

'T' H E W S F A J O U R N A L

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In brief --

This issue of the JOURNAL is unique in many ways, principally in that, except for these editor's notes on the first page, and the colophon also (for the first and, hopefully, last time) on the front page, only one item appears within -- Jay Kay Klein's report on NYCON 3 -- a long and full report on a long and full worldcon. We shall remark on his report in TWJ #49, and hope our readers will do likewise. His report appears in full, except for an odd word trimmed off here and there to save a couple of lines of space, and two short paragraphs (about 100 words in all) omitted near the end of the report, describing what happened between the time Jay paid his hotel bill and took a limousine for the airport (mostly about camera repairs), which we lopped off to get the report into the allotted space. In all, Jay said there were about 15,000 words in his report. Hmmm....

We would like to apologize to Jay and our readers for the rather strange pattern of paragraph indentation which appears on the first three pages of Jay's report; we had just finished typing a long article using five-space indentation when we started Jay's report, and our fingers took some time to adjust to the zero-space indentation we wished to use for the report. We hope it isn't too distracting.

While we are apologizing, we would like to apologize to another Jay -- Jay Halde- man. We were planning to thank him for the fine job he did subbing for us as TWJ editor while we were overseas, in issue #47. When we read issue #47 through the day after we had run it off and distributed it, we discovered that we had forgotten to thank Jay -- an unforgivable error. We therefore thank him now, in all sincerity; Jay, thank you for a job well done.

To compound our forgetfulness, however, we also printed a couple of too-abrupt explanations in issue #47, which sounded as if we were being critical of Jay's editorship; we refer you to ODDS AND ENDS, on page 26. Let us elaborate a bit more here on these explanations. Principally, these problems were caused by problems in communication -- we were overseas or in Florida most of the time Jay was editor, and problems with the mailing-list (the reason for the incomplete mailing of #45 -- Jay didn't have the subscribers' addresses) and the like couldn't be solved until our return. Number 46 was put out in one day because of the emergency generated by the sudden change in WSFA's meeting place; the missing page one's were a result of the haste surrounding the supreme effort of getting an issue out in one day; the non-use of the Sept. Ace announcements was because of the limited size of the issue. We hope that these more detailed explanations clear things up -- we certainly were not intending to sound critical of Jay, who, as the two issues of TWJ he put out show, is an excellent editor (which is further attested to by his humorzine, TAPWORM).

The JOURNAL is published monthly. Sub rates are 5/\$1, 12/\$2, or 20/\$3.25; individual copy prices vary. Persons subbing at the \$2 or \$3.25 rates may, at their option, be Corresponding members of WSFA for one year. For club exchanges, back issues, and advertising rates, write the editor. Deadline for material for issue #49, Nov. 3; for issue #50, Dec. 1. Address code: L, Life member; M, Regular member; N, you are mentioned in this issue; P, Corresponding member; R, for review; S, Sample; W, Subscriber; X, last issue, unless....

Don Miller

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NYCON 3 REPORT
by Jay Kay Klein

My cab from the airport arrived at the New York Statler Hilton at 3:15 p.m., Thursday, August 31. I wasn't to leave until Tuesday afternoon. The first person I saw inside was Mary Young. She looked fine.

I paused briefly at my assigned room. It was pretty obviously a "convention special". It was just large enough that I didn't complain to the management. It was just as well, since I found nearly everyone else had received similar quarters. Usually, a hotel has a few small rooms, and the early arrivals get stuck with them. The Statler Hilton apparently had an endless supply.

Hurriedly, I readied my camera equipment. The gadget bag slung over my shoulder weighed 11 pounds. I was equipped with two Leicas and a set of lenses from 21mm to 135mm. This was pretty hard on my shoulder, and, by the end of the second day, it was ready to go back to Syracuse without me. Things weren't helped by the new shoes, which were rather hard on my feet. By the end of the con, they were broken in. That is, my feet were broken in.

From my room on the eleventh floor, I took an elevator down to the mezzanine, where registration was supposed to be taking place. Actually, there were a lot of people standing in line for a couple of hours waiting for registration to begin. The first person to greet me was Jack Gaughan, who startled me with the information that he had just finished illustrating my story for IF. I told him I was pleased Fred Pohl had put his top artist on this. Actually, I found out later that Associate Editor Judy-Lynn Benjamin had made the assignment. At any rate, the story will have something memorable about it -- an illustration by Jack Gaughan.

Ed and Leigh Hamilton were there, and we continued the conversation we had started at the Midwestcon. My number one convention-report fan Larry Smith was around, too, along with Banks Mebane and other equally famous persons. After a while, Banks and I went to his room for a drink. We waited at the elevator, in the company of Harlan Ellison, Norman Spinrad, and John Brunner. After 15 minutes, Harlan was getting a little impatient. This was our first indication that elevator service was not good. We were to get that message time and again during the convention.

Eventually, Banks and I had that drink, and made our way through the elevator system to the ground. I ran into Ben and Mary Jason. I was also greeted by Fred and Carol Pohl, who introduced me to their teen-age daughter, at her first convention. The hotel lobby was fast becoming packed with conventioners.

Back at the mezzanine, I noted that registration still hadn't started. Harry Warner came over and modestly introduced himself -- though I would have known the Hermit of Hagerstown anywhere. He staggered me by complimenting my con reports in WSFA JOURNAL, saying he now thinks of me more as a writer than as a photographer. He said he likes my "folksy" style. (Folksy style? I thought I was writing high comedy.)

I said hello to Lou Tabakow, and then was attracted to Joni Stopa, who is much more attractive than Lou. Cory Seidman was there with a wooden hoop, and I squeezed into line between her and Charlie Brown. I told Cory that she was looking lovely. Seeing Marsha Brown's hurt look look, I quickly added that Marsha was looking lovely, too. Naturally, I felt compelled to extend the compliment to Joni Stopa and Sheila Elkin. In fact, I had gone so far, I was unable to stop and even said this to Charlie Brown. I was about to repeat this to Harlan Ellison, who was standing there with us, when I observed his battered nose, puffy lips, and two black eyes. The words "you look lovely" stuck in my throat, and were superseded by, "You don't look so good."

From the look on Harlan's face, I realized I'd committed a faux pas. He was about to devastate me with a retort normally reserved for the likes of Frank Sinatra or Hilton headwaiters. I was thankful to see him shift gears in mid-attack, obviously realizing that, after all, I was just a simple-minded fan. He contented himself with a mild, "Screw you, Jay Kay."

Harlan had been at the annual Milford Science Fiction Writer's Conference, held the week before the worldcon. In a bar, he had run into a group of obnoxious young toughs. In Harlan's own words, "Having more bravery than brains, I said, 'One at a time? Or all at once?'" Fortunately, Harlan only had to take on the leader. Though Harlan didn't say, I assume his opponent was larger and heavier -- a safe assumption. Harlan stated he made a mistake by "fighting fair" instead of kicking the guy in the kneecap and cutting him down to size with some judo chops. At any rate, they traded punches, with neither person able to knock out the other. However, Harlan says his own injuries were trivial compared to the other guy, who wound up in the hospital and under arrest.

Harlan was the only writer from the Milford Conference sporting injuries. The others contented themselves with buttons saying "Milford Mafia". The name refers to the tag given the organizers of the conference, such as Judy Merrill and Damon Knight, who supposedly control science-fiction criticism. At the worldcon itself, Harlan was slapped with legal papers. Judy Merrill is suing him.

After registering, Banks Mebane, the Lee Couches, and I went across the street to a combination delicatessen/bar. The meals were inexpensive and tasty. The Couches, from Arnold, Missouri, had never encountered pastrami before, but tried it on our recommendations, especially since we also ordered it. They were entranced by the strange, exotic flavor.

Back at the registration line, the concom was doing a land-office business. Gene Roddenberry and his wife signed up, along with Jack Williamson. I was startled to run into Rick Newman, whom I had met at the Tricon. He is a fan and a motion picture publicist fortunate enough to have worked last year on Isaac Asimov's Fantastic Voyage, followed this year by Arthur Clarke's Year 2001. Also on hand were both Jim and Anne Ashe, not to mention Dave and Ruth Kyle -- all members of the Syracon bidder's concom. The rest of our crew showed up the next day -- George and Sharon Heap, and Dick Wilson.

The Huckster's Room was already in business, with old and expensive magazines laid out for sale. Naturally, the oldest magazines were purveyed by Bob Madle, who rarely reads anything more recent than January, 1937. He was behind a stack of ancient WONDER STORIES, with such newer items as ASTONISHING STORIES placed discreetly to one side. Jack Williamson and Ed Hamilton wandered over, astounded to find so many of their own stories featured in the magazines Bob was peddling. In fact, Ed brought Jack's attention to one mid-30's story and reminded him that its proceeds had financed Jack's share of a trip the two of them had taken together.

