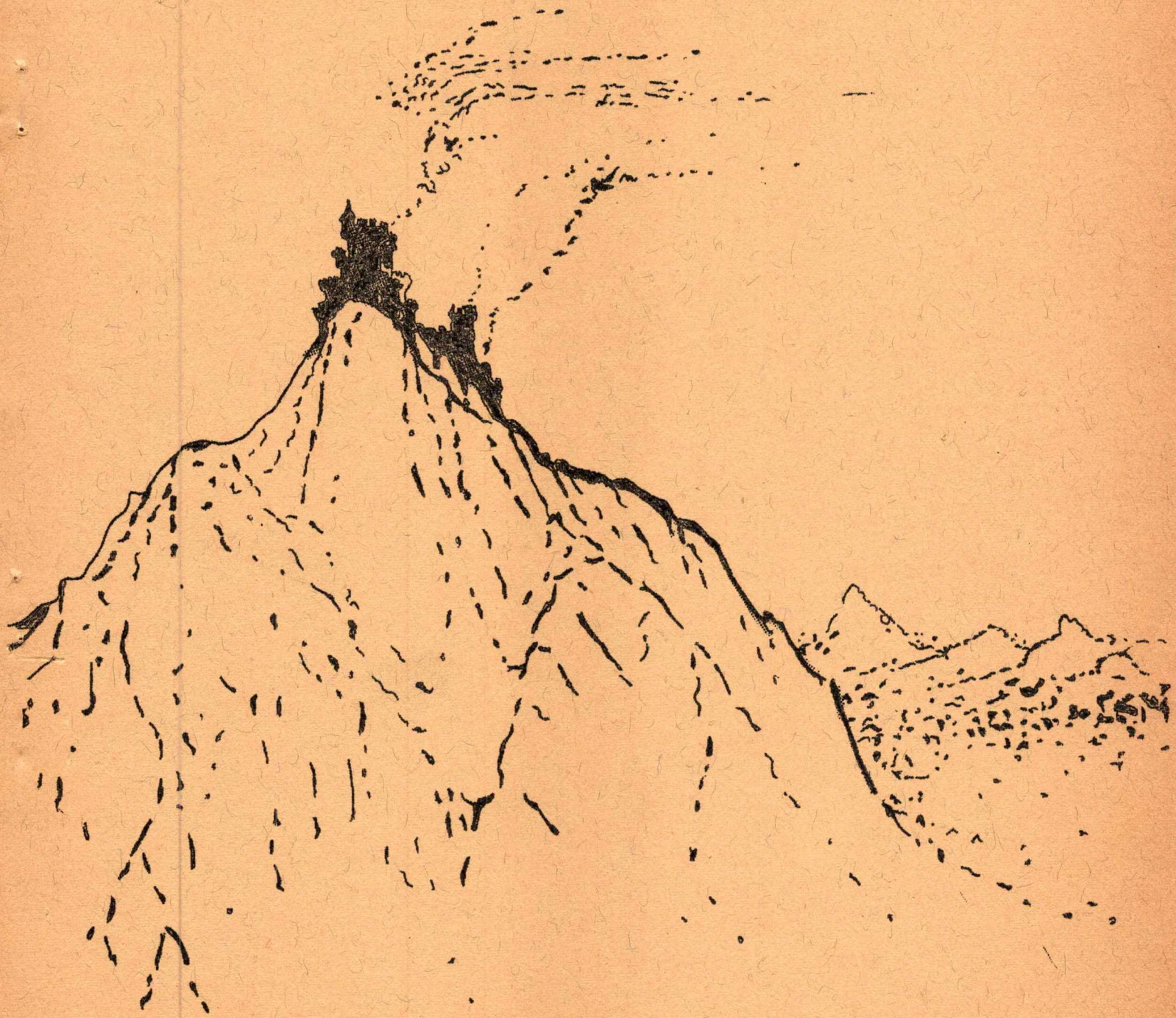


BAYCON

1968



Don Simpson

This is a convention report by BOB VARDEMAN which purports to relate a few of the incidents, sights and happenings at the 26th World Science Fiction Convention, otherwise known as the Baycon. This following report is in no way complete and I'm sure I've omitted all sorts of important things. So be it.

You've gotten this because you're mentioned, I met you at the convention, you're on my mailing list or I just felt nasty and sent it to you.

FUBB Pub

1968: A FINNISH IDIOCY

Part the first: Thursday, 29 August 1968

Thursday morning marked my departure for the first of what I hope will be a long string of attendances at World Conventions. I had never really travelled far afield before (Las Vegas being about the furthest I'd ever travelled by air) so I was looking forward to the flight almost as much as I was to the con.

Going out via TWA in a Boeing 727 over some of the most desolate and beautiful country in the world, I found that a jet just doesn't take long to get anywhere. By the time I'd ogled a bit at the countryside (which looked like brown velvet dropped from some giant fist), talked with Mike Vasey (another local fan who coincidentally happened to be on the same flight), and eaten the breakfast of sausage and French toast, I was in the San Francisco airport.

Both takeoff and landing were quite smooth even tho I'd heard one of the stewardesses (stewardi?) say that the pilot had had 17 years training and I was afraid I'd gotten one of the unteachable duds. If this were true, he faked the landing very well.

After retrieving my battered brown suitcase at the terminal, I went to rent a car for my stay. I had figured that I'd spend all day looking around San Francisco (I had especially wanted to see Lombard St. and several other places I'd missed when last I left my heart in San Francisco) but things seldom work out the way I plan.

I first tried National Car Rental. The lady was quite polite about the whole thing, much more so than Avis and Hertz. At any rate, the conversation went something like this:

"I'd like to rent a car until Monday afternoon" said I.

"Fine, sir. May I see your driver's license and credit card?" said she.

"Driver's license is no problem" whereupon I produced it, "but what credit card do you need?"

"Oh, any major credit card. Mobil, Standard, Diner's Club..."

At this point I found that Gulf and Texaco aren't considered major credit cards. I was slightly dismayed since Albuquerque has only a few Mobil stations worth mentioning and Standard I had never had any occasion to use so didn't bother carrying. I do most of my trade with Gulf, and to a lesser degree with Texaco (infrequent gasoline refills rather than major surgery on the car). Needless to say, I don't have a Diner's Club nor an American Express (altho my father does have one of the latter, it doesn't do me any good).

"Well," I said, "it seems that I don't have anything you'll accept. How about a cash deposit?" She looked at me with askance as if I had done something terribly gauche but soon relinquished.

