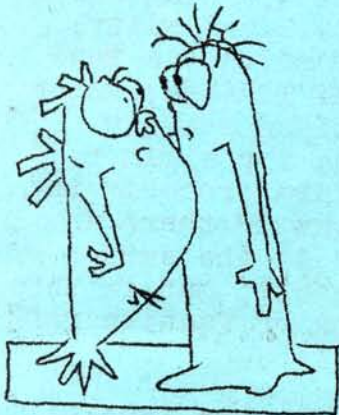


# DISCLAVE REPORT - -PAGE THREE



*Atom*

"Somehow, printing that the World's Fair opened again during April '65 does not strike me as vital fannish news..."

## FOCAL POINT #9

is even yet a fanzine of news, views and reviews, edited and published by Mike McInerney (326 E 13th St, NY, NY) and rich brown (180 E. 88th St., NY: NY) on the Piebald Plonker Press; twice monthly, sometimes biweekly, and available for news, trades, LoCs, stamps or 3/25¢. Overseas Agent is Peter Singleton, Ward 2, Whittingham Hospital, Near Preston, Lancashire, England; subs thru him are 10 for 7/- . Circulations 245 (we are Cutting Down). Colophon illustration by Arthur Thompson. May 19, 1965. TRICON in '66, NYCON in '67. Fanzines for review in Focal Point should be sent to Frank Wilimdzysk, Apt. 17, 438 W Broadway, New York City, New York; note, ye faneds, this COA.

## AN APOLOGY TO CHRISTINE MOSKOWITZ

"If there is one thing the Troubles of the last year have taught me, it is the danger of thinking of people as labels, or stereotypes, and not as the human beings they are. At this point in time, I can look back upon myself, circa 1961, and see that I was as guilty of this as anyone in fandom has ever been, and that I made Sam and Christine Moskowitz the butts of my un-think reactions.

"We have had our differences, and these were, at the bottom, honest human differences, for which I do not apologize, nor should they. I do, however, offer this rather belated apology for my behavior, and the way in which I treated our differences, which, I can see in retrospect, was in many cases out of bounds.

"I was recently told that Christine has decided to let the law suit against me drop, and this act of generosity on her part has prompted me to rethink my own position, and to arrive at what must be a fairer judgment of myself.

"This statement is totally my own, totally the product of my own motivation, and totally serious. I wish to here and now apologize for and renounce my stand of 1961, in which I made a number of unfair and untrue statements about Christine, and in which I (more or less inadvertantly; I'd been thinking in more fannish contexts) libelled her competency as a doctor. I would appreciate it if any and all of you who read my statements, charges, etc., of that period would totally discount them in light of the above.

"And I tender this public apology to Christine in return for her own unheralded generosity in letting the matter drop."

*Ted White*  
Ted White

THE END OF OBLIQUE HOUSE (IF Press Release, 7 May)

On 6th May 1965, the old red brick house at 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, which has been the headquarters of Irish Fandom for nearly 20 years, finally reverted to the mundane plane of existence. In the fan attic the last ghoddminton ser-  
(cont.; pp 6)



THE WIGGLEMIGGLE REMEMBRANCER  
BY FRANK WILIMCZYK

HYPHEN #36; Feb., 1965 (irregular) 22pp; (15¢ or 1/-; 7/\$1.00)  
Walt & Madeline Willis, 27 Clonlee Drive, Belfast 4, Ireland.

This may be a History Making issue of HYPHEN: it introduced a new word (perhaps a badly needed one) to the fannish idiom. The word is Conker (proposed by Sid Birchby), and denotes the square on a fanzine which is marked with a X when your subscription has expired. # Bob Shaw's THE GLASS BUSHEL is not strictly speaking a con report, even tho that's what it's labeled. It is droll and witty, and can be recommended even to people who adamantly refuse to read con reports. # Tom Perry has a column, PERRY AND THE TIRADES, which is predictably good. # George Locke's fanfiction piece somehow didn't get to me -- possibly because it's a bit long for a minor play. # There is a 4 page letter column, with what are probably the best editorial interjections to be found. And on page 13 there is an interlineation that's sort of tantalizing: Scott is the author of Waverly, it says. To me, that suggests Bertrand Russell, but in this context I find myself wondering if there's some kind of fannish reference as well.