The number of persons present early on Thursday was a portent of the huge attendance expected. I realized that I couldn't possibly do what I've tried previously: photograph everyone at least once. Besides, I was getting a little tired -- I was months behind already on the picture memory book for the Tricon. Conventioneers were continually asking me when it would be ready. I told everyone I was still working on the CONVENTION ANNUAL NO. 4 -- Tricon Edition, and it would be ready in a few more months.

When this is completed, I will start the Nycon 3 CONVENTION ANNUAL. I took over 1,000 photos at the Tricon, and am placing 433 of them in the picture book. I only took 604 photos at the Nycon 3, and the book may be a bit smaller.

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A total of about 1,5000 persons registered at the Nycon 3, the largest number at any worldcon. The Nycon 2, in 1956, had about 1,000. Persons I hadn't seen in many years appeared at the Statler Hilton. In fact, there were so many old friends, I hardly had time enough to exchange a few words with all of them, let alone have long talks with them. As I think about it now, I wish I had been able to spend more time with a whole lot of people.

The smaller conventions are more fun, I think. The 1960 Pittcon seemed just about right, with 450 attending. One problem with the larger conventions is that the hotel rooms are about the same size for all conventions. Yet the number of persons who try to fit into these rooms at parties increases as the attendance increases. Nor do the number of available parties increase in proportion to the attendance. The fans who attend many conventions and usually hold parties are swamped by those who are at their first convention.

The Nycon 3 had the most overcrowded parties I've ever seen. There were many that were actually impossible to enter, with more fans outside in the corridors than inside in the rooms. The Nyconcom did not make arrangements for bidders' parties, unlike the past several concons. They explained that they felt unhappy themselves over having been obliged to lay out so much money while bidding the past two years, and thought the practice should stop -- or, at least, pressure should cease on bidders to hold convention-wide parties. Unfortunately, bidders generally wish to hold parties, anyway.

At the Nycon 3, Los Angeles, Berkeley, Ohio, and St. Louis held parties. Since prior arrangements had not been made with the hotel to provide no-charge party rooms, the bidders found they had to rely on regular suites. Although they did try to limit attendance in many cases to convention regulars, this pretty well broke down against the hordes that descended. Watching this, I was thankful the Syracon parties had been held in large party rooms arranged by previous concons. Nor do I regret the cost. I've been a recipient of many kindnesses at other parties, and feel I owe a party every now and then. I know the other Syracon committee members think the same way.

At any rate, the first evening's parties were a taste of what was to come. I went to a half-dozen, including a gathering of Canadian fandom. There were quite a few fans from across the undefended border, and I wouldn't be surprised if they put in a bid a few years from now. Canadienne Maureen Bourns was putting the finishing touches on a transparent dress for the Fashion Show. The material was plastic and very difficult to work, as well as very uncomfortable. Bjo Trimble dropped by, saw the dress, and gasped. She said she had told the Fashion Show committee this dress was to be done in translucent nylon, and to avoid plastic. Bjo suggested chopping holes in the plastic -- it was steaming up inside. I didn't make a very big night of it, but relaxed and took only a few pictures -- I was reserving my energy for other nights ahead.

Friday morning the mezzanine registration was booming. I particularly remember greeting Harry Harrison, Jo Ann Tournier, Lester and Ev del Rey, and Bob and Barbara Silverberg. Also saw Ed Wood in the custody of wife Jo Ann. At 11:30 a.m. the convention was formally begun. This was a day earlier than most worldcons, though not without precedent.

John Boardman made the opening incantation, dressed in a Middle-Ages wizard's costume, conical hat, Mike McInerney beard and all. He actually used a printed book, and chanted magical formulae while drawing circles, pentagrams, and other devices. He conjured at great length, citing innumerable, interminable Names of Power. Finally, he looked up expectantly, and a tiny Boardman tot dressed in a little red

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devil costume walked into the magic circle reserved for demons. The tiny resulting demon after all the tremendous effort expended was riotously comical, like something out of UNKNOWN. While all this was going on, Canadian fandom, led by Mike Glicksohn, unfurled maple leaf flags from the auditorium balcony.

Co-chairmen Dave Van Arnam and Ted White produced the long-lost gavel, yclept Hammer of Jason, and opened the convention. The first order of business was the Introduction of Notables. It started off badly, with the first dozen persons cited not present. After all, it was just barely noon. Late-rising celebrities are eating breakfast. Early-rising celebrities are in the bar. Not everyone lives sensibly like Hal Clement.

Fortunately, quite a few celebrities were on hand to be introduced, not the least of whom was the guest of honor Lester del Rey. Indeed, there were nearly as many celebrities, of various degrees of celebration, as there were demons named by John Boardman. Ted White even called me to the attention of the audience, and I received a polite patter of hands from those who didn't know me.

To my stunned amazement, Jack Gaughan stood up and said I should take another bow: "Jay Kay's sold his first story." I had enough presence of mind to announce, "And Jack Gaughan's illustrating it." Someone asked loudly, "Who'd you sell it to?" I replied, "Fred Pohl."

At that, Fred said, "Who? Me? What?" I thought he was wisely going to deny the whole thing, but it turned out he was trying to follow events while someone was talking into one ear. When he heard his name, Fred thought he was being called on. It was all very amusing, but I lived through it anyway. As a result of this publicity, I was asked for three more autographs than at any previous convention. I was asked for three autographs. On the open market, sixteen Klein autographs can be traded for one Saberhagen.

The Introduction went very rapidly and, at 12:15, the scheduled 1:00 p.m. event began. I believe this is one of the few times in all history that a convention program has been that far ahead of schedule. Also different this year was the lack of the traditional panels. In their place, a series of two-man dialogues were used. This was a laudable attempt to inject a fresh note into worldcons. I'm not sure that the result was a complete success. The auditorium was very seldom well attended, even with the large number of persons available.

What was needed, I think, was a mixture of panels, dialogues, interviews, addresses, entertainment, and some experimental programming. For instance, I like the idea of one panel in which a panelist retires every ten minutes, and he appoints a new panelist from the audience to take his place. With free beer for the panelists! (I volunteer my services.)

The first dialogue starred Dick Lupoff and Terry Carr: "Fans Turned Pro -- Or, Is Fandom a Stepping-Stone?" I will spare the readers my usual rundown on what was said in the formal programs. I'm not physically able to act as a reporter for the very many, long events of a giant worldcon over a period of several days. However, everything was recorded, and may very well be brought out as a PROCEEDINGS book. At least, Ted White asked me if I would provide photos for one. He indicated the publication depended on the final financial status of the convention.

While the program was going on, most conventioners were registering, in the NFFF Hospitality Room, in the Art Show, in the Huckster's room, or merely milling around in the foyer, talking. The acoustics in the auditorium were poor, and arms-master Elliott Shorter stood guard at the doors to keep them shut.

As usual, Bjo and John Trimble were in charge of the art show. Harry Stubbs helped set it up. Paul Herkart took a complete set of color slides, covering each entry. He will duplicate these slides and make all or part available to interested fans. He has done this for previous conventions, too. Paul's address: 25 Palmer Sq., W., Princeton, N.J. Also as usual, there was the customary theft from the art show. It was announced on Friday that a Dave Prosser painting had been stolen.

The program was wildly ahead of schedule, and Ted Johnstone/Dave McDaniel was asked to fill in by talking about writing the MAN FROM UNCLE books. He was followed by Bjo Trimble and Jack Gaughan (substituting for Steve Stiles) in a fan art discussion, "Is It Illustration, Or Is It Art?" While these were going on, I must confess to listening a while, then regretfully leaving to photograph the activities outside, then returning again to listen some more. All this, naturally, made Elliott Shorter unhappy. I tried to duck through the doors when he wasn't looking, but he was always looking, and my back is covered with eye wounds.

Outside the auditorium, I managed to say hello to Willy Ley and met his daughter Xenia. Uncle Willy even told me how to pronounce it: begins as if spelled with "Ts". Also the reason why it was chosen: a name common to both German and Russian upon which he and his wife Olga could agree.

I talked to Ben Bova, whom I asked if non-fiction wasn't easier to write. He said that when he had just finished writing fiction, he turned to non-fiction with a sigh of relief. When that was finished, he turned back to fiction with another sigh of relief.

On hand, too, was Bob Tucker, fan guest of honor. He promised me a nice, long, fiendishly humorous worldcon report for the Nycon 3 CONVENTION ANNUAL. He had been going to do one for the Tricon issue, too, but couldn't make the convention since he was unable to get a leave of absence from his work. Bob is in show business (you might say), and the show must go on.