"Very well, that will be \$25 deposit then...oh! I just noticed you aren't 25. I'm sorry but we can't rent you a car."

"But why not? My license is valid until 1970, I've never been ticketed - not even for a parking violation. I'm 21 which is the legal age for voting and drinking and a citizen of the United States...."

"But the insurance is so high until you're 25 that we simply cannot rent you a car. Sorry."

I then tried Avis (who doesn't really seem to try any harder) and Hertz having been rebuffed at National. Fruitlessly attempting the impossible at these two, I moved on to #4. And #5. These last two cost me a 10¢ coin of the realm apiece and I figured that if I was still striking out after 5 tries I'd better save my money.

If I'd known I was going to run into such a problem I'd've tried to find out about bus schedules but I had thought I would have clear sailing and smooth driving.

As a related note, I had applied for a BankAmericard about a month previous to all this, obviously being passed over in their great recruiting drive. I still hadn't received it the Tuesday before I left and had decided to find out if it was coming at all (I was beginning to doubt it since my father had not received one either and he is one hell of a lot better credit risk than I am). I was busy at the store so when my father called the First National Bank (Bank of America's local representative) to straighten out a snag in the BankAmericard system that was fouling up our books, I had him inquire. The manager, director or whatever he was called me back after checking into the matter and found that the Denver bank had rejected my application. I told him that this was OK by me since I had just wanted it for the convention trip as a handy source of quick credit but could he furnish me with some reason for the rejection. Said he, "It seems your credit references aren't good enough to merit giving you a card."

He seemed somewhat surprised when I told him that I owned half of a \$150,000 business and that most other banks in town seemed to consider that as fairly good collateral and besides which, the salesman that had been peddling the BankAmericard system had told me when I authorized it for the store that the owners of each store would get a card. The manager or whatever he was then hedged a bit and said that they hadn't had time to get those cards out yet.

I'm afraid I did a rather despicable thing then because I informed him that at least one of the bank's own employees hadn't gotten a card either (she is a systems analyst/troubleshooter specializing strictly on problems arising from the use of the BankAmericard) and if they didn't really trust their own employees with a card they couldn't be expected to want to let me have one. Especially since I usually pay cash for whatever I purchase. (Cash, by the way, is a rather dirty four letter word in the credit card world). He seemed quite flustered and said he'd try to get a card out to me by Saturday - whereupon I told him that if he didn't or couldn't or wouldn't have it out before Thursday morning, 7:05 AM, he could kindly forget the whole business. Besides which, I reminded him that Denver had found me a poor risk and that he shouldn't make special exceptions if he wanted to maintain the integrity of the entire system.

He called back Wednesday and I believe he was trying to make me feel guilty because he kept harping on how long all this had taken him to do (and I think I was making him mad by continually telling him not to put himself out just for me and how I didn't think he could get the card out to me before I left, and to just forget the whole thing since the Denver bank had turned down my application due to poor credit references). At any rate, he didn't get the card to me before I left.

This has been quite an experience for me seeing how the really big banks work (remind me to never put a dime in the Bank of America - they seem to be too big already. Antitrust suit, maybe?) I am beginning to wonder how Howard Hughes and HL Hunt are enjoying their BankAmericards - they must be the only ones who could qualify for the cards in this country.

Back to the airport. Since I needed some way of getting from there to the beautiful Hotel ~~Wynn~~ Shattuck in downtown Berkeley, I took a taxi. Or rather a taxi took me. For \$13.35.

And the beautiful ~~Wynn~~ Shattuck Hotel.... Brother! Condemned 20 years ago - or rather it should have been. It used to be the YMCA until about then when the YMCA built a new building in the next block (using Gothic style architecture which was contemporary then). With great fear and trembling I registered and went up to the third floor in the elevator (the elevator wasn't much more than a bucket on a rope - I took the stairs from then on). The porter led me around corkscrew turns,

past cul-de-sacs, until finally I thought I was going to walk all the way to San Francisco before he got to the room. But finally he came upon a series of signs saying "FIRE ESCAPE" and by following those he eventually got to the room. Seeing the condition of the hotel, I was pleased I was so near the fire escape.

The room itself was unbelievable. Transom over the door, no air conditioning (other than opening the balky windows), 15 foot ceilings but I was heartened to see that the bathroom had an honest-to-God flush toilet with the tank hooked onto the seat (I'd been expectin to see the tank hung up on the wall with a pull chain dangling -- or, horror of horrors, to see a path leading to a door with a half moon carved in it). The only hitch was that the toilet didn't work. Rather than call up the desk clerk and have someone get lost trying to find me, I looked the situation over and managed to fix the toilet so that it would flush by using one of the bent and battered hangers from the closet (which was somehow fitting since I think every water closet should have a coat hanger). I figured my work on the toilet was worth more to them than to me since I spent most of my time at the Claremont - but it was still a comforting relief to know that the toilet would work whenever I needed it.

I started back out and soon found myself lost in a maze of corridors which later proved to be a Moebius strip. I managed to find a flight of stairs that didn't go anywhere and sundry and assorted broomclosets (one had a skeleton in it - the poor wight no doubt starved to death trying to find his way out) and finally perseverance and a good bit of luck gave me egress to the outside world.

Being without wheels, I spent the day looking around the U of C campus at Berkeley which was only 2 blocks from the beautiful Hotel ~~Walt~~ Shattuck. After descending from the Campanile, I ate lunch in the SUB (which really is a beautiful building), and then looked over the bookstore. Surprisingly enough there were four racks of stf books and even more surprising was the distribution of the authors' works. The only writers with more than 4 titles on the racks were Keith Laumer, Gordon Dickson, Poul Anderson and (of course) Robert Heinlein. The New Wave books were very scarce and I don't know if this was because they sold rapidly, didn't sell at all and weren't ordered, or weren't stocked for some other reason. Considering the experimentalist atmosphere at Berkeley I would have thought that Ballard, Disch, Moorcock, etc. would have been prime commodities. Even by lumping such notables as Delany, Zelazny and Ellison into the New Wave, the New Wave was still almost totally absent (there was one Ballard - The Wind From Nowhere - and that was it, baby).

I then went over to Le Conte Hall and looked it over and then cut out for the SUB once again to pick up a bus schedule to find out how best to get to the Claremont.

