parker setting forth reasons and feelings in the reinstatement affair. 4) I read this letter to Ron Ellik over the phone. 5) There was a helluva hullabaloo going on at Ron's home, as he was preparing to move. 5) He misunderstood my explanation that this was a *draft* of a *possible* letter, and assumed that everything I read was already a *fait accompli*. 6) One of these elements was the contacting of Mr. Jason for his assistance in using the physical Hugos as a lever in getting Miss Parker to reconsider what many people felt was a hasty and ill-advised act. 7) After I rang off with Ron, I tried to reach Mr. Jason by phone. He was unavailable. 8) The letter was scrapped *en toto*. 9) I made a call to Miss Parker. I was rude. She was perfectly justified in being rankled. I was ill-advised, and claim no immunity for the carelessness of my act, but offer as mitigating explanation my concern over the absence of the Drama category. 10) Ron, whose sympathies in the matter lay closer to what the group I spoke for felt than to Miss Parker's, issued a newsletter in which he mentioned the withholding of the Hugos. He did not have time to check the final dispensation of the plan, nor even the accuracy of his report, as he was moving. Kindly note there was no maliciousness nor even gossip-mongering in any of this, merely misunderstanding. 11) At no time did I ever say *anything* to Miss Parker about Ben Jason or the withholding of the Hugos. 11) A call to Richard Lupoff convinced me this was an unsound and unworkable, possibly unethical approach to the problem. 12) When I received Ellik's newsletter I instantly phoned Ben and explained, telling him I would spare no effort in clearing him from the now hopelessly snarled affair. 13) With the great help of Al Lewis, an explanatory newsletter and clarification was sent out to several hundred people. Ben's name was completely removed from the matter. 14) Ella

Parker received one of these newsletters... or at least, one was mailed to her. 15) Apparently Ben Jason has not seen this newsletter, now some months old.

As a final note: It is now apparent from the storm of ill-feeling and rancour this matter has incurred, that my participation in the affair was haphazard and wrong-way from the start. That my motives were not as they have been credited – mercenary – is of little interest at this point. Actions speak louder: apologies are due Mr. Jason, who is totally blameless and, in point of fact, was totally unaware of what was happening for the greater part of the brouhaha... and to Miss Parker, whose action in this matter I cannot understand or agree with, but who certainly deserved no such impudent treatment as I visited on her.

To my mind, there is a serious lack of organization and method in the voting and awarding of Hugos, but having attempted once only to rectify these snarls – as voiced by a large group of concerned fans – and having botched the job handsomely, I spread hands in helplessness and turn away from the matter, rather than confuse the issue further. [1]

The repetition of the item numbers 5) and 11) is copied exactly from the original.

Tom Perry:

Harlan called here ... about 11 a.m. one November morning. (I don't know how he knew I would be asleep at that hour.) ... all I have left of that conversation is a clear memory of his saying, "I want to win a Hugo more than a goddam Oscar, baby!"

This ambition is a fine thing and I have nothing against Harlan's touting his own stuff for a tin rocket. I do think however he ought to resign from any committees connected with the Hugo.

And I wonder why Harlan thinks he would receive the Hugo if one of the TV shows he scripted won one? I should think the "best dramatic production" means a gestalt comprising the script, acting, sets, music, lighting &c., and that the award would be presented to the producer. [2]

[1] *Yandro* #146 (March 1965, ed. Buck and Juanita Coulson)

[2] *Quark* #9 (Spring 1965, ed. Tom Perry)

March 1965

The TAFF Race

Ron Bennett:

Terry for TAFF

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FAN FUND wound up its latest campaign on 1st March with a clear cut leader in the ballot to bring a Stateside fan across the Pond as official US fan delegate to the August World Convention which will be held in London. The final figures, subject to the traditional neutral check, are:

	USA	UK	TOTAL
TERRY CARR	168	39	207
JOCK ROOT	95	19	114
BILL DONAHO	71	18	89

In addition, there were two write-in votes for Len Moffatt, and one each for Dick Eney, Ben Stark, Bjo Trimble and Wally Weber.

Thus the Fund winds up its latest campaign after a lengthy period of hyper-activity during which it has functioned virtually continuously with Ethel Lindsay at its helm for almost three years. Terry will be the fifth American fan to travel under the Fund's auspices, the others being Bob Madle (1957 London Worldcon), Don Ford (1960 LonCon), Ron Ellik (1962 Harrogate Con) and Wally Weber (1964 PeterCon II).

Terry is at present employed as an editor with Ace Books, last year's Hugo winner in the Best Publisher category of the Awards, is author of the Ace novel *The Warlord of Kor*, and has had several short stories published by *F&SF*. Following Ken Bulmer (1955), he is the second professional writer to be elected a TAFF delegate and like Ken he wins the honour for his hyper-activity in the fan field. A fan since the age of twelve, Terry is now most active in FAPA with his excellent fanzine *Lighthouse* but is undoubtedly best known in the field for his work under the "Carl Brandon" by-line (for example, *My Fair Femme Fan*), his brilliant fanzine *Innuendo* and his Hugo Award winning newszine *Fanac*. Absolutely wonderful to know you're coming, Terry. Congratulations.

FURTHER ON THE LONDON WORLDCON this coming August. Following the list of expected continental attendees last issue, let's balance the scales with the latest list of fans expected to arrive from North America: Dick Eney, Ron Ellik, Al Lewis, Don and Elsie Wollheim, Frank and Elinor Busby, Karen and Poul Anderson, Boyd Raeburn, Forry Ackerman, Anthony Boucher, Leigh Brackett, Wally Cole, Frank Dietz, Harlan Ellison, Edmond Hamilton, Dave and Ruth Kyle, Dick and Pat Lupoff, Ed Meskys, Schuyler Miller, Bob and Barbara Silverberg, George Nims Raybin, Harry Harrison ((from North America? Well, that's what it says here!)).

Ron Bennett has resigned from the London WorldCon committee. The main body in London just wouldn't agree to move to a con site a few miles out of London, to Harrogate, and there was the odd minor reason, like sheer lack of time. Programming has now been taken over by Miss Ella Parker.

– *Skyrack* #76 (Mar 1965, ed. Ron Bennett)

April 1965

Brumcon 2

BRUMCON, the 1965 UK National Convention (or Eastercon), took place in Birmingham during the Easter weekend, from Good Friday, 16th April to Easter Monday 19th April. As it had been since 1959, the con was held under the auspices of the BSFA. There was some concern beforehand about likely attendance, as noted in Skyrack:

Ron Bennett:

Harry “*Deathworld*” Harrison will be the Guest of Honour and other featured speakers will include George Scithers and Geoff Doherty. At the time of writing it is believed that the convention is some 15 members short of the required number for the full 30% discount promised on hotel rates should bookings exceed seventy-five. Let us hope that the Birmingham New Wave enthusiasm is not to be marred by the advent of the August World Convention. Several convention regulars will not be at Brum, amongst them most of the Liverpool Group, Eric Bentcliffe and several London fans. [1]

As it had been in 1957, the worry was that having an Eastercon and a Worldcon in the same year would significantly affect membership numbers for one or the other given that many UK fans – few of whom were in highly paid professions at that point – would not be able to afford to attend both. It was a worry that was well-founded, as Bennett confirmed in the following issue:

About seventy fans and professionals attended the Con at the Midland Hotel, New Street, and whilst it was an enjoyable weekend, it was not the most memorable of conventions. Undoubtedly the attendance, small for recent years, was overshadowed by the forthcoming World Convention in August. The Committee at Birmingham worked hard to produce a good convention but the lack of names to draw upon for programme items, in a purely qualitative sense, meant that the variety of the programme items was limited and perhaps in all the programme was somewhat unimaginative. [2]

Brumcon provided an opportunity for the rival bids for the 1966

Worldcon to woo UK voters:

Ron Bennett:

New York-London biannual commuter Dave Kyle is in London and is a possible Brumcon Easter weekender. Dave, and his wife Ruth, the matzoball kid, will be at the London WorldCon, not only to have convention fun, but also to interest British attendees to vote for Syracuse as the site for the 1966 WorldCon. Syracuse puts up a good case but so does Ben Jason of Cleveland. Initially it appears to be a difficult decision and possibly flyers will shortly appear on the matter from either centre. Or both. [1]

The bidders went a step further than merely providing flyers:

George Scithers, 1963 DisCon Chairman and Hugo Award winner for his fanzine, *Amra*, spoke on the reasons behind the TriCon bid for the 1966 Worldcon siting. Ordinarily, the siting of the American worldcons does not play a large part in British fan affairs. This year, however, the British fan is being wooed earnestly for his vote, for the voting for the siting of any world con takes place at the previous world con, thus the voting for next year's siting will take place in London in August. And of course, the audience will undoubtedly be predominantly British. There are two bidders for the 1966 gathering, Syracuse and TriCon. Originally, the TriCon group was made up of rival factions from Cleveland, Detroit and Cincinnati, all of whom have now amalgamated their interests with a provisional convention hotel in Cleveland and with a guest of honour already lined up. The TriCon argument is basically the Rotation Plan, the system under which the worldcon sitings circulate in the USA. Obviously, in a country the size of the US. it would be unfair to hold every convention on say, the east coast. Accordingly, the Rotation Plan has been in operation for a number of years. The 1964 Worldcon was held on the west coast of America and by rights, under the system, this year's convention should be held somewhere in the centre or "mid-west" area. However, London has stepped in and has accordingly put back the rotation plan by one year. It seems to follow, therefore, that if one agrees with the rotation plan then the TriCon bid is the obvious one.

Dave Kyle spoke of the Stateside rival bid to the TriCon for the 66 Worldcon. Dave, a radio station owner and practically a regular attendee of British conventions, is backing the Syracuse, New York State, bid. Dave pointed out that even within the legalities of the Rotation Plan, the Syracuse bid is quite proper, that if three quarters of the electorate votes for a siting "out of turn" as it were, then this is not contrary to the Rotation

Plan and that all Syracuse needs therefore is a 75% support (presumably therefore, should the Syracuse bid succeed by between 51% and 74% then the 1966 con still would go to TriCon?). Dave argued that a “one bid” for a convention in an entire area is an unhealthy state of affairs and that competition is desirable. Syracuse is keen and well prepared to hold a convention next year, that if TriCon are to be voted the con; then they will have to show that they deserve it over and above the Syracuse nomination, and that should Syracuse be defeated then they will be back again to bid for 1967, “offering you a choice based upon merit and not by default”. [2]

The Hugo nominee list was also announced at BRUMCON 2, revealing that the Drama category had been reinstated. Harlan Ellison was not among the nominees.

Bruce Pelz:

George Scithers forwards the list of the Hugo Nominees, as announced there:

Novel: *Davy, The Planet Buyer, The Whole Man, The Wanderer.*

Short fiction: Robert F. Young’s “Little Dog Gone”, Gordon Dickson’s “Soldier, Ask Not”, Rick Raphael’s “Once a Cop”.

Magazine: *Analog, F&SF, Galaxy, If.*

Artist: Emsh, Frazetta, Gaughan, Schoenherr.

Publisher: Ace, Ballantine, Gollancz, Pyramid.

Fanzine: *Double:Bill, Yandro, Zenith.*

Drama: *7 Faces of Dr. Lao, Dr. Strangelove.*

Only members of the 23rd World Science Fiction Convention (LonCon II) are eligible to vote for Hugo winners. Get your \$2 memberships in as soon as possible to the US. Representative, Wm. H. Evans. [3]

The novel finalists were by Edgar Pangborn, Cordwainer Smith, John Brunner – whose The Whole Man is also known as Telepathist – and Fritz Leiber respectively. When the ballot sheet eventually appeared, it had the following note on the rear. One detects a certain testiness creeping in:

The Drama Category has been re-instated in response to a significant number of write-in nominations. Please do not carp at the ConCom. If you had felt strongly on this score, you too could have written it in.

The Hugo nomination Category for Best Artist was inadvertently

omitted from the nomination form published by the WesterConCom.

[1] *Skyrack* #77 (Apr 1965, ed. Ron Bennett)

[2] *Skyrack* #78 (May 1965, ed. Ron
Bennett)

[3] *Ratatosk* #12 (May 1965, ed. Bruce Pelz)

June 1965

The Third Progress Report

All strictly sic with two exceptions. A few sentences were accidentally repeated in full and the duplicate text has been cut. This PR was for some reason all in capitals (both large and small), here converted to normal upper and lower case here as a service to the reader.

LONCON Two

August 27th/30th 1965
The Mount Royal Hotel,
London, W.1.
England.

Committee

Miss E.A. Parker
Chairman & Assistant Secretary
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Miss E. Lindsay
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Parliamentarian
European Office
6000 Frankfurt/Main W.13,
Theodoreheuesallee 2,
Germany.

Membership Dues:

15/- or \$2 for non-attending members

21/- or \$3 for attendees

(the difference may be paid at the convention)

Please send *sterling* to the Treasurer at the above address, making cheques payable to “23rd World SF Convention”. Please send *dollars* to our US Agent:

Bill Evans,

Box 86, Mount Rainier, Maryland USA.

For Your Information

A Message from the Manager

We have the pleasure of your company for the 23rd World Science Fiction Convention and I would like to take this opportunity of introducing some of the features of the Mount Royal Hotel. We are situated in the heart of London in Oxford Street, a stone’s throw from Marble Arch and one of London’s most beautiful parks, Hyde Park. We have 750 bedrooms and all of them have private bathrooms, telephone, radio, razor sockets (adjustable) and points for television. One of the first people you would meet would be the Reception Manager, Pierre Spittler.

Newspapers, early morning calls, early morning tea or coffee and breakfast orders, car hire, taxi arrangements, sightseeing tours, etc., can all be arranged through George Collins, the Head Hall Porter, or any of his helpful staff.

Breakfasts will be served to you in your apartment each morning, not later than 10 a.m. please.

Drinks are available at all hours for residents and their friends, and a warm welcome will await you in Harry’s Bar.

We have a theatre ticket agency, bookshop, china shop, gent’s outfitters, cashmere shop, ladies’ and gentlemen’s hairdressers, antique

jewellery and silver, souvenir shop which has everything from gold and silver charms to antiques.

Our restaurant is open until 11 p.m. daily, and you will be surprised what an excellent meal you will get for as little as \$3. Why not have a word with Andy Ferrol the Restaurant Manager who will even arrange Manhattan Clam Chowder for you.

Still too expensive? Try the coffee shop where for \$1 you can have a waffle with frankfurters, American coffee and French bread and butter.

I know you will have an enjoyable stay and if there is any way in which we can make you more comfortable please do not hesitate to contact me directly, remember, I am also a s.f. fan.

Peter Learmount,
General Manager
Mount Royal Hotel.

London Town

Few large cities can have been more extensively written about than London. It would be impossible to list either all the descriptive books or all the types of guides available. However, here are a few hints:

The best book *about* London is *London Perceived* by V.S. Pritchett and it costs £4.4/0d. London Transport is very generous with free information on how to get about London. In your programme envelope you will find a copy of the L.T.E. map for the underground trains; also a map for all the London bus routes. These range through the city and out to the furthest edges of it. The tube is quicker... but the top of a bus is the best way to go sight seeing and it saves the feet! There are also green line bus routes which take you out on the rural routes to places like Windsor, Whipsnade (zoo) and many other places of interest. Overseas members will find details of cheap travel in our P.R.1. There are many other guides issued by London Transport at very reasonable rates. One that I can highly recommend is called *How to Get There* priced at 1/- and is obtainable at all ticket windows on the Underground. The most widely used guide is the *A to Z Atlas of London* which maps every street, railway station, bus and underground route. This costs 5/-.

There is another atlas which is written in French, German, and Italian as well as English sections. These can be bought at any large bookstore or railway bookstall.

Anyone contemplating touring by car would be advised to get in touch with the Automobile Association, Fanum House, Leicester Square which has affiliations with many overseas motoring associations.

For those wishing to go further still: for Scotland contact British European Airways who will advise on cheap off peak flights. Similarly for Ireland.

Ethel Lindsay,
Secretary.

Programme Hi Lites:

It has come to the notice of your Lonconcom that the Most Noble and Ancient Order of St. Fantony have had brought to their notice certain fen considered worthy to take the test so that they may be admitted to this most illustrious order.

We are happy to tell you that this ceremony will form an integral part of our programme which should not be missed.

For those who are tired and want to sit in the friendly darkness, an opportunity will come during the various film features.

We are bringing back the fannish version of *This Is Your Life*. You can spend the next few months guessing who the victim will be.

There will be many people there to give talks; but two I must mention: our Guest of Honour Brian Aldiss will be on the platform, as will the winner of this year's TAFF race, Terry Carr.

It is hoped that there will be discussion panels, both pro and fannish. If you have a strong opinion on some topic of interest to our members, now is the time to write and offer us your services.

There will be the usual business session some time during the weekend. You are advised to keep a sharp look out for the time of this item if you are really concerned with fannish topics.

If by some fantastic stretch of the imagination you find that nothing so far mentioned on the programme will be of any interest to you whatever there might well be something to your liking among the items we have not mentioned... and have no intention of mentioning... yet.

Do not forget to support your good neighbour fund: the TransAtlantic Fan Fund (TAFF).

Masquerade

Fancy Dress Parade:

This will be held on the Saturday night. We hope that as many as possible will take the opportunity to let their creative abilities run riot in the designing of costumes. There will be four categories: Most Beautiful, which means exactly what it says; it doesn't have to be anything to do with either s.f. or fantasy. Most Monstrous, to which the same ruling applies. Most Authentic SF Character or Theme, and Most Authentic Fantasy

Character or Theme.

Groups are permissible and the judges reserve the right to pick one from a group if they consider such to be more meritorious. The decisions of the judges are final and binding on the Lonconcom and contestants.

Will you please write in good time to either the Secretary or Chairman with detailed information on what/who your costume is supposed to depict.

Juvenile Section:

There will be a special section for children up to the ages of 12 years. Two categories only; the best girl and the best boy's costume, irrespective of theme. I believe this is the first time such a thing has been done, but as we have so many children at conventions these days it seems only fair to give them the chance to show their costumes to advantage instead of, as in the past, being lost among the adults.

The Auctions

The auctions are sometimes the most exciting items in the programme. George Locke is collecting the material and reports that he already has some interesting stuff. He will be preparing a catalogue of these for all members to study.

For the remainder, we will have a huckster table for books and magazines. Fanzines, however, will be flogged from where ever we can find floor space to make the sales. Our super salesmen will be those two experts at extracting cash from fans, Langdon Jones and his hirsute friend, Charles Smith.

We hope you will enjoy this part of the programme... we can't tell you the names of our auctioneers, they are top secret.

Ken Slater of Fantast (Medway) Ltd., is holding an auction of choice items from his stock. These will be of special interest to the connoisseur. We have been deliberately kept short of details so that we can be as busy as you are in surmising what he is going to offer for sale. Of one thing we can be sure, it will be something well worth the having.

As mentioned on the inside front cover of this issue, Project Art Show is now being organised by wee Ethel Lindsay. Artwork that requires matting should arrive at least 6 weeks before the convention. For backing and framing a picture 32" x 22" the cost will be approx. \$2.75, the frame will be of plain white card board with bevelled inner edges. For a picture 12½" x 10" the cost will be \$1.50. And in between sizes will cost in between prices.

All money must be included when you send your artwork. Full details

of entry requirements will be found on the entry forms. These can be had from either Bjo Trimble, 5571 Belgrave Avenue, Garden Grove, Calif. 92641 or from me: see address elsewhere. Please help by sending your artwork in early.

Ethel Lindsay.

Notices Etc.:

Where possible, please use the printed postcard for making your reservations with the hotel, sending it there direct.

The deadline for cancellations is 28th July 1965. If you have to cancel but do not inform the hotel before this date you will be held legally liable for at least a proportion of the room charge.

Saving Scheme:

U.K. fans are reminded of the savings scheme being operated by Miss Parker. Those wishing to save their pennies are invited to send postal orders only to her at the address to be found on the inside front cover.

Programme Booklet:

For this publication copy must be actual size, as this page; 8½"x 5½" overall, 6½" x 4" size of text.

In each case, copy on one side of the paper only, please.

The rates for advertisements, as in previous issues of the progress reports.

Sponsor a Page:

For £1 or \$3 it is possible for you to sponsor a page in the programme booklet. A one-line acknowledgement will be given at the foot of the page naming the sponsor.

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Loncon Two Progress Report no.3. June 1965.
Published for the Committee by P.H. Mabey, 5 The Avenue. Kew,
Richmond-upon-Thames.

June 1965

Fact and Fiction

On 16 June 1965 Dave Kyle sent this letter out to interested parties:

Today I received a worried letter from Ethel Lindsay of London in which she asked for my help. It seems that rumours have been spread around among Americans, particularly in New York, that the London con is either not doing the right things or is doing the wrong things and that “it’s going to be a disaster.”

Ethel would like to set the record straight by saying, “These are the facts and I’d be grateful if you would quote them far and wide among American fans and New York ones in particular:

“We have a hotel which was chosen because it had a hall that was suitable for a *World* convention. We have rooms booked to house Project Art Show which will be run as usual. We have other rooms booked to house the hucksters of fan and pro variety, with as usual a splendid display from Ken Slater. We have a banquet laid on. We have a *very* co-operative manager who is himself an SF fan and who has come up with a most imaginative menu. Not only can fans toast the Queen but a glass of wine will be provided in the cost of the banquet ticket for them to do so. Our programme will feature the Guest of Honour’s speech as usual – Brian Aldiss – a talk by John Brunner. A discussion by an SF writer from Yugoslavia and one you already know Dr. Nesvadba from Czechoslovakia. Films are being made by the Delta Group from Birmingham and are already well advanced in their preparation. Plans have been made to stage the fancy dress parade with the maximum advantage to all concerned... special award is being given this time for children under 12. We have panel discussions lined up and this in fact is our biggest hold-up as we wait to be sure how many US pros will be here. But the acceptances are coming in. Don Wollheim’s arrived today. Ella, as all the committee, has been working jolly hard on this. I, for instance, didn’t get this duodenal ulcer from sitting on my fanny sucking my thumb. I’d be obliged if you *would* help to scotch these rumours. (And don’t forget to mention there will be a Ceremony of Saint Fantony!)”

Now hear ye, all Americans! (Dave Kyle talking) This is the latest information direct from Ethel Lindsay, the secretary.

Don't believe anything about the convention except what you have read in the Progress Reports – or in letters directly from the committee. (Except for me, when I'm quoting from letters directly from the committee.)

Ethel has a right to be disturbed, because it seems that things that have been *stated* as facts about the London con simply aren't true. Ethel feels that gossip and rumours have been misrepresenting the con committee. I've written to her for a clarification and when received I'll pass it along to you.

rich brown and Mike McInerney:

ABOUT 40 FANS FROM BERKELEY and vicinity threw a “bon voyage” party hosted by Miriam and Jerry Knight for Poul and Karen Anderson Friday, 18 June. Fans present, in addition to the hosts and the guests of honour, included Avram Davidson, Ray Nelson, Bob Lichtman, Ed and Jessie Clinton, Grania Davidson, Cynthia Goldstone, Barry Miller, Ed Meskys, Ardis Waters, Danny Curran, Prentiss and Gretchen Choate, Gretchen Schwenn, Redd Boggs, and numerous others. The Andersons left 21 June on a four months tour of Europe. We thank secret spy Redd Boggs for this news. [1]

This was the beginning of the journey that would bring the Andersons to the London Worldcon. In 1957 a charter flight had succeeded in bringing a group of fans to London for Worldcon. Sadly, an attempt to emulate this in 1965 was not successful....

LONDON FLIGHT DOWN: With regret we must report that the London Group Flight, planned by Judy Blish, failed to reach the required quota by a heartrending minus of one. The flight was to have taken a number of fans and pros, at a reduced rate, to the world convention in London; now comes the scurrying, as other plans are made to get there.

THE PACIFICON (as some pippie calls it), having made something of a profit, distributed and/or is distributing some \$1,300 worth of goodies, as follows:

London Hugos and bases	\$105
Money to London	\$100
Pass-on to '66 con	\$300
Hugo stockpiling	\$300
Project Art Show	\$200

TAFF	\$200
'65 Westercon	\$100

The \$200 for TAFF will go directly to the next British TAFF winner and will be in addition to the \$600 he receives from the fund – a good bit of news, as \$600 really isn't much in this day and age to pay for a TAFF-winner's trip. The Pacificon undertook the pass-on to the '66 con to spare London the difficulties of foreign exchange and all that. In addition, a \$320 tax refund from the state of Illinois, on taxes paid by Chicon and Discon is expected, and this will be added to the Hugo stockpile fund. [2]

Getting back to the Kyle letter, many were doubtless confused to later learn that the person accused of spreading the rumours was... Dave Kyle.

Ted White:

Dave attended the British Eastercon this year, and heard from various fans there news about the forthcoming Loncon which distressed him. Upon his return, Dave attended the US Eastercon-Lunacon and told a number of the attendees of what he heard. He also discussed his plans for remedies, which included a rump banquet.

While I believe Dave was sincerely motivated by concern over the con, I believe he was also indulging in his favourite sport: back-room politicking and intriguing. He spoke with the air of a conspirator to small groups of fans, and I was reminded of a rebel leader planning a coup. He also caused some harm by his rumour-mongering. Several fans decided not to go to the Loncon after all, and cancelled out of the group flight then being planned. This contributed to the failure of the flight. Several people, among them Don Wollheim, wrote to Ella Parker and Ethel Lindsay to inform them of the rumours Dave was spreading. This resulted in the publications he put forth.

You have undoubtedly seen these publications; they speak for themselves. I for one was not impressed by Dave's over-fulsome protestations that a) he wasn't spreading any rumours (it was those New York fen who had it in for him); and b) he did it all for the good of the Con anyway. More important, I do not care for the way Dave has shuffled the rumours off on New York, which he characterizes as "the snakepit of fandom".

While New York Fandom is entirely too large and sprawling an entity to ever be entirely at peace with itself, it has achieved a remarkable stability in the last several years, largely by virtue of the departure from

the scene of those dissidents like Kyle who so contributed to the turbulent image of earlier days with factionalism and inter-club feuding. Today there are no major feuds outstanding in New York Fandom, and we enjoy a record at least as enviable as that of any other large city's fandom. There will always be different factions, human nature being what it is, but today these factions are enjoying a peaceful coexistence, and have even to some extent merged. [3]

rich brown and Mike McInerney:

Ever since the LunaCon/EasterCon, we have heard various rumours about the LonCon II, usually with Dave Kyle's name attached: that the hotel had only one *[function]* room, that there would be no banquet, or artshow, or room, that one whole day there would be no program; in other words, that the con would be a disaster. Inasmuch as no good could come to Kyle from saying untrue things about the Con and since it was known that he had just returned from England at the time, we fear many people may have given credence to these rumours, though they are totally false; someone has been distorting what Kyle actually said, and very badly at that.

The truth about the rumours, insofar as we know it: the only one of those named, that we know of, that actually came from Dave was the one about a day of no program; even that is garbled, since as Dave told it, Saturday had originally been planned for a day of shopping, until it was found that Saturday would be a bank holiday and consequently few shops would be open. It's true that Dave was telling some horror stories, but none as bad as those named at the beginning – not that there would be no room, but that the hotel was overpriced by British standards, that at least one member of the committee had resigned “because Ella Parker started vetoing everything”, that breakfast would be served at 10 a.m. and fans wouldn't get up for it, that meals might be overpriced; criticisms, mind you, not vicious rumors. [4]

[1] *Focal Point* #11 (June 1965, ed. rich brown and Mike McInerney)

[2] *Focal Point* #12 (July 1965, ed. rich brown and Mike McInerney)

[3] *Gambit* #52 (August 1965, ed. Ted White)

[4] *Focal Point* #10 (June 1965, ed. rich brown and Mike McInerney)

June 1965

Operation Andy Capp

Ron Bennett with others listed below:

Colin Freeman is an active British fan in his late twenties whose humorous writing has appeared in Bill Danner's *Stefantasy* and Dave Hale's *Les Spinge*, with letters in other fanzines. As a member of OMPA, he contributes *Mein OMP-F* and also publishes a genzine, *Scribble*. But Colin has never been to a science fiction convention, because he cannot move from his bed.