One of the Haldemans cornered me -- I regret to say it wasn't Gay -- and asked if I would do a slide show for the 1968 Disclave. I hesitated nearly two seconds before saying I would. After all -- I've got to do something with all the pictures I take. I will say that when I give a slide lecture, hardly anyone is permanently disabled. Some spectators may be scarred for life, though.

Another person to whom I talked was a fan wearing a name-tag, "Carl Brandon". I told him I didn't believe it -- I'd been burned once before. The last person I identified as Carl Brandon in my CONVENTION ANNUAL, by his name-tag, turned out to be Elliott Shorter. Lots of fans have been running around with this fake name. However, I was assured the person I was talking to actually was the real fake Carl Brandon. His name was John-Henri Holmberg, from Sweden. He and a companion came all the way to the United States simply to be at a worldcon. I hope they weren't disappointed.

Back at the auditorium, Alex Panshin, with the aid of Dave Van Arnam, talked about his own critical writings. This was followed by one of the highlights of the convention: The Ellison Auction. Unfortunately, when the appointed 3:45 came by, Harlan was not around. Someone located him at a publisher's office. Harlan was aghast at his forgetfulness, screamed in the phone, and raced towards the hotel. The thirty-minute hiatus was filled with questions and comments from the audience, directed towards Alex Panshin.

Arriving at 4:15, Harlan was welcomed by assorted boos, hisses, and other jeers. In mock anger, he reversed direction and headed towards the exit. Gigantic arms-

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master Elliott Shorter herded him back to the platform. Even Harlan burst out laughing at this. There was no escape from the impending doom of being auctioned by Bob Silverberg. This bearded hatchetman announced to a packed auditorium, "We will remainder Harlan."

The lucky winner was to receive one hour of Harlan's time. Now, many fans may consider this punishment rather than a reward. Still, the proceeds were earmarked for a worthy cause -- TAFF. Bob made many scathing comments about Harlan, and especially noted that the carcass was being sold "as is", since it was not in very good condition. As a matter of fact, Harlan confessed to a terrible headache, and jawache, and double eyeache -- the result of Milford fisticuffs. He asked for some aspirin, and a fan tossed him a whole bottle.

After some horseplay involving such sums as 10¢ bid for Harlan, a good-looking girl dressed in yellow and wearing a big hat bid the stupendous sum of \$30. Harlan immediately started feeling better. He tried to close out the auction then and there, announcing himself sold. But Bob Silverberg insisted on stringing out the agony. When some sadist bid \$31.50, and the girl hesitated, Harlan offered to loan her two bucks. She eventually bid \$40.00.

To Harlan's surprise, it was a group that came up to claim possession of his body. This was a coalition headed by Larry Smith. The bid was a publicity stunt to gain attention for the Oakon bid. They then offered the girl for auction to the highest bidder. At first, it was not clear what services would be included. As Bob phrased it, "just a sweet farm girl from Ohio -- here to be auctioned off". It was finally established that an hour of the young lady's time would be furnished for platonic purposes. Several bidding coalitions immediately broke up. The first bid came from Harlan for \$41. H. H. Hollis bid \$42, and he was high bidder.

Harlan then auctioned off Bob Silverberg, referring to him as a "wretch", and otherwise getting even for the recent indignities suffered at Bob's hands. Through the use of questionable advertising and other sales tactics frowned on by the FTC, Harlan peddled Bob to a little boy for \$20. This misguided nine-year-old only had a few cents and a couple of comic books. Thus, Harlan wound up a victim of his own crooked sales ability. The boy was obviously below age and not responsible for debts.

No one would admit to previous bids. Saving Bob from the ignominy of being unsaleable goods, Jo Ann Wood and Lester del Rey joined forces to purchase Bob for \$25. My photograph showing the team proffering handfuls of money also reveals Bob with a beard-splitting smile. Some further horseplay ensued, in which Harlan attempted to auction off Bob's necktie, staved off by Bob's counter-auctioning of Harlan's pipe.

I don't know how much use Jo Ann and Les were able to make of Bob's shopworn carcass, but Harlan's successful bidder got her money's worth. Jan Trenholm told me that meeting and being with Harlan was the most thrilling, most wonderful experience she's had in her entire life. I cannot quote her directly, because I hesitated to write down a string of superlatives ordinarily employed only in the mass merchandising of toilet soap. Whatever other faults Harlan may have, he is very generous with himself, and gave Jan much more than her paid-for one hour. As for H.H. Hollis, Jan told me he never did collect his hour of her time. I offered to accept payment and settle with H.H. later -- but she didn't take kindly to the idea.

Girls certainly are very much impressed with Harlan. As far back as two years ago, one desperate young lady wrote me for his address. He seems to have the combined sex appeal of Isaac Asimov, Randy Garrett, and Ted Cogswell condensed into one economy package. This is undoubtedly due to his dashing, off-hand manner and

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cavalier treatment of nearly everyone. Girls seem to consider him a modern cave-
man. And his Hollywood/Playboy standing also adds to his attraction. Yes, Harlan
has glamour. There's no justice in this world.

The regular auction followed, with Harlan presiding. He has fallen heir to the
role of chief science-fiction auctioneer. He is undoubtedly the most successful
one of all time, in terms of extracting money from the unwary. I didn't stay very
long, because I'd rather talk to people than watch things be sold. In the foyer,
I ran into Sol Cohen, publisher of AMAZING and FANTASTIC. He remembered me from
our previous meeting a year and a half ago. He ought to -- I stood out like a sore
thumb at the 1966 Lunacon. I rose to object to his treatment at the hands of the
assembled audience, who were castigating him for turning the magazines into reprint
rags.

Now, Sol was happy to inform me that the magazines will be using more material, and
that Harry Harrison was just appointed editor of AMAZING. This was indeed good
news, coupled with the recently adopted policy of paying authors whose stories were
reprinted, even though not legally obliged to do so. Talking with Harry later, I
was assured that he won't pursue a policy of printing "rejects" from famous authors
at cheap rates; he would be happy to print good stories by lesser-known writers.

The Galaxy of Fashions Show was due to start at 7:30 p.m. During the official
dinner break between the auction and the fashion show, I attended the "press party"
at the GALAXY suite. Naturally, all the GALAXY writers were there, along with as-
sorted editors and publishers. My photographs show Dan Keyes, Terry Carr, Les del
Rey, Ben Bova, Fred Pohl, Lee Hoffman, Ted Cogswell, Judy Merril, Judy-Lynn Benja-
min, John Brunner, Harry Harrison, Ian Ballantine, Bob Sheckley, Willy Ley, Sprague
de Camp, Dan Galouye, Anne McCaffrey, Larry Niven, Richard Wilson, and others too
crowded to mention. Naturally, also on hand was Harlan Ellison, with, naturally,
Jan Trenholm.

Carol Pohl was rigged out in her fashion show outfit -- made of quilted aluminum
foil. It was mentioned that she appeared ready for the oven. A welcome surprise
was the entrance of Cele Goldsmith Lalli, the former great editor of AMAZING and
FANTASTIC. She introduced me to Mr. Lalli, whom I had not met previously. During
Cele's editorship, the two magazines printed the best stories in their long history.
These years were the brightest spot since Hugo Gernsback's era.

In addition to the expected beverage center, the GALAXY party had trays of hors-
d'oeuvres. These were very welcome since I was not to eat until after the fashion
show. Directly from the press party, we all went to the auditorium. The crowd was
pouring in. Elliott Shorter had an area next to the stage roped off. He was fend-
ing people off, except for guests of GALAXY, explaining that this was the press
section. I asked if I was part of the press, and Elliott said he wasn't sure.
However, Judy-Lynn Benjamin came to my rescue and had me admitted. Otherwise, I
would have had a very difficult time getting pictures.

Last year, I had been asked to serve as the official GALAXY photographer, and had
been able to pose the models for some really beautiful pictures. This year, Char-
lie Brown had a new flash unit and was asked by the concomm to be the official fash-
ion show photographer. Working from the sidelines, I was able to secure a reason-
ably adequate set of photos for use in the CONVENTION ANNUAL.

The costumes this year went in heavily for bare flesh, though not any more so than
in today's beachwear. Particularly interesting was Sandra Deckinger, partly dress-
ed in what can be best described as a peek-a-boo barrel. Barbara Silverberg was
comfortably attired in some bits of fuzz.

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The audience was wildly appreciative. There were only women's clothes on display. Apparently, men are not fashion-minded. The fashion show was begun by Fritz Leiber, who thanked GALAXY magazine for sponsoring it. He served as master of ceremonies. The models moved much too rapidly. They did pause a few seconds upon entering, then marched off the stage up a runway. They really ought to have paused several times while on the runway, and moved more slowly. The twenty-two costumes took just about 35 minutes to display from start to finish.