Bus transport seemed like the ideal way of traversing the 2½ miles since I wasn't about to pay good money for taxi fare. And I was still slightly miffed about the fact of having to be 25 before full citizenship could be granted (I can legally buy booze (fact is, I can legally sell booze), I'll be voting against the next President of the US, I can be drafted and sent halfway around the world -- but I can't rent a car).

Well, that old saw about well laid plans going astroy was in full force again (in case you're unfamiliar with the statement of Finagle's Law: Anything that can possibly go wrong will.). I found which bus would deliver me to the front steps of the Claremont - bus on route #65. I found the corner to catch the bus. But the damned driver wouldn't stop and I swear he grinned as he gunned it around the corner leaving me standing on the curb ^{cu} much chagrined. I thought the Albuquerque bus system was bad but at least you can catch a bus here - it just doesn't go where you want to go, but you can get one. In Berkeley, it is apparently just opposite; you can find a bus going your way but you can't get it to slow down so you can get aboard. For anyone who is interested, the time was 4:15, it was the bus on route #65 and it was bus #690 with a Gilbey's Vodka ad on the side.

Seeing the bus go merrily on its way (I hope to hell), I was left with nothing to do but walk. Which I did for a bit over 45 minutes. Up hill. In miserable heat and humidity (the heat I didn't mind but the relative humidity must have been 85% or higher). The only consolation was that I got to see quite a bit of Berkeley (mostly

along Telegraph Ave.) that I would never have gotten to see otherwise. But that was still a hot and muggy $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the ~~West~~ Shattuck.

Physically, from the outside at least, the Claremont is a beautiful place. The grounds are well landscaped and it has vegetation in profusion. I managed to find the first floor (2 flights up from where I entered) and there was fandom! I promptly registered and the first fans I met that I had been corresponding with were the beautiful OE of APA45, Lesleigh Couch, the notorious Hank Luttrell, and Chris Couch (known to the APA45 members as Fletch's model for the Whistling Rapist).

I evinced a desire for a St. Louis in '69 button and Chris offered me a choice from a box of a couple hundred. Then feeling quite secure in my action, I paid Lesleigh the \$3 for registration at St. Louiscon even though the actual bidding wouldn't be held for nearly 48 hours.

In rapid succession; Rick Brooks handed me his fanzine Nargothrond #2, I met Bob Roehm (who surprisingly enough does not look like Michael Valentine Smith) and the crew from Pittsburgh (Linda Eyster, Suzanne Tompkins, Dale Sternaka, Nancy Lambert, Linda's sister (Sunday?), and Ginjer Buchanan) and picked up assorted pieces of Literature of Great Import.

One sign I passed on my way in read "GASLIGHT ALL DAY" indicating the status of the Gaslight Room for Con use, but mysteriously as I was leaving the lobby it read "GASED ALL LAY IT" which, while not too much grammatically, was probably quite fitting, all things considered.

All this time I was slowly dying of thirst and my throat was beginning to feel like Arrakis. Not even the post nasal drip was helping (Lord Gwaay's nosedrip was likewise afflicted on me). In the entire furshlugginer place the only people good enough to have water handy was the N3F Hospitality Room mentor (whether it be Don Miller or Stan Woolston (or even someone else) I don't know but I thank you kindly whoever you are). In the N3F room I met Mike & Diane Zaharakis and we began discussing the upcoming elections (but not until after Mike had forced a copy of Insomniac onto me).

With the Zaharakis's (Zaharakii?) I wended my way up to the Churchill Room (which did not have a banner saying "Neville Chamberlain is alive and well in Prague" like some rumors have said) where the Baycon welcoming party financed by the Claremont was going on. The only problem turned out to be that the one bottle of 2 month old domestic champagne the hotel furnished was gone, as was the non-alky punch --BUT! the hotel was gladly selling Hill & Hill for some other type booze for just 90¢ a drink (which is 25¢ more per shot than is charged in Albuquerque at most of the finer lounges...ahem). I tried to opt for a water fountain but, alas, the cunning mind of the hotel planner had made sure there weren't any. So I just wandered around parched. Being a true desert fan helped me greatly in my moment of need (but, like a camel, when I came upon water I drank at least 25 full gallons).

Randall Garrett in a booming voice (a booming voice, by the way Koontz, is a tunic made from strips of kangaroo hide and coarse down from the giant 7 foot killer penguins of Borneo) then announced that a Gilbert and Sullivan adaptation would be presented. Jerry Jacks had butchered HMS Pinefore into "TrekaStar". Cast included Jerry Jacks as Chekov, David Gerrold as Kirk, Karen Anderson as Spock, Astrid Anderson as Uhura, Dorothy Jones as Yeoman Rand, Kathy Bushman as a sundry crewman and someone whose name I never did catchas The Sack and Straws. Felice Rolfe furnished the music and despite some random annoyances (such as no chairs and the poor physical set up of the room) the play was very enjoyable. It was well adapted and funny, Gerrold made a better Kirk than Shatner and Dorothy Jones has quite a voice (and is otherwise GOSHWOW).

Somewhere along the way I met Jim Young who immediately shoved Hoop #4 at me and told me I looked like Ken Fletcher, but taller. One might say that I was a stretched Fletch. If this is true (and Mike Montgomery says it isn't) I feel sorry for Ken. No one should have to go thru life looking at a carbon copy of me. At any rate, Jim and I left the Churchill Room and went down to the Gaslight Room (which I suspect of actually having been lit

by gas in some bygone era (like 3 weeks before the convention)) to see a 1925 Czech movie called "The Jester" (which had been retitled "The War of the Fools"). While the continuity was slightly shot, at least y present day standards, it was a remarkably effective anti-war movie dissecting the loyalty (or disloyalty) to any particular flag with biting insight.

Since Mike & Diane (and Mike's sister, Charlene) were also staying in the ~~Wynn~~ Shattuck I managed to hitch a ride back with them. I also persuaded Mike that it would be the Fannish Thing To Do to let me ride along to the Claremont the next morning.

Part the second: Friday, 30 August 1968

Good as his word, Mike offered me a ride after breakfasting at the ~~Wynn~~ Shattuck's super swift service restaurant. With only 5 people in the whole room it took an incredibly loocoong time to be waited on. And the prices were astronomical to a poor boy from the boonies. \$1.25 for a breakfast that I can get here in Albuquerque for 59¢....steep. The food wasn't bad but paying two prices for it I'd've been highly incensed if it had been.