A victim of Ankylosis Spondilitis*, Colin does all his fanac and correspondence flat on his back in a hospital. Visitors to his bedside and fans who have exchanged letters find Colin a cheerful and interesting person to know. So a group of fans decided to try to get Colin to the Loncon II. This will be an expensive project, for a special bed, equipment and supplies will have to be bought or rented, and a full-time special nurse hired for the duration. This will cost an estimated £150 to £200, or about \$500 in round US currency.

THERE IS A DEADLINE: The Loncon II is August 28, 29 & 30 and arrangements will have to be made well ahead of time to move Colin and hire a nurse, so the money will be needed by the end of July 1965.

This project is to be kept an **ABSOLUTE SECRET** from Colin Freeman to avoid any disappointment should the fund not reach the required amount.

Some fans are beginning to refer to the project as Operation Andy Capp (a British cartoon character), to avoid making a slip which might reach Colin.

Ron Bennett, Ethel Lindsay, Eric Bentcliffe and George Locke are the Anglofen responsible for starting the fund. US fans in on developing the project include Dave and Katya Hulan, Bruce and Dian Pelz, and John and Bjo Trimble.

ALL donors of money and/or materials will be listed in Ron Bennett's *Skyrack* when the fund is completed.

\$500 is a lot of money, but it seems little enough to spend on giving Colin the time of his life at a convention with his friends; something he has never done more than dream about before this fund was started. [1]

* *Ankylosis: fixation of a joint or two or more bones to form a*

single bone. Spondilitis: tuberculous inflammation of the vertebrae. [Footnote in the original.]

The page with the above announcement was diagonally overprinted in red with the words: “TOP SECRET!”, “CONFIDENTIAL!!” and “from COLIN FREEMAN ONLY – tell others”. This sheet was presumably omitted from copies of zines sent to him.

The UK Andy Capp comic strip was created by cartoonist Reg Smythe and appeared in the Daily Mirror and Sunday Mirror newspapers from 5 August 1957. The name is a play on “handicap” and so wouldn’t be used for this purpose today.

Bruce Pelz (public announcement without any context or explanation):
OPERATION ANDY CAPP (U.S.) = \$240+ [2]

Ron Bennett:

COLIN TO THE CON BID FAILS.

Just a year ago fandom set itself a £150 target in an attempt to ensure that Colin Freeman, editor of *Scribble*, OMPAn extraordinaire, and permanent patient in a Knaresborough hospital, travelled to the World Convention which will be held in London over the last weekend in August. With over £85 in the British “kitty” and some \$200 in the American “Andy Capp” treasury held by California’s Dave Hulan, the combined amount represents a tremendous drive by fans known and unknown throughout the world.

Despite the earlier raising of hopes that Colin would indeed be well enough to take full advantage of this overwhelming generosity the Fund’s many contributors must now be disappointed. Whilst Colin has been able to partake in recent day trips to Manchester Belle Vue Zoo and to Scarborough on the Yorkshire coast he is not well enough to undertake a more rigorous journey. He will definitely not be able to travel to the Worldcon.

Accordingly, all monies donated to the Fund are being returned forthwith. Bear with me, please, if your donation is not herewith enclosed. If you live abroad there may be a little delay in getting the money to you (in this event a note should be enclosed).

Whilst no information is at the present time available as regards those worthies who donated to the American treasury, the following donations were received by me:

Michael Moorcock £1; Anon £5; Roger Peyton 10/-; Charles Winstone £1; Graham Hall 2/6; Sid Birchby £1; Ethel Lindsay

22/6d; Anon 5/-; Christopher M. Priest 10/-; Edward W. Ball £1; Charles Platt 19/2d; D.G. Small £1; Anon £1; John Willett 2/6d; Tony Walsh £1; Eddie Jones 7/6d; Ethel Lindsay 4/-; Anon £3; Anon 13/-; Ken Slater £1; Chris Priest 3/-; Des Squire £1; Keith Otter £1.10s; W. Darroll Pardoe £1; Jhim Linwood 7/6d; Anon 10/-; Brian and Frances Varley 10/-; Anon 3/11d; Irene B. Lillington 21/-; John A. McCallum £5; Peter Day 5/-; Walt Willis £5; Anon 6/-; Ken McIntyre £1; Gerald Kirsch 21/-; Frank O'Neill 10/-; J.M. MacGregor £1; Joe Gibson 28/-; Roy Kay £1; Anon 6/-; Roberta Gray 11/-; Anon 6/-; Chris Priest 10/-; Anon 8/-; A. Garbutt 10/-; Anon 6/-; Charles Platt 10/3d; Tom Schlück £1; Charles Platt 5/-; Ivor Latto £2; Harry McGannity £1; Ian McAulay 10/-; Ed Meskys 1/6d; Nina McDonagh 2/6d; Anne Steul £1; George Locke £10; Antonio Dupla 10/-; Ethel Lindsay 16/3d; Group 65 £15.3s; Judi Sephton 1/-; Art Hayes \$3, Anon 50¢; Wally Cole \$1; James V. Taurasi Sr \$1; Frank Prieto Jr \$2; Julius and Naomi Postal \$1; Chris Steinbrunner 50¢; Belle C. Dietz \$1; Allan Howard \$1; Franklin M. Dietz \$2; Anon \$3.60; Anon \$1.40, Stu Hoffman \$2; (shucks) Anon \$10; Bill Danner \$5, Richard H. Eney \$19, Delta films \$1, William Rostler \$3.50; Graham Hall 25¢; TriCon \$38.

In addition David Piper was selling books, Geoff Wingrove was selling fanzines, Ian McAulay, Ivor Latto and Judi Sephton donated fanzines.

My apologies to anyone who is any way hurt or annoyed by the publication of the above list, which does not include many fans who pledged money and other support. I feel that possibly such a listing as this one is in many ways unsatisfactory, but bear with me, please. In addition to the extreme disappointment I feel concerning this entire project, a disappointment which will doubtlessly be shared, I have enough on my plate as it were at the moment returning monies and tying up the Fund as quickly as possible. [2]

[1] *Focal Point* #8 (May 1965, ed. rich brown and Mike McInerney), and probably elsewhere.

[2] *Ratatosk* #12 (May 1965, ed. Bruce Pelz)

[3] *Skyrack* #80a (June 1965, ed. Ron Bennett)

July 1965

Letters to Atom

The first two items below are letters to Arthur “Atom” Thomson, who was at that time the European Administrator of TAFF, the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. Terry Carr had recently won the US-to-UK race to be the TAFF delegate to LONCON II and would be travelling to the convention under the auspices of the fund, accompanied by his wife, Carol.

Al Lewis (28 October 1964):

Ron [Ellik] and I are laying plans for Europe next summer. I'll be catching the Charter Plane which the Teachers' Union is running here in LA at 4:00 p.m. next June 18, and getting into London sometime the 19th. I plan on spending a week in England before going over to meet Ron on the continent. He plans to boat into Bremerhaven about the 27th (unless he decides to go on the Yugoslav freighter with Poul and Karen Anderson), where he'll pick up a new VW, and we'll start off on our continental tour, getting back to England about a week before the con. I have an idea there are going to be one hell of a lot of Americans over there. A letter from Charlie Brown says that the del Reys, Pohls, Silverbergs, Blishes, Jock Root and Charlie and Marsha are all making plans. Even without the charter plane it looks like a much bigger US attendance at London this time than in '57.

Terry Carr (15 July 1965):

Definite news about our schedule for the TAFF trip. Things have been on again, off again for months now... first it looked like the charter flight would work out, then like it would fail, then there was new hope, etc. Finally, just this week, the decision was made to cancel it definitely; time had run out to gather people, and four dropped out at the last minute. (Two of whom were the Leibers, sad news – I have a feeling *The Wanderer* is going to take the Hugo, and it would be nice if Fritz could accept it himself. Besides which, he's an immense asset to any convention, as you no doubt know.)

So we've shifted to Alternate Plan B, on which we've been working all along in case the charter flight fell through. Actually, this other plan is much better than the one we'd have had to follow if the charter flight had

gone across since that flight was to arrive in London the day before the con and we would have missed all the pre-con festivities. Plus the fact that it would have wasted time by necessitating a side-trip to Paris, return to London, then a different trip to Ireland and back. We've now arranged it so that we fly directly to Paris, return from there to London before the con, stay through the con, then go to Liverpool and Belfast and leave from Shannon Airport. Orderly Progression Westward, I call it. It's a very neat schedule, and the only thing wrong with it is that it's costing us about \$250 more than the charter flight schedule would have. But, oh well.

The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 18th, we leave New York in the evening and arrive in Paris the next morning. There we connect up with Boyd Raeburn and, hopefully, Ron Ellik and Al Lewis; we spend the weekend and Monday seeing Paris and environs (Boyd has made a few noises about a quick trip to Switzerland to visit Versins, (*Pierre, presumably*) but I doubt we'll be able to manage this), then on Tuesday the 24th we go to London, probably arriving there that evening. We'll be in London through the con and for a day thereafter – the Tuesday right after the con being listed in our schedule as “Rest”. On Wednesday, Sept. 1, we take off for Liverpool, probably arriving there that evening. We stay the night, then leave for Belfast either the next day, Thursday, or the following one, Friday – depending on how things are going then. From what Ron and others have told me, I expect we'll be there the two days. Anyway, we'll be off for Belfast by the weekend, there to stay with the Willises. Our flight from Shannon Airport is on Wednesday Sept. 8. So there you are.

Pete Graham came over the other night with a batch of English coins and bills, and we went through them and played games making change for specified amounts, etc. I now have a vague idea of the system. However; he did throw me for a loop when he asked me: “I'm selling pencils at fifteen for 2/6, and you want forty-three of them. How much change should I give you for one bob?” Beats the hell out of me....

Oh, speaking of English money: I've been introduced to the half-crown, but Pete says there is no such thing as a crown. Is that true? If so, I ask you, sir, is that sensible? Was there *ever* such a thing as a crown? (Please don't reply by reminding me that over here 25 cents is “two bits”, 50 cents “four bits”, etc., while there's no such thing as *one* bit. I'll only ignore you.)

You asked when Don [*Wollheim*] will be getting there. Well Don's away on a week's vacation right now, so I can't ask for full information, but his secretary says he's taking one week at the end of August for the convention. Presumably he'll leave here about the weekend of August 22;

in any case you can figure on him being around somewhere the week before the con. He'll be returning to New York a day or two after the con.

You also asked who else will be coming and who won't; that's a difficult question. The failing of the charter flight may cause a number of people to miss the con who would otherwise have gone, so far I do not know about this. I *do* know that Charlie and Marsha Brown will *not* be going over. Lester and Evelyn del Rey won't be going either – they'd planned on it, but Lester has a blood condition which makes it inadvisable for him to have any kind of vaccination, even such an otherwise mild one as smallpox, so he's unable to leave the country and get back in again. Ted White is going – though right now, with the charter flight having just fallen through, he's without reservations on any flight. He hopes to follow our itinerary in Paris and London and possibly Belfast, but all this depends on flight plans. Pete Graham is also definitely coming over, but he won't be at the con. He has a charter flight getting him to London about the 8th of August, and he wants to bicycle around in Wales, then go on to Ireland and meet up with us in Belfast; after we go back home he'll return to London by bicycle, catching his return flight around the 12th of September. This kind of itinerary would make it inconvenient as hell to return to London right in the middle of the trip for the con, so he's decided to be more tourist than fan on this trip. He'll probably be looking you up when he's in London, though... either at the beginning or end of his trip.

These plans obviously changed since Pete Graham did attend the con.

I don't know about other people... oh yes, Bob Silverberg told me he and Barbara are going over on about the 12th of August, returning right after the con. Dave Kyle will of course be there... wearing bulletproof armour, no doubt.

Terry Carr (TAFF Report):

Thursday 19th August

Carol and I began by flying to Paris, where we rendezvoused with Ron Ellik, Al Lewis, Boyd Raeburn, and Lois Lavender, who'd been touring France for a couple of weeks already; we spent several days touring around Paris with them, visiting the Louvre and so forth. One night we visited a three-star restaurant and I had my first taste of meurseault, a white wine that I loved even though I still can't spell it. Afterward, we repaired to Carol's and my room to drink a bottle that Ron had bought earlier, but when he tried to open it using a device that pops out the cork by injecting gas beneath it, the whole bottle broke and we had

to end the evening early.

In the next couple of days we toured with Boyd alone, the others having gone before us to London, and mainly I remember waiting on a chilly afternoon while Boyd photographed some statues in The Tuileries; Boyd took a lot of time getting his light-readings and such right and I, shivering, swore a mighty oath (“By Ghu!”) that his pictures had better be worth it. (They were; Boyd sent them to us later and they’re now in one of our photo albums.)

Thence we went to London by train, passing through many fields of French produce, mostly grapes, though I was pleased when we stopped at Amiens, where Jules Verne’s tomb is, according to what I’ve read in ancient Gernsback magazines. We didn’t have time to get out and look, though; we continued to the French coast and took a boat to the white cliffs of Dover, which really are, and thence went by train to London, where Carol and I stayed with Arthur and Olive Thomson for a day or two and Arthur showed us around London; we went on a trip on the Thames, for instance, and I remember Arthur’s marvellous impression of a Cockney’s directions around London: “You take the Firty-free bus,” etc. That night there was a small party at Ethel Lindsay’s place where Ron Ellik said many hilarious things none of which I remember, and Arthur did the same with ditto memory results, and we heard lots of gossip about then current London fan politics, all of which I forgot almost immediately. It was hilarious, though, I assure you. [1]

[1] *Raffles* #8 (August 1984, ed. Stu Shiffman and Larry Carmody)

July 1965

The Programme Takes Shape

Ron Bennett:

THE PROGRAMME FOR THE LONDON WORLD

CONVENTION is lining up well, with a good variety of interesting items on the provisional agenda. As well as the official opening ceremony and the usual introductions, the evening of the first day, Friday 27th August, will feature a talk by Harry “*Deathworld*” Harrison, entitled Science Fiction, the Salvation of the Modern Novel. During the afternoon of the same day there will be a film show. Other talks lined up for the weekend conference will be delivered by Geoff Doherty, John Brunner, Brian Aldiss (the Guest of Honour), TAFF Delegate Terry Carr, Fantasy and Science Fiction’s Ted White and Special Speaker Arthur C. Clarke. Panels will cover such items as Science Fiction in Europe, fan and professional opinions on the SF scene and will feature such names as Walter Ernsting, Josef Nesvadba, Mack Reynolds, Charles Platt, Forry Ackerman, Dave Kyle, James Blish, George O. Smith, Al Lewis, Mike Rosenblum, Tom Schlück, James White, Bob Silverberg, Fred Pohl, Ken Bulmer, Edmund Crispin, Jack Williamson, Poul Anderson, Donald Wollheim, Michael Moorcock and Boyd Raeburn. The Delta Group films will be shown, Tom Boardman Jr will be the Banquet’s Toastmaster, there will be a Knights of St Fantony Ceremony, a fancy dress party compèred by Arthur Thomson and auctions conducted by Phil Rogers and Ted Forsyth. There is also a chance of a showing of a special BBC TV film made in New York.

Space only precludes my presenting this provisional programme in full, but from the standpoint of quantity alone it would certainly appear that the above outline listing should kill off the various rumours circulating around fandom that the Worldcon’s policy of “under-programming” will leave empty more time than is actually spent on programme items. The four day programme is, without doubt, as packed with worthy items as any previous worldcon.

FURTHER ON THE WORLDCON

The World Convention is the major event of the science fiction calendar. Normally, the convention is held over Labour Day weekend in the United States. One previous convention was held in Canada and there has been one previous convention in the U.K., the 1957 LonCon. The

LonCon II Committee is composed of former TAFF delegate Ethel Lindsay, the first winner of the Dr. Arthur R. Weir Memorial Award Peter Mabey, former BSFA Publications Officer James A. Groves and former BSFA Secretary Ella A. Parker, who is the Convention Chairman. Membership fees are 15/- or \$2 for non-attending members and 21/- or \$3 for attending members. The Treasurer is James A. Groves, 29 Lathom Road, East Ham, London E.6.

Hotel rates at the Mount Royal, which include bed and continental breakfast, have been specially reduced for the Convention and are: £3 or \$8.66 for a single room, 55/- or \$7.96 per person for a twin-bedded room and 50/- or \$7.25 per person for a double room. Single rooms are at a premium and it is not unknown for fans to share a twin-bedded room.

LATE STARTERS TO WORK were packed off in an unusual fashion on the morning of Thursday 22nd July, the dulcet voice of Ella Parker ringing in their ears. Ella was interviewed on the BBC Home Service programme, *Today*, on the background of the worldcon. Ella told of the many different types of people with an interest in SF, spoke of authors discussing plots in lounge corners, mentioned collectors and the late Don Ford's apple-box packed cellar (I might mention here that Don's apple boxes contained one of the most comprehensive collections of pulps and paperbacks in the USA), and altogether gave what must undoubtedly be the best and most sensible interview ever recorded by a fan to the general public at large.

COLIN FREEMAN, Scribble editor and OMPAn extraordinaire is at present fafia. Forced Away From It All by an attack of an unspecified contagious disease. Colin is at present virtually incommunicado, being in an isolation ward at Scotton and having his visiting list cut to his brother Stanley. Colin is still able to receive letters of course but will not be able to answer them for the time being. If you wish to pile up his slush pile, well, his address remains as: Ward 3, Scotton Banks Hospital, Ripley Road, Knaresborough, Yorks.

Next TAFF campaign will most probably be set up shortly after the LonCon. ::: Con banquet tickets selling well @ 35/-. [1]

Bruce Pelz:

Our fan in Europe, Al Lewis, reports that he visited the LonCon hotel with Atom and Ella Parker. Present convention facilities are good, and the new ones now being built (with a promised 31 July completion date) will perhaps make them excellent. The main hall will seat 200-300 comfortably, and has an adjoining lounge for the conventioners. The Art Show and Huckster Room will be in connecting rooms along a corridor

adjoining the entrance to the con lounge. All con attendees are urged to stay at the Con Hotel, as the convention committee will have to pay an extra £50 if less than 200 guests register. The LonCon Publicity problem seems to be due to the facts that (1) Publicity Manager Peter Mabey is not a pusher of publicity, (2) Ella's job keeps her busy till 8pm a good many nights, and (3) the pass-on from Pacificon (\$100) arrived only toward the end of June. After viewing preparations first-hand, Al says he is getting enthusiastic about the LonCon. Go you and do likewise.... [2]

[1] *Skyrack* #81 (July 1965, ed. Ron Bennett)

[2] *Ratatosk* #16 (July 1965, ed. Bruce Pelz)

July 1965

Travelling Giants

Forry Ackerman, editor of *Famous Monsters of Filmland* and *Monster World* writes from Berlin Germany:

“Europe is swarming with Americans. Met Ron Ellik and West Coast Al Lewis in Trieste and they accompanied me to Jugoslavia. In Salzburg (Austria) met a fan from Louisiana. The other night had dinner in Munich with Jack Williamson! Am learning much new Sci-Fi lore in Europe.”

From **Harry Harrison**, our European-Reporter, we received the following message from Denmark:

“We (he and his wife, and kids) will leave here on the 14th of August and drive to England for the Worldcon. We will also be house-hunting as we hope to move there next year. After the Worldcon we drive down through France – probably in convoy with Mack Reynolds and his wife – making a detailed visit to all the wine cellars en route! From there to Spain, stopping in Barcelona to see my publisher. ALL Spanish publishers are in this town and I will do the rounds of them. I’ll be able to give you a report on the state of SF in Spain. Then down to a house we have rented until next Spring.

“It looks like it will be a good con, the eagles are beginning to gather. Poul Anderson and wife Karen were here for dinner last night. I had a card from Forry Ackerman at the SF film festival in Trieste. The second issue of *SF Horizons* is at the printer. The lead article is an interview with William Burroughs; he is all for SF. For the rest there are articles by the same contributors, as in issue #1. Publication date soon.”

SF Horizons is a magazine of science-fiction articles and comments which Harry hopes to have on US newsstands shortly. [1]

Ron Bennett:

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE... It’s getting close to the happy time, the last weekend in August, when fans from the scattered continents will gather together at the 23rd World Convention which will be held at the

Mount Royal Hotel, Marble Arch, London W.1. Guest of Honour is Britain's own Mr. SF, Brian W. Aldiss, and lined up for the programme are a tremendous 35/- per head beanfeast, a *This is Your (Fan) Life* exposé, and showings of the latest Delta films, *Castle of Terrors* and *Breathworld*.

The Convention's Business Meeting will be chaired by Convention Chairman Ella Parker whilst the 1966 Convention site is selected. Thereafter the Convention's Parliamentarian will take the chair to conduct business relating to committee reports, by-laws etc. Motions for debate should be submitted, in triplicate please, to the Committee by 10th August, two copies to the Convention Secretary, Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, and one copy to George Scithers, USA Research and Development Group, APO New York, NY 09757 or c/o the European Research Office, Theodor Heuss Allee 2, 6 Frankfurt/ Main W.13, Germany.

Tolkien fans please note that importation to and sale in this country of the recent Ace editions are illegal. [2]

This is a reference to the "pirate" first paperback edition of the Lord of the Rings trilogy. It was published by Don Wollheim in May in the belief that due to the correct copyright not being filed the books were now in the public domain in the US. This caused a storm of protest, but the edition was also a runaway success, selling over 100,000 copies.

[1] *Science-Fiction Times* #429 (July 1965, ed. James V. Taurasi, Sr., and Frank R. Prieto, Jr.)

[2] *Skyrack* #80 (June 1965, ed. Ron Bennett)

August 1965

First Arrivals

Wednesday 25th August

Ted White:

We touched down on a rather empty and disused-looking strip, and taxied up near a terminal building, Then the pilot's voice came over the PA. "It is fifty degrees..." he said. It was about seven o'clock. I was wearing a light summer suit, although I had a wool suit in my luggage. My hair was short almost to the point of baldness. I shivered in anticipation.

We had to walk across the strip and past several parked planes to the terminal. The facilities seemed very primitive in contrast to Kennedy, although I noted signs of construction, and it appeared modernization was underway. We climbed a flight of stairs, claimed our luggage, went through a brief customs inspection, and I was at last setting foot to English soil.

I found the bus to the London BOAC terminal, and boarded it.

The English are fresh air fiends, and the bus driver was very much one. It might be only fifty degrees outside, and his passengers might all be from sub-tropical New York, but he was not to be dissuaded. He opened his driver's window, and the sunroof was opened up at the front so as to channel a direct blast of frigid air into the vehicle. I believe that it was at this point that I first began my flirtation with the cold which was to plague me intermittently for the duration of my trip.

The bus was very underpowered, and later I was told that it had never been intended to exceed 30 mph. This is understandable, since there are apparently few opportunities for any vehicle to exceed this speed in or near London.

By some stroke of luck, a "motorway", or expressway, M4, has been built between London and its airport, however, and this gave our driver the chance to demonstrate first-hand his rudeness to other drivers at speed.

At the BOAC terminal I called the Mount Royal Hotel, at which I had no reservation, and reserved a room, which I was told would be ready that afternoon. I asked how I might get there from the terminal, since I wanted to try out the Underground map I'd received with my third progress report, and was advised to take a taxi. I did, but actually there was an easy and direct route by Underground, had I but known.

The Mount Royal has an efficient system. My luggage was snapped up as it hit the sidewalk, and I was given a plastic card with a number on it.

I had only to turn it in when I had the room and wanted the luggage. This was fine in theory, but I wanted a heavier jacket, and had to forego the pleasure for the time being.

The hotel occupied an entire block near Marble Arch, at the northeast corner of Hyde Park. Its entrance is not on the main street, Oxford St., but rather on the back side, where there is less traffic to interfere with the taxis, which, due to their very sharp turning radius, execute U-turns almost anywhere and everywhere. The entrance is inconspicuous for such an expensive hotel (I'm told it was previously an apartment building of some sort), and one immediately takes an escalator to the second floor lobby.

There I registered, and was told there would be no room available until eleven or twelve. It was then eight-thirty. Plastic luggage check in my pocket, I left again, heading for the Underground Station. I had no specific goals in mind; I simply wanted to kill time. I was tired and chilled, although the day was warming already, and might become a balmy 65 by early afternoon. But I am a subway fan, and I thirsted to ride my first foreign subway. I descended into the Marble Arch station.

It was an enjoyable exploration, although woefully incomplete, and the best I was to manage during my stay in London. I would've enjoyed it more if the motorman's cab didn't block all forward view, and if I hadn't been so tired. I was exhausted; I'd been up for over twenty-four hours with only an hour or two of naps on the plane. My body requires nine hours a night, and it was protesting.

Back at the hotel, my room was still not ready. I sat down and picked up a Paris edition of the *Herald-Trib* and started reading it. I'd gotten most of the way through it when two familiar faces appeared nearby. It was Fred Pohl and Harry Harrison, with them, and I was ashamed for not recognizing him, was Ted Carnell. Ted and Fred were off for lunch, but Harry and I talked for a bit. He suggested I accompany him to the local hairdressers while he got a haircut, and after that we retired briefly to a pub, where *F&SF* treated him to half a pint, and I learned the mistake in ordering a drink like a whiskey sour. Not even Harry could tell what had been put into it. I drank most of it before giving it up as a bad job.

Back at the hotel again, it was twelve-thirty and my room was ready. I bid goodbye to Harry, said I'd see him at Brunner's party that night, went up to my room, 773, and sacked out. I slept till eight that evening.

After dressing and shaving, I made my first use of the local telephone

service. I called John Brunner. I'd received a note from John a month earlier, inviting me to the party at his place that evening if I was in town. Now I wanted directions.

English phone service is famed in song and story for its wretchedness, but what bothered me was the antiquated phones in the hotel rooms. The modern pay phones were not bad, but the handsets on the room phones were cleverly designed to magnify hollow echoes in such a way that every connection sounded terrible.

"What Underground connection do I take to your place, John?" I asked.

"Oh, don't bother with the Underground," John said. "Use a bus. A number thirteen or one-thirteen."

"I'm not familiar with the buses," I said, haltingly.

"Time you were," John said warmly. "You'll find the stop right outside the hotel. It's very fast, very direct. Just take the bus to the Finchley Road tube station, and Frognal is just 500 yards on."

It is a sad commentary on my still befuddled condition that I did not tumble to that destination until I got there. The Finchley Road tube station indeed! I could've taken the Central Line a couple stops east to the Oxford Circus station, transferred to the Bakerloo Line, and taken it north directly to the same station!

But I didn't, and perhaps it's just as well. Because this was to be my only venture with an omnibus, one of London's famed double-decker busses.

Five hundred yards doesn't seem like much to me, and for some reason I couldn't find Frognal. If John had said "up two blocks and on your right" I'd have been in better shape. As it was, I collared every pedestrian without luck, and finally stumbled onto Frognal by accident. It crosses Finchley Road, but on the other side it is called something else.

The Brunners have a handsome flat into which they'd only moved this year. John told us he'd done most of the redecorating himself, and that most of the furniture in his office-den – desk, chairs, files, carpet – were leased. It was cheaper than purchasing them.

The party seemed to be made up of two disparate groups: the science fiction people, a large preponderance of whom were American, and friends and acquaintances of John's from the mundane world and publishing industry. There was very little cross-communication. At one point I overheard a woman asking a young man, "Are you one of those science fiction people?"