HAUNTED #2; December 1964 ("Approximately quarterly") 44pp (50¢: contributions, no trades) Samuel D. Russell, 1351 Tremaine Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., 90019.

There was a 1½-year gap between issues 1 and 2 of HAUNTED, but it's to be hoped that it will appear more frequently in the future. Because HAUNTED, despite a title which suggests EC fandom, is a serious, scholarly publication devoted to weird and horror fiction. This issue of "aunted is dominated by material on H. P. Lovecraft -- there are 3 articles devoted to him. One of them, SOME THOUGHTS ON LOVECRAFT by Arthur Jean Cox, offers a novel approach to Lovecraft and the horror genre, which is of exceptional interest (rather surprisingly, since I'm not an HPLer). There is also Part 2 of a defense of Lovecraft by Sam Russell, this issue against Colin Wilson (who has somewhat improbably coupled HPL with W.B. Yeats). The third Lovecraft item is an analysis of THE WHISPERER IN DARKNESS, by Fritz Leiber. Best thing in the issue is the first part of a paper by Russell on M. R. James, which is well-documented, and a sympathetic character-portrait of the writer; in this context, the contrast between James and HPL is especially striking, despite their eminence in the same genre. Russell is erudite, but never pedantic, and writes some of the most unassumingly good prose you'll find in the fan field. # I did not care for either of the two stories, but then I dig amateur horror stories even less than amateur SF. # If you are a devotee of the weird, HAUNTED is a must.

-- Frank Wilimczyk

APA REPERTORY: The 111th FAPA mailing contained 354 pages, three proposed amendments (one to keep Cult members (past or present) out of FAPA, one to provide a referendum for any blackballed WLER, and another to allow members more time to pay their dues), four rehashes of BOONDOGGLE material, one petition (circulated by a Mr. Wilson "Robert" Tucker to deprive rich brown of his membership) and a partridge in a pear tree. :: FOCAL POINT regrets to inform you of the third, untimely death of Mr. Wilson "Robert" Tucker. Real Soon Now.



STOPDUPER! As we go to press, with all stencils typed, we learn that JEANETTE ROXANNE McCOMBS (8 lb. 10 oz.) was born to LARRY & CANDY McCOMBS at 1:08 A.M. on 22 May. Congratulations and...and... goshwowboyoboy (or do we mean girlogirl?!):

# DISCLAVE REPORT

At the outset, I should explain several things. First, my report on the Annual Open ESFA Meeting, several issues back, was entirely too harsh; several coincidental occurrences which seemed to add up to more than coincidences were actually only that. Second, spring-time seems to mellow me, and this report must be considered, in the end, fully as subjective as was the last. Third, I hugely enjoyed myself at this year's Disclave.

The Disclave began for me at about 3:00 pm, Friday afternoon, when we loaded my nine-passenger Greenbriar with eight staunch Fanoclasts and this week's APA-F mailing, and set forth in the rain for Washington, D.C. The trip was easily whiled away by various stfish and fannish games, and we arrived at the Wheaton Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge at about 9:00 that night. We found the Disclave posted in the lobby, and shortly thereafter pushed our way into the crowded room 527, where the official party was in progress.

Judging from the list of registrations which I saw later that night, the total attendance of the 'Clave was about 70 or 80; the room seemed packed with a good many more. We unfurled our New York in 1967 banner, and waved it feebly in the cigarette smoke, and then found ourselves individual pursuits, some of which included the pleasant pursuit of happiness.

I'm told the management of the hotel/motel (it had seven floors, plus lobby and lower lobby; that makes it a hotel in my book, even if it did have parking space scattered about it) changed only a week or two earlier. This change was apparently not a beneficial one for the Disclave; we were run out of the official party room soon after midnight, and when a group of us moved down to rich brown's room, the manager came by to ask us each for \$12.00 in room rent for the privilege. Somehow, Bob Madle talked the manager out of it by reminding him that this was, bighod, a convention, and what the hell!! But I left soon after, to find my way out to Virginia, to my parents home. Somehow I negotiated the way by beltway with my gas gauge registering a firm "empty."