Leaving the ~~Wynn~~ Shattuck, Mike found a parking ticket gracing his windshield wiper blade. It seems that at 10AM he had parked in a 3 minute zone and at 10:03AM been ticketed. Considering that the rapid transit tube system had effectively torn up the street and that there was only limited side street parking, I wonder just where the City ~~Father's~~ Fathers had intended people (with cars, naturally) to park. Mike drove over to the Court House and explained to the lady locked up behind the steel grating just what happened. While he was doing this I noticed that not 10 feet away it was possible to pay for (1) dog licenses (2) sewer service (3) garbage collection. Somehow I just couldn't convince Mike that he should have been trying to explain to the woman in #2 that the whole thing was just bilge. Anyway, thru great persuasive powers and promising to be on the noon stage, Mike was allowed to sign a ~~confession~~ an affidavit declaring he didn't know what the white curb had meant and that he wouldn't do anything like that again.

We got to the Claremont in time for the opening benediction by the Grand Patriarch of the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way, otherwise fannishly known as Bill Donaho. His prayer was well received and I quote fairly accurately, "Let there be fog, wind and air conditioning. Have fun!" I should add that the Claremont didn't have air conditioning either. And Bill should have added ice since the Claremont (O grand and glorious moneygrubbers) were selling it for 50¢ a pound.

Fred Pohl then introduced the pros in the audience and Walt Daugherty did the honors on the fans of note. After this, I wandered around rather aimlessly meeting people and then I summoned up the courage to try and order something to eat at the hotel's soda fountain. It was damn near impossible to get waited on. And, after the food did arrive 50 minutes later, it was not worth the money. But the coke was. I was still parched from the day before. This fountain operation was truly a bureaucrat's delight. The 3 waitresses, two busboys and the one manager all ran everywhere, worked at something with great diligence - and never actually accomplished anything. If I hadn't been too weak from hunger to hold a pen, I'd have taken notes on how it was done.

Jim

Young and I then proceeded back to the Gaslight Room to catch the verbal daggering of Harry Harrison by Harlan. As Robert Silverberg was later to say, "And here is Harlan mercilessly thrusting his charisma at us". Harlan's main point was that there was no such thing as the New Wave and that there never had been. Just a lot of authors doing their thing. While I think this might be true to a certain extent (wrt subject matter, for instance), I don't believe that the New Wave's treatment of the plot varies a whole lot from one writer to the next. And in this respect, I think it is quite possible to define a New Wave. The New Wave obviously knows very little about science and makes use of symbolism and psychological quirks to circumvent this lack.

When Harlan admitted that he knew little of science, Harry Harrison promptly jumped on this with, "What's

the name of the game if it isn't science?" While Harry managed to get off a few good ones at Harlan, it was Harlan who came out on top in this battle of wits. That man is simply too much energy, drive and wit to put down.

Walt Daugherty started the auction around 3:15 and proved himself an able auctioneer. Armed (perhaps loaded) with his two Seagram's VO and 7Ups, he began. While most of the artwork by Freas was simply gorgeous the prices were too high for me. Minimum bids on the small cover prelims were \$25 and well worth it. The full size cover illos were \$40 minimum. I managed to pick up a Morris Scott Dollens painting of Mars as seen from Phobos for a paltry \$11 (his works were going for \$35 and \$40 at later auctions). My other buy at this particular auction session was an interior illo by Freas from the Pirates of Ersatz. Why no one wanted this particular drawing I can't imagine but I'm glad I could get it for as little as \$3.

The STrekkers weren't up to form yet with a pair of Spock's ears going for only \$14. On the next two auctions they were to go for \$20 and \$22 respectively. Considering that Spock has an ear job every 3 days and might go thru as many as 75 or 100 pairs in a season's shooting, I'd say this is a vast market just waiting to be tapped by ST Enterprises.

I made it to the art show for the first time and found that 3 artists were so overwhelmingly good that everything else just paled into the background. George Barr had a series of pen and ink drawings which were indescribably detailed and beautiful. Dave Ludwig had two oils which were outstanding and Bernie Zuber had two which were fantasy scenes (one from LOTR which won a first place if I remember rightly). In the second rank was Alex Eisentstein (his cover illo from Heinlein in Dimension was displayed) and Kathy Bushman had one portrait that was ostensibly just a picture of a woman - until you noticed that the canine teeth were just a trifle too long. Count Dracula would have been proud to hang that in his tomb. Much of therest was well done but nothing outstanding and then there was quite a bit of the run of the mill. Taken as a whole, the quality of the material displayed was surprisingly good.

I followed Jim Young up to the Valley SF Association's room which, altho it only had two beds, was sleeping as many as 7 per night by my count. But the most interesting thing about the VALSFA suite was its galloping bathtub - filled with beer. I naturally volunteered to help them empty it and spent the rest of the con trying. It was here (peering into the beer-filled bathtub assessing the situation) that I met Al Snider and Dwain Kaiser, co-editors of NIMROD. Good people both, altho Dwain tends toward fuggheadedness at times. He said that he was voting for Columbus because they were polite and had short hair - I tried to press him as to who from the St. Louis bunch had ever been rude to him since my experiences with Ray and Joyce Fisher and the Couch Clan had shown them to be just the opposite, but he wouldn't say. As to the long hair bit, I am still not certain whom he was referring to. Chris's hair was long but not all that long, likewise with Hank Luttrell. Ray Fisher, I imagine, wishes his hair was more abundant as well as longer so he couldn't be the one Dwain was referring to. And neither Joyce nor Leigh nor Lesleigh would look very good with crewcuts (but this just might be one of my personal hangups - I like long hair on women). Al Snider spent a good deal of time beguiling me with tales from the ocCULT. It amazes me that anyone would print a fanzine on slabs of baloney just to get the goat of the completist and it really astounds me that Bruce Pelz would freeze it so that he could keep a complete mailing. Completists...sheesh.

Jim and I hastily beat it down to the Churchill Room for the wine tasting only to find that it was almost over. The wineries were packing up shop and abl the pros had left with the exception of John Brunner (who, by not going, had shown himself to be quite a trufan). While the Christian Bros. Winery had already folded their tents and crept off into the night, I did manage to try (1) Pinot Noir from the Tiburon Vintners (2) Burgundy from the Loretto Winery, Ltd. (3) Chablis and Burgundy from the Cambiaso Winery. Pinot Noir is my favorite burgundy and I enjoyed it quite a bit, but in all fairness the other two burgundy wines weren't bad either. The Chablis was quite good and I might have enjoyed it even more if I hadn't already gone thru 3 goblets of red wine. Unfortunately, only the Cambiaso Winery had any Rose (Grenache Rose) and even then I didn't get to try it. Such is the penalty for not

watching the clock.