"No. Are you?"

“No,” she replied, and immediately they fell into a lengthy conversation.

The first people I saw that I knew, aside from John himself, were the Silverbergs, who were chatting with Don Wollheim. I joined them, and after a spell the Pohls and Betty Ballantine came in. I chatted with Betty for fifteen or twenty minutes; this was the first time I’d met her.

John joined us for a spell, and introduced us to a tall, cadaverous-looking man who was a Scientologist, and we discussed the pros and cons of hypnotism, which Scientology is rather strongly opposed to. My own feelings are by no means that strong, but I’ve had reservations about hypnotism. John on the other hand was rather enthusiastic about it. But too quickly more guests had arrived and he was back to his duties as host.

Then a new party arrived, and it was Arthur and Olive Thomson, Boyd Raeburn and the Carrs. I joined them in the kitchen for drinks. I’d helped exhaust the cider and was now trying a mild wine. I was all too aware that my metabolism was not yet in harmony with the time or place, and I’d best go slow and easy.

Don Wollheim was in the kitchen too, and he, Terry and I were confronted by a woman with flaming red hair.

“You’re Americans, aren’t you?” she asked.

We nodded, “What is your feeling about Americans?” I asked, feeding her the straight line.

“Well... let’s just say that my politics lean towards the left,” she said coyly.

“You don’t care for us being in Vietnam?”

“I’m not going to say that word, my feelings are so strong,” she said.

We chuckled, and she added, “You Americans. You’re very different from us. You’ve much more in common with the Russians, you know.”

“Yes,” I replied, ever witty. “One of these days we and the Russians are going to blow up the world.” That rather slowed things down for a moment, although Don and Terry nodded emphatically.

The conversation turned to the Carrs’ trip with Boyd through France.

“Isn’t it a wonderful place, Paris?” the redhead asked. “You were in Paris?”

“Yes,” said Terry. “Lovely buildings, beautiful city.”

“I’m a real Francophile,” she said. “It’s so wonderful over there.”

“Food’s nice too,” Terry said, nodding.

“Well, *I* think it’s a lovely, wonderful place,” she said.

Food, canapés, were served in the front room. The table upon which they were laid out was in the darkest corner of the underilluminated room,

and Carol Carr came up to me after a moment and said, “It’s terrible; I’m so embarrassed.”

“What happened?” I asked, peering through the murk and trying to see if there was anything I wanted to try.

“You see those little balls of things in that dish there?” “Yes,” I peered at them nearsightedly.

“I thought they were cheese, you know? And I picked one up and put it in my mouth. And it was butter.”

“Oh,” I said, moving my hand back from the dish. A moment later, by the door, I found a light switch, and turned it on.

Boyd and I got into a conversation about rock and roll. He’d been on a buying binge, and had over forty records he’d bought in France. He told me about any number of fabulous people whose names I’d never heard before and don’t remember now.

“You’re becoming a mouldy fig, Boyd,” I told him. “You haven’t cared much for jazz for the last six, seven years.”

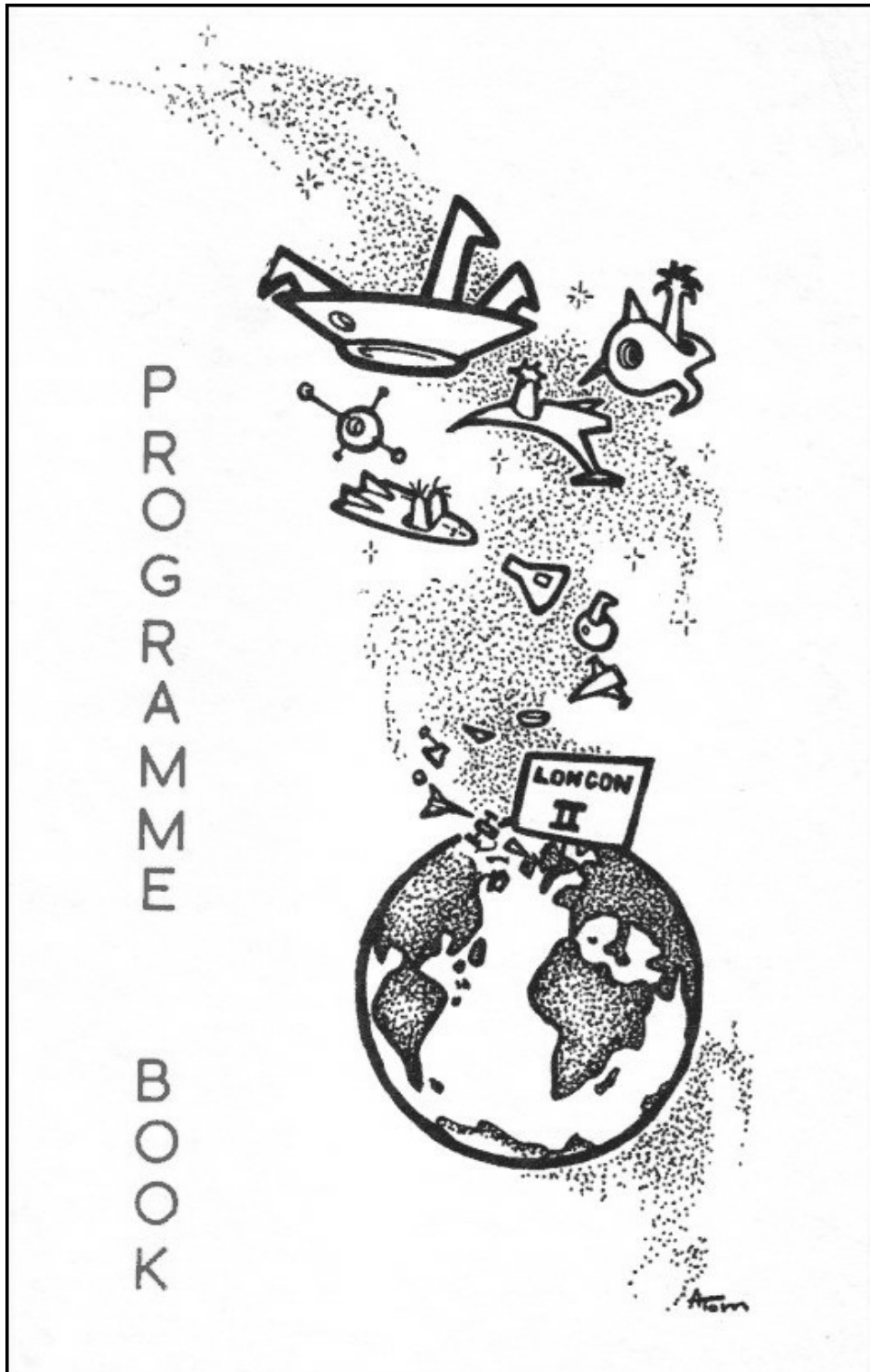
“That’s true.” His eyes lit up. “Beat music, that’s what’s happening, baby.”

And I confessed that I hadn’t cared much for most of the jazz since 1960 myself....

The party broke up around midnight, there being a midnight curfew on all public transportation. Arthur gave me a lift back to the hotel with Boyd, and I went back to bed and to sleep again, my first day in England over.

– *Null-F* #41 (November 1965, ed. Ted White)

The Convention and Afterwards



Programme Book: artwork by Atom

Thursday 26th August

The Globe

Ted White:

I rose at the ungodly hour of 8:30, and luxuriated in a deep tub bath. Since I have only a shower at home, I treasure every opportunity to try out a tub elsewhere. (Boyd Raeburn, on the other hand, detests tubs, and told me he'd had his room changed upon discovering there was no shower.) I also discovered that wash-cloths are not supplied, and I had to make do for baths and shaving with the face towel. Ah, barbaric England!

I'd been wondering what my Continental Breakfast would be like. I'd been told it would probably consist of some sweet buns or the like. I was writing a letter to Robin (from which letter and subsequent letters I have drawn the details for this report) when there was a discrete knock at the door and a maid came in bearing a tray. The contents of the tray in full were: two pots, one of which held coffee, the other hot, boiled, milk; sugar; a coffee cup; butter; and two rolls. The rolls were unadorned dinner rolls. I wolfed the lot down, drinking all the coffee and about half the milk. And I did not bother ordering another Continental Breakfast during my stay at the hotel. Indeed, I rarely rose early enough for one during the remainder of my stay.

I was just finishing the letter when Harry Harrison came up. He asked if I had anything planned for the day and I told him I didn't. He suggested I join him for a drive out to Ted Carnell's place, "We'll show you a bit of London," he added. I was delighted.

Harry is an extremely ebullient, outward-going fellow who is often to be found laughing loudly and who drives like a madman. I consider myself a talker, but I found with Harry I could just sit back, look at things and listen, without any awkward pauses developing in the conversation.

Harry and his family have lived in Denmark the past several years, but they were now in the process of moving to England. He has a dark green VW Microbus, fitted out nicely as a camper, with which he and his family have toured all over Europe. "The US is all right for a starter," he told me, "but sooner or later it's time to leave, see the world, get out and do things!" I think if Harry had his way we'd all be expatriates.

We took a scenic route along the Thames, past all the Famous Buildings and over the Tower Bridge. I was more impressed by the fact

that at low tide the ships moored on the river's edge are grounded than I was by the Famous Buildings, which, after all, looked pretty much like most Famous Buildings. But then, I'm not a sight-seer, at least on most occasions.

London, as I mentioned, has almost no expressways. It took over an hour to travel the seven or so miles out to Ted Carnell's place, every bit of the way on local roads, fighting (and that is the word) local traffic.

Ted Carnell lives in one of the London suburbs on a quiet sidestreet in a rowhouse. Harry was mumbling to himself that he never could find it, but he did, and with no trouble at all. As we were approaching I said, "Do you suppose Ted knows of any place I could get a copy of *New Worlds* number one? It's the only number I'm missing."

We'd been sitting around in Ted's living room chatting with him and his wife when I asked the question again, this time of him.

"Oh, I think I might have an extra copy kicking around," he said, to my astonishment, "I have a bound set of my own."

"You know," he continued, "we simply couldn't sell that first issue. That was early in 1946. But we went ahead with the second issue. I worked up a cover around an old, 1937 Rogers black and white drawing which we had redrawn in colour – a couple of spaceships on a deep blue background."

"That second issue virtually sold out. I should imagine it is rarer than the first; I've never seen it in back issue stores. Well, we had all those extra unsold copies of number one, so we ripped the covers off, and we had new covers printed up, exactly like the covers for the second issue, except that they said 'No. 1' on them. And we put them out to sale again, and they did very well." Obviously the true collector's items are those variant first issues.

Ted added that he had a second set of the early *New Worlds* and *Science Fantasy*, bound in buckram, for sale if anyone was interested. "I have my own set; I don't need two."

He inscribed the contents page of *New Worlds* #1 for me: "To Ted White, in editorial appreciation," I felt like a humble neo.

On our trip back, Harry and I argued mildly about the Direction SF Is Travelling In. Harry is in the Aldiss-Ballard camp – as his editorship of *SF Horizons* with Aldiss makes clear – and very much for the New Thing in British SF, I am not. We more or less agreed to disagree. Harry said he would state his position in his talk Friday, and I said I'd rebut it in mine Sunday.

When we got back, I found the hotel starting to swarm with fans, Ron

Ellik and Al Lewis were there, and already engaged in setting up the art show, I met Lois Lavender, who was quite as nice and attractive as her advance billings had credited her with being.

I was hanging about the artshow room trying to be of some vague use when a French author and fan showed up, and asked Harry Harrison, Poul Anderson and me if we'd care to be interviewed for French radio, He carried a pocket tape recorder.

We moved into the all-but-deserted auditorium, but the Mt. Royal was in the final stages of renovation, and workmen occasionally begin hammering and pounding away within easy earshot of the taper, so I don't know how much of what we said was usable. We chatted about one thing and another, and it was quite low key. Presumably much editing was done before any of it went on the air – if any of it did.

After that I returned to the artshow room. I was motivated by several feelings. One of them was a vague guilt for being of so little practical help on the show in years past, despite my sponsorship of no award. The amount of time and labour people like Ron and Al put into the show has rather shamed me. Another was simply that I had nothing else to do, nowhere in particular to go, and I was feeling gregarious, and here was where, for the moment, the fans were.

Indeed, in rather short order I was meeting some of my first English fans, including Ken Cheslin, Jimmy Groves, Ted Forsyth, Eddie Jones, and I forget who-all else.

Fortunately I found a way to make myself useful. Ron and Al had bought a quantity of lumber and burlap, and planned to make those into burlap-covered frames suitable for hanging the pictures on. "Ahah!" I said. "You're actually just stretching giant canvases." And I have stretched canvases many times. So, with my vast skill as a carpenter, I knocked together the frames and with Al I stretched the burlap onto two of them.

By this time I was becoming aware of several things: 1) I'd been at it for several hours, and it was past the dinner hour; 2) I'd not eaten all day; 3) the smallpox vaccination I'd been given the day before I left was starting to "take"; and 4) I was suddenly weak, hungry, and almost shaking. Feeling guilty all over again for chickening out while four more frames awaited construction and burlapping, I asked Al if he figured he knew how to do it now, and on his assurance that he did, I went out into the lobby.

In the lobby I bumped into Bob Silverberg. "Have you made any dinner plans yet?" I asked. "Well, as a matter of fact, yes, We're going to an Indian place with the Pohls," Bob replied. "But you're welcome to join

us.”

In the bar we found Barbara Silverberg, Fred and Carol Pohl, and a young couple of their acquaintance. I wish I could remember those people's names; they were very nice people, and I found that he and I had a common interest in rapid-transit. We split up into two taxis, and headed off for Piccadilly Circus and Verra-Swami's. As we left the hotel, Harry Harrison's VW pulled out behind us, but he was oblivious to our waves.

It was my first experience with Indian food in an actual Indian restaurant, so I ordered the mild curry. Not at all to my surprise, I found myself enjoying the food greatly, and the meal went quickly and pleasantly. It was a surprise, though, when Fred picked up the check. "I've owed these folks a meal for some time, Ted, and you lucked into it," he said, smiling.

We split up for taxis again, and the Silverbergs and I headed for the Globe, London fandom's traditional pub. [1]

Terry Carr:

The night before the con we went pub-crawling with Arthur and Olive, eventually running into several fan types (by plan, I think) in one of them. I remember standing foot on rail when Mike Moorcock introduced himself and insisted on buying me a pint even though he was in his scuffling days then. We talked about the time a few years before when he was scripting the British Tarzan comic book or some such and Tuckerized Dave Rike as one of the characters; Mike also mumbled and muttered, in that way he had even then, about London fan and pro factions – the New Wave was just getting started in 1965 – and I never did get straight just who hated whom or why, except that everyone seemed to hate Charles Platt. Plus ça change.... [2]

Ron Bennett:

LONCON II, the 23rd World Convention, had a rousing send off on the evening of Thursday 26th August, the day prior to the conclave's official opening, when some seventy fans and professionals gathered extemporaneously at the traditional meeting point of London fandom, the Globe in Hatton Garden. Not since the comparable meeting of 1957 had the City public house enjoyed such a jostling throng composed of such names as Michael Moorcock, Thomas Schlück, Eddie Jones, Bobbie Gray, Peter West, David Redd, Tom Boardman Jr., Langdon Jones, Charles B. Smith, Dick Eney, Pete Taylor, Frank Arnold, Don Geldart, Graham M. Hall, Chris Priest, John and Marjorie Brunner, Arthur and Olive Thomson, Boyd Raeburn, Forry Ackerman, Dave Kyle, Ron Ellik, Terry and Carol

Carr, Mack Reynolds, Poul and Karen Anderson, Harry Harrison, Brian Burgess, John and Joni Stopa, Bob and Barbara Silverberg, Fred and Carol Pohl, Sandra Hall, Ted White, Ben Jason, Lois Lavender, Al Lewis, Ken Cheslin, Jean Bogert, Barry Bayley, Ben Stark, Wally Weber, Ted Forsyth, Ella Parker, Jimmy Groves, Peter Mabey, Bob Bloch, Don Wollheim, Fred Prophet and Ethel Lindsay.

Many of the above also attended a party at the new home of Charles Platt, also attended by Michigan's Jim and Susan Caughran amongst others. A very memorable evening, especially notable for the fact that Harry Harrison had his car impounded by the police for illegal parking. [3]

Ted White:

Fandom was really out in full flower there. Ron Bennett was carefully taking everyone's name down in his notebook, and the list in *Skyrack* is probably as complete as any you'll find. I made no attempt to copy down names (or, indeed, to take any notes excepting my letters to Robin), and I did not try, in the press of the crowd, to meet everyone there.

The Globe closed at eleven or thereabouts ("Time, gentlemen!") and I found myself heading for the Underground station with John and Joni Stopa, two of the last people I'd expected to see in London. Joni had dyed her hair a light brown and I complimented her on it; I found it much more becoming than the platinum blonde of yore.

When we got back to the hotel, I found a small group of fans, including Ella and Ethel, sitting in the lobby having tea, and I sat down next to Ethel and found myself with a better opportunity to chat with her than I'd enjoyed at any time during her TAFF trip.

At various times during the con, people came up to me and asked me if I'd seen, or even if I was Terry Carr. Terry was TAFF delegate this year, and he had the impossible task of meeting and charming every fan in the British Isles, The more I thought about it, and such facts as the chats I hadn't had with Ethel during her TAFF trip, the more grateful I was that I had not stood for TAFF and had made the trip on my own money. For one thing, since I do not believe that people who can make the trip on their own and will anyway, or who have already made the trip on their own in the past should stand for TAFF, I have disqualified myself in my own eyes. Thus I have not only spared myself the grind of obligations every TAFF candidate is faced with, and which necessarily divides him too finely for any convention to be enjoyed, but also the controversy a campaign on my behalf would provoke, and the very possible chance of losing. The more I thought about it, the more relieved I felt. [1]

David Redd (in 2011):

Thursday evening I went to the Globe for my one and only time; no doubt I rubbed shoulders with hordes of giants, but all I remember is meeting Eddie Jones with delight. I moved on to chez Platt, where Charles opened the door to me with a backward cry to his other guests “Don’t go – there’s more coming now!” or some such. Despite the numbers being swelled by only me at first, people did stay, including an intense and promising young writer then called Richard Gordon*, his real name, and not happy about some doctor’s pseudonym getting in print first. Charles was pretty hospitable. I think I saw a stack of the first BSFA *Tangent* lying around. Also present was an amiable youth called Terry Pratchett, who after a very early first sale was wary about being called a fourteen-year-old author all his life (I think he found a way round that). [4]

* *Richard Alexander Steuart Gordon had published his first SF story in New Worlds (July 1965) as Richard A. Gordon, but because of the clash with “Richard Gordon” of Doctor in the House fame had to use the byline Stuart Gordon for his SF novels. [Ed.]*

Terry Carr:

We were invited to a party at someone’s flat, given by Charles Platt and friends (Langdon Jones, etc., I think); we didn’t want to take sides in the London factionalism, so Carol and Pete and I went. The attendees were all scruffy and dourly jocular, and Charles was – dare I say it? – both charming and thoughtful to us. But we hardly knew anyone there (the attendees probably included Chris Priest, but I didn’t know who he was at the time), so we mostly talked among ourselves or with the one or two others we knew. At some point during the party Pete behaved outrageously, as was his wont in those days, baiting and putting on various people (he probably claimed he was Robert A. Heinlein), and an altercation nearly developed; Carol and I took Pete away, all of us giggling senselessly. [2]

[1] *Null-F* #41 (November 1965, ed. Ted White)

[2] *Raffles* #8 (August 1984, ed. Stu Shiffman and Larry Carmody)

[3] *Skyrack* #83 (September 1965, ed. Ron Bennett)

[4] source misplaced

Friday 27th August 1

The Rock Star and the Beanie

In the same week that the Rolling Stones were topping the music charts in the UK with “(I Can’t Get No) Satisfaction”, the worlds of pop music and science fiction had a brief and unexpected encounter.

Jon Stopa:

My wife, Joni, and I did our first overseas Worldcon, Loncon II, in a first class hotel. Few US fans could really afford it, but the Brits, noticing how rich were the small number of fans that they knew who had often crossed the Atlantic, felt it was necessary to provide us with the sort of accommodations to which these wealthy fans were accustomed. The Brits, themselves, couldn’t afford it, so many stayed at B&Bs and cheaper places, commuting to the con. The hotel had the latest things, like air-conditioning, which boomed on every time the temperature managed to rise to 40 degrees Fahrenheit. Not understanding the British climate, we had left our parkas in check at the airport and so shivered during the whole of the con. Though our room had heated towel bars in the bath, the maids perversely threw up the windows for ventilation in our room whenever we left it – unfortunately, the towel bars were a totally inadequate source of heat.

On our first day, we met Ella Parker, the con co-chair, for lunch in the hotel coffee shop, an old-fashioned place with rows of built-in booths separated by an aisle. We had met Ella at Seacon, the Worldcon held in a small motel at the Seattle-Tacoma airport, and were pleased to see her again. We had no sooner settled into a booth than a young man urgently waved to Ella.

She excused herself and went to him. She came back, snorting, mumbling... “Rough yans, rough yans!” [*Ruffians*]

“What was that all about?” we asked. After a bit of dogging*, she explained that the young man was a rock and roller named Mick Jagger. He claimed to be a science fiction fan, and wanted to play for the con with his band.

* *Clearly a term with a much different meaning in 1965. [Ed.]*

“But I refused them,” she said, crossing her arms.

Why? we wondered. After all, the Stones had recently released an

album that had “Two Thousand Light Years from Home” on it. Definitely science fiction.

Shaking her head, she explained that they were so sexually charismatic that they would go into a party, pick out the female they wanted, and draw her instantly away. The poor woman would be so smitten that, against her will, she would follow the fellow right out the door.

So Ella had refused Mick to preserve the virtue of American femfandom. When later I told the story at a party, those American femfans, including Joni, allowed that they would rather have made that decision themselves. I was shocked, shocked. [1]

Given the chaos that would have resulted from people trying to gatecrash the con when word got out – as it inevitably would have – that the Stones were performing there, it’s probably a good thing they didn’t, as cool as that might have been. One non-SF celebrity who did drop in on the convention was actor Christopher Lee.

Telling the above story decades later, Jon Stopa had one slight but significant lapse of memory: “2000 Light Years from Home” wasn’t in fact recorded and released until 1967, on the Stones’ album Their Satanic Majesties Request.

Terry Carr:

[On Friday,] Carol and I moved to the con hotel and got caught up in the hurly burly of an international worldcon, meeting old friends from the States and new ones from England, and things went fast and furiously thereafter; it’s all a blur in my memory and I think it was even at the time. [2]

As at the 1957 Worldcon, convention badges were a plain cardboard rectangle on which the name and registration number of attendees had been scrawled (from photos none appear to have been typed). Given that Eastercons had had printed badges designed by Eddie Jones for several years by this point this is surprising.

The Liverpool Group presented a group identity at the con with many members (Eddie Jones, Brian Allport, Norman and Ina Shorrock) wearing white sweat shirts with “LiG” emblazoned in red across the chest, and/or propeller beanies similarly emblazoned. As for the significance of that headwear...

Bhob Stewart:

In an article by Dale Killingbeck, Californian Ray Nelson explained how he invented the propeller beanie. It happened in 1947 when Nelson was a high school sophomore in Cadillac, Michigan. He invited some local science fiction fans over to his house, and they had fun taking futuristic hero/alien photos in the style of pulp covers. A hero costume had to be improvised. Nelson remembered the historic occasion, “I said, ‘Wait a second,’ and I dashed up to my room. In a frenzy, I stapled together a little cap made of strips of plastic and affixed a model airplane propeller to it on a wire, putting a few beads on the wire first so the propeller could spin freely.”

George Young, in the hero role, donned the revamped beanie, took it home and later wore it to a science-fiction convention [*the 1949 Worldcon*]. While visiting relatives in California, Nelson won a contest by designing a character wearing a beanie. Soon, anyone who owned a tv set was watching Bob Clampett’s *Time for Beany* (with voices by Stan Freberg and Daws Butler). [3]

The show was hugely popular with children, and even adults. The title character was a propeller beanie-wearing puppet named Beany whose sock-puppet friend called Cecil the Seasick Sea Serpent was voiced and controlled by an unknown Stan Freberg! Starting in 1949, it ran five times a week for five years. It was hugely popular with children, and even some adults (including Albert Einstein, according to a Stan Freberg reminiscence).

Nelson went on to become a professional writer of novels and short stories. He made no profit from the fad of sales of beanie hats that followed from his idea. [4]

“I never bothered to patent it. I never made a dime off it,” said Nelson.

A quick check reveals that propeller beanies are still being sold to this day, so Ray missed out on a lot of dimes.

Later, Nelson drew numerous fanzine cartoons with the propeller beanie, as he recalled, “I and other amateur cartoonists began drawing cartoons in which the propeller beanie was the symbol of science fiction the way the yarmulke is the symbol of the Orthodox Jew... It used to be science fiction fans wanted to wear them, but now computer people want to wear them. They are very popular with people out here with Mac computers.” [3]

[1] *eI* #20 (June 2006, ed. Earl Kemp)

[2] *Raffles* #8 (August 1984, ed. Stu

Shiffman and Larry Carmody)

[3] potrzebie.blogspot.com – 18 April 2010

[4] Ian Ellis,

<https://todayinsci.com/Events/Patent/Ultimat>

Friday 27th August 2

Programme Book Extracts

Ella Parker:

For those of you who don't have to return home immediately the Convention is over, I have been scouring round London for interesting things you might like to see and that will cost you nothing but the fare to get there.

First and foremost, of course, is the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace. This is not held every day, but it can easily be checked in the daily papers which days it will be. Usually it is announced for 11-30 a.m. but we would advise you to be there early: especially if you want to get a good spot from which to take pics.

Visits can be made to the Public Records Office in Chancery Lane. This is the centre of the legal district – Inns of Court and the like which have very beautiful and peaceful gardens – iffen we should be lucky and have good weather! In the P.R.O. Museum can be seen the Domesday Book and other interesting historical documents. Hours are from Mon. thru Fri., 9:30 a.m. – 5 p.m. The Museum which is the most interesting part is only open 1 p.m. – 4 p.m. Normally one has to have a Reader's ticket in order to handle the rarer exhibits but a free temporary one can be had on application to the enquiry Desk.

Tours through the Houses of Parliament are made regularly, and we will be pleased to help you to get tickets for these.

There are also the Abbeys and Cathedrals for those of you interested in architecture. You may have heard of the Whispering Gallery in St. Paul's Cathedral, where if you stand in one spot and whisper it can be heard clearly all round the gallery. In Westminster Abbey are the memorials in Poet's Corner and elsewhere, which commemorate many of the famous of Britain.

These are just a few of the things which may catch your interest and will certainly pass a pleasant couple of hours for you. I can't give you the Freedom of the City, but I can express the hope that you will find it as fascinating as I do... and I live here.