I arrived back at the hotel Saturday afternoon a little after two, just in time for the opening of the program. The night before Banks Mebane had asked me if I'd give a talk of some sort, and I asked him if he had any ideas. "Talk about F&SF's slush pile," he said, and I agreed to. Then, a little later, while I was plying an attractive young girl with my hypnotic personality, Jack Chalker asked me if I'd like to be on a panel. "Well, Jack," I said. "Banks already asked me to appear on the program and give a talk, but I'd be delighted to appear on your panel too." He walked away with a rather bemused expression on his face.

Nearly everyone was introduced before the program started. I wish I could remember the exact order of events, but I cannot. I believe the first item was a brief and well done obituary for Don Ford by Stan Skirvin, and that Chalker's panel followed next. I may have the order reversed, but I don't think so. The panel consisted of Jack, Alan Howard, Dick Lupoff, Ben Jason (who was actively campaigning for the Tricon in '66), and me, and Jack opened it by quoting a put-down of Lovecraft and Merritt by Harry Harrison from the editorial of SF HORIZONS. The panel was dominated by the vague gloom of Lovecraft, but somehow managed to avoid its full eldritch horror. I delivered myself of some opinions on Lovecraft (I agreed with Harrison), Brian Aldis (whom I characterized as a writer of anti-science-fiction), and was otherwise my usual trenchant self. Dick Lupoff noted that the terms "good science fiction" and "lousy pulp trash" were synonymous, and that mainstream standards are not best applied to most sf. And in general I thought it was a moderately entertaining panel -- certainly as good as any which has been planned out at greater length in advance.

George Heap followed with about twenty minutes of stfish and fannish folk-songs, not all of which actually were. Without any personal disrespect to George, I find these things uniformly a bore, and often party-destroyers as well, and I took advantage of the opportunity to read the latest Marvel comics which I'd bought for Dave Van Arnam and myself earlier in the day.

My "talk" followed. A year or so ago I wrote a couple of columns for YANRO about my experiments as a slush-pile reader, and I'm afraid I'm one of those people who, once he has expressed himself satisfactorily on a sub-

by ted white



ject in print, is hard put to repeat himself well. I know my talk was pretty rambling and disjointed -- it was basically a collection of anecdotes spoiled once or twice by a bad memory -- and I'm glad it was taken as well as it was.

There was a break at this point, as I recall, and then Sam and Christine Moskowitz set up for another slide talk. This one was on the 35th Anniversary of ANALOG/ASTOUNDING, and either I am mellowing to an incredible extent, or Sam's talk was better than usual. I learned a number of new things from him that afternoon, and I enjoyed the session.

Rich brown, Dave Van Arnam and I ate dinner at the nearby Hot Shoppe, which is a sort of improved version of the Howard Johnson's place. Indeed, Dave swore he'd never again eat in a Howard Johnson's place if a Hot Shoppe was near by. I regarded this as an extreme reaction, but the food was moderately good and moderately priced.

The Saturday night party was scheduled for the program room in the lower lobby, rather than 527, because, as the manager put it, "You can make more noise down here." But nonetheless, promptly at 1:00 in the morning, we were all turned out to find our own gathering places as best we could.

I would like to use this space to immortalize a young Washington fan named Mary Kramer. When Ron Elik was in New York a couple of weeks earlier, I'd asked him if there were any attractive girls in the Washington group these days (there never were when I was a member), and he pretty well evaded a direct reply and implied that there weren't. But I found him out, when I discovered the attractive young Miss Kramer, and I devoted a fair amount of my (oh so honorable) attentions to her that evening. At one point a young male Washington fan sat down next to us and stared hard at us and then announced to me, "If you weren't such a neat guy, I wouldn't tolerate this!" This is perhaps the first time in my life anyone has ever called me a "neat guy," and I was much gassed.

When the party broke up, Elik appeared to drive Mary home, and I fell to wandering disconsolately down and up elevators. Then somehow we coalesced into a group comprised of Frank Diets, rich brown, Mike McInerney, Dave Van Arnam and Andy Porter, and we decided to go out and find a place to eat -- the local eating establishments having closed at midnight or one, or thereabouts. In the lobby we encountered Robin Postal, minus Fred Lerner, for once, in the company of Ron Bounds and a couple of other Baltimore fans whose names escape me. Cindy Heep joined us, and the eleven of us piled into my car and drove down to Silver Spring, where we found a diner which we crashed and partied in for the next hour. It was a convivial place, even if my chilli did look like something rather less appetizing.