At the conclusion, photographers were allowed onstage to take pictures. It was a madhouse of confusion and lights. I stayed away, since, contrary to popular hearsay, I am not a mad photographer. Instead, I headed for the parties. Outside the auditorium I came across Julius Schwartz, who was a fan long before there was any fandom. We were apparently heading in the same direction, because shortly afterwards, Julie and I would up in the Cincinnati suite, along with Ed Hamilton, Jack Williamson, Bob Tucker, Lee Hoffman, Bob Madle, Frank Andrasovsky, Jack Chalker, Ed Dong, Jo Ann Wood, and H.H. Hollis. No Jan Trenholm.

I left to attend the "open" party thrown by one of the bidders. As I approached, I met streams of fans coming from the area. They said it was absolutely impossible to get into the room. The corridor outside the party was lined with fans sitting on the floor, or leaning against the wall. Among these were Frank Dietz and Hal Clement. The party room itself looked like a New York subway car at 5 p.m.

While heading towards another party, I ran into Fred Saberhagen, the Berserk author. He was just checking in, and I went to his room for a half-hour chat. As usual, I tried talking Fred into giving up life in Chicago and moving to Syracuse. As usual, Fred resisted the temptation. He's got a cushy job in the Windy City writing the ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA. Honest to John Campbell!

The rest of the evening I spent at the GALAXY suite, where some lively partying went on. I put my camera away early, and relaxed as hard as I could. At one point, I sat on the cocktail table facing Algis Budrys, Barbara Silverberg, Isaac Asimov, and Ev del Rey. At some place in the conversation, it seemed appropriate to note that Bob Silverberg had a beard so black it was almost blue. Barb immediately glanced toward Bob, who was sitting at the opposite end of the room. She dropped out of the conversation and studied her husband with considerable intensity. I think maybe I should have refrained from pointing out the facts, and let nature take its course.

Saturday at noon, Ted White and Harlan Ellison opened the program with "The New Wave -- Avant Garde or Rear Guard?" The audience was exceptionally large, and nearly everyone I knew was there. By this, I judge that nearly everyone I didn't know was also there. Harry Harrison was in the audience, waiting for the end of the dialogue so he could make a public announcement about taking command of AMAZING. The fans were delighted at the announcement.

Next on the agenda was a debate between Fred Pohl and Norman Spinrad, who contended that Fred shouldn't be editing so many science-fiction magazines. Norman claims this limits science fiction to the tastes of too few editors. Fred said that he publishes every good story he gets hold of, whether he personally likes it or not. Norm took exception to this, citing the fact that, for example, Carol Emsh writes science fiction and can't get any published.

Fred asked, "What does she do with them -- I haven't seen any." Apparently without thinking, Norman replied, "She puts them in a trunk." There was much laughter at this. Nevertheless, Norman insisted there is great science fiction that can't get published.

From the audience, Lester del Rey added various choice observations, such as: "I have seen the great unpublished works that come in -- they stink!" He completed demolishing Norman's position by pointing out that "the best writers came in when there were few magazines". When the numbers proliferated, the writing became worse and fewer new authors appeared.

Naturally, the audience was delighted by the exchange. Among those present was Debbie Crawford, authoress, amanuensis to Willy Ley, and hostess for the Hydra Club. On hand, too, were Alma Hill from Boston, Tom Purdom from Philadelphia, and Dick and Fran Wilson from Syracuse. These last two had been married the day before, and came to the convention on their honeymoon. Such fortitude!

Judy Merrill and Ben Bova, substituting for Tom Disch, next discussed "Some Aspects of Author-Editor Relationships". This was followed by Roger Zelazny and Sam Delany, who discussed their own writing experiences and aims. Neither of these two events was well attended. It seems that by far the largest number of persons at a worldcon are interested in entertainment rather than in serious discussions. As may be expected, active fans are more concerned with hearing serious material than worldcon drop-ins.

Voting for next year's worldcon site came next, and the auditorium was reasonably well filled. The two bidders were groups from Los Angeles and Berkeley (a suburb of San Francisco). I was pleased to see that both sides were in deadly earnest -- for many years, voting had been a formality, with only a single group offering to put on the convention. Two years ago, Dave Kyle and I had organized an out-of-turn bid for Syracuse, as permitted under the rules. We very nearly won, and tried again last year, competing with three other bidders.

Unlike last year, George Scithers announced there would be careful control over the balloting. The doors were closed when voting began, and the ballots distributed were allotted only one to a person. George also was able to announce that this year he was not affiliated with any of the bidders.

Those supporting Los Angeles spoke first. Bjo Trimble, though now living in the Bay area, had been one of the organizers of the Los Angeles bid. She detailed how hard the L.A. group had worked and spoke of what a good convention they would put on. Gene Roddenberry added his considerable prestige, pointing out that if the convention were held in L.A., Star Trek would be able to offer the worldcon some special events. He then added that Star Trek would help the worldcon, wherever it was held -- obviously trying to avoid putting himself on a limb and sawing it off after him. Hal Clement was last, and made beautiful, reasoned plea for L.A., certifying that he knew the bidders and could vouch that they were good people to have put on a worldcon.

The first speaker for the Baycon bidders was Ben Stark, co-chairman of the 1964 worldcon. Then Bob Tucker added weight to the bid, followed by Roger Zelazny. Rog made the usual bidder's remarks, then concluded with the statement that the Bay area has crabs second only to those of Maryland. He expounded on this briefly, in an obvious spoof on his own speech for the Baltimore bidders last year. Taken in context, Rog's talk was the most amusing of all the bidders'.

Lester del Rey was the next big gun for the Baycon, and he added his usual wit and sincerity to the bid. Harlan Ellison brought up the rear, making a similar pitch to the one he presented last year for New York, in which he promised a great hotel. Ignoring the fact that he had steered everyone wrong at the Tricon, he castigated the Hilton he had himself endorsed and assured the voters that the Baycon hotel was entirely different. I was later told by one prominent science-fiction personality

(not on any of last year's bidding concoms) that, at that point, he wished he could have played back a recording of Harlan's Tricon promises.

The Berkeley bidders won by the large margin of 341 to 202. There is no doubt that the San Francisco area is far pleasanter than L.A., and this probably contributed to the win. In fact, L.A. is downright miserable, while San Francisco is delightful. The L.A. committee had worked very hard, and were quite disappointed. One of the L.A. concom, that evening, under the influence of incahol, assaulted one of the Baycon concom.

One of Harlan's strongest promises this year was that the Baycon hotel would be exclusively for science-fiction conventioners. I certainly hope this is true. It was annoying this year to share the hotel and adjoining auditoriums with the Sciencology convention. Harlan promised that the only "weirdo freaks" would be science-fiction fans. I hope so -- the Baycon Progress Report #1 proudly points out that the Haight-Ashbury area is just 30 minutes away.

The P.R. #1 was distributed all during the Nycon 3, and irritated the L.A. supporters, who claimed that many of the persons listed in the proposed program had not been consulted. I would assume, though, that nearly everyone would be happy to participate when asked. The program looks excellent, and is the most imaginative I've yet seen. Phil Farmer is an excellent choice as guest of honor. I'm planning to go, and look forward to a great time.

Another auction was scheduled after the voting, but I headed towards the Science Fiction Writers of America banquet, held at Cavanaugh's, a famous restaurant several blocks away. A group of us stood waiting at the hotel for a taxi. When it came, I climbed in beside the driver, and Barbara Silverberg, Ev del Rey, and Judy Zelazny filled the rear seat. They waved goodbye to their husbands, and we took off.

At the restaurant, I first thought I was back at a Hilton party -- the cocktail party was so crowded. However, I managed to get my hands around a highball and jammed into a corner for small talk with Alex Panshin, Fred Saberhagen, and H.H. Hollis. Jan Trenholm was with Harlan. I was able to take a few pictures with the aid of my 21mm wideangle lens. Pictures taken at three feet, for lack of more room, look as if they were taken at seven feet.

We were joined by Sid Coleman, brilliant young mathematician. Naturally, several persons who came over to chat referred to Sid as a brilliant young mathematician. I can hardly wait until he can be called a brilliant old mathematician. As a partner in Advent Press, he informed us the publishing house had made a profit last year of something like 68¢. I gather this was the best year yet.

The \$8.50 dinner was an excellent roast turkey. I sat across from Paul Herkart and next to H.H. Hollis. H.H. is a lawyer from someplace in the midwest, and we'd not previously met. I'd like to say he is one of the most interesting persons I've ever run across. He would make a great convention panelist. He was not able to stay past Sunday afternoon because he had to settle a case back home.