The World Science Fiction Conventions

Year: Name: City: Guests of Honour: Chairman

1939: Nycon : New York: Frank R. Paul: Moskowitz

1940: Chicon : Chicago: E.E. "Doc" Smith: Korshak
 1941: Denvention : Denver: Robert A. Heinlein: Wiggins
 1946: Pacificon : Los Angeles: A.E. van Vogt, E. Mayne Hull:
 Daugherty
 1947: Philcon : Philadelphia: John W. Campbell, Jr.: Rothman
 1948: Torcon : Toronto: Robert Bloch: McKeown
 1949: Cinventon: Cincinnati: Lloyd A. Eshbach: Ford
 1950: Norwescon: Portland: Anthony Boucher: Day
 1951: Nolacon: New Orleans: Fritz Leiber: Moore
 1952: Chicon II: Chicago: Hugo Gernsback: May
 1953: Philcon II: Philadelphia: Willy Ley: Rothman
 1954: SFCon: San Francisco: John W. Campbell, Jr.: Cole
 1955: Clevention: Cleveland: Isaac Asimov: Falasca
 1956: NyCon II: New York: Arthur C. Clarke: Kyle
 1957: Loncon: London: John W. Campbell, Jr.: Carnell
 1958: Solacon: Los Angeles: Richard Matheson: Moffatt
 1959: Detention: Detroit: Poul Anderson: Sims and Prophet
 1960: Pittcon: Pittsburgh: James Blish: Archer
 1961: Seacon: Seattle: Robert A. Heinlein: Weber
 1962: Chicon III: Chicago: Theodore Sturgeon: Kemp
 1963: Discon: Washington: Murray Leinster: Scithers
 1964: Pacificon II: Oakland: Leigh Brackett, Edmond Hamilton,
 Forrest J Ackerman: HaLevy and Stark
 1965: Loncon II: London: Brian W. Aldiss: Parker

TAFF:

In Memoriam: Don Ford

In April of this year fans all over the world were shocked and saddened by the news of the sudden death of Don Ford. He was only forty-four and we miss him sorely. In particular all those connected with or interested in the Transatlantic Fan Fund mourn him. He was the only fan to administer the Fund without actually having made the trip himself. Under the guidance of Don Ford and Walt Willis the Fund came safely through its period of teething troubles and Don himself was finally rewarded with a TAFF trip to the 1960 Easter London Convention at which he made many friends, thrilling the audience with a show of some of his many prize-winning colour slides and introducing to British fandom a new technique in party-throwing.

Don always took a keen interest in fandom's many aspects and TAFF was always dear to his heart. To a large extent thanks to him, TAFF goes marching on, and TAFF will always remember and honour him.

1955: Ken Bulmer: England: to Cleveland
1957: Robert A. Madle: USA: to London
1958: Ron Bennett: England: to Los Angeles
1960: Don Ford: USA: to London
1960: Eric Bentcliffe: England: to Pittsburgh
1962: Ron Ellick: USA: to Harrogate
1962: Ethel Lindsay: England: to Chicago
1964: Wally Weber: USA: to Peterborough
1964: Arthur Thomson: England: to San Francisco
1965: Terry Carr: USA: to London

TERRY CARR...

...is the Compleat Fan: in the sixteen years he has been in fandom, Terry has published over 250 issues of fanzines, including *Lighthouse*, *Innuendo*, *Fanac* (with Ron Ellick), and co-published *Void*, *The Incomplete Burbee* etc.; also he has written in many other fanzines, and is a member of FAPA, SAPS and OMPA.

Terry is interested in all aspects of fan writing publishing and history, and also has lately succeeded in selling stories in the professional SF market – he is now associate editor of Ace Books.

He is a keen convention-goer, having already attended four US Worldcons, and six Westercons, and likes to get around and meet people at parties.

Terry is here – he wants to meet, be with, and talk to British fans – so just introduce yourself and enjoy his company.

Project Art Show

At the Pittsburgh Convention in 1960, Bjo Trimble inaugurated Project Art Show. This is a Show which not only lets Con attendees see the work of many artists in fandom but enables the artist's work to be seen to its best advantage – also it makes it possible for the artwork to be sold. This is the first time that Project Art Show has appeared outside the States, although it has been running very successfully since 1960, due of course to the devoted work of Bjo.

A panel of judges has been chosen, who will judge the artwork during the Con weekend, so the results will be announced before the end of the Convention. There will also be a Popular Vote award, so remember to visit the Artshow and register your vote – voting forms will be at the desk by the door of the Show room, where you may also make enquiries about buying, or bidding for any of the exhibits, with the exception of the few which may be marked not for sale.

Awards are to be made in the following categories:

Astronomical Art
Fantasy Art
Heroic Fantasy
Children's Fantasy
Outré Art
Experimental Art
Cartooning
Open Category
Fellowship of the Ring
Science Fiction Illustration

Photo Salon:

1. Black and White
2. Colour
3. Experimental

Popular votes open to all categories.

Project Art Show wishes to thank all those who have helped in any way – those who helped to set up, watch over, and dismantle the Show at the end; and the judges who have the difficult task of trying to pick the best. We hope that all the artists who take part will do so profitably:

Enquiries about this year's Show to Ethel Lindsay, about future ones to: Bjo Trimble, 5571 Belgrave Ave., Eastgate, Garden Grove, Calif. 92641, USA.

Acknowledgments:

The Committee wishes to record their appreciation of help given by the following:

Mr Hall of Messrs King and Macson Ltd., the printers of the progress reports and programme book.

Mr Philip Lambert, for the design of the Con emblem.

The SFCoL, for financial and moral support.

Mike Moorcock, for extensive publicity.

Mr Learmount and Mr Anka, of the Mount Royal Hotel.

Skyrack, Ratatosk, and Focal Point.

Mr E.J. Carnell, and Mr K. Bonfiglioli.

Arthur Thomson, George Scithers, Al Lewis, Bill Evans, Dick Eney, Ron Ellik, Bill Donaho, Frank Dietz, F.M. Busby, and other fans too numerous to mention, including particularly one who is determined to remain anonymous. (Names in reverse alphabetical order!)

Several other items from the Programme Book can be found in the various Appendices at the end of this volume.

Friday 27th August 3

The Convention Opens

Ted White:

When I descended to the lobby, I ran into Ron Ellik, who was trying to scare up ribbons for the art show. A trophy dealer he'd been recommended to seemed never to have heard of 1st, 2nd and 3rd prize ribbons, so I suggested we shop for the necessities ourselves. We walked down Oxford St, to Selfridges, a giant department store easily the equal of Macys, and began shopping. We found a ribbon counter and picked out blue, yellow and red lengths of ribbon. And, on a whim, a short length of tartan, "In case Arthur wins something," we told each other. Then we headed for the stationery department for gold, two-inch seals of the sort notaries use. I'd worked in a stationery store when I was younger; I know exactly what I wanted – even the US brand. But due to the language barrier we had to make our explanations in halting sign language, not even certain the British know what notary seals were.

Well they didn't, in this particular department. But in the process of searching their stock, I found some sheets of numbers and alphabets of the sort which one can apply to a piece of paper by positioning and rubbing. I pulled out a sheet of numbers. "This would be perfect for putting a One, Two or Three on our gold seals, if we can ever find gold seals," I told Ron.

"Al isn't going to like this," Ron muttered. "We were supposed to have First, Second and Third ribbons all made up. He isn't going to like this."

We found a stationery store, a block over, and there we found notary seals, exactly what I wanted. But – red. No gold. We took a box, and escaped.

Despite Ron's trepidations, Al only smiled and nodded when we placed our small hoard of ribbons, seals, and numbers before him on the art show table. "That's fine," he said. "That looks fine." Ron shook his head; unbelievably. [1]

Pete Graham:

I rather liked the Mount Royal in spite of itself. It is trying to become a classy American hotel and isn't quite making it. While the convention was going on they were still building and refurbishing the main floor; the banquet hall was only just finished in time for us.

Everyone seemed to have rooms as far as they possibly could be from the elevators, and the hotel covered a large city block. This meant that a visit from one floor to another was a major excursion (unless, like the Carrs and me, you were on adjacent floors and near the staircase). Once in the rooms, though, I found them quite impressive by American standards. I paid for a single but had a double bed in a rather large main room, with a small dressing room off the side. For parties this was just grand: large enough to accommodate a couple of dozen people, but small enough so that sitting around on the carpet, one of my favourite party activities, was forced upon the company. One of the nice things about the room was the multi-channel radio/music device, which carried much better material than the American counterparts and didn't discriminate against the pirate stations; and the volume could be turned up quite high without disturbing the neighbouring rooms.

Another pleasant aspect of the convention was the unusually quiet nature of the neofan element. There were a number of young fan types running around and I suppose some of them were obnoxious or overly drunk and so forth, but the group I ran into, headed by Charles Platt, had all the proper characteristics. They didn't boisterously overpower a party, they were generally responsible about the liquor they drank, and some of them were even interesting. [2]

Charlie Winstone:

On the Friday afternoon, the Film Show opened, which was attended by a continually growing, though never large, audience. The main feature film was *Zotz!* – a not very successful comedy. [3]

Frank Dietz:

The London 1965 World Science Fiction Convention opened with the promise of being a great success, with attendance by this afternoon estimated at over 400. The Banquet sales have already been cut off at 150; this being the maximum the Hotel has personnel to handle. The brand-new convention hall in which the meetings are being held was a great surprise; a modern attractive auditorium equipped with a complete electronic control room for all activities; with adjoining Lounge and Display rooms.

Science-fiction fans and professionals from many countries are here, including among the pros: E.J. Carnell, Ted Tubb, Brian Aldiss, John Brunner and Arthur C. Clarke of England, and a long list of Americans: James Blish, Fred Pohl, John W. Campbell, Jr., Donald A. Wollheim, Poul Anderson, Jack Williamson, Robert Bloch, Robert Silverberg, George O. Smith, and many others.

After a registration period Friday afternoon, the convention was opened in the evening by Chairman Ella Parker, who introduced many of those present. [4]

Ron Bennett:

The convention itself opened on time, at 8 p.m. on Friday 27th August as Chairman Ella Parker, looking fresh, pert and spruce despite her working into the early hours of previous nights, welcomed especially the many attendees who had travelled from afar. To a call from the back of the hall that someone could not hear Ella quipped, “You can’t hear ME?” and immediately set the tone of convivial informality that was to prevail throughout the entire weekend. Ella introduced the Convention Committee to the audience (each member appeared from the back of the stage, carrying his own chair. Ella remarked “As you see, this is a Do-It-Yourself convention.”); and then called upon first Ron Ellik and later Tom Schlück to help her in introducing other notable attendees. In addition to the many names mentioned in the paragraph above the following were also present and were introduced: Rolf Gindorf, Walter Ernsting, George Scithers, Guest of Honour Brian Aldiss, Ina and Norman Shorrocks, Michael Rosenblum, Eric Bentcliffe, Ron Bennett, Eric Jones and Judith Merrill.

Harry Harrison introduced his talk “SF – The Salvation of the Modern Novel” by promising that he would make no mention of meat pies, immediately ducking as pies were thrown at him by Brian Aldiss and Tom Boardman. Appearing somewhat loath actually to begin his talk, Harrison invited Brian Aldiss onto the platform in order to say something serious. Aldiss merely said “*Greybeard* costs 18/-.” Harrison at last got down to stainless steel tacks, postulating that for SF to be the salvation of the modern novel must be a funny idea. But is it? In his opinion modern novelists have driven themselves into a corner. Basically Harrison’s argument was that only in SF, “can an author express the idea he wishes to communicate” as far as really saying something is concerned. He cited George Orwell and Nevil Shute as two mainstream writers who have made excursions into the field in order to communicate particular ideas. They could not have written these books outside SF, said Harrison. The modern novel must write of something of importance. SF and SF ideas are important by the very dint of this being a scientific world in which the results of scientific achievement have a definite impact upon people. SF alone can point the way, said Harrison, concluding that the modern novel is dead. “Don’t be afraid to say: We are right. They are wrong.”

From the audience Judith Merrill pointed out that SF comprises modern thinking but not modern literature. Harrison did not altogether

agree, pointing out that SF is the harder to write. The SF writer, he said, has to generate a completely new idea and then write well. The modern general writer “has it made”. The world, his setting, is there already for him to use. The SF writer has to formulate entirely a new world. John W. Campbell asked whether a writer should concentrate upon the idea to the possible detriment of his writing or whether he should concentrate upon “beautiful prose with lousy ideas” and which should an editor accept, to which point Harrison answered neatly, “You should do as you have been doing.” Irene Boothroyd asked how much SF is slanted emotionally at the woman reader, mentioning that in her opinion the amount was not very great. Campbell said that this was a matter of basic economic fact. SF’s readership is 95% men, therefore there is a 95% slant towards the male reader. Also men writers far outweighed the number of women writers. Pete Taylor suggested that Campbell produced his magazine in two sections, one slanted for men and costing 47½ cents and the other for women and costing 2½ cents. Harry Harrison suggesting that there could be a small space on the back cover for hermaphrodites! Here the general discussion reverted to the question of whether an editor should concentrate upon good writing or good ideas. Campbell said that as he reads personally every story submitted to him he sees all types of stories, with good and poor ideas and good and poor writing. Whilst he could possibly do better he has to try for the optimum in writing style, grammatical construction and story telling in order to choose the best story for the circumstances. [5]

Mike Moorcock:

The mood of this year’s World Science Fiction Convention was perhaps a trifle less convivial on the whole and a trifle more business-like than previous conventions held in this country, but what marked it was the interest shown by writers, readers, publishers and editors in the improving of the overall level of the field. Complacency and cynicism were both markedly absent; literate, realistic opinions and suggestions were very much there. There were very few who disagreed that the field could not do with extra sophistication, though, sadly, weary cries of “Shame!” were heard, notably from John W. Campbell, editor of *Analog*, who spoke for some length at the opening discussion (“Science Fiction, the Salvation of the Modern Novel”), telling us that Homer was a simple Bronze Age barbarian who told a good story and that no-one read him for the poetry – or, indeed, because of the poetry. Luckily, the voices of hope predominated, principally in the shape of Miss Judith Merrill, Mr. Brian W. Aldiss and Mr. Harry Harrison. Hope was, in fact, fully restored by John Brunner’s erudite talk on certain marked aspects of science fiction. [6]

Frank Dietz:

Only one talk was featured on the evening program, an address titled “Science Fiction – The Salvation of the Modern Novel” given by Harry Harrison

The Lounge, with bar, proved very popular following the program, and was well-filled until the early morning. [4]

Terry Carr:

I do remember that Carol and I hosted a big party in our room one night, assisted by Pete Graham, whose room was one floor beneath ours, just down a flight of stairs nearby; we made several trips back and forth bringing booze and ice, and the party was a rouser. I have no idea who was there or what was said by anyone. [7]

Pete Graham:

“You’re putting the horse before the D’Oyly Carte,” said Walter.

I think it was in my hotel room at the Loncon. I don’t know which night. Two nights of the three there were parties in my room, and the other night I went to the party in the Carrs’. Each convention I go to gets better; I think it may be because at each one I feel less like being a fan and more like being friendly with the people there whom I know and like. The Washington convention in 1963 was good, but in London there were the same people I liked (Carrs, Ellik, Raeburn) plus many more, like Walter A. Willis. I decided to play grand host, which meant buying liquor and throwing a party. Also, I decorated my room: I put up maps of England and Ireland on the walls.

I don’t remember much about those parties except that they were pretty good. My room was situated almost exactly beneath the Carrs’, with a staircase just a door down the hall from each of us. We shared all the bar essentials like glasses and water pitchers from night to night. By the third night we had several dozen glasses, most of which were from the Mount Royal. The major difficulty was liquor price and availability; when I called room service for a bottle of gin I found the price would be about \$12.00. I may be an American tourist, but I’m not that rich yet. [2]

[1] *Null-F* #41 (November 1965, ed. Ted White)

[2] *Lighthouse* #14 (October 1966, ed. Terry Carr)

[3] *Vector* #35 (October 1965, ed. Roger Peyton)

[4] *Science-Fiction Times* #431 (September

- 1965, ed. James V. Taurasi, Sr., and Frank
R. Prieto, Jr.)
- [5] *Skyrack* #83 (September 1965, ed. Ron
Bennett)
- [6] *New Worlds* #157 (December 1965)
- [7] *Raffles* #8 (August 1984, ed. Stu
Shiffman and Larry Carmody)

Saturday 28th August Pros and Con

Ron Bennett:

By Saturday the number of attendees had grown considerably and in particular this was a day upon which the majority of one-day attendees dropped into the convention. There were so many old friendships to renew and so many new ones to make that at times it became a definite battle, usually against personal preference, to leave any conversation and fight one's way through the milling groups in the lobby and lounge towards the convention hall. Invariably I just didn't make it!

Saturday morning opened with a short panel discussion, chaired by Brian Aldiss, in which Walter Ernsting, Franz Ettl, Josef Nesvadba and Josef Dolnicar talked on "SF in Europe", mentioning mainly that the majority of SF on the Continent was translated material and that the only British author who had not as yet been translated but who might be well received was John Newington.

Forry Ackerman stood in for Geoff Doherty and spoke on SF of thirty years ago.

"All Things to All Fen" was the title of the fan panel, composed of Beryl Henley, Doreen Parker, Irene Boothroyd, Dave Busby and Charles Platt. I was somewhat surprised to learn that I was supposed to be moderating this panel as I had declined the invitation to do so. A panel moderator needs special balanced skill which, as I know from experience of a Peterborough Convention, I simply do not possess. Accordingly, I declined again. Phil Rogers and Ina Shorrocks took over. I was engaged in a hard drinking session in the bar when Charles Winstone came up and said that I was being paged in the hall. I went along, taking my drink with me. Phil Rogers dragged me up on to the stage removing my drink from my hand as he did so. "Just what I need," he announced, taking a sip and immediately declaring in injured surprise, "It's only orange juice!" It was, too, and he handed it back. Beryl Henley seized me before I could sit down and presented me with a large toy inflatable plastic elephant and said something about a token of something I was too confused to catch (or hadn't you noticed? I'm very grateful for the elephant, though. Andrew has fallen upon it like a long lost buddy and it has already become his favourite toy). Mainly, the panel discussed the differing quality of fanzines

and how much enjoyment each panel member has gleaned (or in the case of Dave Busby not gleaned!) from reading fanzines, from contributing to fanzines and from the social world of fandom as a whole.

The afternoon programme opened with a Transatlantic Quiz, the United States team losing to “The Rest of the World”. Although ahead 14-12 at the half-way stage, the USA were finally beaten by 26 points to 20, the breakdown on scores being as follows (points awarded here denote clear-cut responses. In some half dozen instances more than one team member answered correctly simultaneously): United States: Forry Ackerman 8, George O. Smith 4, Wally Weber 3, James Blish 3. Rest of the World: James Groves 13, Sydney Bounds 6, Thomas Schlück 2, Ken Cheslin 2. Terry Carr was in the Chair and Doreen Parker the scorer. [1]

Charlie Winstone:

The European team won with “Information” man, Jim Groves, answering the most questions correctly.

The Delta Group then made their first contribution to the activities – an amusing skit on the Monster Movies, called *Castle of Terror*. This had a delightful custard-pie sequence, between the various monsters and their maker.

After this short spell of humour, the Convention launched into one of its high spots. John Brunner gave a talk under the title “How to get High, Without Going into Orbit”. The title gives no indication of the quality of the talk. Brunner started by reading a beautifully descriptive excerpt from *Explosion in a Cathedral* (Carpentier – historical). He compared this to a short staccato passage from *Earth Abides* (Stewart – SF). By comparing these two excerpts, he explained the relationship between Mainstream fiction and SF. This proved to be a most interesting discourse as he went on telling of SF’s “sense of the grandiose” and the “lure of the exotic”. [2]

Ron Bennett:

John Brunner spoke on “How to Get High Without Going into Orbit”, analysing SF in a most erudite fashion throughout a hour-long extremely meaty talk. Brunner analysed the elements in SF which are also found outside the field and how and why they are and can be important to SF. Basically, there are the expansive elements of the vast and the exotic and there are the restrictive elements of ordered life and ordered worlds and of wishful thinking. It requires a talent far beyond mine even to report Brunner whose exciting use of vocabulary and whose command of the English language make him a speaker well worth hearing (which is to say nothing of his ideas). As Michael Rosenblum remarked, “From listening to

John, I get the feeling that one day I'm going to be proud to have known him."

The evening Fancy Dress Party was well attended by many worthwhile costumes, possibly the best and most thoughtful array of sheer creativity it has been my pleasure to see at some dozen conventions. These costumes ranged in standard from the very, very, good down at the bottom of the scale to the prize winners at the top. The prizes were awarded as follows and were presented to the winners by Brian Aldiss:

Most Beautiful Costume: John and Joni Stopa as The Elementals.

Most Monstrous Costume: Tony Walsh as The Delegate from Jupiter.

Most Authentic SF Costume: Peter Day as Nicholas van Rijn.

Most Authentic Heroic Fantasy Costume: Ian and Betty Peters as John Carter and Dejah Thoris. (This was the Bob Richardson Memorial Award.)

Heather Thomson, daughter of the mighty Atom, took the prize for the best costume from a girl under 12 years of age, and Harry Harrison's son, Todd, now a veteran con attendee in his own right, took the award for the parallel boy's category. It is notable that a representative of the national press asked Tony Walsh to walk down to a nearby Wimpy Bar in full costume... "But you'll be in the *Daily Express!*" Tony refused. [1]

Terry Carr:

That night I walked the long halls of the con hotel in search of Mal Ashworth, who was reputed to be among the hordes at the con; Arthur or Mike or somebody led me on this fruitless quest. Mal was not there; he'd gone quite gafia at the time. But we stalked the halls for hours, drunkenly, and became more so as we visited party after party. I remember the halls at that con hotel as being about two blocks long, like some scene from *Last Year at Marienbad* – I think the hotel had been enlarged by combining with another and knocking out the walls between them. Late at night and under worldcon conditions, those halls were like some surreal slice of cinematic life, endless and filled with enigmatic happenings. Can you wonder that I don't remember the details of the nights? [3]

[1] *Skyrack* #83 (September 1965, ed. Ron Bennett)

[2] *Vector* #35 (October 1965, ed. Roger Peyton)

[3] *Raffles* #8 (August 1984, ed. Stu Shiffman and Larry Carmody)

Sunday 29th August 1

The Banquet

Terry Carr:

Next morning at the con there was a panel scheduled for 9:00 a.m. that included Bob Silverberg; despite a great effort on my part, I missed all but the last ten minutes of it. Afterward I asked Bob how he managed to be coherent at that time of morning at a worldcon and he just said, “It’s not as hard as you imagine – remember that all of the audience is just as sleepy as you are.” [1]

Ron Bennett:

Dick Eney chaired the Sunday morning professional panel, “A Robot in the Executive Suite”, upon which appeared Judith Merrill, Robert Silverberg, Ken Bulmer, Terry Carr, James White and Poul Anderson. Quickly defining that a robot is but a programmed computer, Anderson said that computers could be best employed for work not fit for human beings to do, such as garbage collection, working with radioactive materials or in subscription departments of magazines. *Life* magazine, he said, employs IBM computers to conduct its subscriptions department. He told the story of a particularly humid New York day upon which one of the *Life* computers got a little out of hand sending some three thousand subscription renewal notices to one man who happened to be a sheep herder living out in the wilds of Montana. The local post office had to take a special truck out to the sheep herder who was at the time out tending his sheep. He returned to find his porch piled high with sacks of letters. He went through them all and then sat down and sent a cheque to the magazine’s President with the attached note, “You win!” Judith Merrill wondered how a robot would edit a SF magazine and Ken Bulmer looked at robots from “the other end of the scale” where experience is the whole point of human existence. Once one has done something, postulated Bulmer, this can never be repeated – in terms of experience. A robot, a machine, could tap these experiences with pleasurable experiences fed directly into one’s brain. Anderson said that the problem concerning machines was not the robots themselves but, as always, Man. If robots ever reached the point where they would try to make us chrome-plated replicas of themselves then this would be something that man has done to himself. We should, he reasoned, be careful about the pockets of life into

which we introduced them.

Bob Silverberg suggested that we should isolate our fear of robots which he claimed was not a fear of robots putting road sweepers out of work – “We’ve lived with that problem since the Industrial Revolution” – but more a fear of the berserk computer, the computing machine which begins to programme itself, where the control is taken from our hands. Anderson felt that such an occurrence was unlikely, saying that we could always pull out the plug or refuse to read such a machine’s silly advice, concluding that a computer’s main worth is to give good advice in a complex situation, presenting the optimum way of doing something in a given set of circumstances. He admitted that there are problems impossible for a robot to solve, but felt that a properly functioning robot would manage to get members of a panel into a convention hall on time at 10 a.m., and would ensure that an audience of seventy and a panel of five would function at an optimum level. [2]

Terry Carr:

I do remember inviting every former TAFF delegate at the con to a summit meeting at which we discussed TAFF policy and especially the next TAFF election; it was at that meeting that I proposed “Hold Over Funds” as a choice on all ballots (thereby anticipating No Award by several years), and most people agreed to it. At that time, even as now, some people were worried that there might not be a qualified TAFF candidate to be found; but though the “Hold Over Funds” option has appeared on every TAFF ballot since then we’ve never yet failed to find a candidate to elect. Someone took a photo of the attendees at this meeting and I still have a print of it: it shows all of us, with spouses, crammed onto one bed (no, no, it wasn’t that kind of party!): Ron Bennett, Ethel Lindsay, Wally Weber, Ken and Pamela Bulmer, Arthur and Olive Thomson, Carol and me, Walt Willis, and all the other TAFF winners up to that time except Don Ford, who wasn’t there. I suppose it’s a Historic photo; I’d planned to put it on the cover of my TAFF report, but of course I never wrote that. [1]

Don Ford had died in April that year.

Ron Bennett:

Banquet tickets for the thirty-five shilling (\$5) meal had been sold out by the end of the Convention’s first day and with the seating limited to 150 there were reports of tickets being offered for sale by as much as £4, though it is not known whether there were any takers. The menu was: Consommé aux Étoiles; Filet de Sole Sullivan; Contrefilet Rose Perigourdine, Crottled Greeps and Pommes Amandine; Pêche Jules Verne.

Coffee and a glass of P re Jean wine (for the traditional toast) rounded off an excellently prepared but sparsely presented meal. Opinions of those approached upon the matter seemed well united, that the proportions were small, that the service was disappointing, that the meal was overpriced and that those who came into the hall for the after-lunch speeches only had well saved their money. Particularly as the standard of the speeches was in no way comparable with that of the meal.

Tom Boardman, the banquet's Toastmaster, gave the news that the Gemini II spacecraft had finally come to earth, some fifty minutes previously, after its record breaking flight, an announcement heartily applauded by the assembly. It was worthy of reflection, said Boardman, that one attendee had been asked by the same press who would report this fact to appear in a public place in fancy dress. In introducing the Worldcon's Guest of Honour, Brian Aldiss, Boardman said that it was difficult to find something new to say about a writer whom he had first met in 1957, whom he had re-met in Harrogate in 1962 and who was now co-editor of *SF Horizons*, a former Hugo Winner, an ex-President of the BSFA and a writer known to all to stand "hips, trunk, shoulders, arms and head alongside anyone you want to mention".

Brian Aldiss first made reference to the passing Boardman, "A nice guy. You'd never know he was a publisher, would you?" He had wondered what to do and say, continued Aldiss, intending to prepare a feast for the gathering. He had been thinking of admitting to being Kyril Bonfiglioli but then he had turned up, he had thought about giving the low-down on an estimable professional sitting amongst the audience, about what really happened to the old manuscripts submitted to Ted Carnell, how a famous Hollywood monster is to publish the *Forry Ackerman Magazine*, why Fred Pohl has the British edition of *Galaxy* delivered via the North Pole in a rowing boat, about Mike Moorcock... "No, I couldn't tell you about him...", why Harry Harrison has had to leave Denmark, why Arthur C. Clarke has had to stay in Ceylon... but, said Aldiss, Harry Harrison gave the same talk at Birmingham. Instead Aldiss reviewed the changes in SF since the last London World Convention, in 1957.

At that time, said Aldiss, the dominant mood was still embodied in the paranoiac stories of the type written by A.E. van Vogt, in which the hero is the victim of a worldwide conspiracy, but in the end he licked the lot of them. Asimov was somewhat similar but his hero would undergo a loss of identity and a loss of memory. He would still go on to lick the lot. Orwell reversed this, although his story was still basically that of van Vogt. Here the hero underwent the loss of identity at the end of the story.