We all returned to Andy Porter's room, with a vast air of camaraderie virtually making blood brothers of us competitors from Baltimore and New York, and we were having a fine time until a surly fellow from next door tried to knock our door down, ala the Harmon-Elison Incident, and, failing that, promised to "come in and clean all you guys up" if we didn't shut up. He had a point; it was after three in the morning. But he did not express himself too tactfully. Nonetheless, we moved up to 515, or somesuch, where things were still going strong when I left at four.

I had a Sunday dinner with my folks, and prowled around the family homestead for a while. The sun had come out at long last, and the trees were in full leaf. Birds sang and squirrels peered at me, and there were blooming flowers all over the place. It was a lovely day. I hated to leave. But at 3:00 in the afternoon, I pulled up at the hotel for a last time, loaded everyone aboard, and we set off on our return trip to NYC.

Barring the unpleasantness of the hotel management, I think this was one of the finest Disclaves I've attended, and I've attended them all since they were revived in 1958. My personal thanks to everyone in Washington group who made this con possible and worked on it; my special thanks to Banks Mebane, who seemed to be the official workhorse and scapegoat, and to Mary, for making a pleasant weekend even more pleasant by her company.

May there be many more Disclaves as well run and as enjoyable.

When Ron Elik was in New York a couple of weeks earlier, I'd asked him if there were any attractive girls in the Washington group these days (there never were when I was a member), and he pretty well evaded a direct reply and implied that there weren't. But I found him out, when I discovered the attractive young Miss Kramer, and I devoted a fair amount of my (oh so honorable) attentions to her that evening. At one point a young male Washington fan sat down next to us and stared hard at us and then announced to me, "If you weren't such a neat guy, I wouldn't tolerate this!" This is perhaps the first time in my life anyone has ever called me a "neat guy," and I was much gassed.

--Ted White, 1965

ANNE ASHE (R.D. 1, Freeville, New York) is looking for Extra-Terrestrial food references for a culinary dictionary-cum-cookbook she is compiling. For right now, she'd like reports to her of any E-T foods mentioned in books or magazines -- author, title, publisher, date and page numbers would also be helpful and appreciated. Anything this side of 1900 is ok. :: Ann is also the head of the NFFF Tape Bureau...we had some reason to mention that, only now we can't find our notes and can't remember what it is. owell.



focal point : five

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, Leland Sapiro's extension of the old INSIDE, will be printing a considerable portion of the Alexei Panshin book on Robert Heinlein. Sapiro first heard of the manuscript through our notice in Focal Point, and the next issue of Riverside Quarterly (#4) will begin the serialization of the book.

FRITZ LEIBER is writing a short book about fantasy and science fiction dealing rather thoroughly with some twelve to fifteen authors, primarily from the aspect of their literary craftsmanship. No publication date is set, but it will be published by the Southern Illinois University Press. ## GAMMA is evidently still alive, and Bill Nolan says the fifth issue is in the works, though the fourth can hardly be found on the stands. When asked who his distributor was, he replied, "He's called the Phantom." He later accused Roy Squires of being the Phantom, but it seems that Roy is merely working for a famous bookstore in these parts, The Red Barn, where he is buried in his element, burrowing and cataloging. We thank Focal Point Secret Spy Sam Russell for the above.