I managed to stuff myself on the various cheeses furnished by the Marin French Cheese Company, but since I know absolutely nothing about cheeses I couldn't tell which was supposed to be which. Not that it mattered to me since I tried each and every one - several times. I must admit to making a pig of myself (but this just proves I'm a worthy member of the Albuq. SF, Hot Air and Gourmand Society).

Some time after finishing off the fourth goblet of wine, I began to wonder if a goblet were really a small sailor.

~~Staggering~~ Going back to the lobby, Jim and I found that some ST episodes were being shown in the Gaslight Room but the heat was so stifling neither of us could stand it so we just spent the time talking to anyone who happened by. Somewhere around 11 o'clock (rather some time around 2300) the Order of St. Fantasy held its initiation ceremony. While the only one being initiated at the convention was Forry Ackerman, Rick Sneary had been inducted earlier in a surprise ceremony before the con.

John Brunner acted as master of ceremonies and did a very good job. And considering that he had just been asked to be mc a few hours earlier by Dave Kyle, it must be said that he did an outstanding job.

Columbus threw their bidding party afterwards but both pros and fans were lacking (at least when I wandered thru) probably due to the all night movies St. Louis was showing in the Gaslight Room. While the monster/film fans might have been attracted by The Fly, the Mummy, Dracula and the 7 Voyages of Sinbad, the primary reason for the movies seemed to be to keep the Gaslight Room open all night so the drifters in could find someplace to sleep.

I spent most of my time that night at the VALSFA party (everyone kept stopping by and asking them what they were bidding for and they kept telling everyone that they were just throwing the party for the heck of it). John Brunner dropped by and chatted for a while as did Alexei Panshin. Takumi Shibano and his wife were in for about 10 minutes shooting pictures of the whole disreputable lot of us- something tells me that Takumi is going to have more and better pictures than anyone else at the con, Dave Kyle included. Takumi seemed to be everywhere all the time shooting photos like crazy.

I gravitated out of the VALSFA area after meeting Steve and Dave Johnson (Steve being an APA45 member). Somehow I managed to filch a pastrami sandwich from them along with some root beer (I couldn't face the prospect of a peanut butter & pastrami sandwich altho it was offered - a sadist I may be but a masochist I ain't).

Wandering back to the VALSFA party, I noticed someone had been tampering with the graffiti I had scrawled on the greenboard outside the Churchill Room. My "Igli is a louse" had been slavishly relettered "Yngvi is a louse" which everyone already knew anyway. And my "Bart Fraden is a Nervous Nellie" had after it "Who the hell is Bart Fraden?". Sometimes I wonder if there is anyone in the world who ever takes the time to read sf.

Also while drifting back I noticed that the fuzz were checking some of the room parties rather closely. While the management might protest about the noise, the other con members wouldn't because they are probably making at least as much noise as the party next to them. At any rate, I never did hear if the cops found the rooms on the 3rd and 4th floors where several parties were quietly turning on. (That might have been one way to have found the rooms - hunt for the rooms which were quiet).

When I managed to take the shuttle service thoughtfully provided by the hotel around 0330, I found out why the cops had been prowling the premises and never moving their hands more than 6" from their firesticks. It seems that the riot protesting Chicago (whether they were protesting the city, the mayor, the Democrats, the Democratic Convention, the Chi police or the price of turnips in Chicago I never found out) had been broken up with tear gas and about 20 minutes after that a policeman was shot (presumably by a pacifist who thought that dead cops were the most peaceful kind imaginable). On the way back to the beautiful ~~W~~ Shattuck in a clanking wagon/truck, I noticed that Telegraph Ave. was entirely closed down and the cops were in practically every 3rd intersection.

Finally getting back to the ~~Wet~~ Shattuck, I found that the bread crumbs I'd dropped so I could find my way back to the room had been eaten by the room clerk (who had a lean, hungry look about him - a lean hungry look, by the way Koontz, is a gorgeously embroidered cape made from woven bat fur and armadillo tongues). After wearily tracing the wet spots on the threadbare carpet (wet from the clerk's tongue licking up the crumbs), I flopped into bed facing the prospect of another overpriced breakfast in a matter of 5 short hours.

Part the third: Saturday, 31 August 1968

After forcing down the food (the food wasn't causing the throat constriction but the price was - you see I was the original heart transplant patient. My heart was taken out and a cash register was installed) and noticing how the sugar and salt refused to pour, I caught the Sardine Special over to the Claremont.

One of the first things I found on getting back to the Claremont was that Jim Young is a dirty, despicable snake-in-the-grass who would steal from his own grandmother. He had bilked some poor, innocent comics fan out of a 1942 Astounding in almost mint condition for a mere 50¢ (the fact that the comics fan was the one who set the price has nothing to do with it - robbing the poor kid of it was still a mean thing to do). ((Uh, Jim, I'll give you 55¢ for it....))

Went and listened to Ray Bradbury give an account of some works in progress and relate the sad tale that the Martian Chronicles will not be filmed due to the Mars fly-by of the Mariner. Which might be as well. I hope they decide to film it on location now - that would be worthy of the stories (but they would have to shoo off Northwest Smith and John Carter first, I suppose).

60¢, Jim?

At 1PM (1300) there was a panel discussion of HP Lovecraft by Bob Bloch, Fritz Leiber, E. Hoffman Price, Jack Williamson Edmond Hamilton and Emil Petaja. Williamson related a trip with Lovecraft and Hamilton down the Mississippi on which they found a genuine dragon ship oarring thru the fog. While Bloch spent a good deal of his time running thru a series of puns (he once dissected a small boy and removed his spleen, kidneys and other internal members until the kid was totally disorganized - but Bloch had to get rid of all the stuff. He did manage to keep a stiff upper lip, tho.) Leiber and Petaja related their correspondances with HPL and Price told about HPL as a person as well as an author.

Jim, I'll go to 75¢.

After the panel I managed to catch a glimpse of John Boardman and was surprised to find that he doesn't breathe fire nor leave smoking footprints wherever he goes. Not only doesn't the earth tremble when he walks but I didn't detect the faintest odor of brimstone. Amazing. I unfortunately didn't get a chance to meet the other steadfast KIPPLE writer, George Price, altho Roytac assures me George was there.

