

*Ethereal
Vibrations*



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((Or, if your sense of humor is as pawky as mine has been known to be, that first paragraph might be paraphrased to read: Ethereal Vibrations, Volume So-and-so, Number Whatsit, Whole Number Who-gives-a-damn? Etc., etc., yack, vack, blah, blah, blah, and so forth. But, having taken it upon myself to devote one of the earlier issues to copyrighting, I feel morally required to continue using the proper colophon/logotype at the beginning of each of these endeavours at poetic purple prose.))

Well, it's now six months since last I set finger to typer to do one of these, and the universe has made several adjustments in that time. Some of these adjustments have contributed to my delinquency from your esteemed company; for this, I am truly sorry and repentant. But, to explain-----

As you may recall from EV7 (last October's mailing), I lost my position at Schottenstein's rather abruptly upon my return from DisConII. Suffice it to say that I spent a total of 12 weeks pounding the pavements seeking employment before landing a new job. I can sincerely say that I cannot recommend collecting unemployment cheques as a means of support and survival. The whole process is degrading and dehumanizing, though perhaps not deliberately nor consciously so. At best, however, it was a sterling example of beaureaucracy at it's finest and most autocratic, bustling meaninglessly to and fro, summoning first one and then another hapless wight, machine-gunning a few uncaring questions, slapping down a record book and a bored, interminable "Next!" I will admit that unemployment services are a vast improvement over the earlier societal method of letting those unfortunate enough to find themselves without visible means of support either starve or find sustenance in the local lock-up or at the hands of an equally paternal "charity", but there must be a better manner of handling these functions; one that does not reduce the supplicant to the status of a real numerical entity fit only for grist in the mill.

Another parenthetical note, if you will. It has been my only source of joy since the "Big S" decided to dispense with my services to hear that the department I formerly ran has been on an asymptotically descending slope towards disintegration. I was asked to resign on the ground that a cut in personnel expenditures was mandated by the state of the economy and the company's projections of anticipated sales versus internal expenses; however, the corollary truism that some expenses must be incurred to realize any sales at all was seemingly ignored by the powers that be. So they "fired" me and hired a couple of dunces whose interest in photography was strong, but whose ideas of money flow, invoice discounts, inventory levels, gross and net rate of return on investment and so forth was nil. The result? These two clowns (with whom I remain fairly friendly) have bought merchandise to suit their own personal ideas of what's neat, photographically speaking, and have decreased thair inventory turn from about 2.5 to less than 2. (2.75 to 4 is considered normal in the industry.) I am waiting, with ill-concealed glee, for the other boot to fall and for Schottenstein's corporate management to decide to cut their losses and close the department.

OK - enough of that. I am now an employee of F.W.Woolworth Company at Woolco Department Store 6002. My position? Retail photographic clerk. The title isn't nearly as exalted as it once was, and I work about 50% longer hours for the same paycheck, and there's no employee discount, and I have to punch a timeclock (which I HATE!), and I'd forgotten how pigheaded a really big organization can be when it comes to cherished little trifles like forms and the proper procedure for completing them, but there are compensations. The store is physically much cleaner than the "Big S" was, and my clientele is somewhat more intelligent overall. (Only somewhat, though - I still get the yo-yo wanting "fillum and b'ubs" for his "Kodak Polaroid Insteramatic Land camara" ((That's sometimes pronounced "Podalaide"))) (((Gee - there's a consumer to whom brand names and trademarks and the advertising thereof is a matter of supreme indifference. The MadAve boys whose specialty is product identification campaigns would do well to make a case study of one or more of these types to see what would make an impact.))), and waiting upon one of said numbskulls can be a real test of a salesman's ingenuity and patience.)

At any rate, I doubt if I'll get to do much conventioning this year. I work until 2200 on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights and this does tend to make the average weekend con a bit difficult. I did manage to make all of Marcon 10, but only because my boss took his vacation at the same time and I was able to juggle the scheduling to get the weekend free. This was the first time in two years that I'd been able to attend all of my own regional, and it most certainly was nice. Unless I get real lucky I won't be able to make Midwestcon or Octacon or anything else this year. Oh, well - it beats starving in the gutters.