Nowadays there are other, perhaps more healthy problems. We have the satire of Vonnegut and the “inner space” of Ballard. The space is objective, said Aldiss, but man is more and more in the centre. These are stories of man reacting upon his environment rather than the environment reacting upon man. Also today, Aldiss continued, we are now in the age of the common spaceman. He parodied a recent earth to satellite conversation in which an astronaut had been talking to his wife. “How are you?” “I’m fine, honey. How are you?” “I’m fine, honey, just fine.” “And how are the kids?” “They’re fine, too.” As you see, Aldiss remarked drily, the age of the common spaceman.

He had been, he went on, recently looking up a copy of a 1955 *Galaxy* – which had just arrived in this country – and he quoted a descriptive passage in which stars appear as holes in a black, velvet curtain*, commenting that the oratory of ten years ago seems humorous today, “like the works of Henry James – but funny”. This makes for better SF, Aldiss said, for we must change with changing conditions.

All this, he concluded, was the speech he had prepared, which he had been rehearsing naked in front of a full length mirror. However, he now realised that he was unable to give the speech he really had intended to give, for John Brunner had given it the day before. [2]

* From “*The Cave of Night*” by James Gunn in the February 1955 issue of *Galaxy*. [Ed.]

The reporter for the BSFA fanzine Vector had slightly different memories of that Aldiss speech, which fill in a little more detail:

Charlie Winstone:

The Banquet (35/- for a meal!) was a disappointing affair but was livened up afterwards by the speeches. The Toastmaster, Tom Boardman, introduced the Guest of Honour, Brian Aldiss, who made a brief speech, mainly about his disillusion at the advent of the “Common Spaceman”. He emphasised this by participating in a little duologue with Harry Harrison....

BA: “Hello, down there....”

HH (as flight control): “...and here is your wife.”

BA: “Gee, is that you Mary?”

HH (falsetto): “Yes, dear, this is me.”

BA: “How are you, dear?”

HH: “I’m fine dear, how are you?”

BA: “I’m fine Mary, how are the kids?”

HH: “They’re fine dear....”

And so, this was (roughly) how Brian Aldiss showed how things had

changed from the 1950s as he read out a short passage from a James Gunn story from the mid-1950s complete with idealistic prose. [3]

Brian Aldiss (from speech transcript):

I'm going to sum this up in case some of you aren't clear on what the devil I'm talking about. I'm visualizing science fiction as something stomping, and alive, and changing with changing conditions, and reflecting those conditions. It's like the work of Henry James, but funny. [4]

Brian Aldiss (in a letter to *Then*):

While I was making my GoH speech, rear doors opened and a figure entered waving a cable. It was Cy Endfield, celebrated director of *Zulu* and other movies. The cable was from Joseph E. Levine in Hollywood, guaranteeing Cy \$30m if he – and I as scriptwriter – made an SF film called *Only Tomorrow* before Clarke and Kubrick got their act together on 2001. An exciting moment. We haven't made the film yet. [5]

Jim Blish:

Brian Aldiss's banquet talk on the various types of possible GoH speeches was urbane and witty; I hope somebody will publish the text. Terry Carr's TAFF speech, on the other hand, may or may not have been excellent, but without a text we'll never know which, because he never did manage to come to terms with the microphone he was using, so he couldn't be understood much of the time. [6]

[1] *Raffles* #8 (August 1984, ed. Stu Shiffman and Larry Carmody)

[2] *Skyrack* #83 (September 1965, ed. Ron Bennett)

[3] *Vector* #35 (October 1965, ed. Roger Peyton)

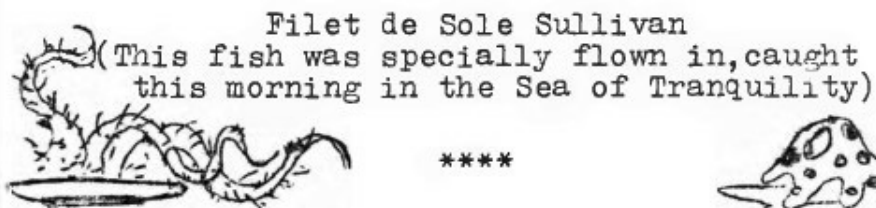
[4] *Worldcon Guest of Honor Speeches* (ISFiC Press, 2006, ed. Mike Resnick and Joe Siclari)

[5] Letter to Rob Hansen (1991)

[6] *Science-Fiction Times* #432 (October 1965, ed. James V. Taurasi, Sr., and Frank R. Prieto, Jr.)



Consommé aux Etoiles
(Chicken Consommé containing liberal
quantities of Aurora Borealis)



Filet de Sole Sullivan
(This fish was specially flown in, caught
this morning in the Sea of Tranquility)



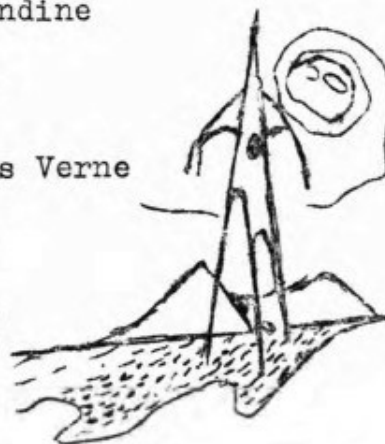
Contrefilet Rose Perigourdine
(Briefly exposed to radio-active Isotopes)

Crottled Greeps
(Thinly disguised as Brussels Sprouts)

Pommes Amandine

Pêche Jules Verne

Café



Banquet Menu: artwork by Atom

Sunday 29th August 2

Terry Carr's TAFF Speech

Ron Bennett:

TAFF delegate Terry Carr was introduced by Tom Boardman who explained briefly the organisational workings of the Transatlantic Fan Fund. [1]

When recalling this twenty years later, Terry misremembered Forry Ackerman as having been the Toastmaster. This being so, I've taken the liberty of substituting Tom's name for Forry's in the section below.

Terry Carr:

At the Hugo banquet I sat next to Brian Aldiss up front: he was the Pro GoH and I was Fan GoH. I was terrified by the prospect of having to make a speech, however short: I'd never done that before at a con. I barely touched my food, whatever it was, and Brian was wonderful in the way he chatted with me to calm me down. Tom Boardman, the Toastmaster, stood up and said, "I'm delighted to have Brian Aldiss here as Guest of Honour, but I wish the late E.E. Evans could be here with him... so I could say that we had Aldiss and Evans too." The attendees groaned, even as I did, but for different reasons: I was thinking that that lousy pun was probably better than anything I had to say. Tom introduced Brian, who gave a polished speech none of which I remember (I was too busy trying to keep from throwing up from nervousness), and then Tom introduced me.

I have no idea what words of praise Tom used; I was too twitchy by then even to listen to egoboo, and could only sit there wishing Tom would make endless puns till the whole audience went away. But he didn't, and I had to get up and make my speech. I'd written it out beforehand, and even practiced it once or twice, but I was still terrified. When I began talking the microphone failed and somebody had to fix it; I prayed that it would dissolve and we could all go home, but that didn't happen, and there I was before the whole convention audience who waited for me to speak.

Astonishingly, I managed. I even ad-libbed an opening – something that insulted Dave Kyle's bid for next year's worldcon in Syracuse, New York and got several laughs; I think I said, "Next year we'll be in Cleveland unless we get lost and go to Syracuse." – and then I went into

my prepared speech. I delivered it almost word-for-word from my text, and since I've managed to save my script to this day, I can reproduce my TAFF speech here.

•

One of the most accepted manners of beginning a talk at a banquet seems to be to open with An Anecdote, or A Quotation, which should either be about or by a famous person, and which should preferably be funny. If it isn't, no matter – the only function of this opener is to catch the attention of the members of the audience, who have until this point been having a good time listening to the talented speaker before you or, more enjoyable still, talking among themselves, which is what people come to speech-sessions for anyway. (That's what I came for, at any rate, and I was having a fine time until I had to interrupt myself by coming up here and booming over the microphone like a mathematics lecturer with a cold who'd misplaced his decibels.)

Well, I'd love to start off with An Anecdote or A Quotation involving a famous person, but the trouble is that whenever I try something like that I either get the story wrong or I misquote the famous person or I forget who the story was about or the quotation by in the first place. It happened to me earlier this afternoon, as a matter of fact, when I was telling a story and I came to the punchline and it just flew away from me, completely forgotten. It's a rather dread disease which I call aphasiastic flu.

There is one quotation I suppose I could give you accurately, however. The story goes that Louella Parsons once waxed lyrical in one of her columns, and wrote, "Oh to be in England, now that it's May." I can quote this line because of course it's a misquotation in itself, so I'm in tune with it.

Oh to be in England, now that it's May... or even August, the time of the world convention. Worldcons are a marvellous institution, combining as they do the most prominent features of a circus, a Roman orgy, a meeting of the National Society for Antiquarian Beekeepers (keepers of antiquarian bees, I suppose), a debate in the House of Lords, and dinner in an automat.

Over the years they've developed a number of traditional features: the costume ball, for instance, and of course the banquet and the talk on What's Wrong with Science Fiction This Year (it's Ted White this year – I mean he's the one who's giving the talk); and the Introduction of Notables, a sort of name-dropping session in reverse – in this case the Names are asked to rise, and some of them, depending on what they were doing the night before, are even able to; the Ceremony of and ancient and mystical

order of the Knights of St. Fantony (Not a Religious Organization); and, of course, the Business Session, where fans from all over the world gather to discuss in democratic fashion the matter of who can raise the greatest number of points-of-order.

Oh to be in England, now that it's worldcon time....

And you see the most mad assortment of people at world conventions: the hurried, harried committeemen, constantly looking at their watches as though they were rushing off to a meeting with the Red Queen; the sharp-nosed editors, sniffing for new talent, and the vodka-gimlet-eyed authors in the bar; Old Guard fans sitting in corners and grumbling that science fiction hasn't been the same since G. Peyton Wertenbaker, or Polton Cross, or Kendell Foster Crossen, or Joan the Wad, depending on just how Old Guard they are; the newer fans – the New Wave or Second Deluge or something like that – violently agreeing with each other, like Ayn Rand acolytes discussing objectivism, full of sound and fury, simplifying everything; hucksters hawking, panellists talking, neofans gawking. And there are, somewhere around here no doubt, the inevitable Gentlemen from the Press, who want to find out where we think the flying saucers come from now that Mars has been ruled out; writers, editors and fans who have been nominated for Hugos and who wish to God I'd get this talk over with so we could get on to the presentations – some of these nominees, in fact, may have made the trip to the convention only because they are on the ballot: though most of the attendees have interests that are more catholic, these nominees might be called Hugonauts.

And, I'm afraid, we have among us the inevitable TAFF representative, who in this case is me.

Most of you know that TAFF is the Transatlantic Fan Fund, a sort of science fictional cultural exchange program that sends fans across the ocean alternately to conventions in the United States and those in England. It's a system by which fans can get to know in person other fans widely separated from them geographically – and, to some extent, culturally. Fans from this side of the Atlantic have made such discoveries in the United States as the fact that it's big over there; that there are several other kinds of Americans besides cowboys, Chicago gangsters and Dave Kyle; that science fiction fandom over there is bewilderingly varied but uniformly hospitable to visitors; and that despite all, it's good to see Britain when they come home again. Similarly, Stateside fans have discovered in England that places are so handily close around here – I could get to Scotland in the time it's sometimes taken me to drive across Los Angeles –

that the British aren't all Beatles, butlers or Bennett; that fandom over there is bewilderingly varied but uniformly hospitable to visitors; and that despite all, it's good to see the United States when they get home.

This year I'm the one who got the nod to make the TAFF trip. I've been having a wonderful time, and I want to thank each and every one of you.

And speaking of TAFF elections, we're going to have another one in the next few months....

•

At which point I formally announced the opening of nominations for the next election, explained the new "Hold Over Funds" option, and sat down. The speech had drawn some laughs in most of the right places, but I'd noticed that they all came from either the first few rows in front or the last few in back; I was told later that the PA system hadn't been working quite properly, so that only those near the rear speakers had gotten the benefit of the microphone, and, since I tend to speak softly, only those near the very front had heard my voice unaided by the speakers – so even if you were there that afternoon, this may be the first time you've had to find out what I said.

Walt Willis, who'd been sitting near the back with Chuch Harris, had a somewhat different theory, as I discovered later when he showed me the notebook in which he'd been exchanging written comments with Chuch, who's deaf. Chuch had written, "What's happening? Only a few people seem to be laughing," and Walt had replied, "Terry's making puns that are too sophisticated for them." I wish Walt had been right.

Mentioning Chuch Harris reminds me of what happened when I first met him a day or two earlier. We were on an elevator, just getting off at some floor, and next to the elevator was an automatic shoeshine machine. Chuch said, "Look – an electric neofan!" [2]

Ron Bennett:

Arthur C. Clarke followed, entitling his talk, "How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Stanley Kubrick". He had been commissioned to write a book about space for Time-Life and had met Kubrick in New York with the idea of an epic space film on the lines of *How The Solar System Was Won*. Kubrick had bought five of his short stories but had eventually settled upon only one, whereby Clarke immediately bought back the remaining four at a thousand dollars apiece. The provisional title of the film, *Journey Beyond the Stars* had now been changed to *2001 – The Space Odyssey*, with the screenplay by Kubrick and Clarke, based upon a novel by Clarke and Kubrick. It is difficult showing convincing

extraterrestrials, said Clarke, and it was not true that Peter Sellers was going to play them all. “Though Peter was willing,” he added. The film will be shot in Cinerama and if a month’s scheduled shooting takes place as planned next spring, at which time will also appear the book (which is not yet finished), then the film should be released around Christmas 1966. Clarke said that he hoped it would become the contemporary space travel film, the *Destination Moon* of the 1970’s. In closing he held up a nail from the *Bounty* and a piece of the heat shield from the Apollo space craft. These were, he explained thoughtfully, two artefacts with less than 200 years between them.

The programme’s promised mystery speaker turned out to be Robert Bloch, much to the delight of the assembly. “I’m so pleased to be here today in... er,” Bloch began, referring to a card, “London.” He said that he was feeling a little drunk – “George O. Smith breathed on me” – and mentioned that he was in London to make a new film, *Mary Poppins Meets the Wolfman*. But it’s nice to be here, Bloch said. It’s nice to see Karen Anderson, and What’s His Name. And John Campbell, “whose editorials I’ve been ghost writing for years”. He said that he had had a rough trip over. He hadn’t realised just how rough it had been until he saw the captain heave the anchor, and he’d also had an accident with his luggage when the port fell out. He’d seen Westminster Abbey, the poor man’s Forest Lawn, and had visited the Tower of London, though there he’d been disappointed. He’d wanted to see a Beefeater and had found himself talking to a vegetarian. Back at the hotel, he said, someone had come up to him and had asked for money to the Willis Fund. “But how can I be sure,” he’d asked, “that this money will get to Willis?” “You can be sure of it,” he’d been told, “I am Willis.” Bloch went on to talk about some of his relatives. “Relatives run in my family,” he said, “Especially when they see me coming.” For example there was his cousin Mildred. “He’s a nice fellow,” said Bloch, telling of the time Mildred had had his spine removed and had had to be taken home in a bucket. He was, he concluded, very glad that he’d come. “I’ve made my peace with God,” he said. “He surrendered two weeks ago.” [1]

Charlie Winstone:

The Mystery Speaker turned out to be Robert Bloch. His speech, if it can be termed such, was a continuous stream of puns and anecdotes, altogether a most hilarious ten minutes. The most memorable item from his too-short spell at the microphone was an outrageous pun. He remarked that he regretted that the Archbishop of Canterbury had not been present, for then he could have told the audience that they had “Aldiss and Heaven

too!” [3]

[1] *Skyrack* #83 (September 1965, ed. Ron Bennett)

[2] *Raffles* #8 (August 1984, ed. Stu Shiffman and Larry Carmody)

[3] *Vector* #35 (October 1965, ed. Roger Peyton)

Sunday 29th August 3

The Hugo Awards

After Bloch came the awards. This did not start with the Hugos, however....

Ron Bennett:

Forry Ackerman spoke about the Big Heart Award, saying that after the death of E. Everett Evans certain individuals had got together to honour those whose work in fandom is often left unrecognised. He spoke of previous winners, Rick Snear, Bjo Trimble, James Taurasi and Sam Moskowitz. This year, he said, the award is being made to someone at this side of the Atlantic. Although, Ackerman said, there is no particular fandom in Italy or in France, there is a considerable fandom in Germany and there is one man who has done more than any other for German fandom, a man whose heart is so large that it embraces East Germany as well as West Germany. He called upon the Award's first recipient, Bob Bloch, to make the award to Walter Ernsting, the "Father of German SF". In doing so Bloch said briefly, "Don't do as I did – pawn it." Ernsting said that he was too overcome with emotion to make a speech. "This is a big surprise," he said, "and my heart is too full. And when my heart is great, then my mouth is small." He thanked those presenting the award for recognising German fandom and said that he felt that the Award was given to German fandom rather than to himself personally.

The speeches had at this point been running for exactly one hour, and it was now time to present the Hugo Awards for the best and most able SF of the past year. Robert Silverberg, who said it was both an honour and a pleasure to have the task of presenting the Hugos, then gave one of the most humorous speeches of the weekend, this humour depending entirely upon his manner of delivery. He first spoke of the agonies of Isaac Asimov who two years before had been in a similar position and who at the time had mentioned that he had never won a Hugo. As he had made presentation after presentation Asimov had grown gloomier and gloomier. He had wrestled a little with the Award winners, trying to take from them their statuettes, and as the presentations had progressed Asimov's anguish had grown and grown. Then finally he had come to the last sealed envelope. He had torn it open and had found his own name.

"I have my Hugo," Silverberg said. "It is a little smaller than this one

here. But it's a nice Hugo. I like my Hugo." The delivery here, with a pause between each sentence, was perfect. Silverberg's Hugo, he explained, was presented in 1956 for "The Most Promising New Author". Brian Aldiss had won a similar Award in 1959, but as this category had since been discontinued he supposed that Aldiss was still the most promising author in SF. He remembered, he said, the evening when he was awarded a Hugo, how suspense had mounted and how he could not eat the meal because of his wanting to come to the Awards. He had remembered Arthur Clarke discussing the future history of the world and how his own torment had mounted as Arthur progressed through the 1960s and 1970s. "You can imagine how I felt by the time Arthur reached 2953," Silverberg said. But, he continued, he would not keep the present award winners in suspense any longer. "I have the names right here in this envelope," he announced, turning out his pockets one by one as he searched for it. Eventually he found it and waved it about... slowly. The envelope was marked, Silverberg said, "Top secret. Destroy before reading." Very deliberately, Silverberg opened the envelope. "Here are the winners' names," he said. "Oh, that reminds me." He had asked Ella Parker what he should do if he personally did not approve of the names on the sheet, but he had promised to read them faithfully. Silverberg then made the presentations of the Hugo Awards.

Though not of the physical trophies, as these were not ready, and still would not be several months later. A single Hugo was on show, probably brought over in his luggage by the former US Hugo manufacturer Ben Jason, and winners were photographed holding this.

Best Novel: *The Wanderer* by Fritz Leiber (Ballantine Books)

Best Short Story: "Soldier, Ask Not" by Gordon Dickson in *Galaxy*.

Best Magazine: *Analog*.

Best Fanzine: *Yandro* edited by Robert and Juanita Coulson.

Best Artist: John Schoenherr.

Best Publisher: Ballantine Books.

Best Dramatic Presentation: *Dr. Strangelove*.

Peter George, on whose novel, *Red Alert*, the film *Dr. Strangelove* was based, was awarded the drama Hugo, the only award of this year's seven to remain in this country. [1]

The full details of the voting can be found in Appendix 2.

Jim Blish:

At the Hugo presentations, there was actually only one Hugo available (to save shipping charges); the winners who were present got to touch it, but only one – Peter George I believe – actually was allowed to take it away. Bob Silverberg made quite a production of delaying the announcement of the winners until the last possible moment, à la the absent Isaac Asimov, but made no attempt to compete with Ike in the dispensing of genial insults – this department being attended to by Bob Bloch. As usual, those who failed to get a personal insult were hurt at being left out. The banquet food was the poorest I encountered anywhere in the British Isles (over 16 days), but not much below usual banquet standards. [2]

Charlie Winstone:

After the presentation of the Hugo Awards by Robert Silverberg, everyone retired to the Convention hall to see the Delta Group's other presentation, *Breathworld* – an hilarious skit on Harry Harrison's *Deathworld*. This proved so popular that it was re-shown later on.

Ted White followed with a talk entitled “How to Plot Your Way Out of a Paper Bag”. [3]

Ron Bennett:

Ted White, Assistant Editor of *The Magazine of Fantasy & SF*, spoke on “How to Plot Your Way Out Of A Paper Bag”, saying that his title came from a remark that J.G. Ballard could not plot his way out of a paper bag. There seems to be an element in SF who are simply not able to plot. They are reactionary. Whilst they look to the future they stick to twentieth century writing. We seem to abound in writers who do not know their craft and who seem to be filling especially the British magazines with “stories which start nowhere and go nowhere”. White agreed that it is time for a “new look in SF”, something that exposes the inner consciousness, though he admitted that every time he heard mentioned Ballard's name he thought of Philip K. Dick who has been doing the same thing longer and better, for a lengthy period of time exploring schizophrenia and other realms of unreality. It is nothing new, White suggested, to peg a story upon psychological cases, citing Raymond Chandler as one who was writing such stories at a time when SF was in its infancy. There is a tendency, White continued, for SF to copy mainstream fiction, but mainstream fiction is by its very definition very limited (White defined mainstream fiction as any which could not otherwise be readily classified, something which did not fit into any category of genre fiction). Mainstream fiction is merely the same story over and over again, the story of John and his wife,

both of whom live down the street. White said that he read for entertainment, therefore he demanded a good, rousing story. SF could provide entertainment for him if it so wished for it had its root in the adventure of the pulps. And it was adventure that he wanted, White said, adventure in its broadest terms, giving as an example Tolkien's sweep and scope. This, he said, is adventure. "Let us not lose sight of the fact," said White, "that we are story tellers, not preachers and not psychotherapists."

"From Cradle to Collector" was the title of the Sunday evening panel which featured as Moderator Ted Carnell (the weekend's best co-ordinator of opinion) who was more than ably supported by authors Jack Williamson and Fred Pohl, *Tribune* critic Doug Hill, Mayflower Books buyer John Watson, reader Chris Priest, publisher Ron Whiting and Penguin Books editor Tony Godwin. The panel mainly discussed various aspects of reviewing and the manner in which reviews affect sales. Ron Whiting said that a bad review was not as detrimental as one might think, saying that it was better to be talked about in such a manner than not being talked about at all. He would like to see, however, more than a mere small box at the bottom of a page devoted to SF. He pleaded for more constructive reviewing and asked that a reviewer did not simply seize upon one small bad point and base his review upon that. Jack Williamson said that poor reviews could have their compensation. He recalled that one of his books had been panned as "a space comic strip". He had been immediately contacted and commissioned to write a space comic strip which had run for three years! Frederik Pohl said that all SF could expect in most papers was the small boxed reviews and that it was only in the SF magazines that one could hope to meet understanding. He deplored the one word reviews given in most papers and mentioned that he had once seen a box review of a Horace Gold book labelled merely "Good". The following week the same book had been, because of a lack of memory, reviewed again. This time it had been labelled "Terrible". Pohl also expressed the opinion that too many writers write for other writers and for reviewers rather than for the readers. Tony Godwin said that only rarely do reviews have any effect upon editorial policy for usually he sees material direct from hardcover publishers before the books are published and reviewed. Godwin also felt that SF should be reviewed by someone with a special sympathy for the genre. Often, he said, the point of the book was missed completely by a mainstream reviewer. Chris Priest said that the fan saw the whole spectrum of reviews, from Amis to the fanzines, but that the fanzines could not be taken as a true criterion because of one-author prejudices. Doug Hill pointed out that a reviewer is not a critic. He spoke of his own approach to

reviewing, mentioning that he keeps in mind a picture of a young reader, probably a student, who would wish to get the best value for his two-and-six.

The Revival Ceremony of The Most Noble and Illustrious Order of St. Fantony which took place on the Sunday evening suffered somewhat from lack of rehearsal but as this was the first meeting of the Order for some eight years and as Knights and Ladies had gathered from the far flung reaches this was both understandable and excusable. One nominated knight, who shall, in order to avoid embarrassment, remain unnamed, failed the strict initiation test but the Order was pleased to elevate into its ranks the following honoured worthies: Ethel Lindsay, Ken Bulmer, Ted Carnell, Ken Cheslin, Dick Eney, Harry Nadler, Phil Rogers, Tom Schlück and Tony Walsh. BSFA Librarian Joe Navin was also nominated but was unable to attend the Convention. [1]

Terry Carr:

Carol and I ended up the evening in Judy Merrill's room where she held the dead-dog party at which Harry Harrison went around drawing red felt-tipped pen nipples on the Victorian ladies depicted in the wallpaper, and there was a delightful exchange among Judy, Brian Aldiss and Sid Coleman:

Judy: I'm going down to Oxford tomorrow to meet J.G. Ballard, but I don't know how to pronounce his name. Is it *Ballard*, or *Ballard*?

Brian: It doesn't matter. Call him by his first name, and remember that he's a big fan of Herman Melville. In fact, when he meets anyone who isn't a Melville fan he says: "Fuck off!"

Sid: Ah! Now we've established the first line in their conversation. Judy says "Hi, Jimmy" and he says "Fuck off! Call me Ishmael." [4]

That party lasted throughout the night, and at dawn Willis said, "I can see the rising sun coming through a chink in the curtains." Forry said, "Ah yes... the Yellow Peril." I marvelled at Forry's quickness with a pun until I realized that Walt must have deliberately set him up for it. Walt's fondness for Forry, in part because of their mutual admiration for puns, had been demonstrated for me. [5]

[1] *Skyrack* #83 (September 1965, ed. Ron Bennett)

[2] *Science-Fiction Times* #432 (October 1965, ed. James V. Taurasi, Sr., and Frank R. Prieto, Jr.)

[3] *Vector* #35 (October 1965, ed. Roger

Peyton)

[4] *Raffles* #7.5 (June 1983, ed. Stu Shiffman and Larry Carmody)

[5] *Raffles* #8 (August 1984, ed. Stu Shiffman and Larry Carmody)

Monday 30th August 1

Syracuse vs. Cleveland

The Pocket Programme contained these exhortations in paid ads:

The Pacificon II committee urges everyone at the business meeting to maintain the ROTATION PLAN and to vote for the Tri-Cities, Cleveland, Detroit, and Cincinnati, for the 24th World SF Convention.
TRICON IN '66!

and

VOTE "NO" FOR '66!

In view of the nature of the two bids currently under consideration, I propose that no Convention be held in 1966, and that the site for the '67 con be selected by postal ballot when things have quieted down.

E.R. Meskys.

Ted White:

The big question of the con was the consite bidding, and Dave Kyle had been handing out "Fair Play For Syracuse" pins to all who'd accept them, while Cleveland-Tricon threw a lavish party and handed out something like fifty cowboy hats with a campaign slogan attached. I tried one on; it was too big.

General consensus was that it would be only fair to let Syracuse bid, but that Tricon should get the con. When I arrived in the hall 10:00 a.m. Monday morning for the business session, there were about seven people there. Ella Parker spent over half an hour looking for her purse, a move I considered a clever delaying tactic; it turned out she really had misplaced it. Finally, almost an hour later, when about fifty people had shown up, we started. Ella conducted the session as informally as she could, and I joined Ben Jason and Dick Eney on one side of the stage, while Ron Ellik and Dave Kyle flanked Ella on the opposite side.

The rules of the business meeting can be found in Appendix 4.