At the auction, Walt Daugherty was given some hot material to auction off. He sold Harlan for a record breaking \$72. I contributed \$1 to the fund and in return I'm supposed to get a pithy one liner which I can use as an interlino in Sandworm. When I left Monday afternoon, Ginjer Buchanan still hadn't gotten the hour of Harlan's time so I don't know how effectively (or to what use) that hour was put.

Also being sold was a manuscript and a $\frac{1}{2}$ hour of Bradbury's time - both going for \$35. (I later heard that it was Fred Hypes who was the proud recipient and he ended up with closer to 4 hours time). David Gerrold (writer of Trouble with Tribbles, you fakefan) went for a mere \$22 and to add insult to injury he was followed by a fluff of a Tribble which went for \$22.50!

In addition to people, some really great Freas artwork was sold. The cover for Horse Barbarians, I think, went for \$75 and the prelim sketches went for around \$30. The ST scripts sold fairly consistently for \$10-15 and the Dollens artwork soared to \$30 a painting.

Realizing that I wouldn't be able to take

very good pictures at the light show and the masquerade, I left my camera and treasure trove (an autographed copy of Heinlein in Dimension and a stack of Planet Stories) in the VALSFA room. The Masque of the Red Shift would have been an appropriate name for the entire show and I wonder why it wasn't used. Mental inertia maybe. The light show was marvelous and the puny, pallid things put on in Albuquerque are nothing compared to it (hey, Roy - did you know that there is a psychedelic bar opening up here in Albq? Called The Scene and somewhere near the U.) The Great Northern Lights Company is to be commended for its expert optical talents.

I heard that the ConCom had tried to get the HP Lovecraft to play but they (meaning the HPL) had been booked into Seattle and couldn't make it; pity, because this is another suitable theme not exploited. At any rate, The Mad River (the first band to play) did a marvelous job & I would like to know from some more erudite person out there the name of the record they cut and what label it is on. And how to get a copy (Roy started bugging the local record dispensary about it and I joined in only to find that they think that "contemporary" music means things like "The Tennessee Waltz" and Snooky Lanson). The Notes from the Underground were good but not as good as the Mad River.

The costume show was very poorly run with the contestants being trotted across a too short stage before the impact of their costuming could penetrate. Also, no names were announced on the first go around and it was impossible to tell what all the costumes were supposed to represent. While the judges (Hal Clement, Evelyn del Rey, and Bernie Zuber) got a good look at each and every contestant, the fans in the back and the ones stuck behind the multitude of pillars simply didn't have much chance.

Medieval costumes seemed to prevail and the numbers of peaceful type people stalking around with cold steel strapped to their side was appalling (and bruising also since they managed to thwack practically everyone on the shins when pushing their way thru a crowd - it could have been worse tho; they could have unsheathed and charged thru). Costumes that appealed to me were Dick Eney as the Red Baron, Bruce Pelz as a Heavytrooper from The Dragon Masters, Lin Carter in chain LinC armor as Elric (minus whiteface - and his Stormbringer was not as impressive as Pelz's 40 lb. broadsword), Jerry Lapidus as #2 (which he pulled off quite well since he looks like he might be a #2) and Cory Seidman as a bottle of Speed-o-Print Corflu. Quite a few other people's costumes were interesting (varry interesting, in fact) but I never did find out their names (with perhaps one exception - I think the cute blond in the solid black outfit trimmed in silver and with her sword slung on the right side was Lois McMaster).

I wonder at so few ST costumes - all told, there probably weren't a full dozen. I didn't notice any Dune oriented ones but that isn't too odd. If anyone had worn a stillsuit they would have been enjoying all that water...)

I missed the awards since I spent some time talking to Doll and Alexis Gilliland about fan publishing in general and the WSFA Journal in particular. Alexis has a subtle, dry form of humour reminiscent of the British and their tongue in cheek putons. I think everyone should write in Alexis' name for President - since he lives in Washington it would save the taxpayer all that money our other presidents have spent commuting from Texas or Massachusetts or wherever.

Alexis has an article coming up in the October or November Playboy so all you fen rush right out and buy a copy - as if you wouldn't anyway.

I'll go to 80¢, Jim.

Some time after midnight, the St. Louis bidding party started and I availed myself of several paper cups full of their brew (what kind it was I don't know - one beer tastes just like the next to me).

With the music of The Notes... in the background it was moderately hard to carry on much of a conversation. So I wandered out (notice how much wandering I do? - I use wander in place of "stagger" quite often) and scouted the lobby and then went back to the party for a refill. Noticing that most of the action had fallen off

I decided to see what type non-alcoholic stuff was being offered. Unfortunately, Hank Luttrell had run out of Kangaroo Kreme and likewise unfortunately Chris Couch hadn't run out of Leopard Lime. So I tried some Leopard Lime. Everyone makes a mistake now and again.

But I can't help wondering what the Kangaroo Kreme tasted like.

Anton Szandor

LaVey, head deomon of the First Satanist Church, was around recruiting (for the Hell Bound Train probably altho I didn't see Bob Bloch around). Too bad Doug Lovenstein wasn't at the con to give LaVey a copy of Arioch! He'd have probably damned a copy for Doug.

The open St. Louis party broke up and Jim (85¢?) and I headed for the VALSFA room for a while. There I ran into (almost literally) Lon and Katya Atkins leaving the poker game (whether they'd been participating or not I don't know) and I managed to worm Lon's new address from him. I mean, for a fan to have an unlisted adress is almost immoral.

Seeing then that Jim Young was zonked out of his mind (I don't think he'd passed out - but you could have fooled me), I started for the St, Louis party in the Fisher's rooms. It never ceases to amaze me how quickly fans can put away the booze. In the time it took me to walk from the door to the booze, I saw an entire fifth of vodka disappear. Which didn't overly bother me because I was headed for the $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon of Jim Beam. Sitting and talking for a few minutes saw almost three fourths of the Beam drained and I hurriedly snatched another snort before it toally evaporated (I think I mentioned that this was dry country). In about 10 minutes only a few drops remained (no doubt overlooked by leass zealous drinkers) and I polished this off quite handily. Feeling quite mellow, I agreed to help Chris and Hank hang St. Louis prop-aganda (the liquor and the beer hadn't gotten to me - it was the Leopard Lime that did it). After well decorating the Gaslight Room, I saw it was around 0500 (5AM) and I decided to go back to the beautiful ~~Wet~~ Shattuck before the transit service stopped at 0600.