Lessee - what else might be of consuming interest to all of you? Uhm, humm, ah, er, I see - nothing. In which case, on to the mailing comments on SAPS MAILINGS 109 and 110. Comments on Marcon X may follow this.....

I'll do 110 first, since it's the most recent, then anyone I might have missed will get commented on from 109.

SPECTATOR 110: No, Doreen, your move to Phoenix didn't upset my SAPS
WEBBERT schedule - other factors mentioned above did. By the way - my two dollar cheque for renewal dues is enclosed with this package to keep me at least monetarily moral. I've been meaning to ask: how does SAPS determine volume and number? Volume 22, number 19 really doesn't divide into 110 very evenly - or am I possibly (probably?) missing the point of the joke? I have been known to do this from time to time in the past, when my own pompous pedantry has gotten in its own way. How was the Leprecon? Maybe Cele can give you some tips on running an A-M 85 press simply and easily; it's what she trained on at Columbus Mutual. (Yep - this comment is in re FINALLY!)

WHEREIN WE PRE- Hell - I have the feeling that typing your SAPS title
DICT THE TRIUMPH for this mailing may take more lineage than typing the
OF ORDER OVER comments themselves. We'll see how much padding it
CHAOS: takes to make this come out even. I have just received
FRIERSON the Baring-Gould THE ANNOTATED SHERLOCK HOLMES
from the Literary Guild Book Club (list price is \$30,
and the Guild is selling the set, less slip-cover, for \$18.52 including shipping charges. For \$11, I can live sans slip-cover. If any of

parencies in a couple or five slide projectors. Prints on the wall are, as I've mentioned, awfully expensive, and slides would require that the room be manned by a competent projectionist all the time. I qualify, but I think I just might want to do something else during the con, and volunteers for that sort of job are scarce, to say the least. If any of you have a workable suggestion, I would really appreciate hearing from you about it. Columbus had originally planned to use fifty years of SF as the theme around which we would have constructed Tricon II, meaning that I would have felt justified in devoting a majority of the space and a certain amount of convention money to the project. I still think that 1976 is the best year for the project (50 years of SF and the 200th anniversary of the US are a juxtaposition that doesn't recur all that often; I don't really expect to be alive in 2076!), but I also don't feel like telling Ken Keller how he should program his convention.

The second point is that Columbus convention fandom seems to be a remarkable resilient bunch. We lost our first Worldcon bid at Baycon in 1968; at St. Louiscon the next year, most of the bidding committee pitched in and helped Ray and Joyce Fisher with their con (except me - I was newly engaged at the time and too busy enjoying the fruits of love to pay much heed to other happenings). We made, and lost, our second, and probably last, Worldcon bid at Washington in 1974 and guess what? Most of the bidding committee (including me, this time) is going to be helping KC with their con. Having heard my share of the tales told in smuffing sessions about the horrid grudges carried by years by some of the earlier bidding committees, I begin to wonder what's wrong with us - we don't seem to be able to hold a proper grudge against those who beat us. As I said before, I'm responsible at this point for a large exhibit and am also going to serve as recording secretary (read "searcher of Robert's Rules for the exact way of shutting that windbag up") for the business sessions at MAC. Bob Hillis is Presiding Officer for the same business sessions. Ross Pavlac has been asked to help with film programming and traffic control and to organize some computer-oriented programming for MidAmeriCon. And so forth. I certainly hope that this is the beginning of a trend - fandom does not have all that many competent detail-freaks in it, those who delight in creating and running a smoothly-flowing con and staying out of the way of its intended functioning, and those of us who are competent should stick together and help whoever gets stuck with a major convention for the good of all fandom. We (meaning assembled fandom) are the largest convention-going body who doesn't have a paid full-time professional staff to organize and give continuity to our annual ~~disasters~~ gatherings, and we're awfully goddamn lucky that we haven't come a hell of a cropper and gotten all our collective asses haled into court at some of the past Worldcons. What I'm getting at is that fandom had better begin to cohere more than it has done in the past in the matter of running Worldcons (which are now becoming a matter of public record, what with our discovery by the mass media) and winners and losers both are (or should) going to have to help each other out more than we have done if we are not to wind up with a paid, professional full-time convention staff. (I'm available for consideration, though, if someone is looking for a member of said staff). End of sermonizing. Back to the MC's.