The first order of business was to be the vote on whether to allow Syracuse to bid. Dave Kyle rose and delivered himself of a passionate plea for fair play. He made one very valid point: a vote to allow Syracuse to bid would not be a vote for Syracuse as a consite, but if Syracuse were not allowed to bid, Cleveland would be automatically awarded the bid. However, Dave continued along the lines of “*why* won’t Cleveland allow us to be heard?” delivered in a plaintive voice. [1]

Ron Bennett:

Dave Kyle, the principal speaker on behalf of the Syracuse bid for the 1966 Worldcon, asked the audience to give Syracuse its chance. Was the TriCon (the United three mid-west cities) afraid of competition? he asked. He asked for fair play and a ballot returned on fair competition and not on default. This proposal, for Syracuse to be able to put in a bid, had to be made under the strict terms of the Convention siting’s Rotation Plan which otherwise would automatically award the 1966 siting to Tricon, Syracuse bidding, as it were, out of turn. [2]

Ted White:

Ben Jason and I had discussed the general feelings of the con membership, and we’d agreed that no good could come of opposing the Syracuse entry into the final voting sweepstakes. So Ben rose, and said, “Dave, I have a surprise for you. We have no objection to Syracuse bidding.” He sat down to a stunned silence and then applause.

We then moved to the main election. Tricon’s name was drawn from a hat, so we presented our side first. Ben had told me beforehand, “I’m no speaker, and I’ve observed that in the past Dave has talked for ten, twenty minutes and lost his audience. I’m going to be brief.” He was. Dick Eney seconded him in verse, and I gave the wrap-up second by suggesting that if Dave is in favour of competition that Tricon be given the con this year, allowing Dave to bid for Syracuse again next year in competition with New York, Baltimore, and Boston.

Kyle then gave an excellent, detailed presentation which was just this side of too long (I’m really not impressed by Letters From The Mayor), and Ron Ellik seconded him briefly. The vote followed. Ella called for a show of hands, and Dave requested secret ballot (“That’s the way we’ve always done it.”). When the ballots were in, it was Syracuse 49, Tricon 60, and a few odd protest votes [*Virgin Islands 1 vote, Vienna 1 vote, No Vote 1 vote*]. Later, when I talked with Tricon supporters and friends, they’d said that Dave’s presentation was much more convincing than Ben’s, and that this probably accounted for Syracuse’s strong showing. [1]

Ron Bennett:

The Meeting was then handed over to Parliamentarian George Scithers who, for some two hours, chaired the discussion on suggestions to be made to the Hugo Awards Committee.

Dave Kyle spoke on the First Fandom organisation and paid tribute to founder member Don Ford, who died earlier this year. [2]

[1] *Focal Point* #14 (September 1965, ed. rich brown and Mike McInerney)

[2] *Skyrack* #83 (September 1965, ed. Ron Bennett)

Monday 30th August 2

Moorcock vs. Campbell

Ron Bennett:

“The Man on a White Horse” was the title of the Monday afternoon panel which was moderated by Charles E. Smith and which featured Rolf Gindorf, John W. Campbell Jr., Mike Moorcock, Joe Patrizio and John Brunner. [1]

Mike Moorcock:

At previous SF conventions the attitude has been, rightly or wrongly, “don’t rock the boat too much, it’s fairly small”, but at this convention it had evidently been decided that the boat was big enough now and that some of its less attractive cargo could be dispensed with. On the last day, Monday, a panel on politics in science fiction found John W. Campbell advocating slavery as a reasonable system (“There are always bad masters – like the fool of a farmer who beats a good horse to death – but...”) and what he called “benevolent dictatorship” [2]

The previous night we’d drunkenly done a spoof version of the event, with me taking the role of Campbell and making various fascistic utterances. When I actually got on the panel I was horribly hungover – and my supposedly exaggerated spoof of Campbell turned out to be not even close to the actuality. He suggested, for instance, that black people naturally wanted to be slaves (“the worker bee, denied the chance to work, dies” – first time I heard the bell jar theory, too) and the best thing which could happen to them (the Watts riots had just taken place in LA) was for them to be re-enslaved. I managed four words in the whole panel – “Science Fiction – Jesus Christ...” (well, more than four words if you count “boo hoo hoo”) and collapsed into speechlessness. Campbell leaned forward solicitously to ask the chairman if I was feeling all right...

Campbell was used to US SF conventions and apparently had never been queried before. This was at a London convention with a sophisticated audience, not by any means just drawn from SF fandom. There were many questions from the floor and Campbell simply couldn’t field them. He wound up, rather as one of the generals in *Dr Strangelove*, calling on God as his witness! He also talked of his family ancestors as having been Highland barbarians (and therefore wholesome stock) apparently unaware

that most of his audience knew the Campbells as “the traitor Campbells”* and certainly didn’t identify them as vital barbarians. An extraordinary exhibition. In one sense Campbell was the old bull and John Brunner, who was also on the panel with me, was able to keep his cool and counter every argument JWC raised. The audience did the rest. I don’t think the poor old bugger enjoyed himself very much. I remember him saying something about political regimes not lasting more than a few score years and Bill Butler asking him if he didn’t think of the Vatican City as a rather successful regime. [3]

* A reference to the Massacre at Glencoe (13 February 1692) in which the Campbells betrayed and slaughtered the MacDonalDs. It’s one of two events in Scottish history on which George R.R. Martin based “The Red Wedding” in his “A Song of Fire and Ice” series. [Ed.]

What did emerge from the discussion was that science fiction does contain implicit political messages, no matter how rarely it produces an actual Utopian novel nowadays. [2]

Joe Patrizio:

Ethel dumped this on me at the last minute – I was to be the fan representative. However, with Campbell and Brunner on the panel, I didn’t get much of a look in and soon gave up trying to say anything. I fully understand why Mike said “Jesus Christ”. [4]

Ron Bennett:

Project Art Show provided a treat of all types of modern SF and fantasy artwork, the worst items on show being extremely good. Judges Don Wollheim, John Brunner, Ted Forsyth and Tom Schlück awarded the prizes as follows:

Best SF Illustration: 1. Eddie Jones “At the Tips”. 2. Jack Wilson “The Plattner Story”. 3. Michel Jakubowicz “The Streets of Ashkalon”.

Best Fantasy: 1. Joni Stopa “Mermaid”. 2. Eddie Jones “The Undead”. Honourable Mention to Eddie Jones’s *Fellowship of the Ring* illustration “A Map For Adventure”.

Best Cartoon: Arthur Thomson’s “Ixprl’s Acme Repairs”, with an honourable mention to Yoshie Ikemdiri’s “Reverse Limbs Primitive Men”.

Various Eddie Jones illustrations won the prize for the best entry in the *Astronomical Art* section.

Best Experimental Art: Cynthia Goldstone’s “The Gillgooneys”, with an honourable mention to Jean Claude Rault’s “Winds” and “Stone Desert”.

Children's Fantasy: Jim Cawthorn's illustrations from stories by Alan Garner, with an honourable mention to Tony Glynn's illustrations from *The Wind in the Willows*.

Most Promising Artwork: Michel Jakubowicz.

Open Award: William Rotsler's "Warrior" and "Our Hidden Self".

Judges' Choice: Eddie Jones "At the Tips", the first time ever that the PAS judges have made their award to the winner of the best SF Illustration section.

There were no entries in the photographic section.

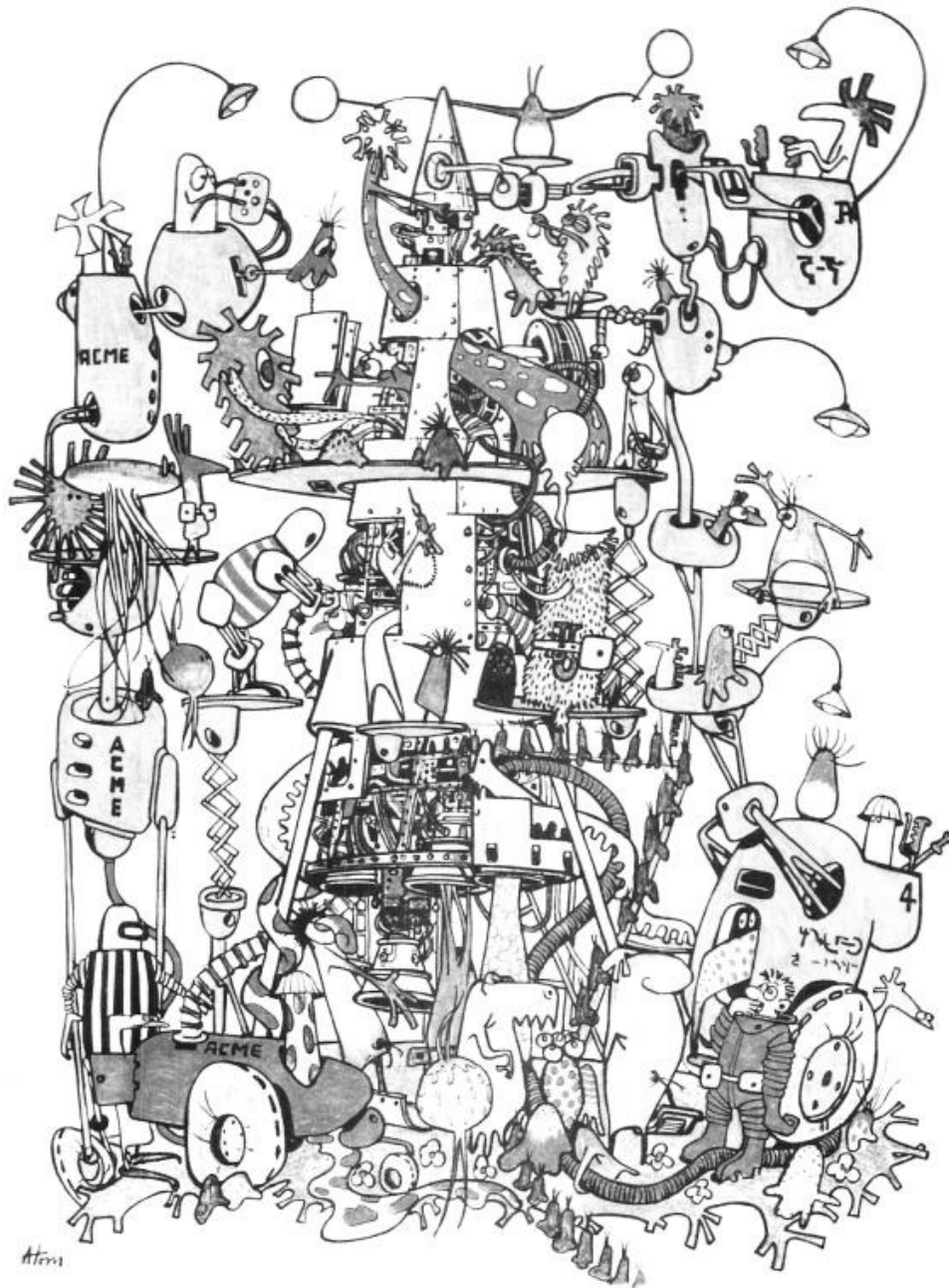
Convention Snippets: Con membership was c. 650, attendance c. 350 (reported on BBC as 400) ::: Saturday's auction realized £28.17s, Sunday's £51.17s.1d ::: Auctioneers were Ted Forsyth, Phil Rogers, Lang Jones, Charles Smith ::: Room parties were the swayingest ever and were often sponsored by groups or given for groups, First Fandom (the Rosenblums), TAFF, St Fantony amongst them. For their party TriCon bought £60's worth of beer. Brag parties were thrown by Dick Eney and Phil Rogers. At one party I saw Joni Stopa drink a whole bottle of whisky in one draught ::: Ted White's talk began 6 minutes early ::: Actor Christopher Lee was present and how near the Rolling Stones group came to attending we shall probably never know ::: Press coverage was appalling, the *Sunday Times* naming Miss Fay Parker as Chairman ::: Names from Fandoms Past abounded, amongst them Doug Webster, Julian Parr, James Parkhill Rathbone, Laurence Sandfield, Chuck Harris, Tony Glynn, Tony Klein and Bill Harry ::: This issue is dedicated to the dedicated people, namely the convention committee of Ella Parker, Ethel Lindsay, Jim Groves, Peter Mabey, Keith Otter and George Scithers who were responsible for such a fabulous weekend. Many, many thanks. [1]

[1] *Skyrack* #83 (September 1965, ed. Ron Bennett)

[2] *New Worlds* #157 (December 1965)

[3] Moorcock's Miscellany
(www.michaelmoorcock.net, February 2005)

[4] Timegoggles email list, 17 July 2011



*Atom's Best Cartoon prize winner, published in Cry #186
(June 1970) edited by Elinor Busby.*

Monday 30th August 3

Playtime at the Planetarium

Ethel Lindsay:

A feature of this worldcon was the interest engendered outside fandom which came from newspapers, the BBC, and the publishers. No less than four firms gave receptions for the authors who were present and really did our guests proud. Gollancz, Dobsons, and Mayflower all hired a room at the hotel to do this, but Penguin topped the lot by hiring the Planetarium. This affair took place on the Monday night after the con was all over. Apart from the authors and their wives, the committee was invited. Our committee had all been looking forward to this as we felt that by Monday we could relax and enjoy ourselves. It would be nice to be entertained by something for which we had not the slightest responsibility.

When we arrived at the Planetarium we discovered that Penguin had laid out tables all around the main hall with eats; and that there was a bar flowing freely. We were first met by a Dalek which rolled up to us. Ella let out a crow of delight and said, "Oh do turn round." The Dalek began to speak and I leaned forward to hear a masculine voice say to me, "Why don't we twist again as we did last summer?" This Dalek was a huge success – there was something so funny in hearing all sorts of weird statements coming out of this fantastic contraption. It was a bit of a shock too, having been used to hearing from the Dalek (on TV) a metallic voice mainly saying "Exterminate!"

After a while we were all called into the Planetarium proper, to see the first showing of an experimental SF show. We filed into our seats, the lights were dimmed, and we were off. The story was of a civilisation that was very advanced; enough so that they could discover their sun was about to nova. So a spaceship was built – a huge one – and in this as many of the race as possible went with their animals and enough to keep them going for generations till they could find another world to start again. We roamed over galaxies but never a sign of any planet that could be used, a planet with exactly the right atmosphere upon which this race could live. At last, after many galaxies they came to one. The speaker described it (and his audience was mentally tallying off the planets) how this one was no good, how they proceeded to the next and it was hopeless too until – are you with me? – they reached *the* planet which was exactly as their home planet

and success had crowned their flight. Only – it was *not* the third planet from the sun!

The commentator went on to tell us that it wasn't *really* a success because by this time the race was dying out; only the last survivors could make it and they would leave no descendants. Their only hope was the animals – they were still breeding. They had high hopes that one of their animals might eventually evolve into something rather like themselves. The show ended on this high note of hope and we all straggled out arguing fiercely. Had the writers made a mistake in not choosing the third planet from the sun? Impossible – not at the Planetarium! Then what was the point in avoiding such an ending? Don Wollheim came up with what I thought was the best explanation. The idea was that this show would eventually be presented to the public. Don felt that perhaps the writers had chickened out at the notion of giving the general public a story which strongly implied that we were mere descendants of the domestic animals of another race. I never did find out!

After that we amused ourselves with the many gambling machines that were scattered around the hall; and I soon ran out of pennies. The best at the game, that I could see, was Judy Blish: she certainly could win the money! I went looking for the Dalek and found, behind a pair of swing doors, two females helping a man to get out of the Dalek, so I had a good look inside. It was a hollow sphere that divided in half. The lower half had a seat strung across on which you sat whilst the upper part was lowered over you. I had cherished ambitions to get inside myself, but then I discovered that the locomotion was obtained by walking! Hard work – the occupant assured me. The gliding motion which masked the fact that someone was walking inside was obtained by rollers all around, this also gave a smooth turning movement. This walking business did not deter many, however; quite a few of the authors could be detected rolling around squeaking, “Exterminate!” The funniest sight was Harry Harrison who managed to be inside with an arm stuck out demanding “Whisky”.

When Ella and I got back to the hotel we got the idea that it was high time that we invited somebody up to our suite. We had a very magnificent suite which, up till now, had only been seen by Ella's brother Fred. It had been a real haven to us all weekend. The only trouble was that we seemed to take turns in sleeping! On the first night I had tossed and turned all night, too excited to sleep; whilst Ella slept soundly in the neighbouring bed. The second night I slept like a log; whilst she never managed to close an eye... and so it went! This being the last night we knew we did not have to get up early and so decided to invite all that we could find.

Unfortunately by that time all the folks that were in sight were the survivors from the Planetarium bash. Quite a few begged off and went to bed, but we gathered up the Harry Harrisons, the Brian Aldisses, the Poul Andersons, the Bob Silverbergs, the Terry Carrs, Judith Merrill, Dick Eney and Danny Plachta... the last two being the only fans we could find.

So, at last we had time to sit down and talk to some of these people and the hours flew by. What I remember most clearly was Judith's interrogation of Poul Anderson. "What would you do if you had all the money you'd want?" she asked. Poul had asserted he'd never write again if he didn't need the money. To Judith's question he promptly replied: "Try to win the America Cup". "Right," said Judith... "now you've got all the money you could want *and* you've won the America Cup... now what would you do?". Poul thought that one over a bit longer. Translate a long saga from the Danish was his next ambition. This, he told her firmly, would take him a long, long time. Judith persevered... he had done that, got all this money and won the America Cup ("twice" said Judith, equally firmly). Now what would he do? "Oh," said Karen, "own up, You know you would write." "Yes," said Poul with a sigh, "I'd write."

It was a nice party. I retain some good memories of it. Poul, I noted had very graceful hands and he just could not talk without using them. Karen and Carol Carr were two of the most fascinating women I've met and I'd love to know them better. There is a final memory, which has me chortling. When they had all gone I was still wide awake and full of perfidy... so I took out my camera and got a magnificent shot of Ella sound asleep on the sofa with her head on Danny's shoulder. [1]

James Blish:

There were the usual side events thrown by publishers, of which the most unusual was an evening party for pros by Penguin Books which was staged in the London Planetarium. In addition to drinks and a planetarium showing (of a rudimentary SF story), this included a working model of Gollik (I hope that's the spelling), a popular British TV robot [*i.e. the Dalek*]. The ladies had great fun decorating this with scarves and gloves, and later in the evening Harry Harrison was crammed into it and livened it up considerably.

This party and much of the rest of the convention, was covered by a photographer and Pat Willis for the London *Times*. There was also a story about the convention, almost devoid of the usual mockery and saucerism, in the *Evening Standard* on Saturday.

The whole affair was well managed and a striking success; I for one was happy to find that the rumour-mongering which had been going on

about it in the States, though damaging to some extent, turned out to be completely untrue. All honour to the Committee – and to British hospitality in general, which was found to be bounteous. There may be such a person as the reserved, unfriendly Britisher of folklore, but we never met one, in London, Oxford or Edinburgh. [2]

[1] *Scottishe* #39 (January 1966, ed. Ethel Lindsay)

[2] *Science-Fiction Times* #432 (October 1965, ed. James V. Taurasi, Sr., and Frank R. Prieto, Jr.)

Monday 30th August 4

Other Perspectives

Ken Slater:

The 23rd World Science Fiction Convention is now a part of history. I'll be quite honest and say that I personally was not impressed by the numbers attending – I hoped for a bigger turn-out than the 350 who actually showed up. If one deducts the visitors from overseas, I doubt if one is left with much more than a couple of hundred, and we've clocked nearly that many for a purely British convention.

I saw very little of the Convention.... I was somewhat startled to be told by Joyce (my wife) on the Monday, about mid-day, that a couple of folk had just visited the then up-packed book display and had been apparently somewhat disgruntled because, they claimed, it had always been closed through the entire weekend. Actually, it had been open from roughly 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. (with an hour's break about 1:30 p.m. and around 6 p.m. for meals) on the Saturday and Sunday, and from 3 p.m. on Friday until 2 a.m. Saturday, plus a couple of hours on Monday morning. If you find those times and days a bit confusing, so did I. We seemed to be eating three lunches per 24 hours, but no other meals.

You'll appreciate that I saw little of the programme. I attended no room parties (I was invited to several, but I was so beat when I shut up shop at 2 a.m. that I wouldn't have been good company for anyone). I did attend, and take part in, the Knights of St Fantony ceremony but I had to miss their room-party because immediately afterwards I ran an auction. I started off in the garb of knight. Half-way through I was barefoot and dressed in just a pair of black trousers and a black tee-shirt. Unfortunately I don't curve in the right places to perform that sort of thing effectively....

See you all at Great Yarmouth at Easter? [1]

Peter Weston:

My finances were very tight, and for the first and only time in my life I decided to "freeload" in someone else's room. I suggested to Rog [Peyton] that I would give him a lift to the con if I could sleep on his floor, or sofa, or whatever (in the event there were two single beds). So, at the end of August, we set off down the M1, and I had my first experience of London traffic in the rush hour! Round and round Hyde Park Corner I went, desperately looking for the right exit while five lanes of cars, taxis,

and London buses zipped across in front and behind me. The hotel turned out to be just along Oxford Street, on a corner, a grim, multi-storey affair, very noisy with all the traffic roaring past the ground-floor entrance, and with all facilities upstairs. It wasn't exactly welcoming and I didn't feel comfortable throughout the entire weekend.

That impression might have been highly subjective, for just like Charles Platt six months earlier I had come to a convention burdened by emotional baggage. This coloured my experience to the extent that I didn't enjoy the Worldcon at all. Certainly, there were high spots – I watched John W. Campbell on a panel, for instance, a burly man in crew cut and check jacket. I met Ted White, a young, crop-haired New York fan whose name I knew, and found he was easy to talk to and very knowledgeable. I bought a painting from Eddie – his first attempt at acrylics, he said – and was delighted to secure a couple of items in the auction, using the money from *[selling my Roneo duplicator to]* Jim Grant to buy *Fancylopedia II* and *A Sense of FAPA*, two items which sounded as though they'd be important for my further education in fannish affairs.

On Saturday night I met Frederik Pohl, to whom I had previously sent a few issues of my fanzine. Fred was editing *Galaxy* and *If* at the time and he was extremely kind and courteous. He told me about a new Heinlein novel he had bought and was going to run in *If*. It was more like Heinlein's earlier work, he said, and the title was *The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress*. Later that night they held a St Antony ceremony, the first for some years, but after that we were left to our own devices in the main hall. Ivor Latta was indignant that he wasn't being "entertained," that there was nothing to do, but just then Walt Willis kindly invited me over to join him and his friends for a chat, though I suspect I was too over-awed to be very good company.

Zenith didn't win the fanzine Hugo, of course, which went to *Yandro* as expected, probably the most deserving of the contenders. That didn't bother me because I hadn't expected to win anyway, but I was extremely upset that my relationship with Mary *[his girlfriend]* had deteriorated to a point where it was preying on my mind to the exclusion of almost everything else. The Worldcon seemed to be an exact repeat of my Brumcon experience, and once again I spent half my time looking for her, hoping to share the experience together, only to find her having a good time with *[others]*. Really, I had no reason to complain, it was just an outward sign that we had nothing much in common. However, for most of the weekend I was in a depressed and gloomy state of mind and was glad to leave in the early hours of Monday morning, dropping off Mary at

Banbury and then continuing on back home (we both had to go to work the following day).

Two weeks later, I went down to Banbury for one last time and we ended our “engagement” by mutual consent. We were both too young, hadn’t been suited, didn’t even have the same tastes in science fiction. I turned around and drove straight back to Birmingham feeling curiously light-headed, as if a huge weight had been lifted. It had been a mistake for both of us and now it was over, and I could move forward with my life. [2]

Terry Pratchett

My first Worldcon was in 1965. It was in London, of course. Only Americans and very rich people (the terms were considered interchangeable) flew the wide Atlantic in those days. Brian Aldiss was the GoH, and Arthur C. Clarke spoke at the banquet, illustrating his uplifting talk by flourishing a nail from the *Mayflower* and a piece of the heatshield of, I think, Friendship 7.*

* Elsewhere recorded as “a nail from the Bounty and a piece of the heat shield from the Apollo space craft”. [Ed.]

Over breakfast, James Blish complained to me about the lack of waffles. I was so proud! The author of the *Cities in Flight* trilogy had chosen me in whom to confide his displeasure at the narrow choice of British breakfast products!

There were giants in the world in those days or, at least, people who were very considerably taller than me.

The 1965 Worldcon was my last convention for twenty-one years. [3]

Pedantry note: since Terry was at the 1985 Eastercon, that would actually be twenty years....

[1] *Vector* #35 (October 1965, ed. Roger Peyton)

[2] *With Stars in My Eyes* by Peter Weston (NESFA Press, 2004)

[3] *Noreascon 4 Souvenir Book* (September 2004, ed. Guy Lillian)

September 1965

Where There's a Willis

Quite a few visiting foreigners stayed around for a while after the convention and were entertained at various local gatherings, including a party that took place at Ella Parker's flat in London's Kilburn. Exactly when is unknown, though the presence of Judith Merrill in the photos taken by Ted Forsyth suggests that if she did not take off for Oxford as immediately as Terry Carr claimed she intended to, then this may have been within a couple of days of the con. There's always the possibility it took place after she returned from Oxford, of course, but it seems less likely that the other visitors would still be around then had that been the case.

Then there were those who crossed the Irish Sea....

Terry Carr:

After the con, according to plan, Carol and I and Ted White went to Northern Ireland with Walt [Willis], where we stayed with him and Madeleine (who hadn't been at the con) for several days and were joined in due course by Pete Graham, who went by himself to Belfast and bicycled around a bit before he joined us at Walt and Madeleine's house in Donaghadee on the second day. [1]

Pete Graham:

One of the best parts of the convention was its sequel at the Willises' in Donaghadee. Walter and Madeleine played host to the Carrs, Ted White and me; the Shaws and the James Whites aided the Willises in admirable fashion. I think it was Carol who determined that Irish fandom has an essentially Jewish quality: I'm sure we were served at various homes at least sixteen different cakes, twelve varieties of meat pastries, and more liquor than we could handle.

The Willis home is about a hundred yards from a seashore and faces Scotland. Warren Road runs down toward the right into town and along a waterfront which juts out to become a lighthouse. Strathclyde is a three-story high Gothic-looking mansion with a vast lawn and drive in front and a series of gardens on the side and in back. I know this very well because it served me to make one of the grandest entrances I've ever made anywhere.

The Carrs and Ted White had arrived the day before I did, and James White was visiting there when I called Walter to let him know I was not far away and was riding in. After finding Donaghadee I rode slowly along Warren Road, looking for Strathclyde. I topped a small rise and before me was the Irish Sea and the Donaghadee lighthouse, and to my right a little ahead was a great gray mansion with a number of people standing on the sward before it. Walter was a few paces ahead of the rest, and all faced me and gave me a greeting as I came down the hill and up the drive. I was so impressed, not to say nonplussed, that I just coasted graciously by them all and laid the bike against the side of the garage. I suppose it was a fine moment for Walter, too – this is the way to introduce someone to Strathclyde, by god – but from my end I don't think I'll make an entrance that good for some time. [2]

Terry Carr:

We were all gathered on the Willis's front lawn (which Carol had dubbed The Gloating Sward because of its splendid view of the Irish Sea) when Pete rode up to us and Carol, who picks up accents quickly and subconsciously, said, "Hi Pete!" He viewed her with jaundiced eye and said, "Oh, come off it."