As I was waiting for the shuttle craft, I found out just how nice Roger Zelazny and Randall Garrett are - incredibly nice. Some joker had gotten himself involved in an incident where a sign in the hotel had been torn down and the cops nabbed him (he said the one that did the dirty work got away). Besides making him pay for the sign, the hotel seemed bent on having the cops haul him off to the calaboose. Both Zelazny and Garrett talked to the manager (or night manager probably) and convinced him that since the guy had paid for the sign that the hotel shouldn't press charges. Apparently, with a bit of ill grace, the manager consented provided the guy was summarily sent home (somewhere in Oakland).

While it is possible that the manager would not have pressed charges of vandalism or whatever, it is comforting to know that there are people like Roger Zelazny and Randy Garrett interested in their fellow man to the extent of going to bat for him. Neither had to do a thing; they could have just watched as bystanders. But neither did.

It is a distinct pleasure to be a part of the same fandom as these two.

The trip back to the ~~Wet~~ Shattuck was uneventful but I was lulled to sleep by the sound of gunfire and sirens screaming (police type sirens - not the other kind).

Part the fourth: Sunday, 1 September 1968

Shaking off the lethargy of the morning hours (after only 4 hours sleep), I roused myself at 0930, ate breakfast (*sigh*) and lit out for the Claremont. The program in progress when I got there was the ERB program which I listened to for a bit. Vern Coriell either wasn't in form or was particularly dry that day. Caz (minus his guitar) was just sitting and seemed to have already spoken his piece so I left for the huckster room. Not being in the mood to spend money, I mostly looked longingly at the old ASF and talked with Linda Eyster, Earl Schultz and Lee Kingstein (she gave me four or five copies of the Third Foundation with the parts of The Doomed Lensman in them that I missed - thanks, Lee).

The business meeting was starting by the time I had packed away all the fmz. First on the agenda was the bidding for the next Westercon site. Tijuana lost to LA - and now I'm glad it happened that way. Roy Tackett is to be the fan guest of honor (the ASFS is going to make Roy a minor deity and invest 915 Green Valley Rd. NW as a fannish shrine which all true ASFS members will face 6 times a day while chanting "DYNATRON FOR HUGO!") Incidentally, Randy Garrett is going to be the pro GoH.

The St. Louis bid was very well done, in sharp contrast to the Columbus bid. While Ray Fosher must have been just a trifle nervous he didn't convey it at all and made a very business like opening presentation reeling off facts and figures and leaving the pyrotechnics for later.

Terry Carr, who is a strikingly dignified figure, made the first seconding speech. While competent and informative, it wasn't until Harlan started that the tempo picked up. Harlan is a natural born ham actor and can steal the stage from anyone (he doesn't have to be given a chance - he'll create his own opportunity). He used his usual rapid fire speaking technique but I think it was one of his off-the-cuff remarks that really scored - namely, he said that the hotel cop in St. Louis is an sf fan. That brought the rafters down.

Larry Smith, for Columbus, gave the impression of being an automaton and he wisely relinquished the floor to Forry Ackerman. Forry presented a good speech but it was too low key and soft spoken to make much impression after Harlan's broadsides. Harry Harrison followed, and while probably not literally true, figuratively gave the nod to St. Louis. He made a big production out of the fact that Columbus had a brewery and that St. Louis would have to go some to top that - well, friends, the Anheuser-Busch brewery in St. Louis is one of the most famous and largest breweries in the world. I hope that I can see the Busch gardens if I am able to go to St. Louiscon next year. But besides this relatively minor booboo on Harrison's part, he seemed to be uninformed as to room prices and the facilities available at the planned hotel (both Terry and Harlan had everything in front of them and the very few times they were unsure of the data, Ray Fisher reeled it off without having to look it up).

The final vote was 392 for St. Louis and 122 for Columbus. So it will be St. Louis in '69. Congratulations, Ra y!

The St. Louis convention's GoH will be Jack Gaughan and the fan GoH will be Ted White.

The auction followed and I managed to buy the fabulous Gaughan cover from Williamson's The Legion of Time for \$16 (I'm now in the process of finding a frame suitable for it.) I also bought another Kelly Freas illo (from The Secret Weapon) for \$11 and just wished that I'd had the money to bid on the covers from Sleeping Planet (his first after coming out of gafia in Mexico) and Moon Prospector.

The Hugo awards dinner (the menu of which none but I could translate - it meant "TV dinner" in French) was held in the Garden Room while I, and the other deadbeat not willing to cough up \$6.75 for "TV dinner", watched from a very small balcony.

The microphone system was as antiquated as the room itself (which has by my count 30 pillars to try and see thru) and didn't work. Harlan went running off and came back with a stepladder seemingly with the intention of crawling up it and trying to fix the speaker attached to the wall. Perhaps someone managed to inform him that the speaker wasn't at fault but he soon put the ladder down behind the platform (it interests me that with Poul Anderson, Hal Clement, John Boardman, and maybe Greg Benford in the audience, that it was Harlan who was trying to repair the mike system). Sooner or later, an ersatz system was set up by Walt Daugherty (a handy fan to have around, apparently) but thanks to the crummy acoustics of the room, didn't do a very effective job of letting everyone hear what was going on.

Robert Silverberg was a witty speaker and made a fine master of ceremonies. Walt Daugherty presented an entertaining speech and the time allotted to him passed much too quickly. Some of the preliminary awards included a plaque to Harlan for Dangerous Visions, the Elves, Gnomes and Little Men's Chowder and Marching Society award to J. Francis McComas for Adventures in Time and Space and his dedication

to the field of science fiction, a plaque to Gene Roddenberry for being Gene Roddenberry, the Big Heart Award went to Walt Daugherty, and the First Fandom Hall of Fame Award was presented to Jack Williamson by Edmond Hamilton.

Randy Garrett and his wife then sang an adaptation of Three Hearts and Three Lions which I couldn't hear one word of (I knew it wasn't "Lord Randall, My Son" but outside of that...). Philip Jose Farmer, the guest of honor, followed and presented a most boring and monotonous speech entitled "REAP". It seems he is aware about the matters of air pollution, water pollution, the waste of natural and human resources, etc. but presented all this in so dry a fashion that I was almost ready to take an ax to a redwood had one been handy. Perhaps it will read better than it sounded. I hope.