NEWSGABBLE: Ron Goulart is in the process of putting together an anthology of pulp detective stories taken from Black Mask, Dime Detective, etc., dating mostly from the 30's. It is being published by a Los Angeles outfit and should be out late this year. ## Lee Jacobs tells us that Ed Cox will be his technical advisor in putting together a tape for the Westercon Discotheque Costume Ball. They will not have any Mingus records. Lee also tells us that the Beatles will be appearing in New York on August 15, Toronto (17) Atlanta (18), Houston (19), Chicago (20), Minneapolis (21), Portland (22), Los Angeles (29 & 30) and San Francisco Aug 31. The second Beatle movie will open to coincide with the tour. ## Harriet Kolchak, 2330 N. Hancock St., Phila., Pa. 19133 is in charge of entertainment (not Programing) for this years Philcon and she would appreciate ideas for same. The party will be at her home, and she would like to set up folk singing in the garage, and possibly records in the house. If anyone else has any suggestions, send them to her. ## Progress Report #3 is out for the Westercon #18. Send your \$1 memberships to Rick Sneary, 5571 Belgrave Avenue, Garden Grove, California 92641. Guest of Honor is Frank Herbert, Kris Neville will be the luncheon toastmaster, and Ray Bradbury and Fritz Leiber will be giving major talks during the con. ## The Loncon Two will be held at the Mount Royal Hotel in London England from August 27-30, 1965. A US membership cost \$2 to Bill Evans, Box 86, Mount Ranier, Maryland. ## Ruth Berman tells us that Malacandra was the name for Mars in the C S Lewis trilogy. Earth is Thulcandra. ## The Final Ballots for the 1965 Hugo Awards have now been distributed. Nominations are: Best Novel: Davy by Pangborn; The Planet Buyer by Cordwainer Smith, The Wanderer by Fritz Leiber, The Whole Man by John Brunner, : Best Short Story: Little Dog Gone by Robert F. Young, Once A Cop by Rick Raphael, and Soldier Ask Not by Gordon R. Dickson. : Best Pro Magazine: Analog, Fantasy & Science Fiction, Galaxy, and Worlds Of If. : Best Fanzine, Double Bill, Yandro, and Zenith. : Best Artist, Emsh, Frazetta, Gaughan, and Schoenherr. : Best Publisher, Ace, Ballantine, Gallencz, and Pyramid. : BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION!!!! Seven Faces of Dr. Lao, and Dr. Strangelove.



focal point: six

vice was solemnly performed by Bob Shaw. Symbolically, it was not returned. Instead the last shuttlecock was picked up by John Berry and reverently removed to its final resting-place, a time capsule donated by Sadie Shaw. Also in the glass cylindrical 2-lb capsule were deposited a copy of The Enchanted Duplicator (first edition), some hyphens in printing-type used for Slant, a dollop of duplicating ink, James White's first bow tie (symbolizing the professional element in Irish Fandom) and signatures of the great fans and good friends who had stayed at Oblique House during the years, including Forry Ackerman; Chuck Harris, Lee Hoffman, Mel Ashworth, Ron Elik, Larry Shaw, Vince Clarke, Boyd Raeburn, Andy Young, Ken & Irene Potter, Ken & Pamela Bulmer, John Roles, Bea Mahaffey, Rory Faulkner, Evelyn Smith, Sid Birchby, Harry Turner, Sid Coleman, Steve Schultheis, and many others. The time capsule was then buried in the front lawn, underneath the cherry tree, in earth with which had been mingled the sacred soil of South Gate, donated by Rick Sneary. A fannish era had ended. Oblique House was at one with Ninevah, Tyre and 101 Wagner St., Savannah.

The Willises are now living in a wooden shack by the seaside, their furniture in storage, while negotiations proceed for the acquisition of a new stately home for Irish Fandom. Meanwhile they can be reached through their accomodation address -- 27 Clonlee Drive, Belfast 4, North Ireland.

COA:

Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, Minn. 55417 (as of 6/1)  
Burkhard Blum, 6 Frankfurt-1, Mertonstr. 28, Studentenhaus, Germany  
A/3c Wm. L. Bowers, Box B-4139 CMR #2, Sheppard AFB, Texas 76311  
Walter & Marion Breen, c/o Lester Merkin, 515 Madison Avenue, New

York City, 10017 (from the last week of June until mid-August)

Mike Domina, 11044 S. Tripp Ave, Oak Lawn, Ill. (as of 6/6)  
Richard Yngvi, 6500 Fort Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Virginia, 22307  
Arnie Ketz, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, NY 11043 (as of 5/23)  
Earl Kemp, 6623 Montezuma, San Diego, California 92115

Ken & Irene Potter, 4 Hartington St. Lancashire, England  
Charles Platt, 18E Fitzjohns Avenue, London NW 3, England  
Charles & Jane Wells, Math Dept, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio 44106 (as of 8/1)

Frank Wilimczyk, 438 West Broadway, Apt. 17, NYC, New York  
SKYRACK (6735¢ from Ron Bennett; u.s. of a. agent Robert Coulson, Rt. 3, Wabash, Indiana) is the fanzine of British fannish news; issues 78 and 79 are at hand and were particularly helpful in giving us items to ~~use~~ use in this issue of Focal Point. We recommend Skyrack heartily. (Ron's address is 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England and English subs are 2/6d for 6.)

Your last issue of FP is # P

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