Just as I was helping myself to a third serving of cranberry sauce, Dannie Plachta came in, making his first appearance at the convention. He was followed shortly by Judy Blish. She had been shopping or at a hairdresser, or somesuch, and Jim Blish had nearly written her off as lost.

As usual, there was no program. Isaac Asimov took it upon himself to provide some amusement, and made a brief, humorous address. He concluded by calling Barbara Silverberg to his side, and pinned to her a button labelled "belly". Barbara made

a very brief speech of her own when Isaac tried to ascertain he had properly placed the item. She said, "Aaaaaugh!"

At the breakup of the dinner, I headed back towards the hotel via subway with Paul Herkart. I arrived just in time for the beginning of the Star Trek preview. There were some hilarious shots of mistakes prior to the showing of Amok Time, the first new episode of the season. It was the first time I'd seen the show in color. I was surprised to find Mr. Spock has green skin.

The auditorium was packed, and probably included any number of Scientologists. The viewers were enthusiastic over Star Trek, and when the credits flashed on the screen, cheered wildly over discovering that Dr. McCoy had achieved star billing. The news that Theodore Sturgeon had written the script was gratefully received, too. The third big thrill came when Mr. Spock actually smiled. The following Star Trek auction for TOFF raised \$799.

I didn't stay for the experimental films, but headed towards the Lancer Books meet-the-pros party. As usual at the Nycon 3, the corridors outside the party suite were filled with people, and the party itself was jampacked. However, I was determined to go inside, since I felt it was my duty in case anyone wanted my autograph. I really needn't have bothered, as it turned out.

I elbowed my way in -- I lived in New York City for several years and am accustomed to subway cars. I sat down opposite Sprague de Camp, and next to the bed containing Roger Zelazny, John Brunner, Ted White, and Lin Carter, along with assorted young ladies. It was a big bed. I managed to get a few pictures by using my s-t-r-e-t-c-h wideangle. I was particularly looking for Vaughn Bodie, GALAXY and IF illustrator. He was planning to come up from Syracuse, but never made it. He explained later that he had just bought a new car and was short of funds.

Later, the First Fandom meeting began (about 11 p.m.), in a large room off the main lobby. In an adjoining room the Scientology group was having a lecture. Spread out in the common foyer was a collection of cult literature, with a large poster bearing a picture of the cult leader, L. Ron Hubbard. He was ostensibly writing with a monstrous quill, apparently plucked from an ostrich. The first time I met him, some twenty years ago in Philadelphia, he used a typewriter. I remember him saying that the best way to make money, free from government interference, was to start a religion.

I arrived with Lester and Evelyn del Rey, who were recent converts to First Fandom. The meeting was not well attended, partly because of poor advance notice and partly because last year's meeting had been a drawn-out bickering session. This year's get-together was different, happily.

The anticipated films of fan gatherings thirty years ago failed to show up. The expected First Fandom blazer patches failed to make it, too. Dave Kyle gave a fascinating and detailed account of what had happened to them. Made in England, they were returned because U.S. customs slapped an enormous duty on them. The minutes of the last Westercon First Fandom meeting were read, and drew a big laugh when they told of Dave Kyle's long and detailed explanation about the blazer patches. The old movies and the blazer patches have become a First Fandom stock joke item. No joke was Dirce Archer's bandaged head -- she'd slipped in a Hilton bathtub and wound up with a serious concussion.

President Bob Madle called on Sam Moskowitz to present the First Fandom Hall of Fame Award to Edmond Hamilton. Sam gave his usual lengthy and detailed eulogy. The award this year was different from the first three. Those had been very remark-

able creations of clock, pens, and 'mobi'us strip. The new one was a standard-type trophy, although unusually large. At its base was an inscription to rival that on the Statue of Liberty. SaM had written it himself, and the 600 engraved letters cost as much as the rest of the trophy. Ed left the trophy in SaM's charge for formal presentation at the Banquet.

After the meeting, the members adjourned to the liquor supply. I headed towards the other parties. I made a half-dozen, including Judy Merrill's, Canadian fandom's, Cincinnati's, and Fred Pohl's. I heard rumors of several others, all reportedly overcrowded. However, I limited myself to the ones mentioned, largely because of the transportation problem.

The Hilton was a truly gigantic hotel, with branching corridor after corridor, on a couple of dozen floors. As promised in Harlan's oratory at the Tricon, the Hilton had two impressive banks of elevators. Unfortunately, only one (1) elevator was in operation after 10 p.m. This was to serve 1,500 science-fiction conventioners, hundreds of Scientologists, hundreds of Syrian conventioners, and a thousand other guests. As a result, the one elevator did as much good as trying to feed a herd of elephants with one peanut.

In desperation, many of us turned to the staircases. Many of the lights were broken, and the stairs were clothed in darkness. I was extremely careful in walking, because one slip could have meant death -- the stairs were littered with jagged shards of broken bottles. Without a doubt, Nycon 3 had the worst transportation of any worldcon. Even the Chicon III, previous low, looked good in comparison. The Chicago Hotel had three elevators, and perfectly usable staircases.

I did manage to take some interesting photos, nevertheless. There's one of a bare-footed Cory Seidman. One of Judy Blish wrapped around a pair of shoes -- my feet still in them. One of Lester del Rey autographing Judy Blish's leg. And one of Jim Blish kissing a beaming Isaac Asimov -- croix de guerre style.

Sunday morning, around noon, I sleepwalked with a group into the hotel dining room. Already there were Cliff Simak, Isaac Asimov, and Larry Shaw, around one table. Ben Bova, Anne McCaffrey, Gordon Dickson, and John and Peg Campbell were around another. Incidentally, Peg had told me John had just ended a long bout with illness -- and it was tougher on her than on JWC.

Our table held Roger and Judy Zelazny; Banks Mebane: Jack, Phoebe, and Brian Gaughan; and Susan Adams (Jack's mom-in-law). There was a lot of good cheer in the table-talk, which partially offset the lack of good cheer set before us. I'd just as soon forget what it was I'd eaten, since I have a queasy stomach. I do remember that it was expensive, but not up to Automat standards.

We kept waiting around for the bill, assuming the delay was part of the normal service. When we finally asked for one, we were informed that everything had been taken care of. Senator Douglas was paying the bill. Everyone agreed later that we should have quietly left, but we foolishly asked why Senator Douglas wished to pay our bill. The maitre d' asked if we weren't members of the press. Stupidly, we said we were not. Magically, our bill appeared.

The maitre d' explained he had mistaken the eye on our worldcon badge for the CBS symbol. The good Senator was giving free lunches to CBS newsmen and their guests. According to Banks Mebane, the eye on our badges symbolized "Big Ted is watching you!"

At the auditorium, I caught the closing minutes of the Business Session. George Scithers informed me that for a time the concom had decided to eliminate a business

session as being of no importance. However, the L.A. bidders pointed out that without a business session vote to legitimize the Nycon 3 Fan Achievement Awards, these would be lame ducks.

As a matter of fact, the Fan Achievement Awards were voted down, but the Bayconcom will be allowed to award two extra Hugos, which may be for fans if desired. Also passed was a change to the Rotation rules, so that there will be a West, Midwest, East, and non-U.S. division. Thus, the worldcon will be outside the United States every fourth year.

There has always been a lot of dissatisfaction with how such decisions as the above are voted upon. It has long been felt that proposals should be submitted in advance and publicized. It is also desirable for business sessions to be held after noon, since large numbers of fans are hors de combat after the previous night's parties. In fact, consideration has been given at times to arranging a franchise system for business sessions and worldcon voting so that drop-ins won't swing the balloting. After all, such persons know little about what's going on, and may never again attend a convention. The rest of us are then stuck with their capricious voting.

It would seem reasonable to require of voters that they have attended one worldcon previously. The mechanics of working this out, or any other plan, may be formidable, I will admit. I would seriously like to suggest, though, that any changes to worldcon rules be voted upon for acceptance at three successive worldcons before adoption. That way, it would give the East, West, and Midwest areas equal rights to agree on something. That would prevent making and breaking rules every year.

With the adoption of the non-U.S. convention every fourth year, it now seems like a good idea to consider an American convention for that year. Obviously, if there is to be a real worldcon, it should be available to countries other than the United States. However, this does not preclude our having a large convention every year. After all, England, Australia, Germany, and other countries have national conventions.

Scheduled after the business session was Robert Silverberg in "How I Stopped Writing Science Fiction and Learned to Love Writing Science Fiction". The next item was Mike Moorcock and John Bush discussing publishing conditions in the United Kingdom. Bearded, 27-year-old Moorcock is the leader of the "New Wave" non-story movement. He was not very optimistic about the publishing of science fiction in Great Britain. He told about the Arts Council voting N&W WORLDS a grant of 1,800 Pounds.