The best fanzine went to Amra, Dick Eney accepting for the vacationing George Scithers (vacationing in Korea, that is). Well deserved - and Psychotic in '69! (Maybe you can consider Dynatron, too?) The best fanartist went to George Barr and this was a richly deserved award. Barr's work is meticulously exact, always beautiful and sometimes is even breathtaking (as were his art show exhibits this year). Bjo Trimble accepted for Barr. The best fanwriter went to Ted White, who should be a leading contender again at St. Louis. Both Harlan and Alexi Panshin had withdrawn from the final balloting (Harlan because he was so closely connected with the con in a non-GoH role and Alex., presumably because he considers himself more pro than fan now (his second book, The Star Well is due from Ace soon and has a bee-yoo-ti-full Freas cover -- and Rite of Passage for Hugo next year!))

The best prozine went once again to Fred Pohl's IF (3 years running now) and the best proartist went to Jack Gaughan for the second year in a row. Jack, like Ted White, is going to be a serious contender for another Hugo next year.

The Best Drama award went to Harlan for City on the Edge of Forever, easily the best nominated episode and perhaps the best ST has done so far (and with the way ST is going, perhaps the best it ever will). Fritz Leiber triumphed with Conna Roll the Bones in the novelette category, and Harlan copped another Hugo in the short story category with "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream". While I think Delany is overdue for a Hugo, he shouldn't feel too displeased at having fallen to defeat with Harlan's finest story. Perhaps the fates hold a Hugo for Delany next year (Lines of Power, maybe).

Best novella

(a much and heatedly debated category) was a tie vote between Anne McCaffrey's Weyr Search and Farmer's Riders of the Purple Wage. Anne is the first fem pro ever to win and has done it with a remarkable story. Since I voted all three of the losers ahead of Riders... I'll make no further comment.

The best novel went to Roger Zelazny's Lord of Light and my faith in fandom's good taste is restored somewhat. Altho it was too much to hope that Delany would tie with Zelazny in this category, it wouldn't surprise me if The Einstein Intersection was a close second.

All in all, I voted for four of the winners; best fanartist, best novelette, best drama and best novel. Weyr Search I voted second immediately behind Damnation Alley and likewise with I Have No Mouth... which I placed second to Delany's marvelous Aye, And Gomorrah.

However you hack it, the Hugos this year were a triumph for Harlan Ellison. Winning two personally and seeing another two major Hugos go to stories from Dangerous Visions is quite an achievement. May Again... Dangerous Visions do as well (and maybe this time there will be a "dangerous vision" in the bunch).

After meeting Kay Anderson (a displaced Albuquerque fanne) and Shirley Meech in the balcony, the three of us went down to congratulate any of the winners we could find coming out of the Garden Room (they to congratulate Roddenberry, which they did, and I to congratulate Zelazny which I didn't - must be some sort of moral message there). I saw Majel Barrett for the first time off the boob tube and I don't know what the make-up men do to her but it ruins her looks. She is far prettier in person than she ever appeared on the screen. Roddenberry was quite jovial (little wonder why seeing ST win another Hugo and a special award - tho I suspect he was rooting

for some other episode to win).

Kay, Shirley and I drifted (wandered?) over to the bar for a drink discussing ST all the way. They telling of their tours thru the studio and I pumping them about the forthcoming episodes (how does the "Gunfight at the OK Corral" grab you? - It is forthcoming as "Spectre of the Gun"). We later went up to the Cartel's suite where I met Mike Minor, the set designer for ST (who had done some lovely landscapes of extraterrestrial planets which were displayed in the Horizon Room - I only wish they had been for sale or auction). I also met Alicia Austin who has done some extremely good work in ST illustrating in Plak-tow and Kevas&Trillum among other places. Sneaking a couple slices of pizza and a glimpse at a fanzine called Triskelion (which was just about as substantial as the episode it was named after), I left with Shirley and Kay a bit later. Not finding anything else happening, I persuaded them to give me a lift back to the beautiful ~~Vesta~~ Shattuck. I thru great feats of exhortation and verbosity, managed to convince Kay that it would be the Fannish Thing To Do to give me a ride to the San Francisco Airport on the following afternoon (really that afternoon since this was about 0300 in the morning). She said yes and I made another mistake - I didn't specify when or where I would get in touch with her to take advantage of that offer.

Part the fifth (or did I drink that?): Monday, 2 September 1968

I took the shuttle craft back to the Claremont after checking out of the beautiful ~~Vesta~~ Shattuck Hotel. I was only charged \$8 per night which was less than I had figured on and still \$6 a night too much for that flophouse. In packing my battered brown suitcase to leave, I found that I had committed a neo's error. My copies of Heinlein in Dimension, The Universes of EE Smith, 6 copies of Planet Stories, 15 fmz and a stack of other literature of Great Merit (no relation to Abraham) easily fitted into the suitcase - but what about my clothes? I doubted that the ~~Vesta~~ Shattuck would post-mail them to me like arr^d overdue apa mailing so I put them in a paper sack. I must have made quite a sight carrying my camera case slung over a shoulder, a Gaughan, Freas and a Dollens snuggled under my armpit, a battered suitcase in one hand and a brown paper grocery sack crumpled up in the other.

Somehow I managed to get myself to the N3F Room where I dumped everything with the exception of the camera case. Then feeling surprisingly light (and no doubt light headed as well) I went to the huckster room and immediately blew my cool when I saw everything reduced 10%. I added about 5 Planet Stories and 10 pbs to the sack containing my clothing and began wondering if the Claremont could post mail my clothes to me.

I scouted around for Kay and Shirley but didn't see them so listened a while in the business meeting. The most verbal of the discussions concerned the addition of the novella category (I'm for it if they mean "short novel" by novella) and the additon of the words "United States" to the con's legal title making it "World-United States SF Convention". This sounds so totally absurd and is so apparently aimed at alienating the overseas fans that I wonder what meathead suggested it. Whoever it was should face reality and try to understand that fans in the rest of the world (whether it be Heidleberg, Tokyo, Melbourne, Rome, Madrid or Buenas Aires) have as much right to bid for and win a Worldcon as anyone in this country.

Perhaps it might shake up US fandom if the Worldcon was held for two or three consecutive years outside the US. Might make us realize that there are other fish in the pond. But I imagine that some type of National Convention would be organized and would be a Worldcon in everything but name only. (I don't subscribe to the theory that to have a successful convention that you have to carry the prestige of the name "Worldcon" with it - it seems like it would be very easy to hold a "National" convention and pull fans and pros from all over the world. This would be especially true if the Worldcon was being held in Melbourne or Buenas Aires).

Thru sheer stupidity I managed to pass up a golden opportunity to talk with JW Campbell - I didn't recognize him since he wasn't surrounded by a horde of fans. *sigh*