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INVID-11: Hi, Guy. I don't agree entirely with you abou who lost the 76
LILLIAN Worldcon. Sure, we were the conspicuous losers at DisCon, but
the more I think about it, the more I feel that KC really did
want the damn thing. I rather regret that they tended to imply that their

main hotel would hold the entire con after we'd made a point of being relatively honest for a bidding committee and admitting that the Worldcon would no longer fit into one hotel except in perhaps four cities in the whole country (New York, DC, Chicago and maybe LA). But I really blame most of the confusion on the balloting and voting mess that a couple of fen whom I won't name got us all into. I do think you have a valid point on the size of the con, though. Way back at Tricon, Baycon or even St. Louiscon, I felt that I knew either by sight and/or by name a significant portion of the fen I found wandering about the hotel. I missed Noreascon, Torcon and LACon, so DisCon II was rather much of a shock. I don't suppose that, in the aggregate, I knew more than two or three of every hundred fen who came up the escalator from the meeting rooms. And this was the first con where I made so few new friends/acquaintances that I can number them. Everyone I wanted to see, it seemed, was neatly buried beneath an insulating layer of umpty-damn fen I couldn't care less about. I hope MAC is better, but I doubt it - I'll be on the committee, and even their most optimistic estimates are for a con of around 4000 or better. Oh, for the days of a Worldcon of 1700 or so. One nice thing, the better regionals are growing also, and more of the regular fen are attending more of them, so in time maybe they'll tend to take the place of the Worldcon. But I hear that this year's Balticon had 500 (!!!!!) pre-registrees, and that is getting out of hand for a regional.

SPACEWARP 110: Here's one interested reader of your SAPS history, Art. I suppose it's an odd psychological quirk of mine, but I have a deep and abiding fascination for what went on before my time, either in the real (?) world, or in its various subsegments. Please to continue.

TANDSTIKKERZEITUNG 8: Guilty, My Lord! Rereading my comments above in this issue of EV, I realize that I've made most of the remarks that you referred to. However, I'm not sure that your solution is the one I'm partial to. I rather think I like the Linda Bushyager answer better: severely restrict the attendance at the presently established Worldcon. I've nothing against you starting another regional con, if you like and are nuts enough to want to do so, but I also feel very strongly about giving up our (yes, our, dammit!) convention to Trekkies and SCAers and off-the-streeters. I'm not a trufaan; most of my acquaintances would accurately describe my (albeit perhaps sans malice) as sercon. Even, so, I still feel that it's my Worldcon, and yours, and that of all the rest of us who exist in more-or-less organized "national fandom". That, by the way, is a phrase I've coined to signify a fan who has some sort of activity, interests or at least contacts outside his own city/area of residence of the present. I think it a good one. If the Trekkies and the others wish to participate in the Worldcon, they should do so on our terms. If that requires the establishment of previous activity criteria, so be it. I can meet any reasonable rule, so can all of my fannish friends, so can all of the fan I'd wish to talk with/dring with/etc. at a Worldcon. I have nothing against neofen (it's only nine years since I was one, myself), so long as they're SF neofen, and interested in something other than Harlan's autograph or Heinlein's social commentary. I don't go to a Worldcon to get laid, or stoned, or plastered - I go to talk with people I don't often see, and with whom I've something in common. Therefore, I personally wouldn't miss the SCAers, Trekkies et al in the least. This may be rather a harsh judgment, but it's the way I see it. I wish you good luck

STIKKER: with the World Faan Convention, and I hope it's everything you (cont'd) want it to be, but I think you're attacking the symptoms, not the disease. But then, I'm quite sure you don't agree.

##A comment on your lettercolumn: I knew Darroll Pardoe fairly well when he was working at OSU; he joined the local fandom for a spell and both he and I were members of/intersted in the Ohio Railway Museum here in Columbus. Since I'm a lousy correspondent, I hope Darrol gets a chance to see this little note. Funny, though, he never once mentioned chloro-forming roaches (or wasps...) all the time he was here. Perhaps he just thought of it as a necessity for dealing with a strange Yankee denizen?##

BAGARTHACH 14: Oh, hell, Don, weren't you there even in spirit (s)? I MARKSTEIN apologise for meeting you, then, and reserve the pleasure for another time when we are both present in the flesh.