An interview of Jack Gaughan by Ted White followed next: "What's Right and What's Wrong in the Science Fiction Package?" This was followed by Isaac Asimov vs. Sid Coleman on "Should There be More or Less Science in Science Fiction?" There was nearly a full house for this, since Isaac is a popular entertainer. He was not up to his usual standards, though -- or possibly Sid was not the person to strike sparks from the Good Doctor. Isaac leaned towards the science end of science fiction, while Sid preferred literary values.

Scheduled next was an interview with Larry Shaw. But either this was cancelled or I somehow missed it, since I have no record or memory of it. The space may have been taken by Harlan Ellison, who did some auctioneering around this time. The 3:30 p.m. dialogue took place with John Brunner and Fritz Leiber: "Mythmaking in Science Fiction".

Like many persons, during parts of the program I wandered off to the Huckster's room, where I huddled around Bob Madle for warmth. We were joined by Bob Lowndes and Don Wollheim. Bob Madle was dying of thirst, his body desiccated and drained of beer. Billie and the kids had deserted the family business for some sightseeing.

After securing someone to mind the barrow, the two Bobs and I went to the bar.

We spent a good hour there, much as the three of us did back at the Nycon II. We discussed old times, older stories, and *MAGAZINE OF HORROR* and *STARTLING MYSTERY*, Lowndes' publications. His bete noire is the fact that the old magazines, especially *WEIRD TALES*, had more pages than today's magazines and ran longer stories. Their short stories would now be considered novelettes. As a result, it is hard to fit in a variety of stories in a single reprint issue.

Also at the bar were the Zelaznys, Bob Tucker, Terry Carr, the del Reys, the Lupoffs, Bob Sheckley, Dave Kyle, and Banks Mebane, along with assorted other personalities. Back at the convention floor, my Leica suddenly jammed. Recovering from the shock -- it's not supposed to do that -- I switched to a spare Leica and carried on.

A group of us gathered at the *GALAXY* suite, and went to dinner. Since the Costume Parade was scheduled at 8:30, we decided not to go to an outside restaurant but to eat in the hotel. A fatal mistake! As we entered the Haymarket dining room, Lester del Rey said to me, "Anything this fancy can't be very good." Portentous words!

There were several tables already occupied with science-fiction conventioners, including Isaac Asimov, Sprague de Camp, and Harlan Ellison. The dining room was about half-empty, probably because it had already received a low word-of-stomach rating among conventioners. However, the sixteen of us sat down at a large table: Judy-Lynn Benjamin, Bob Silverberg, Carol Pohl, Rik Pohl, Jack Williamson, A.J. Budrys, Barbara Silverberg, Darko Suvin, Dick and Fran Wilson, Rosalind and Bill Moore, Fred Pohl, and Les and Ev del Rey.

This dinner party was to become famous at the Nycon 3 -- partly through rumor, and largely through Harlan Ellison's vivid account at the Banquet. Since he publicized it widely, I feel free to recount the story here.

Fatherly Fred Pohl presided at the head of the table, while Jack Williamson was at the foot. We had cocktails, then placed our food orders. Our salads came promptly, but Evelyn del Rey's Caesar salad and Lester del Rey's avocado salad orders had been ignored, and regular chef's salads substituted. They requested a waiter to remedy this, but nothing was done.

After the serving of the salads, which were not very good, we sat for one hour and fifteen minutes without any further service. Our efforts to have the waiters provide service were brushed off. Finally, Fred Pohl contacted the maitre d', and some waiters, who were very superior about the whole thing. Also hostile. You'd think we were the enemy.

Lester cornered a waiter who accidentally wandered by, and requested that the proper salads be served. The waiter said he couldn't do that. Les then asked that the unwanted salads be removed. The waiter said he couldn't do that, either. At that point, Les boiled over and said he knew how to get rid of his. He threw it down the main aisle, strewing a path of salad for some 15 feet. He then walked out, followed by Evelyn.

I would gladly have walked out, too. At that point, the maitre d' came over and started arguing with Fred Pohl. The upshot was that we were served our unappetizing appetizers. My Dutch Herring had very little herring in it. And my filet mignon was cold -- it had obviously been cooked, then allowed to cool off. My ice tea never did arrive. This was typical of everyone's meal -- cold, soggy, and tasteless. As our chief spokesman, Fred Pohl nearly came to blows with the maitre d' over refusing to pay for items not served, including the del Reys' dinners.

It was the most wretched meal I've ever had, and the most wretchedly served. The maitre d' offered as an excuse that we were a large party. In that case, there shouldn't have been waiters standing around idle in a half-empty dining room. He also said that it had been necessary to prepare the hot appetizers. Only one person had a hot appetizer, and that arrived cold.

But the "kicker" to all this occurred in the dining room within five minutes of Les' tossed salad. This was the equally famous incident of Harlan's meat popover. He was served this delicacy, and bent a fork on it. He complained but got nowhere with a surly waiter -- they were all surly. Losing his temper, Harlan threw the popover against the wall, where it stuck. It may have been partly embedded in the plaster.

All the conventioners were treated to some measure of misery by the hotel. Joe Haldeman records in his con report in WSEFA JOURNAL #46: "foul-mouthed telephone operators, elevators that go up and do not come down, surly sales people, belligerent house dicks...the slow loris, once headed for extinction, saved itself by devolving to the humanoid Hilton Waiter." It is especially sorry to report that our guest of honor and our master of ceremonies received the same treatment.

Judy-Lynn Benjamin made the classic and definitive statement: "The Hilton waiters are Hilton elevator operator rejects."

A petition had been circulated the previous day, condemning the hotel, and vowing that the signers would never again set foot in a Hilton hotel. I was talking to Bob Silverberg at the time, and we both read it and decided it was too intemperate. However, after the dining room incident, I would dearly have loved to add my name to the list.

I arrived at the Costume Party quite late, as all of use did who tried to eat in the dining room. It's a good thing I hadn't actually prepared a costume, because I would have lacked time to don it. I had been planning to go as Tarzan -- after all, I am proud of my rippling, rock-hard muscles. However, my loin cloth had shrunk and I could no longer get into it. Alternately, I did consider going as Lord Greystoke.

There were a tremendous number of fans in costume. I tried to get shots of everyone, but it was pretty difficult, since there were so many photographers getting in each other's way. It would be a good idea for future worldcons to arrange a series of stopping points for those in costume (after leaving the stage). At each point, a group of photographers could take their pictures.

It didn't help any, either, that my two flash units were no longer working properly. They misfired frequently. However, I did secure nearly everyone, including Ron Ellik as a squirrel and Dana Friese as Mr. Spock in a scene from Star Trek.

Star Trek was wildly popular, and there were a dozen Mr. Spocks. These were called to the stage all at once and lined up. I was startled to find Forry Ackerman among them, Vulcanian ears and all. Also popular was Harlan Ellison, who had several doppelgangers, dark glasses, pipe, cowboy boots, and all. Actually, Harlan didn't appreciate this. I asked him to nose with the best double, Robert Jacob of Pittsburgh, but Harlan turned all his thumbs down on the idea. Harlan paraded across the stage and announced he was in disguise as Isaac Asimov. Ike then raised much laughter by jumping on the stage and announcing he was in disguise as Harlan Ellison.

Following the costume parade, I headed towards the parties. The big one was put on by St. Louis, which tried to limit attendance, but was swamped anyway. I fought my way through the broken glass in the stairwells, and visited several other parties.

In the Fred Pohl suite, Judy Blish announced that I should have my picture taken surrounded by all the ladies present. And Sprague de Camp used my camera to take the photo. I sprawled on the floor, with Olga Ley holding my hand, and eleven other ladies ranged alongside. While Sprague focused, I entered into the spirit of the thing and shouted madly, "I'm Isaac Asimov." Isaac yelled back, "Don't you wish you were!" I didn't continue the exchange, because I hate to get involved in theological discussions.

At Dave Kyle's room, I also came under the camera's eye. Dave took stereo color photos of everyone present, which included Cliff Simak, Paul W. Fairman, Roger and Pat Sims, and Al Lewis. In another party, Bjo Trimble gave us one of the monologues at which she is so good. She explained how she had mastered the art of using the Hilton elevator (one) service. First she went over the operators' methods. They stop the elevator at a floor and hector you into getting out, whether you want to or not. When you board, they tell you they're going the direction you don't wish to go.

Bjo explained that she always agreed nicely with the elevator operators, but took the elevator whether it went up or down. Then she outfaced the operator and rode the thing until eventually it reached the floor she wanted. There she insisted politely but firmly that she be let out, whether the operator liked the idea or not.