Walt and Madeleine, the Shaws and the James Whites took us around the local sites of interest, including the hill Bob and Walt had in mind when they wrote *The Enchanted Duplicator*, a ruined castle or two (we have nostalgic photos of Walt and varied others among the tumbled stones), and a small forest part that was, by US standards, little more than a stand of trees. I remember hanging back with Ted and Peggy White while the others went on ahead; when we caught up with them we found Carol standing in the middle of a circle of the rest, all of whom looked puzzled. Knowing Carol, I said, "Am I right in assuming that Carol has just told a joke?" They said this was so. "Which one?" Carol told me, and I asked, "Did she mention that the bishop was left-handed?" Immediately everybody got the joke, and there was much laughter. (Carol is great on punchlines, but sometimes forgets the details that lead up to them.)

Much more happened in North Ireland, including a tea with the Shaws at which Sadie Shaw had us in stitches, and riding in the back of James and Peggy's car while we all sang Gilbert and Sullivan songs (Peggy did this better than the rest of us; she was then appearing in an amateur production of one of the G&S operettas), and me taking the opportunity one afternoon to sit down at Walt's typewriter, in a room overlooking the wild Irish Sea (I suddenly understood one reason Walt hadn't managed to complete many fan-pieces lately) to write the first

couple of pages of a Carl Brandon satire on Ballard's *The Drowned World* – I never finished this, which in view of Walt's gafiation seemed appropriate. But eventually we had to leave and return to the States: Carol and I and Ted took the train to Dublin – Pete had already left, having other plans – and Ian McAulay met us in Dublin and gave us a quick tour by car around the city before depositing us at Shannon Airport at which we ignored the duty-free shops and boarded a plane for New York City. On the plane, while I was sitting with Ted, I ordered a martini, which caused Ted to accuse me of selling out to the establishment since I'd gone to work at Ace Books; he ordered a soft drink. I spent much of the flight trying to explain to him the virtues of having money enough to partake of sophisticated drinks, but he'd have none of it. Ten years later, when Ted was editing *Heavy Metal*, he told me of his many perks there, and I told him *he* had sold out.

* *That is, Dublin Airport for a connecting flight to Shannon Airport, which is about 140 miles from Dublin. Confirmed by Ted White's memory of this trip. [Ed.]*

But the truth, of course, is that despite times in both our lives when we had some extra money, both Ted and I have remained simple fans unsullied by big-money blandishments, twilltone-true forever. Until we get a better offer, of course.

Carol and I returned to New York and took up our regular lives almost as if nothing like TAFF had happened to us. We seldom regaled our friends with tales of Paris, London, and Ireland. The next year, 1966, brought Tom Schlück to the US as TAFF representative; he stayed with me and Carol in NYC and we introduced him to Americans at the Cleveland Worldcon and fanhistory went onward as it always does. All this happened years ago, in a time few people remember and even those of us who took part in it find nearly mythic and recall it through a pint, stoutly. [1]

Terry Carr:

I wrote the following brandonization while visiting the Willises in 1965; it was intended to be a submission for *Hyphen*. But *Hyphen* remains dormant, and I've never finished the piece, largely because I haven't been able to work up the interest to finish reading the model, *The Drowned World*. Enough people have read the Brandon version and urged me to publish it, though, that I do so here. [3]

“The Gafiated World” by Carl Brandon

Soon it would be too hot. Looking out from the Mount Royal balcony

shortly after eight o'clock, Jophans watched the sun rise behind dense groves of giant gymnosperms on the east side of the lagoon. Over there was the area in which Slater's van had bogged down leaving the hotel, and in the succeeding months the pulp paper had decomposed in the rapidly ascending heat and moisture, forming a rich bed of compost from which lush vegetation had grown in a verdant riot of color that put Paul, Bergey and Powers to shame. [3]

For those wishing to read more than that opening paragraph, "The Gafiated World" was most recently reprinted in the 2019 TAFF ebook Fandom Harvest 2, collecting fanwriting by Terry Carr not included in the original Fandom Harvest (1986; ebook 2019).

[1] *Raffles* #8 (August 1984, ed. Stu Shiffman and Larry Carmody)

[2] *Lighthouse* #14 (October 1966, ed. Terry Carr)

[3] *Diaspar* #11 (November 1968, ed. Terry Carr)

September 1965

Chirps Off the Old Bloch

John Berry:

I've said often enough in my writings that the figure who inspired me most in fandom was Bob Bloch. He always said nice things about my humour in his *Imagination* column (it seems decades ago), which caused faneds to write to me asking for material, and it was for this reason mostly that I had such a prolific period of producing stories between 1956 and 1959.

I met Bob Bloch in Detroit in 1959, and once again he was most kind to me. To demonstrate his kindness, without telling me, he wrote to my wife in Belfast saying I was getting on OK, etc. I always remembered this, and although Bob has drifted somewhat from fandom because of his pro commitments, he recently came to Great Britain, and attended the WorldCon in London. Just a couple of days ago he and his attractive wife flew into Northern Ireland for a short visit, and "plans were made" for a party at James White's house last night, Saturday 15th September 1965. I was at that party, and after twelve hours of heavy slumber, and the rapid application of ice bags and Alka Seltzer tablets, I feel that whilst all the rapid and clever humour still clings to my mind, I should write it out for posterity, so that other fans all over the world can read it and imagine they were there too. For besides Bob Bloch being in full flow, Walt Willis, Bob Shaw and James White (and their respective wives) were also in attendance, and with such an assembly of razor-sharp brains it was little wonder that my head ached in trying to keep up with the repartee. I'll tell you as much as I can recall through the haze.

I was the first arrival at James White's house at number 10, Riverdale Gardens, Belfast... a clean and tidy house, expansively decorated, as befits a pro of his calibre. I chatted to James and Peggy awhile until an agonised screech of brakes outside and a sort of creaking noise as a lamp standard veered over a few degrees denoted that Walt Willis had arrived with, as it turned out, a rather breathless Mr and Mrs Bloch who gulped down the first drink offered to them. Bob Bloch and myself settled for canned Darlings lager, ice cold. James White said he hadn't got a 'fridge, but that he'd kept the lager cold with liquid oxygen. I chatted awhile to Bob Bloch, and at the same time kept my ears peeled for witty remarks which began to

flow along too fast for me to comprehend or remember.

Walt Willis asked me to kneel on the carpet in front of Bob Bloch and press my head to the carpet. I was most certainly willing to do this, to show my appreciation to Bob Bloch, but Willis, grinning like mad, said it would be a false salaam.

Bob Shaw said he'd seen a newspaper clipping about a ghetto being founded in a Northern Mediterranean town. He observed that "Many a Jew word is spoken in Trieste".

Bob Bloch smirked at this, and attempted to start a serious discussion about why vehicles drive on the left hand side of the road in the British Isles. Various theories were offered to explain this, the most original being by Madeleine Willis who suggested that it was so a lance could be carried in the right hand to combat an oncoming motorist. Bob Bloch, who it seemed had been hoping for an opening like this, leered at Bob Shaw and announced that "Many a true word is spoken in joust."

Someone observed that someone else had "sniggered" at this clever pun, and White suggested that in deference to our American visitors we should show that we weren't in any way prejudiced, and henceforth we should use the expression "snegroed".

After an hour of this, and I've only been able to capture a few of the gems, the others commented on the fact that I'd been strangely quiet. Truth to tell, I felt that the standard of conversation was so high and incredibly *witty* that it would be an impertinence for me to intrude. I looked around wildly for something to comment upon, anything at all... I was desperate, and then I spotted a little round leather stuffed seat, and, although it was a dead stupid thing to say, I enquired why was it called a pouffe? Secretly, I'd always wondered about this, and I realised it was a damned silly thing to say in such exalted company, but I had to say something, and I made the excuse that it would be a vehicle for them to pun away at.

From then on the conversation got completely out of hand. I caught up at one time, when they had hit upon the word "hassock". Willis said no, that was a word which described a fighting Russian horseman from the steppes. Shaw said no, that was a word which described a test used by psychiatrists, showing you patterns of blots in a book. Suddenly, Bob Bloch said something. Before I tell you what he said I must point out that it isn't funny. To you it won't be funny. But to us it was sheer genius. We were stunned by it. It is a remark that, taken out of the exotic context of that treasured evening, is meaningless. But to me especially it summed up the brilliant understanding of Robert Bloch. What he said was: "Pouffe is the French for the Ink Spots."

To me, that brief remark demonstrated that not only was Bob Bloch in complete rapport with these witticisms blasted out at top speed in, to him, a strange set of accents, but also that he had recognised my embarrassment in saying the idiotic thing about pouffes, and wished to show that his inclusion of the word in tying up that particular bout of word-play indicated that he thought I had contributed a little to it.

Peggy White served up a delicious trolley-full of eatables, which we all enthused over, particularly Mrs Bloch. The only thing slightly wrong was that the lettuce with the salad was a mite floppy; only to be expected at this time of the year. Bob Bloch quizzed James and Peggy about this, and neither of them would admit to obtaining it. Bloch observed that it must have been “anonymous lettuce”.

Bob Shaw said he was working on a plot about a planet whose atmosphere consisted entirely of cigarette smoke. He wondered how he could include a sea of beer, and still get his facts technically right. James White suggested sowing the sea bed with hops, but was a little worried about what to use as a fermenting agent. Bob Bloch suggested the Yeast Wind. And then Bloch got carried away with enthusiasm about this original idea. He just didn't stop, he stuttered with impatience as he tried to get the words out... bottleships on the horizon... tankards rolling through the waves... and so on at length. I think Madeleine Willis's was the best, though. She suggested “carousers down the river”.

Eleven p.m. came and went. The Blochs had a tight schedule for the following day, leaving Belfast by air for London at 9 a.m., and then flying directly to Chicago, where Bob had to make an hour-long speech the same night. During the last few moments of the party the talk came round to contraception, which Willis said was a labour-saving device. James White handed round a box of chocolates. Someone asked which were the hard centres, and White said the ones with the teeth marks in them. It was that sort of party.

I got a lift in the Willis car, carrying the Blochs back to Walt's house in Donaghadee for the night. Walt stopped outside my house, and I shook hands with Bob Bloch and his wife. I said that I hoped our paths would cross once again in the years to come.

In this hectic world, where nothing is certain, and incentives have shrunk to mercenary considerations, meeting a gentleman like Bob Bloch again will always be, for me, a shining prospect.

– *Yandro* #154 (January 1966, ed. Buck and Juanita Coulson)

Endnotes

No sooner had LONCON II officially concluded than the science fiction field lost one of the titans of pre-Campbellian SF. On Tuesday 31st August, Edward E. “Doc” Smith died of a heart attack at Seaside, Oregon. He was 75.

A few weeks later, in the wake of the Worldcon, Bristol gained its first fan group, as Ron Bennett reported:

BAD SF GROUP FORMED

On Saturday 25th September Bristol fandom officially came into being by adopting the title the Bristol and District Science Fiction Group. Fifteen fen, including Peter Mabey, Keith and Wendy Freeman, Beryl Henley, Frank Herbert [*not the pro writer*], and Eric and Margaret Jones, were present at the inaugural meeting which took place at [*Tony and Simone*] Walsh’s new residence at 61 Halsbury Road, Bristol. Meetings are scheduled fortnightly on Saturday evenings. Anyone interested in attending/joining should contact Tony Walsh. [1]

Among those who attended LONCON II were Steve Moore, Phil Clarke, Mike Higgs, Stan Nicholls, and Derek “Bram” Stokes, all of whom were interested in comics to varying degrees and who found each other there. Meeting other comics fans was to prove decisive in finally getting comics fandom in this country to coalesce. Explains Clarke:

From there, it started to build slow but sure until ’66-’67, which was the sort of fanzine era. Steve got himself a spirit duplicator, which was his pride and joy. He churned out loads of things on it. [2]

This included three or more issues of his SF fanzine *Vega*, at least one of which was distributed through PADS, the British Science Fiction Association’s pseudo-APA.

One bit of unfinished Hugo business was still outstanding as the end of the year approached:

The 1965 Hugo trophies have still not been sent to their winners, reports Al Halevy. Al says Ben Jason is still having trouble making the rockets, but after they are done they will be shipped to Al who will put them on the bases (already acquired) and

attach the plates (which Scithers had had engraved in Europe). Al says he hopes they will be received by the winners before Christmas. Al also suggests either casting the rockets in epoxy resin from a silicon rubber mold, or using a tracer lathe for production of further Hugos. [3]

By February 1966, Tolkien's publishers had reached an agreement with Wollheim in which JRRT was to be given some royalties from the Ace edition of *Lord of the Rings* along with a promise that the edition would not be reprinted once it had sold out. Also early that year, Ethel Lindsay reflected on the previous one:

The last issue of *Scot [Scottishe]* came out in February of last year. I *had* hoped to keep to my quarterly schedule; but I soon realised that I'd never be able to cope with the Worldcon and my publishing schedule both. Regretfully, I had to let the latter go. I would like to thank the many faneds who still kept me on their trade list. I suppose it was because there is a bond between faneds that makes us look kindly upon sudden long gaps in publishing. After all, we never know what is going to hit us next... let's hope that very few of you ever get struck by the dread Worldcon Committee disease that harried me so last summer.

Not that I regret it. 1965 was the most exciting year for me in fandom since the year I was TAFF delegate. The mail alone was something stupendous. I soon found myself with a briefcase crammed with folders; correspondence that required indexing; file cards in two boxes; and every night saw me hunched over the typer. After it was all over it was quite hard to stave off complete gafia; and I certainly haven't got the energy to write it all up. Besides, I keep hoping someone else will.

As secretary to the Worldcon committee I took down notes at all the meetings. I have culled a comment from each committee member which may amuse you. Of course I can only give samples of *printable* comments....

How to run a Worldcon. Comments from the Committee members –

Peter Mabey:

When you know enough about fandom to run a Worldcon you know enough not to do it.

James Groves:

After this is all over I'm going to have George Scithers impeached.

Ella Parker:

Ethel – don't panic.

Keith Otter:

Cor lumme I *+{%*+'...

Ethel Lindsay:

If I don't worry something terrible will happen in the middle of the con hall.

ALL:

How to run a Worldcon – don't!

P.S. Keith:

...at least not for another five years. [4]

While Worldcons tend to fire the enthusiasm of some (see BAD Group above), they usually exhaust those who actually run them. LONCON II was to be the high point of the Science Fiction Club of London's fan activity. The group gradually wound down over the next few years, finally calling it quits in 1968. That same year, John W. Campbell endorsed arch-segregationist George Wallace in the presidential election, prompting an appalled Harlan Ellison in the first *SFWA Bulletin* published after the election to denounce it as "a disgusting endorsement, absolutely against everything for which science fiction stands". Well, *should* stand, anyway. Campbell died in July 1971.

[1] *Skyrack* #84 (Oct 1965, ed. Ron Bennett)

[2] *Fanscene* #1 (2018, ed. David Hathaway-Price)

[3] *Ratatosk* #24 (December 1965, ed. Bruce Pelz)

[4] *Scottishe* #39 (January 1966, ed. Ethel Lindsay)

Not for Newcomers

Peter Weston

We were in the age of Apollo and Soyuz*; science fiction was re-making itself with the “New Wave” controversy, the BSFA had been born and British fandom turned on its head. Yet the organisers seemed largely oblivious to these changes, still appearing to regard the Worldcon as an event just for the usual fannish in-crowd. Their hotel was again in central London – the Mount Royal, in Oxford Street – bigger and more expensive than before, but hot, noisy, and with severely limited facilities. Again, the Programme Book contained nothing but the most basic information with a programme full of long gaps and makeweight items like “trivia” quizzes. The Banquet, GoH speech, Hugo Awards and Terry Carr’s TAFF presentation were all crammed into a Sunday-lunchtime slot. In short, the convention suffered from a major failure of imagination, and significantly, despite the new affluence, numbers did not exceed 350 – a tiny gain on its predecessor.

** Pedantry note: Gemini and Vostok, actually. The Apollo 1 tragedy was 27 January 1967, and the first Soyuz flight was 28 November 1966. [Ed.]*

It was all curiously old-fashioned, and I think the problem was that British fandom had fractured along the fannish generational lines. The people in charge were not particularly “old” fans – Ella hadn’t even been around in 1957 – but they were already starting to appear relics of a past age, out-of-touch with, and not catering for, the newcomers who now formed a substantial part of the total attendance.

So in the evenings, the Big-Name Fans and visiting Americans retreated to exclusive parties, leaving everyone else pretty much to their own devices. I vividly remember the rows of young British fans sitting around the empty hall after the Fancy Dress Party on Saturday night, looking at each other in frustrated disappointment. The same thing happened on Sunday; after a brief and bewildering “Initiation Ceremony” at which some old fans in costume inducted other old fans into “The Order of St Fantasy”. Afterwards nothing, not even a film; even the bar closed early.

In his *Skyrack* newsletter, Ron Bennett said it was “a convention which can only be described in glowing superlatives and which

represented the very best in the microcosm of science fiction fandom”. Yes, there were some magic moments; Brian Aldiss and Tom Boardman pelted Harry Harrison with pork pies, John W. Campbell dominated the floor, and Karen Anderson was stunning in Fancy Dress. But to many people Loncon II was instantly forgettable, rather than the life-changing event it might have been.

Soon afterwards, Ella Parker dropped out, British fandom continued its rapid reconstruction, and within a few years the majority of convention attendees came from the post-1963 period. Soon they were running things; cons became more sophisticated, and from the late 1960s onwards the average Eastercon programme was far more substantial than either of the two Loncons. The whole thing started to become a shop window for less-committed science fiction enthusiasts, much more attractive and accessible for outsiders who flocked to join in the fun.

*In 1979, Peter Weston would chair the next UK worldcon:
Seacon '79 in Brighton.*

– from “In the Hands of the Gods” in
Splitting Infinity (Interaction Programme
Book, 2005)

Appendices



Brian Aldiss and Harry Harrison. Photo by Norman Shorrock.

Appendix 1

The Convention in Verse

Rich Gordon:

Being an account in dubious verse of the 1965 World SF Convention held at the Mount Royal Hotel, London, written by Rich Gordon. To be sung to the tune of “With God on Our Side”, with apologies to Bob Dylan and all slandered persons herein described.

The Ballad of the Congoer

1. Oh the worldcon it is over
The fans are at rest
They're flat on the floor
For the booze has gone west
Of the cons that I've been to
This was the best
And for giving good binges
The Mount Royal's passed the test.

2. I came down to London town
T'was late in August of '65
I staggered thru Oxford Street
I felt scarcely alive
Collapsed on the hotel escalator
So that into the fen I could dive
Determined to battle heroically
And for fannish recognition strive.

3. Oh me, I didn't have any room
It was freeloading for me this time
And anyway fen don't sleep at cons
But talk and drink, it ain't no crime
And if people think them nuts
Then it don't matter a dime
So I dove into crowds of fen
And for a time I felt fine –

4. I met Brian Aldiss
And Poul Anderson too

But the drinks that they bought me
They were all too few
They signed my con programme
God, was I in a stew
And for all that damn whisky
The bill is now due.

5. Oh the hall it was crowded
With the fans and the pros
It was Harrison's speech
So John Campbell arose
He talked and he stood there
Ignoring his foes
He talked and he stood there
Till the convention was closed.

6. Monsters, monsters everywhere
And all the fen did shrink
Monsters monsters everywhere
Nor any blood to drink
Then I saw Forry Ackerman
It was a sight to make you think
I stared at enough monster magazines
To tremble on insanity's brink.

7. There were many books to buy
And more paintings to see
Not quite like Leonardo
But more like Paul Klee
Some were quite good
Others like Kandinsky
But the pubs weren't yet open
Where we wanted to be.

8. Oh the pork pies were flyin'
From the stage to the door
Where is Harry Harrison?
We won't see him no more
The bar it was crowded
It's become fannish lore
That he drank twenty whiskies
'fore he sank to the floor.

9. Some fen were sercon
And others were not
Rampaging on the roof
There were a hell of a lot
For they drank and they drank
Till their brains were a knot
And though it was only Friday
Their minds were a blot.

10. Oh the staff they got angry
And threw some fen out
For some they did freeload
And the rules they did flout
And others they were noisy
Loud they did shout
Ruining television aerals
The staff fetched them a clout.

11. But the others they argued
All thru the night
About Heinlein and Ballard
And SF's dire plight
The Yanks they're in terror
They're losing the fight
We think Heinlein is Wrong
And Ballard is Right.

12. The con it was international
There were fen from the Mid-West
And more from Germany
Others from Japan no less
Me, I dig their accents
The Mid-West it was best
What they were talkin' about
I couldn't even guess.

13. Oh t'was in the *Times*
And the *Observer* as well
And many more papers
Of the con they did tell
Of the nuts and the crackpots
Oh how they did yell

Giving the public a laugh
They can all go to hell.

14. “How high can you get without
Actually going into orbit?”
This John Brunner told us
He talked for quite a bit
He talked for so long
That we got up and git
I don’t like his talkin’
I prefer what he’s writ!

15. We talked on a cold park bench
All ’bout the Franco-Prussian War
And how Anne Boleyn sans head
Couldn’t get very far
We made some strange noises
And stared up at the stars
People paid us no more attention
Than distantly passing cars.

16. Oh me an’ Mushling
We tried and we tried
As we walked down Charing Cross Road
To sing “With God on our Side”
If Bob Dylan had’ve heard us
He’d have laughed till he cried
But the passersby didn’t hear us
Wouldn’t have till they died.

17. Back in the con hotel
We collapsed on the ground
The fancy dress parade was over
Or so we soon found
So we sat in the lounge with friends
Talkin’ all the night round
’bout vampires an’ werewolves
While the irate staff frowned.

18. We were thrown out of the hotel at five
And spent half an hour on a wall
I was so damn tired an’ weary
I knew I was headed for a fall

Chris Lee floated past like a ghost
He was dark an' satanic and kinda tall
But we were so blind 'n' exhausted
That we didn't know it was him at all.

19. Then we wandered the streets
It was so dark an' cold
'fore the new day was born
Down Oxford Street we'd strolled
At six-o'clock in the morn
And 'gainst granite walls we lolled
All bleary and utterly tired as tho
To the wicked night our souls we'd sold.

20. Somewhere down in Piccadilly
We caught a tube train
Back again we banged on a door
Crashes poundin' in my brain
We were let into the room
I lay down as if slain
And soon was unconscious
Sleep mercifully easy to attain.

21. Out of bed I staggered
It was now midday or later
Our heads was still swimmin'
But the room now seemed straighter
We rang for room service
For we wanted a waiter
But when he saw the state we were in
For us he refused to cater.

22. Oh but I wasn't blamin' him
For wantin' to hide
Crazily ragged people
All lyin' by my side
All bleary and filthy
Heads on the slide
After a night on the streets
We looked like we'd died.

23. 'bout this time I'd forgotten
What I was doin' at all

But we all managed to get up
And to the lifts we did crawl
Eventually we all ended
In the convention hall
And once in a chair
Back into sleep we did fall.

24. Oh we saw the Aliens'* films right thru'
And all the fans did cheer
They had all the pros in *Breathworld*
And from the small screen they leered
Harrison versus Aldiss with pork pie
Plus Moorcock an' others all well beered
The hotel's screen's never been the same
Since all the pros on it appeared.

* *Nickname for the Delta Film Group, whose members published a group fanzine called Alien. [Ed.]*

25. So I didn't go to the banquet
It cost twenty-one shillings*
I didn't hear the speeches
My head it was still spinnin'
I didn't see the Hugo's
Nor the authors, who were winnin'
But I didn't need all this for
My weekend was still swingin'.

* *Elsewhere Ron Bennett and others give the cost as 35/-. No ticket or official printed record has survived. [Ed.]*

26. Fritz Leiber got the Hugo
I'm wonderin' why
It's a good book – sure –
We can wave *Davy* good-bye
Oh Cordwainer Smith
He's surrealist and he's sly
But he and John Brunner
Didn't even get a pork pie.

27. So Dickson got the short fiction
And Schoenherr the art
Leiber the novel

And Heinlein's on the cart
Brunner got on the short list
Well, that's a start
But what the hell happened
To Arthur C. Clarke?

28. Oh Ghod, not *Analog* again?
Year after year it's the same
There's never been any difference
Ever since John Campbell came
Yandro's the fanzine
Now Coulson's a bit lame
To run the second-rate 'zine
He no longer can claim.

29. It's impossible, so I thought
At a world SF convention
To have more politicians
But no, for there's an election
Rival US groups they're screamin'
For Fandom's protection
And over next year's world convention
There's too much damn dissension.

30. Then Ted White he stood there
Praising Philip K. Dick
He don't like Jim Ballard
A fight he did pick
But all this was so boring
Back into sleep I did slip
While they argued and argued
He's just too helluva thick.

31. All these lectures and panels
With Name after Name after Name
And last the ceremony of St Fantony
A new kind of fannish game
And fan after fan was elevated
To the Hall of Fannish Fame
And we learned of the great St Fantony
And of the lands from whence he came.

32. It was now late on Sunday

Not much longer to go
I was so bleary
The time seemed to flow
I spilt some Dubonnet
I shouted "Oh no!"
The girl's dress it was ruined
And I started to blow.

33. Then I went to someone's bed
It was quite a strain
I collapsed unconscious
Relievin' my brain
Though dreamin' 'bout dresses
And a dirty great stain
When morning had come
For five hours I'd lain.

34. When I got on the train
It all seemed like a dream
My head it was so soggy
An' all off the beam
Many a strange thing happened
I could write ream after ream
But now I'll release you
From the worldcon supreme.

– *Crabapple* #2 (December 1965, ed. Mary
Reed)

Appendix 2

The Hugo Awards – Full Results

The full details of the voting were as follows:

Best Novel:

The Wanderer by Fritz Leiber (Ballantine Books) 52 votes.

Davy by Edgar Pangborn (Ballantine Books) 48 votes.

The Planet Buyer by Cordwainer Smith (Pyramid Books) 34 votes.

The Whole Man by John Brunner (Ballantine Books) 26 votes.

No Award. 14 votes.

Best Short Story:

“Soldier, Ask Not” by Gordon Dickson (*Galaxy*) 60 votes.

“Once a Cop” by Rick Raphael (*Analog*) 47 votes

“Little Dog Gone” by Robert F. Young (*Worlds of Tomorrow*) 27 votes.

No Award 30 votes.

Best Magazine:

Analog 63 votes.

Worlds of If 35 votes.

Fantasy & Science Fiction 34 votes.

Galaxy 30 votes.

No Award. 12 votes

Best Fanzine:

Yandro edited by Robert and Juanita Coulson: 69 votes.

Zenith edited by Peter Weston: 35 votes.

Double:Bill edited by Bill Bowers and Bill Mallardi: 28 votes.

Best Artist:

John Schoenherr 58 votes.

Ed Emshwiller 56 votes.

Frank Frazetta 26 votes.

Jack Gaughan 22 votes.

No Award 12 votes.

Best Publisher:

Ballantine Books 54 votes

Ace Books 50 votes.

Pyramid Books 33 votes.
Victor Gollancz Ltd. 20 votes.
No Award 11 votes.

Best Dramatic Presentation:

Dr. Strangelove 99 votes
The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao 41 votes
No Award 33 votes.
Mary Poppins 1 vote (write-in).

For a discussion of how the winners have held up, and other contemporary works that could or should have been in contention, see the Tor blog:
<http://www.tor.com/blogs/2011/01/hugo-nominees-1965>.

Appendix 3

The Programme

Note: this is taken from the Programme Book, but expanded with additional information from the more up-to-date Pocket Programme. There were still changes on the day, however, such as for example John Brunner joining the final panel on Monday. Some information below comes from post-convention reports.

Friday 27th August

3:00 Registration Desk opens.

3:00 Film show in Convention Hall.

6:00 Project Art Show opens.

6:00 Retail exhibits open.

(For subsequent opening times, see notice at registration desk and exhibit rooms.)

8:00 Official Opening of convention by Chairman.

Introduction of notables by Ella Parker and Ron Ellik.

8:30 Talk by Harry Harrison:

“SF – the Salvation of the Modern Novel?”

Saturday 28th August

9:00 Registration Desk opens.