Yeah. Come to think of it, what about BayCon? Remember that SF walked in literally at the last minute, gave one hell of a whizz-bang presentation that swayed a lot of votes, and went home with the con. I doubt if they spent more than a couple of hundred on their entire bid. Now, name me one recent protest bid that a) amounted to a serious effort and b) successfully conveyed its protest. Chalker's Bermuda in 70 bid was an exercise in bad taste. Highmore in 76 was (I most sincerely hope) a spoof. BayCon won, and left us in the beautiful Hotel Clermont with all the little old ladies and the rivets sticking out of the inside of the fire-escape chutes. I maintain that my comment is true - protest bids are a waste of the Worldcon's time, and should be permanently disallowed. Note that I do not class a rescue bid with a protest bid. Some years, a rescue bid is the only way left. While we're on the subject, I still feel that the entire consite voting and presentation is a futile waste of time under the current voting rules. My suggestion (with credit to Bob Hillis) is to announce the winner of the con site balloting at some point during the business session, pass the gavel with the appropriate ceremony, and have done with it. By the way, legally, the entire Worldcon, from opening gavel to closing remarks, is one business session with announced recesses. Which further invalidates the notion of a requirement for a separate session to consider the site selection bids.

LETTA 2: No, Rusty, my dislike of the current national speed limit and my HEVELIN desire to occasionally be a cop are not signs of incipient paranoia or schizophrenia. What I meant by wishing I was a cop at times was that I'd like to be able to arrest the jerk who thinks 55 in a 25 zone or 40 in a school zone is a neat way of demonstrating his masculinity; or the lady who makes her left turns from the curb lane; or the dolt who thinks the fast lane of the freeway is for reading the Sunday paper at 20. I totally disagree with the theory that catching those of us who drive safe cars at speeds we consider reasonable and proper (and no, I've never tried to see if I could get the Corvette to do 150 on a public road - I know it will, because I've done it on a race course where it's safe, but I have no desire to flaunt my ability to make an ass of myself in front of a Midwestern magistrate.) is any sane method of making the roads safer for all, or decreasing the highway death rate. ## You misread me when I griped about having to work on my current cars. I like cars; consider myself an auto freak, in fact. What I probably should have said was that I had made several serious errors of judgment in purchasing previous junkers in hopes of saving a few bucks on the purchase price. I like driving, and I enjoy working on interesting automotive machinery. Perhaps my gripe is more with the things that fail (seems that man could devise a fan belt that'll go more than 20000 miles and sell it for a reasonable price, for example) rather than with mechanical

failures in general. For instance, I find routine maintenance totally uninteresting; it has to be done, but there's no challenge in it. On the other hand, rebuilding a carburetor and finding that the damn thing did work better when I was finished with it was one of the more entertaining weekends I've spent. I suppose it depends on how you approach it. I'll probably keep my 67 Corvette as long as GM makes parts available for it, and keep on tinkering with it all the time. On the other hand, doing the same to Cele's car doesn't do much for me. ## You're right, I thought the Highmore bid was a serious protest bid, not a farce. Remember, some of us lead sheltered lives here and are not necessarily au courant with the rumors and in-group jokes that are convulsing the east coast. ## I certainly agree that fandom can find an impartial group of ballot counters for the consite selection at MAC. I'll even volunteer, and I have no axe to grind for or against any of the 1978 bidders.