One operator did have a valid commentary on his victims, though. A group of the rudest science-fiction teenagers I've ever seen piled in the elevator -- screaming and jostling. They all left at one stop, and the operator and I were alone. I said, "They're living!" The little Puerto Rican elevator boy drew himself to his full five feet and said, "No live like that. Me live like gentleman!"

At the Fred Pohl party, Jim Blish had given an explanation of why the elevators only went in one direction. He claimed that the fabrication material was piped to the uppermost floor, and the elevator cast in place. It was then dropped sans cable to the subbasement and melted down for reuse.

I had brought with me three huge photo-enlargements, 11" by 14". These showed Sprague de Camp peering amazedly at Jim Blish dressed as Sprague de Camp, taken at last year's Tricon Masquerade Ball. The picture, reduced to 8 1/2" by 11", forms the rear cover for the forthcoming CONVENTION ANNUAL #4. Both Jim and Sprague were pleased with the photos. Sprague said he will frame his. I requested that they autograph my copy, but didn't have a pen. Sprague had two, saying he always carried them for autograph purposes. I suppose this is part of the basis for Isaac Asimov's allegation, several conventions ago, that Sprague runs down fans and forces autographs on them.

We finally reached the last day of a very long convention on Monday morning. Of all things, my phone rang at 8 a.m. Through blood-shot eyes, I heard Frank Belknap Long's well-rested, wide-awake voice. He was planning to attend the convention that evening, and we made an appointment to meet in the hotel lobby after dinner. I hung up and fell unconscious for several more hours.

Wisely having breakfast at the Automat, I shared a table with Fred Prophet, Banks Mebane, and Dannie Plachta. There were several other fan groups present. I ate lightly, because the Awards Banquet was scheduled for 12:30.

Having the Banquet on Monday was an innovation. Unfortunately, many persons had to leave by that afternoon in order to be at work the next day. I sat at a table with Fred Prophet, Forry Ackerman, Doris and Rick Newman, Pat and Roger Sims, Ruth Kyle, Cliff Simak, and Dave Kyle. Between courses, I went around taking pictures of everyone, as best I could. Another innovation was the lack of a banquet photo-

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grapher to take a group shot and individual table photos. At the Tricon last year, this arrangement had been overlooked. The Nycon 3 conglom decided in advance not to make any arrangements, since they didn't care for such pictures anyway.

Lester del Rey called me over to the head table and asked me to talk to the Blishes, who were standing at the back of the room, about securing seats for them. Jim explained to me that he hadn't been able to buy banquet tickets, because they had stopped selling them quite early. However, he didn't mind eating elsewhere than in the hotel. I noticed that Lester, along with the rest of us, was served soup instead of salad. The precaution looked ominous, but actually the chicken turned out okay. It was a surprisingly good meal, considering the hotel, for \$5.50.

Banquet meals are always a problem. No matter what anyone may say, the hotel must be paid for use of the facilities. The waiters must have 15%. There must be sales tax. The actual food cost is almost an afterthought. As the price goes up, the food becomes markedly better, since the initial bite becomes a smaller proportion of the costs. There is a division of thought in fandom between the cheap-as-possible contingent and the let's-have-something-good school of thought. The former are louder, but I'd like to take a poll on this sometime. Logistically, it's impossible to offer a choice, since the waiters would become hopelessly fouled up trying to serve two separate dinners.

While I was taking a picture of the table at which Isaac Asimov was seated, he called to me, "Jay Kay, don't get these mixed up with last year's!" At the look of dismay on my face, everyone burst out laughing. Actually, there is no danger, as last year's banquet photos are all printed up for the Tricon CONVENTION ANNUAL.

At the head table, Harlan told Lee Hoffman and Bob Tucker how miserable the hotel was. He said, "I hate this hotel with a passion!" The way he said it turned my blood cold. Back at my own table, Rick Newman passed around a book and had everyone at the table autograph it. He even snagged Willy Ley, who came over from the adjoining table to chat with Cliff Simak.

At the balcony were those who didn't or couldn't brave a Hilton meal. Andy Porter reports 250 there, in addition to 600 ticket holders. Last year's bidders Dave Vanderwerf and Leslie Turek were in the balcony, alongside Will and Fran Sykora. When the program began, I asked Ted White if I could take pictures from one side of the platform. I'd had pretty good results that way previously. Unfortunately, this time, things were different. When I switched cameras, I had left the finder for my longest telephoto behind, and had to use a shorter lens. Also, my electronic flash unit had grown highly erratic, and put out less than it should. All in all, the pictures were not as good as I usually secure. However, they will make very nice small prints for the CONVENTION ANNUAL.

Harlan Ellison was master of ceremonies, and regaled us with a recounting of the salad and popover incidents of the day before. As he reached the salad event, he picked up a plate and hurled it down the space behind the head table. The plate caught me on the leg, but no damage was done. Harlan had warned me ahead of time. Among other statements about the Hilton, he said, "A terrible hotel -- terrible hotel." And he asked everyone not to blame the conglom: "It's obvious they were duped." As a result, I did hear the conglom referred to later as "a bunch of dupes". Apparently, not all the banquet dinners were as well-cooked as the one I got. Harlan referred to "rubber chicken and plastic peas".

As fan guest of honor, Bob Tucker gave an address -- humorous, of course. He talked about Bob Bloch, saying various mock unkind things -- part of a running gag battle between the two humorists. He also castigated the hotel. At the end, he

gave a gold-sprinkled (famous SF TIMES descriptive term) ping pong paddle "trophy" to Ted White. The inscription read, "To Ted, for keeping fans interested."

Harlan took over again, saying, "Thank you, the voice of Christmas past." Forry Ackerman then gave the E.E. Evans Memorial Big Heart Award. As he spoke of the recipient's generous contributions, I thought it was going to either Janie Lamb or Harriett Kolchak. Sure enough, it went to Janie, with Lee Hoffman accepting.

It was then the turn of Sam Moskowitz to present the First Fandom Hall of Fame Award. Harlan called down to SaM at his table that he had three minutes. SaM said he had to have more. "Five minutes?" suggested Harlan. "No -- can't be done in less than ten minutes."

Harlan shrugged, and allowed ten minutes. SaM proceeded to tell an irrelevant joke for ten minutes, then launched into a lengthy eulogy of Edmond Hamilton. Harlan didn't help matters by trying to interrupt (shrugged off by SaM), and mugging in mock agony. At one point, he leaned over the balustrade behind the platform and pretended to be in death throes. He also had a transistorized "saucer landing" sound box, which he turned on a couple of times.

As SaM continued, many persons in the audience took a leave of absence to visit the washrooms. Finally, he reached the end of his speech. To everyone's amazement, he started to read the inscription on the award. All 600 letters of it. Harlan couldn't believe that so many words were actually placed on a trophy -- SaM explained he had received a special rate. It didn't help any that SaM's eyesight was not too keen and the light was dim on the platform. Eventually, he reached the bitter end. Fortunately, Ed Hamilton had not been able to stay for the presentation, and Jack Williamson took it on behalf of his old friend.

After this, Harlan leaned over the head table and said, "Chris -- do something with him!" She replied, "I'm bigger than you are, too." Much laughter.

Harlan warned Chris that she better not fool around with him. In truth, Harlan has tremendous powers of verbal assault. Chris said placatingly, "But I'm his wife." Thinking this trouble enough, Harlan did not reply.

Afterwards, I spoke to Chris, who admitted SaM could well have omitted the joke. She did feel that the person winning the Hall of Fame Award deserved a public eulogy. I must agree, though I think it would be better if any lengthy eulogy were reserved for a special slot on the program. The one that SaM delivered at Chicon III for Doc Smith was accorded a tremendous reception. I think, too, that it would be specially appropriate for SaM to write down his speeches, which are really very fine presentations when permitted full rein. There are none better. These should be published and distributed by First Fandom as a permanent testimonial and souvenir.

Harlan said a few more words about the hotel, concluding with, "Let's rise up and kill the management!" There was a roar of assent. He then gave a very fine introduction to Lester del Rey, and said that Les preferred to avoid the customary standing ovation.

Les had been joking for a whole year about how long he was going to talk, and I expected something approaching the length of SaM's delivery. However, Les spoke concisely and sharply. He bitterly denounced persons he considered phonies in the field of science-fiction writing and criticism. "I'm interested in good stories. I'm sick of artiness masquerading as art."

Attacking such shams, he said, "It is a product of little minds." He is "sick and tired of seeing science fiction dragged down into the mainstream." Much applause.