9:55 Programme opened by Chairman.

10:00 Talk by Geoff Doherty

11:30 Panel: “SF in Europe” – where East meets West!

Moderator: Brian Aldiss.

Panellists: Walter Ernsting, Franz Ettl, Josef Nesvadba, Josef

Dolnicar

[Late morning] Fan Panel: “All Things to All Fen”

Moderators: Phil Rogers and Ina Shorrock

Panellists: Beryl Henley, Doreen Parker, Irene Boothroyd, Dave

Busby, Charles Platt

12:30 Break for lunch.

2:00 Transatlantic Quiz – US versus the Rest.

Moderator: Ron Ellik

Panellists: F. J Ackerman, G.O. Smith, Wally Weber, James Blish,

Sydney Bounds, James Groves, Thomas Schlück, Ken Cheslin

2:45 Film: *Castle of Terrors* by the Delta Group.
3:30 Talk by John Brunner:
 “How to get high without actually going into Orbit”
4:45 Tea break
 (Hall being set up for fancy dress parade.)
5:30 Bargain Basement Auction
7:00 Now is the time to start preparing for:
8:00 The Fancy Dress Party Parade and Competition.
 Compère: Arthur (Atom) Thomson

Sunday 29th August

10:00 Programme opened by Chairman.
10:10 Panel: “A Robot in the Executive Suite”
 Moderator: Dick Eney
 Panellists: Judith Merril, Robert Silverberg, Terry Carr, James
White, Ken Bulmer, Edmund Crispin
11:00 Star Auction – in the Lounge
 Auctioneers: Ted Forsyth and Phil Rogers. (Hall being prepared
for Banquet)
1:00 The Convention Banquet
 Toastmaster: Tom Boardman
 Guest of Honour: Brian W. Aldiss
 Special Speaker: Arthur C. Clarke
 TAFF Delegate: Terry Carr
 Mystery Speaker (provisional)
 Hugo Presentation: Robert Silverberg
 (Admission by ticket only.)
4:00 *Breathworld* – premiere of the Delta-Group feature film.
5:30 Talk by Ted White. “How to Plot Your Way Out of a Paper
Bag”
6:30 Panel: “From Cradle to Collector”
 Moderator, Ted Carnell (agent, editor)
 Panellists: Jack Williamson (author), Doug Hill (SF critic), John
Watson (buyer, Mayflower Books), Tony Richardson (editor, Penguin
Books), Ron Whiting (hardback publisher), Chris Priest (reader)
8:47½ Initiation Ceremony of the Knights-Elect into the Most Noble
and Illustrious Order of St. Fantony, by the authority of the Master of the
Archives, Keith Freeman.

Monday 30th August

10:00 The Business Meeting

– at which will be discussed the site for the 24th World Science Fiction Convention, and other matters.

12:00 Talk: Dave Kyle. “First Fandom and a Tribute to Don Ford”

12:30 Lunch break

2:00 Panel: “The Man on a White Horse”

Moderator: Charles Smith

Panellists: Poul Anderson, Don Wollheim, Rolf Gindorf, John W. Campbell, Mike Moorcock, Joe Patrizio

Followed by other official or unofficial programme items, as to be announced or displayed at the registration desk. (see notice on opposite page)

Programme Notices

All times in the programme are only approximate, and the Committee reserve the right to make such alterations in the items as may prove necessary. Such changes will, as far as is practicable, be announced in the hall and displayed on the information board at the registration desk.

At times when there is no official programme item given the Convention hall will be available (except as stated in the programme) for putting on unofficial items; please apply to the Committee for facilities to display information about these.

We apologise for the fact that it has proved impossible to include the *This is Your Fan Life* item which we had planned to have in the programme.

Final Page of Pocket Programme:

This portion of the Programme booklet is dedicated to Fred Parker, brother of Ella Parker, who, during many long meetings of the ConCommittee performed the necessary functions and duties of Official Tea Maker. Without his services this Convention very well might never have got off the drawing board. Many, many thanks, Fred.

Appendix 4

Convention Rules

Fancy Dress Parade

Rules operating and categories open this year in the above, are as follows:

- (1) Most Monstrous
- (2) Most Beautiful (Male or Female)
- (3) Most Authentic SF (Male or Female)
- (4) Most Authentic Fantasy (Male or Female)

Groups are permissible but will not be eligible as such for Judging. The Judges may, if they wish, choose one from a group for an award.

Juvenile Section

There will be a special section for children up to age of 12 years. Two categories only: The best girl – either most beautiful costume or most authentic, whichever aspect the Judges choose to make the award for. And best boy, for which the same applies as for the girls.

All those intending to wear costume and take part in the Final Parade for Awards, should please bring brief descriptions of their costumes to the Committee rooms by 3.p.m. [at] the latest, on Saturday.

No member of the 23rd World SF Convention Committee will serve on the Judges Panel. The decisions of the Judges will be final and binding on both the Contestants and the Committee.

We, your Committee, wish to make this part of the Programme as enjoyable for the Contestants as we hope it will be for the audience. We hope that you will try to help us in organising the affair and accede to our requests when asked to stand back to give the Judges a clear view. As much provision for photographers will be made as is possible.

Come one, come all, and have a ball.

E.A. Parker

CHAIRMAN.

Rules of the Business Meeting

The business meeting of the 23rd World SF Convention shall convene during the Monday morning August 30th, 1965 programme session. The meeting shall be conducted informally insofar as possible but with recourse to Robert's Rules of Order as the final authority.

The first phase of the meeting will be Chaired by Ella Parker, Convention Chairman and will be solely concerned with the selection of a Convention site for the 1966 world Convention.

The first proposal will be that of Syracuse for permission to have their bid admitted for a vote. They will be allowed five minutes to make their speech in support of this proposal; the opposition will also have five minutes, with a further two minutes each side for rebuttal.

In order to win admission to the bidding, Syracuse must gain a three-quarter majority vote.

This will then be followed – assuming the success of Syracuse – by the bid speeches. Ten minutes each side with a further three minutes each for rebuttal. To ensure non-partisanship, names will be drawn out of a hat to decide who speaks first in the bidding session.

When this part of the business has been concluded the Chair will be surrendered to George Scithers who, as Parliamentarian, will conduct the remainder of the meeting.

The first order of business will be the report of the HUGO Committee. This will be a preliminary report, open for discussion, not for a final vote.

Apart from this there is as yet, no further business.

Appendix 5

Membership List

This is a list of those who bought memberships, not all of whom attended the convention.

British Members (169):

- 347. Jill Adams, Hants.
- 001. Brian W. Aldiss, Oxford
- 346. Rosemary Allan, N'hants.
- 317. Brian Allport, Notts.

- 502. B.A. Baker, London
- 505. Miss D. Bailey, London
- 443. John Bain, Herts.
- 503. J.H. Barker, Yorks.
- 504. Mrs S.E. Barker, Yorks.
- 318. D. St.P. Barnard, Glos.
- 124. Sheila Barnes, Staffs.
- 321. Tony Bath, Hants.
- 334. Sandra Beckett-Tagg, N'humb'land
- 148. Ron Bennett, Yorks.
- 132. Eric Bentcliffe, Cheshire
- 446. John Berry, Somerset
- (—). Tom Boardman
- 414. Irene Boothroyd, Yorks.
- 415. Dorelle Boothroyd, Yorks.
- 425. Syd Bounds, Surrey
- 316. Fred Brown, Essex
- 129. John Brunner, London
- 130. Marjorie Brunner, London
- 426. Terry Bull, N'hants.
- (—). Ken Bulmer
- 149. Brian Burgess, Hants.
- 168. Dave Busby, Berks.

- 421. E.J. Carnell, London
- 171. Jim Cawthorn, Durham
- 434. Meredith Chatterton, London

181. Ken M.P. Cheslin, Worcs.
 335. Arthur C. Clarke, London
 325. Phillip Clarke, Wwks.
 331. M.J. Cobden, Wwks.
 195. D.E. Cohen, London

 342. S.R. Dalton, Yorks.
 445. Peter Day, Worcs.
 196. A.T.R. Deacon, London
 524. Jean Dempsey, London
 413. Robert M. Dixon, London
 517. D. Dobson, London
 155. Harry Douthwaite, Lancs.
 320. Andrew Dunnett, Hants.

 (—). Diane Ellingsworth
 (—). Dick Ellingsworth

 112. Fantast (Medway) Ltd., Cambs.
 514. Robin Farquharson (?)
 152. Ted Forsyth, London
 158. C.A. Fowkes, Warwicks
 (—). Keith Freeman
 (—). Wendy Freeman
 333. William C. Fuller, Suffolk

 519. David Garnett, Lancs.
 306. Tony Glynn, Lancs.
 180. Bobbie Gray, Glos.
 184. Jimmy Goddard, Middx.
 322. T. Goodey, Cambs.
 336. Richard Gordon, Banffs.
 501. Jim Grant, Hants.
 323. R. Gray, Sussex
 190. David Griffiths, London
 127. Jim Groves, London

 332. Mrs M. Hall, N'hants.
 163. Ted Hall, London
 (—). Chuck Harris, London
 437. Beryl Henley, Worcs.
 310. David Heptonstall, Yorks.
 440. Frank Herbert, Somerset

401. A.F. Hillman, Mon.
108. P.A. Hiscox, Warwicks.
123. Tom Holt, Lancs.
169. Dick Howett, Essex
197. S.G. Hugget, Somerset
198. S.G. Hugget, Somerset
199. S.G. Hugget, Somerset
200. S.G. Hugget, Somerset

050. E.R. James, Yorks.
429. Eddie Jones, Lancs.
343. Eric Jones, Glos.
344. Margaret Jones, Glos.
167. Lang Jones, London

341. Alan Langridge, Middx.
416. Ivor Latto, Lanarks.
047. Peter Learmount, London
191. C.H. Legg, Herts.
182. L. Leventhal, London
128. Ethel Lindsay, Surrey
516. R. Little, London
448. George Locke, London
508. Duncan Lunan, Ayre.

049. Peter H. Mabey, Surrey
518. J. Madracki, Lancs.
186. G. Marwick, Edinburgh
313. Ron McGuinness, London
428. Ken McIntyre, London
192. D.G. Mechan, Wwks.
156. Archie Mercer, Bristol
170. Bruce Montgomery, Devon
177. Mike Moorcock, London
307. Steve Moore, London
328. James Moyles, Kent
194. Phil Muldowney, Devon

122. Harry Nadler, Lancs.
189. Stanley Nicholls, London
330. A.L. Nickels, London

131. Stephen Oakey, Hunts.

151. Keith Otter, London
 338. Terry Overton, Essex
 339. Phieme Overton, Essex
314. Darroll Pardoe, Worcs.
 150. Doreen Parker, Northants.
 173. Ella Parker, London
 121. Charles Partington, Lancs.
 510. Ian Peters, London
 511. Betty Peters, London
 (—). Anne Patrizio, London
 (—). Joe Patrizio, London
 436. Roger Peyton, Wwks.
 444. Pat Picton, Worcs.
 160. Colin Pilkington, Lancs.
 340. Brenda Piper, London
 319. David Piper, London
 113. Charles Platt, London
 188. Ken Potter, Lancs.
 178. Arthur Pottersman, London
 114. Chris Priest, Essex
 164. Terry Pratchett, Bucks.
 312. John Pusey, Oxford
315. Andrew Raisin, London
 193. Ruth Randle, Wwks.
 507. P.C. Rapley, Middx.
 433. Wendy Raybould, Worcs.
 520. Tony Richardson, Middx.
 438. Phil Rogers, Lincs.
 303. John Roles, Lancs.
 308. J.M. Rosenblum, Yorks.
 309. H.A. Rosenblum, Yorks.
 109. Eric F. Russell, Cheshire
179. Alice Schonfeld, Herts.
 439. Daphne Sewell, N'hants.
 157. Norman Sherlock, London
 (—). Ina Shorrocks, Cheshire
 441. Norman Shorrocks, Cheshire
 337. K. Slater, Bucks.
 (—). Joyce Slater, Bucks.

(—). Michael Slater, Bucks.
 166. Charles Smith, Suffolk
 048. Liam Smith, London
 153. Des Squire, London
 404. Duncan Steel, Cambs.
 405. Valerie Steel, Cambs.
 345. Maire Steele, Co. Durham
 523. Bram Stokes, Middx.
 147. W. Stringer, Lancs.
 159. W.S. Swinburne, London

 324. Cliff Teague, Wwks.
 172. Bill Temple, Middx.
 (—). Arthur Thomson, London
 110. Ted Tubb, London
 442. Mike Turner, Wwks.
 506. R. Turner, N'humb'land

 (—). Tony Underwood

 509. Daphne Vincent, Essex

 515. J. Watson, London
 419. Gerry Webb, London
 327. Ronald Whiting, London
 431. Charles Winstone, Wwks.
 183. M.D. Wippell, London
 (—). Betty Woodhead

Irish Members (4)

187. Ian McAulay, Eire
 176. James White, Belfast
 174. Walt Willis, Co. Down
 175. Madeleine Willis, Co. Down

US Members (224)

046. Forry Ackerman, Calif.
 269. Wendayne Ackerman, Calif.
 143. Jack Agnew, Penn.
 133. John W. Andrews, N. Mex.
 010. Astrid Anderson, Calif.
 009. Karen Anderson, Calif.
 008. Poul Anderson, Calif.

252. Frank Andrasovsky, Ohio
 232. Fred W. Arnold, Fla.
 243. William Atheling, Jr., N.Y.

 281. Baltimore SF Society, Md.
 432. Jeremy A. Barry, Calif.
 230. Barbara Bealer, Pa.
 077. Clyde Beck, Calif.
 078. Claire Beck, Calif.
 406. Donald R. Benson, N.Y.
 055. Ruth Berman, Minn.
 119. Ed Bielfeldt, Ill.
 223. Lloyd Biggle, Jr., Mich.
 217. Richard Bisson, Mass.
 241. Jim Blish, N.Y.
 (—). Robert Bloch
 116. John Boardman, N.Y.
 117. Perdita Boardman, N.Y.
 065. Jean Bogert, Penn.
 038. Clyde Book, Calif.
 019. Bill Bowers, Ohio
 219. Leigh Brackett, Ohio
 125. Fred Brammer, Va.
 282. Carl F. Braunig, Tex.
 216. Rick Brooks, Ind.
 004. Charlie Brown, N.J.
 005. Marsha Brown, N.J.
 258. Mike Buchta, Wisc.
 204. Andrew W. Bullington, Va.
 051. Elinor Busby, Wash.
 052. F.M. Busby, Wash.

 (—). John W. Campbell
 039. Ed Calvin, Mass.
 094. Terry Carr, N.Y.
 095. Carol Carr, N.Y.
 256. Jim Caughran, Mich.
 287. Camille Cazedessus, Jr., La.
 288. Mary Cazedessus, La.
 203. Jack Chalker, Md.
 272. Fred Clarke, Ill.

007. Walter R. Cole, N.J.
020. Wally Conaer, Wash.
099. Joan M. Corbett, Calif.
100. Dr. Donald Corbett, Calif.
267. Chris Cowley, Ind.
139. Paul C. Crawford, Calif.
264. Charlotte Craig, Ill.
033. Brenda Crudge, Calif.
105. Danny Curran, Calif.

059. Walt Daugherty, Calif.
253. Evelyn del Rey, N.J.
254. Lester del Rey, N.J.
206. Eric Delson, N.Y.
057. W.J. Denholm, III, Calif.
054. David Dieckmann, Calif.
006. Frank Dietz, N.J.
271. Thomas M. Disch, N.Y.
115. Joseph G. Dittrich, N.J.
011. Mike Domina, Ill.
068. Bill Donaho, Calif.

209. Henry Eichner, Calif.
090. Alex B. Eisenstein, Ill.
071. Ron Ellik, Calif.
035. Harlan Ellison, Calif.
141. Dick Eney, Va.
017. T.H. Engel, N.Y.
018. Jean Engel, N.Y.
120. Bill Evans, Md.
285. Lauren Exeter, Calif.
096. D. Lauren Exeter, Calif.

211. Fanoclasts/Fistfa, N.Y.
259. Randel Feest, Wisc.
136. George Fergus, Ohio.
275. Edward L. Ferman, N.Y.
056. Don Fitch, Calif.
058. Don Franson, Calif.
107. Robert Franson, Calif.

278. Claudia D. Galik, Ohio

207. Paul F. Galvin, Mass.
079. Margaret Gemignani, N.Y.
202. Tom Gilbert, Calif.
248. William Glanville, Calif.
214. Bill Glass, Calif
250. Dan Goodman, N.Y.
(—). Pete Graham
069. Z.J. Grant, Ill.

251. Nita G. Hagan, N.Y.
066. Al HaLevy, Calif.
286. John H. Hart, La.
014. Cindy Heap, N.Y.
012. George R. Heap, N.Y.
220. Edmond Hamilton, Ohio
023. Chuck Hanson, Colo.
266. Joe Hendricks, Mich.
268. Henry Ha Heins, N.Y.
034. Paul G. Herkart, N.J.
205. Larry Hicoock, Oreg.
043. Ron Hicks, Calif.
263. John Hillery, Mass.
084. Tony Boucher, Calif.
037. Allan Howard, N.J.
276. Turner J. Howard, Tenn.
027. Katya Hulan, Calif.
028. D. Hulan, Calif.
270. Clarence Hyde, Pa.

228. John R. Isaac, Ill.
229. Ted Isaacs, N.Y.

280. Jerald Jacks, Md.
262. Albert Jackson, Tex.
016. Ben Jason, Ohio

088. Ben F. Keifer, Ohio
040. Earl Kemp, Ill.
041. Nancy Kemp, Ill.
244. Robert S. Kennedy, Jr., Calif.
135. Jay Kay Klein, N.Y.
024. Dave Kyle, N.Y.

025. Ruth Kyle, N.Y.
026. A.P. Kyle III, N.Y.
247. Vincent D. Kohler, Calif.

029. Cole G. Lalli, N.Y.
030. Michael Lalli, N.Y.
420. LASFS, Calif.
231. Lois Lavender, Calif.
242. Judith A. Lawrence, N.Y.
246. Fritz Leiber, Calif.
060. Alan J. Lewis, Calif.
072. Al Lewis, Calif.
221. E. King Lulloff, Colo.
240. Carl Lundgren, Mich.
061. Pat Lupoff, N.Y.
062. Dick Lupoff, N.Y.
063. Kenneth J. Lupoff, N.Y.
064. Katherine Lupoff, N.Y.

142. Robert Madle, Md.
003. Bill Mallardi, Ohio
137. Richard Mann, N. Dak.
449. Virginia Marshall, N.Y.
092. Ron Matthias, Calif.
257. Barbara May, Calif.
265. Eric D. McClafferty, Calif.
418. Miss W. McGill, Ill.
255. Mike McInerney, N.Y.
144. Banks Mebane, Md.
201. Sanford Z. Meschkow, N.Y.
283. Judith Merrill, N.Y.
002. Ed Meskys, Calif.
284. Norm Metcalf, Calif.
134. David Michelinie, Tenn.
245. Bill Miller, Mo.
277. Donald M. Miller, Md.
218. P. Schuyler Miller, Pa.
224. Harold Moellendick, Kan.
044. Len Moffatt, Calif.
082. Sam Moskowitz, N.J.
083. Chris Moskowitz, N.J.

101. Carol Murray, Wash.
 311. National Fantasy Fan Federation, Tenn.
 106. S. Old, USA
 075. Fred Patten, Calif.
 273. Peggy Rae Pavlat, Md.
 274. Bob Pavlat, Md.
 089. I.M. Phyllida, USA
 053. Danny Plachta, Mich.
 (—). Carol Pohl
 (—). Fred Pohl
 279. Andy Porter, N.Y.
 091. J.M. Pournelle, Calif.
 097. George Price, Calif.
 098. Lois Ann Price, Calif.
 021. Fred Prophet, Mich.
 111. George N. Raybin, N.Y.
 289. R.D. Richmond, Tex.
 015. Jock Root, N.Y.
 070. Alva Rogers, Calif.
 103. Sid Rogers, Calif.
 235. A. Joseph Ross, Mass.
 208. Samuel D. Russell, Calif.
 118. Vic Ryan, Ill.
 210. Art Saha, N.J.
 080. Sue E. Sanderson, Penn.
 022. H. Schofield, Pa.
 234. Dick Schultz, Mich.
 233. Judi B. Sephton N.Y.
 185. Patrick Shepherd, Ill.
 031. Robert Silverberg, N.Y.
 032. Barbara Silverberg, N.Y.
 260. Beresford Smith, N.J.
 076. Dennis Smith, Calif.
 045. Rick Sneary, Calif.
 067. J. Ben Stark, Calif.
 104. Mal Stark, Calif.
 140. Jerome Stemnock, Penn.

- 226. Lou Tabakow, Ohio
- 227. Roy Tackett, N. Mex.
- 138. Bruce Taylor, Md.
- 073. John Trimble, Calif.
- 074. Bjo Trimble, Calif.
- 093. David Trotter, Ala.
- 236. Bob Tucker, Ill.

- 212. Dave van Arnam, N.Y.

- 225. B. Phillip Walker, Va.
- 261. Sue A. Ward, Mich
- 145. Washington SF Assoc., D.C.
- 013. Jim Webbert, Wash.
- 042. Wally Weber, Ala.
- 213. Ted White, N.Y.
- 430. Jack Williamson, N. Mex.
- 081. G. Willmorth, Calif.
- 417. Ron Wilson, Wash.
- 237. Donald A. Wollheim, N.Y.
- 238. Elsie B. Wollheim, N.Y.
- 239. Elizabeth Wollheim N.Y.
- 087. Stan Woolston, Calif.
- 102. Ed Wood, Idaho
- 329. Charles Wooste, Ohio

- 249. Roger J. Zelazny, Ohio
- 085. Leonard F. Zettel, Jr., Calif.
- 086. Gail E. Zettel, Calif.

Canadian Members (4)

- 427. Boyd Raeburn
- 290. Leland Sapiro
- 146. Angus M. Taylor
- 215. Gordon van Toen

German Members (18, including 6 US members then stationed in Germany and listed separately below)

- 326. Heinrich P. Arenz
- 305. Thea Grade
- 512. Helmut Hoernlein
- 408. Gary Klüpfel
- 407. Waldemar Kumming

304. Jurgen Mann
222. Martin Massoglia
450. Thomas Mielke
301. Mrs. T. Mielke
162. Thomas Schlück
161. Wolfgang Thadewald
513. Riemer Visser

036. Dave Samuelson
154. George Scithers
410. George O. Smith
411. Dona Smith
412. Douglas Smith
422. David J. Williams

Other European Members (10)

423. Walter Ernsting, Austria
424. Ursula Ernsting, Austria
165. Dr. Karl F. Blomeyer, Belgium
447. Dr Josef Nesvadba, Czechoslovakia
435. Joan Harrison, Denmark
126. Harry Harrison, Denmark
409. Audrey Eversfield, France
402. Mack Reynolds, Spain
521. Hans D. Furrer, Switzerland
522. Alexander Hill, Switzerland

Australian Members (2)

403. A.G. Thomas
302. John Foyster

Note

This list of members is that received here up to 14th July. Owing to several books of tickets being in use simultaneously, there are gaps in the numbering representing unsold tickets and ones sold but not yet reported (this particularly applies to ones sold by our US agent). A further consequence in that only within blocks of fifty can it be said that lower numbers were sold before higher ones.

Blocks 291-300, 348-400, 450-500 are missing, which means that when the Programme Book went to press 411 memberships had been sold.

(—). indicates those who joined after this where known and – based

on names – a certain number of complimentary memberships. This number was almost certainly greater. *[Twenty such memberships are listed above.]*

Members are listed by the County (UK), State (US) or country (elsewhere) used in their postal address rather than by nationality.

Appendix 6

Audio Recordings and Speech Transcripts

Audio recordings of many of the programme items have been preserved and can be found at Fanac.org below, the first link being to the full available list and the second to a selection included on a CD released with the membership package of Interaction, the 2005 Glasgow Worldcon. Items marked ¶ below are included in the latter selection.

- <https://fanac.org/worldcon/Loncon/w65-audio.html>
- <http://fanac.org/fanzines/Interaction/Audio/index.html>

Downloadable Audio:

- ¶ Friday 8:00 p.m. Official Opening by Chairman – Ella Parker; also Ron Ellik.
- Friday 8:30 p.m. “SF – the Salvation of the Modern Novel?” – talk by Harry Harrison.
- Saturday 11:30 a.m. “SF in Europe” – panel with Brian Aldiss (moderator), Josef Dolnicar, Walter Ernsting, Franz Ettl and Josef Nesvadba.
- Saturday [late morning] “All Things to All Fen” – fan panel with Irene Boothroyd, Dave Busby, Beryl Henley, Doreen Parker, Charles Platt, Phil Rogers (moderator) and Ina Shorrock (moderator).
- Saturday 2:00 p.m. “Transatlantic Quiz – US versus the Rest” with Forrest J Ackerman, James Blish, Sydney Bounds, Ken Cheslin, Ron Ellik (moderator), James Groves, Thomas Schlück, George O. Smith, Wally Weber. This is misnamed “Taff quiz” in the Fanac.org Loncon audio index.
- Saturday 3:30 p.m. “How to Get High Without Actually Going Into Orbit” – talk by John Brunner. Listed as “Speech / John Brunner” in the Fanac.org Loncon audio index.
- ¶ Sunday 10:10 a.m. “A Robot in the Executive Suite” – panel with Ken Bulmer, Terry Carr, Edmund Crispin, Dick Eney (moderator),

- Judith Merrill, Robert Silverberg, James White.
- Sunday 1:00 p.m. The Convention Banquet – with speeches by, in the following order: Tom Boardman (Toastmaster), Brian W. Aldiss, Terry Carr, Mystery Speaker (Robert Bloch); and Hugo presentation by Robert Silverberg.
 - Sunday 5:30 p.m. “How to Plot Your Way Out of a Paper Bag” – talk by Ted White.
 - ¶ Sunday 6:30 p.m. “From Cradle to Collector” – panel with Ted Carnell (moderator), Doug Hill, Chris Priest, Tony Richardson, John Watson, Ron Whiting, Jack Williamson.
 - Sunday 8:47½. p.m. “Initiation Ceremony of the Knights-Elect into the Most Noble and Illustrious Order of St. Fantony”, with Keith Freeman and others.
-
- Monday 10:00 a.m. The Business Meeting.
 - ¶ Monday 2:00 p.m. “The Man on a White Horse” – panel with Poul Anderson, John Brunner, Don Wollheim, Rolf Gindorf, John W. Campbell, Mike Moorcock, Joe Patrizio, Charles Smith (moderator) and Frederik Pohl.

The full Banquet speech by Brian Aldiss is collected in *Worldcon Guest of Honor Speeches* (ISFiC Press, 2006) edited by Mike Resnick and Joe Siclari, which brings together the available speech transcripts from 1939 to 2005 and is available from NESFA Press.

John Brunner’s speech was first published in full – though with “Actually” dropped from the title above – in *Niekas* #14 (December 1965, ed. Ed Meskys and Felice Rolfe), which can be found at Fanac.org. It was republished, again in full and with “Actually” restored, in *The Book of John Brunner* (DAW 1976). The version that appeared in *New Worlds* (May 1966) is considerably shorter.

Terry Carr’s Banquet speech as TAFF delegate was published in *Raffles* #8 (August 1984, ed. Stu Shiffman and Larry Carmody) as part of his belated TAFF trip report “Beyond the Mnemonic Statute of Limitations”, extensively quoted from in this ebook and included in full in the 2017 TAFF ebook *TAFF Trip Report Anthology*.

The End

This free ebook is exclusive to the unofficial TAFF website at

taff.org.uk. If you enjoy reading it, a donation to TAFF is a fine way to express your appreciation.

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