POR QUE? 65: OK, Doreen. The banner that was stolen at DisCon was, in fact, two banners. We had, with permission, posted one above the escalator going down to the meeting rooms at the Sheraton Park, and the other at the bend in the escalators going down from that floor to the art/huckster areas. One banner was the work of the Terran League (the OSU sf club); the other was borrowed from the Columbus Convention Bureau. Both were stolen. The Terran Leaguers were pissed, sure, but understanding in the end. The ConBureau, not being composed of fans, were a little less understanding. Their banner was a professional work about three feet high and five feet wide, and must have cost them quite a fair sum. They've never (yet) asked us to pay for it, but it does make going in and asking for futher favors rather impossible. On top of the harm it does me, as Chairman of the bid, it most certainly does nothing to enhance the reputation of fandom in the eyes of those mundane groups with whom we have to deal in the convention business. The thing that makes me maddest, I suppose, is that there could have been no logical reason for purloining those banners - neither of them was what you'd call suitable for a blanket, and neither of them was anything I'd care to decorate my living room with. The only reason for their theft that I can find, then, is pure spite and malice. I don't know who took them, nor, at this late date, do I really care. I just hoped that fandom had outgrown that sort of juvenile pranksterism/vandalism. I guess not. I really appreciate the concern shown by Dick Eney and the MidAmeriCon Committee in this matter, but I would most hope that fandom will, someday soon, learn that this is a small world, and that the general tolerance for childish hijinks of this sort is exceedingly small. As I said earlier, we are now in the public eye, especially at Worldcons, and the sort of "fen" who steal banners, or sets off fire extinguishers in the hotel corridors is the sort of "fen" who are likely to make us completely unwelcome in the hotel industry. Fandom, by and large, has had a very good reputation as far as respecting hotel property goes, but it only takes a few incidents like those mentioned to ruin that reputation irreparably and permanently. Gang, those of you who aren't involved in organizing a regional or Worldcon have no idea how hard it can be for some groups to ever get bookings in a decent hotel, let alone any concessions from the management, no matter how big your function is. Some well-known conventions are required to post a deposit of several thousand dollars just to cover anticipated damage to the hotel and its contents. We most certainly cannot afford to do this, but if we ever get the reputation for being vandals, god help us all. The hotel industry maintains a large, fat, voluminous set of records on all recurring conventions with some sort of identity; if I want info on Lou Tabakow's Midwestcon, all I need do is ask the Sheraton or the Neil House what's in

the master convention file under that heading. I can find out the number of sleeping rooms booked, the size of the meeting areas used, the hotel's guess (usually within five percent) of the number of total attendees and, if I ask nicely, the reputation and record of the sponsor for paying his hotel bills on time. And, of course, any complaints and the hotel's impression of the con. Any con chairman can get this, if he can convince his hotel's sales manager that he has some valid purpose in inquiring. Anything out of the ordinary goes in that file, and any other hotel who wants to inquire has access to it. So, if Joe Neo decides to through his room's color tv out the window in a fit of drunken enthusiasm, it goes in the record as having happened during a given convention in a room blocked to a member of that convention. Obviously, no sane hotel manager is going to be ecstatic over having a group whose members are prone to that sort of thing come back again, and the word spreads. Oh, well, I didn't mean to go on this long, but this is obviously something I feel strongly about.

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This is the first time, if memory serves me right, that EV has gone over the minac mark. Many thanks to all of you who provided those neat comment hooks in the 110th, and my apologies to those of you I missed. But this is being typed at 0100 on the 30th of March, and Cele is glaring sleepily at me and wondering if I'm going to try for a new record at the typer. And I still have a copy of the Marcon X registration list to make up for Ro Nagey for the master Midwestern conventioners mailing list that he and Ross Pavlac are working on so all of us who throw cons in the area can contact all the potential attendees.

A very brief Marcon report. Attendance: 275. Banquet: 76. We actually made enough money to pay all the bills without Hillis or myself having to help. I finally got to enjoy a Marcon, and I wish all of you could have made it. SAPS at Marcon, other than myself: Howard DeVore, Wally Stoelting, Rusty Hevelin, Mike Lalor; missing that I really expected to see were Roger Bryant, Ken Budka, Jack Chalker, Roger Sims. The programming at Marcon was excellent - much fuller than normal. We had a premiere of DARK STAR and SHANKS, both in 35mm in a real, live theatre less than a block from the hotel (and these were private screenings to about 150 Marcon members, for free).

Marcon XI is already being worked on. The Guest of Honor is Joe Haldeman, the dates are 19-21 March 1975, and the location is the Neil House Motor Hotel, 41 South High Street, Columbus 43215. If any of you are interested in Marcon and haven't attended recently, drop me a card for inclusion in my convention mailing file. Marcon XI will have another film premiere in the same theatre, and other fascinating program items will be made public as they're finalized. I'd like to see all 30 SAPS V.P.s at the next one.

Larry