Les also said how much he appreciated being in science fiction. "As I look into this crowd, I see nearly everyone I hold most dearly." (I thought then how great writers express universal human situations. For me, too, Les' statement was very nearly true. And I suspect it would be equally valid for most of the long-time fans.) He also pointed out that writing should have "heart". It doesn't need a "message".

This was the most serious talk ever given at a science-fiction banquet. It was a pleasure to hear -- its brevity, directness, and sincerity akin to that of the Gettysburg Address.

Harlan next read a telegram from Ray Bradbury congratulating Les. The master of ceremonies then turned his attention to the Hugos, saying one had been lost in the mails and would be furnished later. The awards this year were no longer of heavy metal, but were cast in transparent plastic. They looked quite good, though the wooden base was too light for the huge spaceship. The base really ought to be weighted and felted. The inscription plates were not ready yet, and would be furnished later.

This report has been so long that I'll not go into detail over who won what -- the information is undoubtedly already chronicled elsewhere in the JOURNAL. There was much clowning by Harlan, aided by Isaac Asimov and Harry Harrison when their turns came on the platform. Not all of the winners were present. Isaac accepted for Gene Roddenberry. Ed Meskys accepted for himself and co-editor Felice Rolfe of NIEKAS. Harry Harrison accepted for Jack Vance. Bjo Trimble accepted for Robert Heinlein.

In his most pathetic voice, with gestures to match, Isaac said that he had been all prepared to gracefully turn down the Nycon 3 conglom when asked to serve as master of ceremonies. He has served so often he is getting tired. However, when he wasn't asked and found Harlan was selected, he felt hurt.

Harlan stated brashly that the best man had been asked. He was then nailed to the wall by Isaac, who said, "The committee that chose this master of ceremonies also chose this hotel." Isaac made a grand and triumphant exit to thunderous applause.

The Awards luncheon ran so long, that at its conclusion I was ready for dinner. Strange to say, the hotel had given late checkout privileges to members of the convention, so they could stay through the banquet. Many persons were thoroughly satiated with convention life and were eager to leave. It had been a long convention. I was staying for the final night's parties, though.

Dan and Carmel Galouye were ready for dinner, too, and we decided to form a small dinner party. At that point, Judy Blish came by and informed me a larger group was getting together upstairs. Thinking this might be a good idea, I left to see if there was room for the three of us. As I entered the gathering place, a typical tiny Hilton "convention special" bedroom, Barbara Silverberg said triumphantly, "That completes our party of fifteen!"

Bob Silverberg then submitted the fact that he already had twenty persons for the fifteen-person reservation. Since I had just braved the elevator system, I thought I might as well complete my mission and ask if there was room for three more. Bob simply said, "Disaster!" He did not mention the corollaries of "war, famine, and pestilence", but I got the message and left.

The Galouyes and I walked a block from the hotel, coming to a restaurant whose name was familiar to me. I did get it confused with another, however, and announced it had a good New York kosher cuisine. I learned differently when we opened the menu and saw such delicacies as veal parmigiana, chicken cacciatore, and shrimp ala marsala. No bagels. We were in Solowey's restaurant.

The food was excellent, and the service superb. The waitress even had the busboy bring us water without being asked -- the height of luxury in New York City. The contrast with the previous night's "dinner" at the Hilton was striking. As a matter of fact; I hadn't been eating well during the convention, and ordered a complete dinner, outeating the combined Galouyes. I was a little embarrassed, therefore, when Dan took the check.

Also in contrast to the previous convention rush-rush-rush, the leisurely dinner and interesting table talk was relaxing and enjoyable. We discussed science-fiction writing and twenty other kindred topics. Dan had along a copy of the May, 1952 IMAGINATION containing his first story. He said it also had the first stories of Robert Sheckley, Zenna Henderson, and Gordon R. Dickson. (Gordon told me that evening that this was actually his second or third story.) Dan, of course, is probably best known for his masterpiece DARK UNIVERSE. He will be on his first convention panel at the next Deepsouthcon.

We walked back to the hotel, where I was a half-hour late for my appointment with Frank Belknap Long. Fortunately, as expected, Frank had been late, too. So he hadn't been waiting long at all. Naturally, I made introductions all around. Dan and Carmel were pleased to meet the great master of fantasy.

The four of us headed toward the Cincinnati suite. Lou Tabakow was gone, but his hospitality remained. Frank Long is not the pushy type, and wondered if people still remembered him, since he'd not been active in fandom for many years. However, he has published ten books in the past three years. The first person meeting him at the suite was Frank Andrasovsky, who said he'd just finished reading one of the new books.

Frank was introduced to the other party-goers, too, including Bjo Trimble and Donna Pallone. Frank and I reminisced over old times and what was going on in the world of fandom these days. Since this was effectively Frank's first contact with fandom since the 1960 Pittsburgh worldcon, where he spent his honeymoon, he was interested in seeing old friends. So we headed for Judy Merrill's suite.

There, we found Mike Moorcock, Fritz Leiber, Bob Sheckley, and Cliff Simak. I felt a little silly about making introductions, as I knew everyone knew each other by reputation, though possibly not by sight. However, I gritted my vocal cords and made the appropriate sounds. It was just as well, since it turned out that Fritz Leiber and Frank Long had never met in person before. They were genuinely pleased to do so at this late date, and began talking about each other's work and their mutual friends.

Cliff Simak came over shortly from the next room, shook hands with Frank, and sat down on the bed. Cliff said, "I've always wanted to meet you." Frank replied, "You've done great work." Cliff answered, "You laid the foundation." They continued this exchange of sincere compliments, showing a knowledge and appreciation of each other's writing.

Judy Merrill came over and asked me if I knew who was sitting next to me -- indicating Bob Sheckley. I said sure, and named him. There must have been some private joke involved, because Judy said, "There, you see -- you are famous." (You don't suppose that wasn't Bob Sheckley, do you?)

Eventually, Frank and I wandered up to the last-ditch party at the convention suite, hosted by Ted White and Dave Van Arnam. As we entered, we were cautioned to keep our voices down, since a hotel detective had just been by. A woman in the next room had complained of the noise. The conventioners were talking in normal tones, and no one was boisterous. However, it wasn't long before we heard a pounding on the door and

a voice shrieking, "All right, you bastards. I'm going to wake you up at 6 a.m." The general consensus was that the party would still be going at 6 a.m.

Lester del Rey soon came in and started a long, long conversation with Ted White. Mike Moorcock made a brief appearance, but quickly left. He's the chief exponent of the school which Les had blasted at the Banquet. As I sprawled on the floor, Phil Harrell came over and offered to fix me a drink. Looking up and seeing his smiling face and noting his courtly manners, I thought there was hope for fankind after all.

Among others present were Ben Bova, Forry Ackerman, Jim and Judy Blish, Gordie Dickson, John-Henri Holmberg, Chuck Hansen, Ev del Rey, Darko Suvin, Jack Gaughan, Lee Hoffman, Bob Tucker, Alex Panshin, and Harry Harrison. Forry gave a complete run-down on the well-publicized theft from his home by a fan houseguest. It must have taken an hour for him to give us the incredible details.

As fans spread the word about the party, the suite slowly filled up. It eventually became reasonably crowded, though nothing like the press at previous "open" parties. At one point, I was sitting in a chair with my legs on a bed. Bob Tucker came by, and said for me not to bother moving -- he jumped over my legs. Forry was nearby and I noted to him that it did my heart good to see someone so advanced in years still so spry. The party was still going when I left around 4 a.m.

Tuesday morning I paid my hotel bill, saw to some camera repairs, and took a limousine to Laguardia airport. My flight actually left on time, and I was shortly back in Syracuse. I spent the next couple of weeks developing film, and proofing the pictures. This will delay the Tricon CONVENTION ANNUAL a little longer, but is something which has to be done right away. When finally issued, the Tricon CONVENTION ANNUAL will be an historic document, ranking with the recently-released Matthew Brady Albums of the Civil War.

Everyone was kind to me at the Nycon 3, and no one snarled about the picture book delay. In fact, I'm completely free of fan bites. The concom, though, like all their predecessors, will undoubtedly have new wounds inflicted for years to come. Ted White and the others certainly worked hard to put together the convention. I'm glad that there are fans around who think enough of worldcons to put one on.

The spirited fight between L.A. and Berkeley also augers well for the future. The obvious enthusiasm of St. Louis and Ohio, too, is very welcome. They sure did some massive campaigning. Baltimore, in the person of Jack Chalker, says it is going to try again; so does Boston. Even Andy Porter laid claim to a future New York bid.

Nycon 3 was a huge, tiring convention. I'm looking forward to the small ones coming up, as a relief from the mad pace. At these, you have more time to spend with fewer people. The Philadelphia Conference this November should be pleasant -- see you there.

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